

SANDOVAL;

OR,

THE FREEMASON.

VOL. III.

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A SPANISH TALE.

THE AUTHOR OF "DON ESTEBAN."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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SANDOVAL;

OR,

THE FREEMASON.

CHAPTER I.

O'er him who loves, or hates, or fears,
Such moment pours the grief of years—
What felt *he* then—at once oppress
By all that most distracts the breast?

The Giaour.

THE pleasure derived from the success of an enterprise in which intelligence, courage, prudence, and perseverance, have been alternately employed, is doubtless the highest and most gratifying to the heart and mind of man. It carries along with it the pleasing and lasting

reflection, that, as we owe it rather to our own efforts and resources than to fortuitous causes, we may reasonably expect to overcome other dangers or difficulties, with which we may hereafter be threatened ; thus we acquire the confidence necessary to ensure the success of our plans, and feel a flattering consciousness of possessing a power of which we had before but an imperfect idea. Impressed with this truth, Sandoval looked back to his past dangers with heartfelt satisfaction, and travelled on with his no less delighted companion, predicting new successes to the cause in which they were embarked, and forming such airy castles as even Van Hallen himself thought were likely to be swept off by the first gale.

On their arrival at Bayonne, they met our hero's friend, Anselmo, who was to proceed with Van Hallen to Paris, by way of Bordeaux, and afterwards to London, for objects which deeply concerned the masonic association, and which, perhaps, require some explanation.

From the moment the chief masonic authority was transferred to Madrid, in consequence of the unfortunate events of Granada, the labours of the association, in order to extend the sphere of their influence, had been more unremitting, and their progress through every province more rapid than before, notwithstanding the efforts made by government and the Inquisition to discover and crush the heads of this dreaded hydra. From that moment, too, the tendency and object of the association, namely, to compel Ferdinand to perform the promise he had made before the eyes of the world, and act like an honest man, (a task rather difficult) had become more evident. The society then received an almost new form. It was thought proper to divide the Peninsula into a certain number of departments, to every one of which a chapter was assigned, composed of persons scrupulously selected, and of a certain rank in the order. Those chapters or provincial governments, held a direct intercourse with that of the capital, and possessed very extensive faculties in their

respective departments. The word "conspiracy" was there used without any cloak; plans to break the chains of despotism were started and discussed, and every means of forwarding the undertaking sought out and decided on. One of the principal steps, and the most earnestly recommended, was that of endeavouring to gain over to the party military men and chiefs of reputation, courage, and enterprise, in which they had been rather fortunate, notwithstanding the wounds already inflicted on the society, and others that threatened it.

There was nevertheless a great pusillanimity shown by most of the individuals who composed the head of the association. Indeed, had it not been for our hero, and his friend Anselmo, who saw in the tardiness of their operations the elements of its destruction, and who, free from the ill dissembled fears of most of their companions, were the only persons who may be said to have impelled and directed the machinery right towards the main object, without stopping at trifles, which were unbecoming the circum-

stances of the nation, it is probable its movements would have ceased altogether. The fear entertained by the former of sharing the same lot with those who were pining in dungeons; the consciousness of their incapacity to support the heavy burden which they had taken on their shoulders; and the folly of believing it possible to bring about the desired revolution in the state, by some ministerial change, began to shake an edifice, raised with so much pains and cost, by introducing a great diversity of opinions, and, worse than all, distrust among the principal leaders.

In this state of things, the two active members above mentioned, had only one resource left to induce their companions to proceed with their labours; namely, to work upon their fears, by showing, that to retrograde at that moment, was a more dangerous experiment than following the plans already traced out, and entered upon, to say nothing of the disgrace and criminality attending such a step. This seemed to have some weight with the majority; but in

order to remove further impediments, and prevent the distrust, which began to show itself among them, from extending itself to the provinces, our two champions formed a plan by which the object of those who remained constant should be fulfilled, while at the same time it should satisfy those who wished to screen themselves from actual danger, by withdrawing their names from the head of the association. This plan consisted in making it appear, that the head of the association was to be transferred to a place whither the iron arm of tyranny could not reach,—an idea which met with the approbation of all, as it removed the obstacles which the fears of the pusillanimous started at every step,—while in reality it was to remain where it was.

It is not our object to disclose the secrets of freemasonry ; but there are very few, even of the *profane* who, being acquainted with the code of that society, are ignorant that there are in the Grand-Orients several chambers, in which the different proceedings of the society are

separately transacted. This was what gave rise to the idea of establishing one of them in a foreign country, which being there sheltered from the blows of despotism, should, in cases where a weak individual might be apprehended, and his fortitude put to the trial, bear upon itself the whole criminality. It was also their opinion, that such an establishment was likely to increase the importance of their operations, as the generality of men are apt to be dazzled by causes which have a mysterious origin in a distant country. The point selected for this end was London, where at that moment there were some few patriots deserving of the confidence of the party; and the epoch of this pretended transfer of authority that at which our hero and Van Hallen made their escape. To the latter, and to Anselmo, were entrusted the especial powers given by every provincial chapter in the Peninsula for the transfer of part of the masonic authority, and nomination of the persons who were hereafter to exercise it. By this step, they also hoped to establish

a more direct intercourse with those emigrants who were both in England and in France, and by their means obtain whatever external assistance might be required.

Such was the state of affairs among the masons when our hero arrived at Bayonne, where he was compelled to remain longer than he had intended, owing to various causes connected with his patriotic duties ; but as nothing remarkable occurred during his residence there, we shall now follow him back to Spain.

Provided as he was with a passport to re-enter his native country under a feigned name, he met with no obstacle on the frontiers, the ingress proving by far an easier matter than his egress had been. No sooner did he tread his native soil, than his anxious thoughts turned themselves to an object from whom, notwithstanding his accumulated occupations, they had seldom wandered. Nearly a year and a half had now elapsed since he received Anselmo's letter, in which Gabriela's affection was represented, even then, as on the point of expiring.

The letter which he had written to his brother from Galicia had remained unanswered, as had also those which he had subsequently written, so that he was perfectly ignorant of the occurrences which had taken place since that time, and more anxious to learn them, than we can well express. His return to Madrid offering a favourable opportunity, he resolved to take Logroño on his way, in order to learn the fate of his love.

The feelings which alternately swelled his bosom as he drew nearer to the fertile banks of the Ebro, are too complicated and undefined to permit our attempting to describe them, though his resolution to visit those places in which Gabriela once dwelt was evidently the result rather of despair than hope; the desire of learning the extent of his misfortunes, being what principally urged him to proceed to his native town. Nothing seemed to him more probable than that his suit was now entirely hopeless, for even supposing she had been true to him, during the time of her noviciate, which in some instances

is extended to two years, that time being now expired, it could hardly be expected that Doña Angela should have consented to her daughter's return to the world, after having once trodden the sacred precincts of a cloister, that being looked upon by rigid devotees as downright apostacy. On the other hand, his brother's silence seemed to be a sort of tacit acknowledgment, that he was his rival, nay, almost a proof, that he was a successful one. "Yet love," thought he, "is a passion which instead of debasing exalts even the base and the selfish; then, how is it possible that the generous and disinterested Fermin should have sunk beneath the level of humanity by placing his affections on a being, a single glance of whose eye would suffice to recal every virtuous feeling to the breast even of a reprobate?—But," he added, "is love not the most selfish of all human passions? Where is the man that would sacrifice his own affection, if sincerely returned, to another's? Religion, when pure and unsullied, may, perhaps, produce this miracle; but when, as in him, it is tainted

with fanaticism and absurdity,—when, blinded by the sophisms of his confessor, he would not hesitate in sacrificing justice and humanity to what he would consider the glory of God, can I hope to find him more generous than the generality of mankind? And, alas! does not this also argue that he has met with encouragement from Gabriela herself? Artifice and calumny have been too much occupied in blackening my character for these four years past, to hope that she has escaped all their snares.”

Such were the melancholy reflections that passed through Sandoval's mind, as he journeyed on through vineyards and olive plantations towards tio Hipolito's farm, which he was in hopes of reaching before night. As the sun was now sinking behind the hills, small parties of peasants were seen here and there, returning to their homes from their daily labours, some mounted on their mules, humming, in a solemn and monotonous tune, paternosters, and ave-marias, as they told their beads over, and the younger part making the hills resound with

their rustic songs, accompanying each stave with a kind of shrill noise resembling the neighing of horses, which made Sandoval's steed prance with delight, and return the compliment in his own natural voice. Gradually, however, these sounds subsided, and then nothing was heard but the hoofs of the impatient horse, who seemed to share his master's anxiety to reach the place where they were to take their night's rest, and at which they arrived when all was involved in darkness.

The cautious Sandoval alighted at the back of the house, and leading his horse by the bridle to the stable, or rather stall, secured a place for him beside the cows, as he was not likely to relish the society of the mules, and afterwards proceeded to the house. He gently lifted the latch, paused awhile, and inclined his ear to collect and define the sounds he heard in the kitchen. It was impossible for him to mistake the thick and loud voice of the honest farmer, or the sedate and somewhat snuffing tones of tia Agustina; but as he listened longer he heard those of a

female, which he caught with pleasure. There was in them something which for a moment thrilled his heart with joy, not only on account of their fancied melody, but because he thought they were well known and dear to him. On listening more intently, however, he perceived that it was all a delusion of his excited imagination, and that he neither knew them, nor were they particularly sweet. Unwilling to intrude on the family while there was a stranger in the house, he hesitated a long time about the course which he was to adopt ; but on hearing the name of Don Antonio and that of Rosa pronounced, he could not resist the curiosity of advancing cautiously towards the kitchen door, and listening to the conversation which ran thus.—“ Well !” exclaimed the female stranger, “ to be sure, your Rosa is the luckiest girl in the whole world ! To be taken all the way in a carriage to Madrid, where all the great folks are, Dukes, Counts, Marquises, Generals, and the Infantes, with their Princesses, and the King and Queen, too, God bless her ! for I have heard say she is such

a good and beautiful lady, and so resplendent with jewels that there is no looking at her for fear of getting blind ! I should like to see the Queen ! Happy Rosa, would that I were you !”

“ And among your great folks, my dear, you forget the greatest of all, you left out the Pope !” cried tia Agustina.

“ Nonsense, wife,” said tio Hipolito ; “ his Holiness is not at Madrid, he is at Rome.”

“ Well, what of that ?—Is not Madrid farther than Rome ? Only think, it is sixty leagues from this place ! And do you believe that Doña Angela would leave Rome behind without seeing the Holy Father and kissing his great toe ?—for I have heard Father Toribio of the Capuchins say, that people never kiss his hand.”

“ Rome is not in Spain, you fool !” returned tio Hipolito, “ I wonder when you will begin to talk some sense ! But as I was saying to you, Cecilia, whom do you think Rosa has met at Madrid ? Now guess.”

“ I suppose it was Don Aniceto Artimaña, that devil incarnate, whose ugly face, like an

omelet of unsound eggs, used to turn my stomach, whenever he looked at me. But he is now a great man, I suppose."

"That he is. Rosa says he has the king's right ear, and is looked upon with great respect, even by the grandees, which is very strange; for it was more than I could well do to bring my mind to answer him civilly. But I suppose the wolf clothes himself in a sheep's skin there, or else, as the proverb says, those court gentlemen are like dogs who wag their tails, not for the sake of him who gives them bread, but for the bread itself.—But you did not guess whom I meant; it is Roque, Don Calisto Sandoval's servant."

"And Rosa's sweetheart," added the girl. "Well, it is most wonderful! I should have thought it was impossible to meet any one in such a large place. And what has become of his master? I liked him very much; he was such a handsome man; and I think he liked me, too, for he always called me *queridita*,* though I don't know that he loved me, as Rosa said he loved Doña Gabriela."

* Little dear.

“ Poor fellow !” exclaimed tio Hipolito, “ he was a kind-hearted generous youth ; but Rosa says, he will be hung one of these days.”

“ Poor fellow !” ejaculated at once both tia Agustina and the girl.

“ But I’ll read you Rosa’s letter, and you’ll know then all about it.” Here a pause ensued, and Sandoval drew a little nearer.—“ My most loved father and mother of all my heart,” read tio Hipolito, “ I am sound and well, thank God, and hope you will be so, too, when this reaches you, which, as I hope to be saved, I hope will arrive safe at your hands, and find you all in good health, for which I pray God. We are now at Madrid, in a very fine house, the curtains of which are all damask, and the tables all marble, with gilt feet, I mean in the *sala de estrado*,* though the rest of the house is also very grand and magnificent. The din about us is very great, my head goes round and round with it, and my eyes are nearly blind with the glittering dresses of the gentlemen and ladies of the court who come in their dazzling carriages

* The drawing room.

to visit us, with their servants, all so splendidly dressed ! People here are all very civil, they bow to and embrace persons whom they have never seen in all their lives ; and they look very happy ; for they are always smiling, though now and then, I have caught them frowning very black ; but it was wonderful to see how soon they smiled again, and what fine things they spoke ; I could not understand them. I wish my mother was here to see the fine churches I have seen, and the rich dresses of the priests, many of whom have carriages and servants like some of the *grandees*. They are all very smooth-spoken gentlemen, and very different from our good curate ; they take snuff from gold boxes, with fingers full of beautiful rings, look through gold spying glasses, have diamond crosses and coloured ribbons hanging from their necks, wear silk cassocks and cloaks, and lace ruffles, and smell wonderfully of lavender water. I assure you, dear father and mother, that it is wonderful to look at them. But what will you say, when I tell you I have seen the king ?

Could you ever believe I should one day have seen the king, face to face, and no farther off than a quarter of a league? Yet with my own eyes I have seen him, and I think he has a very long nose, and a mouth like that of Monigote, our village booby, when he pouted; but of this I shall be able to tell you more when he comes to see us; for I heard Father Lobo (whom you would hardly recognize since he came here to be the king's preacher, so fine a gentleman he has grown) say to Doña Angela that his Majesty had been so much pleased with her and her daughter, that he had hinted he would soon honour them with a visit."

At these words Sandoval involuntarily started, full of surprise and consternation.—“Hark!” said tia Agustina, “didn't you hear a noise?”

Sandoval held his breath, and after a dead silence of one or two minutes, tio Hipolito observed, that doubtless the noise proceeded from some rat, and then resumed the reading of his letter. “When my lady, Doña Gabriela heard this news, she was suddenly taken ill,

and the poor young lady wept and sobbed so, when she recovered a little, that it was enough to break one's heart to see her distress. Of course Doña Angela scolded very much at what she called her foolish timidity; but Doña Gabriela said, that if she had known she was to be released from the convent only to be dragged to Madrid, and be subjected to worse tortures and persecutions, she would much rather have taken the veil, and an eternal leave of the world. This made my old mistress very angry; she wrangled as usual very loud, and for a long time; but we have not yet seen his majesty, though I burn with impatience to see him. I have often tried to find out the reason why Doña Gabriela dislikes it so much; but I cannot get out a word from her on this matter; all she says is, that she is miserable, and envies my obscure situation. Don Fermin Sandoval, who, as you know, came to Madrid a few days after our arrival, and who looks very handsome in his fine uniform of General, does all he can to sooth her mind; but she continues still very sad, and weeps very

much. I hardly know what to think of that gentleman ; he continues as devout, and looks as woe-begone as ever. I have often caught him gazing very hard at Doña Gabriela, raise his eyes to the ceiling, and lowering them full of tears, quit the room in a hurry. My young lady, too, looks at him in a very melancholy way. I suspect there is something in all this, though I can't tell what. Perhaps she thinks still of Don Calisto, though she never, even by mistake, mentions his name.

“I am sorry to say, my dear father, that Roque, whom I saw for the first time strutting in the Prado, (which is a very fine promenade, where all the great and small folks walk, the king and the queen, and the infantas, and the princesses, and dukes, and duchesses, and counts, and marquises,) assures me that his master will be hung one of these days, for he will never be guided by him, and is always getting deeper and deeper into sad messes. Besides, I heard the other day that hateful man, Don Aniceto Lanza, as they call him, and who is such a great man

that even the great people here bow to him, as if he were one of their own set, because it seems he is the king's favourite, whose taste I do not admire,—I heard him say that he suspected Don Calisto had a hand in the escape of a gentleman from the Inquisition, and that if he could discover the fact, he should then have him strung up to dry just like a bunch of grapes! But I hope he will sooner meet that fate himself, the ungrateful wretch! who since he became the adopted son of the family, gives himself such airs, that I think he'll even turn every one of us out of doors, master, mistress, and servants, old and young. You may form some judgment of his insolence when I tell you, that even my old mistress begins to grumble at it, though he is always more attentive and civil to her than to the rest, and though Father Lobo stands out for him, whenever she says anything against him. I have a great many more things to say, but as Roque, who has written this at snatches under my own words, tells me, that it is already much longer than letters commonly are, I will not

make it an out-of-the-way letter. So then my dear father and mother, you must even be content with what I have said, and I will take care to inform you of everything else that may occur; but pray let me know in return all the news of the village, and particularly if our neighbour's daughter, Cecilia, is got married, though I suspect she”

Here tio Hipolito suddenly broke off, and the strange female urged him to go on in an impatient tone.—“Well!” said the farmer, “if you will hear it, I will tell it you; but never mind what the silly wench says.—‘Though I suspect she is likely to live only to dress up the Virgin Mary.’* Ah, ah, ah.”

“Upon my faith!” exclaimed the girl, rising from her seat, apparently in high dudgeon, “I should like to know if she says that through envy or through charity. Yet there is not such a

* *Quedarse para vestir Santos*, a Spanish way of saying that a woman will live to be an old maid, the occupation of dressing saints being common among this interesting class of females.

difference in our ages, for all she may say; and as to good looks, let those who have seen us speak. But she was always a vain, envious, and malicious monkey.—Good night to you, tia Agustina, good night, tio Hipolito.”

Saying this, she hurried away muttering the words, “foolish, vain, and presumptuous,” without attending to the invitation of the good-natured farmer, who called her back to partake of their supper, in his most conciliating tone of voice. Meantime Sandoval hastened behind the door, to avoid being seen by the girl as she went out. When he heard her shut the outer door, he left his place of concealment, and entered the kitchen. The surprise of the host and hostess may be imagined. Tia Agustina seemed as if she wanted hands to cross herself with, so fast she carried them from her forehead to her chest, and from one shoulder to another, ejaculating, “Jesus, Maria, and Joseph!—Holy Virgin! Saint Peter and the twelve Apostles!” with a whole litany of saints, while tio Hipolito stood motionless muttering—“Why this man m

be a wizard." and after a little pause, added—
"Surely, you have no pact with the devil? Yet it is strange you should appear here all of a sudden, and when you were the subject of our talk."

Sandoval exhorted them to make their minds easy, as he was neither wizard, ghost, nor conjuror, and begged to know if they would accommodate him with a night's lodging.—"Ay, and twenty if you please," said the honest tio Hipolito, "for though you be outlawed in these parts, and there is the trifling penalty of hanging to those who may shelter you, still as your great enemies are now far away from this province, I think I should escape with only a fine, were they ever to discover I had given you shelter."

"And pray by whose authority am I outlawed?" enquired Sandoval, somewhat surprised.

"By the authority of those who have the power in their hands," replied the farmer; "and, faith! in this case I must say, they are not altogether without some cause. That was a bold

attempt of yours, and it cost many a poor devil his life."

"You speak riddles to me, tio Hipolito," cried Sandoval, "what is the bold attempt you mean?"

"Ay, ay, I suppose you have since got into so many other scrapes, that you forget the night when you burst from your prison, set free all the prisoners, caused the alcaide and most of his men to be slain, and then attacked the military, wounding some, and killing others. That is the attempt I mean, for which some afterwards swung by the neck," said tio Hipolito.

"And am I accused of being the author of it?" inquired our hero again.

"And clearly proved, too," replied the farmer, "at least such was the deposition of the only witness who could speak on the matter, that is, the only turnkey who escaped from your clutches; though I have heard it whispered that the fellow got, in consequence of his song, a snug place of alcaide in one of the prisons of the capital, which makes me doubtful as to the

truth of his story, though you are no less an outlaw for all that."

"I see," said Sandoval, "my enemies have not been idle, and this explains to me more than one circumstance. But speaking of something else. I have just now heard you read a letter from your daughter, by which I perceive, that not only Father Lobo and his nephew are now at Madrid, but likewise Don Antonio, his family, and my brother, too. Will you explain to me, then, what has induced them to quit their native place for the capital?"

"Why, with respect to the two first, I suppose you know already that the uncle was made the king's preacher, and the nephew chief of the police, which, of course, obliged them to reside at Madrid. As for Don Antonio Lanza, he was made a counsellor of Castile, soon after Father Lobo's arrival there, and he is gone, with his family, to fulfil his post; and as for your brother, he has followed them there, because he cannot be a moment absent from his beloved Doña Gabriela, who left the convent to be mar-

ried to him, Doña Angela seeing that, even after two years of probation, she would not take the veil."

"So then," exclaimed Sandoval with a sigh, "they are to be married at last!"

"That they are, and by her own choice, too; and they would have married before their departure for Madrid, only that Father Lobo wrote to Doña Angela, that it would be better to defer it until their arrival at the capital."

"And how long is it since they went there?" returned Sandoval thoughtfully, following up his examination, after a little pause.

"About six weeks," answered tío Hipolito.

"And after six weeks residence there, they have not yet brought the matter to a conclusion?" said Sandoval, casting his eyes on the ground, and remaining a few instants as if absorbed in his own thoughts. "What reason can you assign for that?" enquired he again of tío Hipolito.

"That, perhaps, they are not yet quite settled, and wish to do things in a grand style, as

they are all great folks, and may be the king will honour their espousals with his royal presence.”

“ Aye, true; but you think she cares no more about me, then ?”

“ Not a pinch of snuff—not she—and, in truth, why should she, when you wrote to her to forget you ; for you could never more love or esteem a woman, who had given such proofs of perfidy, in spite of the engagements she had contracted with you ? After that, as Rosa says very justly, you may throw your meat to another dog.”

“ And so I wrote such a letter as you mention, did I ?” enquired Sandoval, with a bitter tone, “ and Gabriela believed it, and my brother did not undeceive her, and they are at last to be married ? I see, I see now how things stand. I feared as much, and yet I hoped . . . but of what use was my hoping ? Why should a wretch like me, persecuted by the whole creation, hunted everywhere by blood-hounds, the butt to which perfidy and calumny are con-

stantly directing their shafts, entertain any hopes? They must all prove fallacious; I ought to have known that."

Tio Hipolito endeavoured to soothe Sandoval's grief by the expressions commonly used on such occasions, which not unfrequently aggravate more than relieve the disorder. "Come, Sir, come," said the farmer, "things that cannot be cured, must be endured. It is a wise saw, as you no doubt know. What is the use of moping and wailing about what has happened, and cannot be mended? Forget it, Sir, forget it. You'll find that the best way after all. And now, let us take our supper, for Agustina has not been idle all this while, and she is there waiting for us."

Sandoval declined taking anything, and asked to be shewn to his room, as he was more in want of repose than food. He then recommended his steed to the farmer's care, and took a final leave of him and his wife, as he intended to set off with the dawn for his place of destination. Having been left alone, he began to recapitulate

the news he had heard that evening. In the first instance, it was evident to him that the principal cause of Gabriela's infidelity was to be found in the letter ascribed to him, and to which she herself had alluded on the night when Anselmo penetrated into the convent. Although this circumstance was sufficient to acquit her of the charge of having acted towards him with treachery and duplicity, he could not but be grieved at the idea that she should have believed him capable of writing a letter which displayed such a want of all feeling, at a moment, too, when her wretched situation demanded the most tender and soothing attentions. It was, however, impossible for him to say to what extent he might have been injured in her opinion, through the deep manœuvres of the monk, to whom he did not hesitate a moment in ascribing the whole of the plot to ruin both him and her. With respect to his brother, he hardly knew what to think. It was evident he loved Gabriela, and that he had at length declared his passion to her,—at least there was

every appearance of it ; but how did it come to pass that Rosa represented him as a prey to the greatest grief and despondency, when, on the other hand, the hour of his happiness was fast approaching ? Was it remorse, or was it the consciousness, that though he might possess Gabriela's hand, her heart could never be his ? Or was it (he shuddered at the chilling thought) that he feared what he himself apprehended from the villanies of the monk and his nephew, that she was intended by them as a victim to the guilty desires of the monster of ingratitude, who swayed despotically over the land ? Horrible destiny ! But she would not have been the first thus sacrificed. “ Better, far better, if she had taken an eternal leave of the world ! ” exclaimed Sandoval, as he paced his room hurriedly. “ Would to God she were my brother's bride, or even that she were dead ! I could then mourn her loss with tears, as sweet as those a mother sheds for her guiltless infant. I could kneel beside her grave, and think of her virtues, and her misfortunes, without the painful reflec-

tion that they were ever stained by the crimes of another. But how survive her dishonour? How endure even the remotest thought of it?—She must be saved from his grasp.—I must liberate her from the monsters into whose power she has fallen, and who, to preserve their posts, would not stop at the blackest villany.”

In such agitating thoughts as these he passed the greatest part of the night, till at length his spirits exhausted, and his mind wearied out, he threw himself on his bed, to snatch a few hours of repose, and be better able to proceed next day with all speed towards Madrid.

CHAPTER II.

The wise and active conquer difficulties
By daring to attempt them: sloth and folly
Shiver and shrink at sight of toil and hazard,
And make th' impossibility they fear.

Rowe.

EARLY next day, Sandoval left the farm, even before tio Hipolito or any of his servants had awakened from their slumbers, and bent his course towards the mountains, with the intention of proceeding to the capital, through the same mountain-paths and by-ways as he had travelled on his journey to France. The desolated and uninhabited districts he crossed, offered few subjects for remark, the half-savage

shepherds, who led their merinos over those sierras, being the chief objects he met, and the only beings with whom he held any conversation. Their ideas, however, were so confined, that except on those matters which concerned their flocks, and the nature of the country, little could be got out of them, although there were some elders among them, whose minds seemed better stocked, in consequence of the greater intercourse that their office of *mayorales** obliged them to hold both with the peasantry in the course of their migrations from one province to another, and with the stewards of the gentlemen to whom the flocks belonged, in the fulfilment of their charge. In these men's temporary huts Sandoval spent some of the nights in perfect security, and was treated by them with the hospitality common to people who lead a pastoral life. It is true they had nothing very delicate to offer, but what they had, they gave

* Head shepherds.

with cordiality ; their meal generally consisting in some broiled piece of game, killed in the mountains, fresh cheese, made from the milk of their sheep, rye-bread, which had been baked two or three months before, and a roasted head of garlic, by way of dessert.

Thus our traveller met in his journey with no other inconvenience than that arising from the nature of the country, and its poor and precarious accommodations, which for a military man, who had been early accustomed to the toils and privations of war, were of trifling importance. Indeed they were the least part of his troubles, or at any rate those by which he was least affected ; there were others which kept his heart and his imagination night and day on the stretch. These, however, he expected to have the opportunity of examining more nearly on his arrival at the capital, where all he loved, and all he had reason to hate, fear, and detest were now assembled.

It was, however, ordained that he should not see this realized so soon as he expected ; for on

his arrival at Guadalaxara, to his great astonishment, he met at the house where the masons of that city usually assembled, his friend Anselmo, whom he had believed to be either in England or France ; but his surprise was soon changed into indignation, when he learned from him the cause of his sudden return. It appeared that during their absence from Madrid, their weak companions had done everything in their power to destroy even the foundations of the work they had been employed in raising. Most of them, swayed by an unconquerable fear, or perhaps by some passion less excusable, had endeavoured to disjoint the head of the revolution, and caused the labours in the lodge of the capital to be suspended, under the most frivolous and contemptible pretexts. Fortunately, whatever might be the hopes formed by them, of the success of the steps they had adopted, they were frustrated by the precautions of Anselmo, who, being the person entrusted with the correspondence, on his departure for France and England, and fearing what actually oc-

curred, delivered to his successor only by halves the clues, names, addresses, &c. of the different heads of chapters in the Peninsula, leaving to another friend, who enjoyed his full confidence, the exact names of the persons with whom he was to correspond, as well as the private means of communication, through which he might secretly inform the presidents of those chapters of whatever injurious to their cause should occur in the lodge of the capital. Thus the evil designs of the contemptible individuals who had sought the ruin of the work raised by their own hands, were averted, by the foresight of this patriotic man.

Besides this discouraging news, Sandoval learned the abortion of another attempt, which had been meditated during his absence; though this seemed to affect him less, considering the character, motives and means of the man who had originated it. It was a personage of high rank, a grandee of Spain, of very turbulent and restless spirit, possessing some courage; but no determined character in politics, although

he always made it a point to appear a liberal ; somewhat hair-brained and vain-glorious ; highly vindictive, though having the art to dissemble it ; a great spendthrift, and consequently perpetually involved in pecuniary difficulties ; always enlisted in the banners of the party opposed to the established government, no matter which ; and, lastly, dreaming eternally of his being the man *par excellence* for the head of a revolution. This man,* such as we have described him, had received from Ferdinand a personal insult, which he resolved deeply to avenge. For this purpose he conceived a plan, highly perilous, if certain circumstances should fail at the moment of its execution, but equally safe if they all concurred, its great feature being the complete destruction of the heads of the government, with all their ramifications, at one single blow. United to the liberal party

* We do not mention the name of this individual in pity to him, though he will be easily recognized by those to whom he is in any degree known.

by the rule of his conduct hinted above, this nobleman had the address to engage the masons, to whose society he belonged, in his projects, taking always great care to veil from their sight the immediate motives which urged him to step forward on this occasion, and which he rather represented as the plausible ambition of obtaining a place in the temple of fame, beside the heroes who had been saviours of their country. The execution of his plan was delayed only while he obtained certain political information from abroad, through Anselmo himself, to whom he communicated every part of his project, to the details of which not even those who held the highest rank in the lodge were privy. The information required to carry the plan into execution, agreed in every respect with the object of the projector, and nothing remained now to do, but to wait for a favourable opportunity. In order, however, to bring it sooner about, the most active steps were commenced, when a ministerial order, by which its principal

executor was suddenly removed from the intended scene of action, came most timely to prevent its explosion.

Among these various disasters Sandoval learned with delight the news with which his friend accompanied the above information, and which he had reserved as a panacea to every disappointment.—“ During my residence in London,” said Anselmo, “ I have received assurances from the patriots, who have taken refuge in England, that a rising will take place at Barcelona as soon as the day for its execution shall have been agreed upon between the leaders of that undertaking and the patriots who are in other parts of the Peninsula. I have hastened back to arrange with them this important point, in which I shall stand greatly in need of your co-operation, in order to stir up the dastardly spirits of some of our former companions, which seem to ebb and flow with every change of the moon ; but as most of our friends in the provinces are now ready to act at

an instant's notice, I hope those of the capital will enter cordially into the plan, which, the spirit of the people considered, promises the most cheering results."

Sandoval expressed his joy at this agreeable news, and his readiness to commence his efforts in bringing back those who had withdrawn themselves from the path of duty. It was agreed between them; that our hero should be the external agent in this affair, and visit some of the neighbouring cities to make arrangements with those patriots who were ready to co-operate with them, while his friend was to return to Madrid, to forward their plan with those of that city. After concerting various plans of visits, meetings, and correspondence, by which the affair was to be carried on in a manner equally bold and rapid, secret and secure, the two friends parted.

It is not our object to enter here into a detailed account of the steps taken by Sandoval and his friends to bring about their intended

plans, the immediate results of which, being thwarted by the treachery and deceit of one of the principal agents, the details of them are of course uninteresting. We shall, therefore, remark generally, that the agreeable news conveyed by Sandoval, to the patriots residing out of the capital, namely, that the evils that afflicted their country would soon terminate,—and his efforts to induce them to co-operate with their confederates, (in which he had to encounter many obstacles and dangers,) produced so great an agitation among those who were in the secret of the undertaking, that the most rapid progress was made throughout the Peninsula towards its speedy success. Unfortunately, the person commissioned by the emigrants of London and Paris to the frontiers of Cataluña, turned out to be an unprincipled impostor, and probably a spy of the government, who not only invented the story of a projected rising, but continued deceiving the emigrants for months together, till after reciprocal communications between the

masons of the capital, and those of Cataluña, who, notwithstanding their having expressed themselves ready to enter into the plot, could learn nothing of its existence in the province, it was discovered that the whole plan was an imposition.

In consequence of this untoward event, the principal agents in this affair found themselves involved in fresh difficulties, and greatly compromised. In several parts of the kingdom the plot was on the point of exploding, and it was necessary, in order to prevent the innumerable misfortunes which partial risings could not fail to produce, to arrest its progress; while they could only hope to escape the dangers of a discovery, by immediately realizing the expectations they had raised. With this object, they endeavoured to seek for a man who should be the first to raise the cry of liberty, and who should unite the established reputation of a good soldier to the character of a lover of his country. Lacy would have been the man uniting these requisites; but the unfortunate General had

just fallen a victim to his patriotism.* There were several to whom the patriots turned their eyes ; but none inspired sufficient confidence to entitle them to this distinction, or perhaps, to speak more correctly, there was none, among the superior officers who would step forward to save his country, at the risk of losing his post, and perchance his life. The patriots of Galicia offered to be the first to raise the standard of the Constitution, in the event of no one else daring to do it ; and even this condition would not have been made by them, had not the previous events of the unfortunate Porlier thrown in their way obstacles almost insurmountable.

In this emergency, a man of undaunted courage, ardent patriotism, great political know-

* The manner of General Lacy's death is too generally known, to render it necessary for us to describe it here ; besides his was an isolated attempt, unconnected with the masonic association, the progress of which we are endeavouring to trace, as was also that of the patriotic Richards, which preceded the other by a few months only. However, both Lacy and Richards were members of the association.

ledge, and military reputation; the heroic Colonel Vidal, who resided at Valencia, and who being a member of the masonic association, was in open correspondence with the patriots of Madrid, could not see patiently the anxiously expected moment of his country's deliverance put off from day to day. He, therefore, made a journey to Madrid, with the object of ascertaining more minutely the causes that opposed themselves to the success of so glorious an undertaking. Informed of every particular, and finding that the only obstacle against carrying their plans into effect, arose from the want of a chief to give the first impulse to the nation, he held conferences about the possibility of performing that office himself. It was evident that the chains of despotism once broken in some important part of Spain, a sense of the detestable conduct of the government and their chief, might then become general, and an appeal be made to the nation, calling upon every Spaniard to step forward to recover the rights of which he had

been so treacherously deprived, and to extricate himself from the degraded situation into which he was sunk. Moreover, it was no less evident, that the government could not repress the rebellion; first, because they were in total want of funds; and, secondly, because their troops were scattered about the Peninsula, and most had agreed to join the first patriots who should raise the cry of regeneration; but in particular those that belonged to the expeditionary army, which was at the moment in Estremadura. From Coruña, Vigo, Ferrol and Santoña, assurances had been received that their efforts might be relied upon. The co-operation to be expected from Navarre, was both real and powerful. There was a certainty that in Old Castile and La Mancha, parties would immediately rise to divert the attention of the government, and intercept their forces; and, lastly, the conspiracy, which was to burst at Madrid directly after, and which had numberless ramifications in other cities of the kingdom,

would complete the downfall of despotism. With such prospects as these, Vidal could not repress his vehement anxiety to see his country free, and combating the opposition he met with at Madrid from some of the masons, who were of opinion that the explosion should be delayed, he offered to remove the obstacles started by them, and earnestly entreated that he might be allowed the glory of being the first to raise the standard of liberty.

Our hero, who had been for some months engaged in the affairs just mentioned, now hastened to the capital, to be present at the conference. On his arrival there, he proceeded to the lodge where his friends were assembled. He seconded Vidal's proposal, and urged that the moment of the explosion should not be delayed an instant, as everywhere their friends seemed to expect it with anxiety, and as otherwise their ardour might cool, and fresh difficulties, which did not exist at the moment, prevent its final success at a future period. Several other gentlemen being of the same opinion as Sandoval,

the honour sought by Vidal was granted him, and it was resolved that on the following day he should set off for Valencia (which was to be made the scene of his operations) accompanied by our hero, whose services Vidal thought he should stand in need of.

It was night when this conference terminated, and our hero now proceeded without loss of time to the house of Doña Clara, where he had taken up his quarters on his arrival at the capital, and where he had left his servant, from whom he expected to learn many circumstances respecting Gabriela, into the secrets of whose present situation he doubted not Roque had been duly initiated, through Rosa's intimacy. On reaching it, he had the satisfaction to be received by the kind hostess with her accustomed affection and cordiality. His absence, and the dangers by which it had been accompanied, (of which he was compelled to give her a full and circumstantial account) seemed to enhance the pleasure she felt at sheltering him again under her roof. She loaded him with

praises on the prudent and gallant manner in which he had acquitted himself of his late commission, and exhorted him to proceed boldly with his exertions in favour of a cause sacred on so many accounts, and for the sake of which both himself and his father were such great sufferers. Having seen that he took the refreshments she had ordered for him, she at length allowed him to retire to his own apartment,—a kindness for which he felt at that moment more grateful than his good breeding allowed him to express, his impatience to learn from Roque whatever news he knew of Gabriela, having kept him, during the two long hours he had spent with his kind hostess, as uncomfortable as if he had been lying on thorns.

To his great mortification, however, he learned, on inquiring for his servant, that he had gone out to a dance, from which they did not expect he would return till three or four next morning. This was excessively provoking; but he could hardly repress his rage, when he found that none

of the servants could inform him which place he had selected for his night's revels. "It is impossible to say where you will find him," said one of the servants, "for one time he goes to one place, and at another to another."

"And which are those different places?—Curse the rascal and them, too!" cried our impatient hero.

"Why, sometimes he goes to pass an hour or so at Lavapie, to the first house where he hears any dancing going on; at other times to Besu-guillo's rooms; and of late, he has been in the habit of frequenting some of the houses of our trades' people; though I think to-night he is likely to be found at a dance of the manolos, in their ward."

"What!" exclaimed Sandoval, "does he frequent such infernal dens?"

"Now and then, for a frolic, he does," said his informant; "but you must not think the worse of him, for the poor fellow does it on your account."

“ On my account ?” repeated Sandoval.

“ Yes, Sir, on your account ; for he was so sad and melancholy, that he wanted a little dissipation to enliven his spirits.”

“ I’ll enliven them for him, I promise you,” said Sandoval, putting on his cloak and his hat to sally out in search of his servant.

“ A pretty wild-goose chase you’ll have,” said Roque’s advocate ; “ but if you wish to find him, Sir, seek him at the *churripample* dances ; you understand me, Sir, *candil** dances I mean.”

The idea of being kept in a mortal suspense during the whole night was insupportable to Sandoval ; though, in fact, it would only have added a few hours more to the many days he had passed without the information he so much wished to obtain ; but he could not brook an instant’s delay, when the means of obtaining it

* So called, because the illumination consists in a single iron lamp, hanging from a hook.

were so near at hand. He, therefore, rather than be tantalized an instant longer, chose the alternative of launching into the labyrinth of narrow, dark, and dangerous lanes with which the Lavapie is intersected, and exposing himself to be robbed, or perhaps having his throat cut.

CHAPTER III.

Lo ! rising from yon dreary tomb,
What spectre stalks across the gloom !
With haggard eyes, and visage pale,
And voice that moans with feeble wail !

Ogilvie.

HAVING ascertained from Roque's friend as nearly as he could the place in Lavapie where he was likely to meet him, Sandoval proceeded towards the spot with all possible haste, till at last he came to a lane where he heard not far off the twanging of guitars, and the sound of voices singing the lively and favourite dances of the manolas, called *manchegas*, and observed some of their women just entering the house

from which the merry sounds issued. He hastened to the place, and knocking at the door demanded admittance in the usual way. "May I crave the favour of being admitted to participate in your pleasures?"

"By all means," said an old sybil who opened the door to him, and gave him, in their common ridiculous style, some necessary directions, that he should not mistake his road. The first passage, however, was so dark, that Sandoval was obliged to grope along as if he had been blindfolded, his head now and then touching the ceiling, from which fragments of it crumbled down, and covered him all over with dust, while his feet occasionally stuck into the holes and crevices of the floor, from which, with great difficulty, he got his boots out. On reaching a small court, his way became a little more discernible, both by the twilight which lent it its dim light, and by the clamour and din that issued from the room where the dance was kept up. As he entered the second passage, he heard more distinctly the obstreperous laugh and loud

talk of the men, who graced every other word with an oath or an obscenity, and the shrill and penetrating voices of the women singing their manchegas, and cutting their jokes at each other, mingling with the confused sounds of timbrels, guitars, one or two violins, and spirited stamping of the feet. He was almost tempted to turn back ; but the hope of finding his servant there prevailed, and he proceeded towards the room in which he discerned a single lamp hanging from the ceiling, and scattering just light enough to enable them to see each other's faces. The door of this room was so small, that Sandoval was obliged to stoop till his head nearly touched his knees ; and as there was a step to be descended which he did not notice, he came into the room with that part of his body foremost, and his heels cutting a caper in the air. "*Chica*,* put out the light, for the gentleman is now a bed," said one of the manolas, suddenly turning to one of her friends.

* Corresponding in English to "I say," or "my dear."

A burst of laughter followed this sally, while the confused Sandoval endeavoured to disentangle himself from his cloak, and recover his upright position.—“ ’Tis the custom here, my darling, to pay for the bed on which we lie,” said another, approaching him with one hand fixed on her hip, and the other stretched out, and surveying him from head to foot, her head bent on one side, and nodding with a saucy, impudent look, while she beat time with her toes on the ground.

“ And pray what may your charge be ?” inquired he.

“ The more you give us the better, my beloved,” she said, “ but we’ll be reasonable, and have it in the right juice ; Valdepeñas, I trow you like. Well, then, slacken the strings of your pouch, and I’ll send for an *azumbre*.”*

Sandoval thought it prudent not to object to this, and pulled out his purse (which happened to be tolerably well furnished, and on which

* Two quarts.

more than one eager glance lighted) to take out a silver piece which he gave to the manola—"I see you love the king's face," said she, "he is a good looking man enough in the yellow ones, but d—n me if I would exchange my Pepehillo for his royal person."

Saying this, she took the piece, and beckoning to a tall *majo*, who was in earnest conversation with several others, gave him the silver, and spoke to him in a low voice, of which Sandoval only caught the two or three last words; but of which he did not know the meaning, as they were spoken in their peculiar slang. She then invited our hero, to sit down, while the wine came, on one of the wooden benches which stood against the wall, where once installed, she began to pour forth a volley of witticisms, which she occasionally seasoned with an oath to render them more expressive. Most of it, however, was lost on Sandoval, whose eyes were glancing from one corner of the room to another, endeavouring to discover, whether Roque was among the revelers.

The room, which might be about thirty feet wide by thirty-five long, was evidently too small for the company who were assembled in it, and who amounted to about sixty persons, some of whom were sitting squat on the floor, round a *lota*,* which they occasionally lifted up to their lips, and kissed with the devotional fervour peculiar to the manolos. Another group was seen sitting on a bench near a blind fiddler, whom they accompanied with their guitars, while some of the girls who stood by added their own voices and the regular sounds of their timbrels to that of the numerous castanets of the dancers, who were in the middle of the room, executing with the graceful attitudes peculiar to this kind of people, their manchegas in sets of four persons of both sexes to each, all of whom joined to really fine shapes and well formed limbs the utmost elegance in their movements, and vivacity and expression in their countenances. The dress of the women was in their usual style.—A

* A small leather bag for wine.

mantilla pinned on the large knot of hair, which they wear on one side of the head, and falling gracefully, one end of it as low as the neck, and the other over the shoulder and arm. On their head, and between the plaits of the mantilla that conceal part of their ebony hair, peeped a rose or a pink of large size. Their small waists were tightly laced, and clothed with a silk spencer, fitting close, and having a variety of silk and silver fringes, and buttons of the same colour, at the shoulders and cuffs. Their petticoats, of different colours and stuffs, reaching only about the lower part of the calves of their legs, shewed beautiful net-work stockings of exquisite whiteness; while their small feet were enclosed in very small shoes, all of coloured silk, graced with large bows, and just covering the toes. Their eyes, which they cast with such a roguish expression of conscious power as rendered them almost irresistible, were large, dark, and lively; their countenances oval and regularly formed; and their complexions, though brown, were sufficiently pleasing, and free from

that yellow tinge which bespeaks ill health, and the effects of intemperance in a southern climate. With respect to the men, their dress corresponded in every respect with that of their women. A bowl-crowned, broad brimmed hat, clapped over the right ear, with a *redecilla** underneath, enclosing the long tresses of their black hair, which they tie together in a large knot; a short velvet jacket, fitting close to the body, and trimmed with silk buttons both on the shoulders and on the sleeves; an elegant vest, adorned with several rows of hanging silver buttons; breeches, also of velvet, and similarly adorned about the knees; snow-white stockings; a pair of small shoes, decked with a magnificent bow of silver lace; and to complete the whole, a cloak lightly thrown over the left shoulder, leaving the right arm at liberty. Their countenances, equally expressive with those of their women, were covered with immense black whiskers, extending from their ears to their cheek-bones,

* A small net for the hair.

and down to the corner of their mouths, in which they held their cigars, while their large dark eyes shone now fiercely, and now amorously, according as they were agitated by love or jealousy, merriment or displeasure.

Hardly had Sandoval ended his scrutiny, when a little ragamuffin, dressed in tatters, and without shoes or stockings, came running in with a bota full of wine, which he laid at the foot of the manola, after whispering some words into her ear, to which she answered, "she would do so," and then taking the bota, added with a nod to Sandoval,—"here is to you, my darling," handing him afterwards the skin, to follow her example. Sandoval took it, but presented it to another girl who was near him, and then called to two or three more to aid in emptying it. These called their *cortejos*, and in less than two rounds the skin gave its last groan. During this time, however, a dispute commenced between two of the manolas, about who should have precedence in the next draught. The one swore she would choke the other, if she attempted to take the skin

first; and her opponent retorted by declaring, that if she had as many eyes as her spencer had buttons, she would tear them all out, rather than stand by and see her drink first. These threats were followed by sarcasms and nicknames; and these by taunts and accusations; after which they both assumed a threatening attitude. They threw back on their shoulders their mantillas, placed their knuckles on their hips, and shaking their heads, shewed their white teeth, as their mouths grew distorted with rage, and glanced their dark eyes at each other in such a manner, that they seemed to emit sparkles. At length they flew at each other like two wild cats, their shrill voices resembling the cry of those animals when engaged in a deadly conflict.

Sandoval, who had risen to quit these bacchanalians, thought he would do an act of charity, if before he left the place, he parted the two furies, whose mantillas now hung in rags about their necks, as did also the rest of their dress.—“Stand off, squire frock!” cried two or three of the bystanders, seizing him by the arms, “let

the good souls fight it out, unless you wish to know how deep our nails can go into your face."

As Sandoval knew that these ladies are never in the habit of repeating their threats, he stood still according as he was bid, looking to the issue of this quarrel, with different feelings from those of the whole set of revellers, who surrounded the combatants, now applauding their mettle, and now encouraging them to proceed. At last one of the spectators cried out—"Zounds! must you fight like common women, and can you not make short work to your broil with your knives?"

At these words one of the fighting women, recollecting she had one about her, firmly grasped the throat of her antagonist, and thrusting her hand into her pocket, in an instant she opened the knife, and made a deep gash in the neck of her enemy, who gave a shrill scream, and then fell on the floor covered with gore. At sight of this, the other darted to the door, and the cry of murder was raised. All the spectators now rushed out of the room, as if

each of them had been the perpetrator of the deed, and Sandoval followed the crowd, whose impulse it was impossible to resist. But on reaching the outside door, the same boy, who had taken in the wine skin, came running and shouting, "*La justicia, la justicia!*"*

In this emergency, Sandoval stood at the door uncertain what road to take, yet anxious to be out of the way of these gentlemen; for he well knew, that were the manolos to see him in their clutches, they would not hesitate in accusing him of the deed, in order to save one of their own people. While he was thus musing, the same manola who had been sitting with him, approached from behind, and giving him a smart tap on the shoulder,—“Have you, my darling, a mind to be hung?” cried she, as if guessing the thoughts that were crossing his brain. “If you be anxious to escape the minions,” she added, “follow me, and I’ll shelter

* The alguaciles or constables are so called, as forming a branch of that tree which in Spain often bears such bitter fruit.

you for an hour. Your liberality and genteel way of doing things must not pass unrequited."

Saying this, she took him by the arm, and with hasty steps led the way, through two or three crooked and narrow lanes, to a house of no very prepossessing appearance, though similar to those of that quarter of the town. They then mounted in the dark a flight of stairs, which was common to every inmate of that house, and the manola, opening a door at the very top of it, requested Sandoval to enter. When he had done so, she told him, she would be with him in a twinkling of the eye, for she was only going to fetch a light, and then quitted him, taking the precaution to lock the door,—a measure which he, thinking it unnecessary, did not much like. As, however, there was now no remedy, he groped about the room, till he stumbled against a wooden chair, on which he sat down to wait her return. This was not quite so speedy as she had promised; for a quarter of an hour had now elapsed, and she had not yet made her appearance. After wait-

ing half an hour longer, Sandoval began to grow impatient. He listened attentively to catch some sounds; but all was still and silent as the grave. He got up, and went to the door, which he tried to force open; but it was too well secured, and resisted both his hands and feet. He then began a cruise round the room, to discover if there were any window in it, from which he might either call out, or make his escape; and stretching out his hands towards the walls, felt as he went on here a nail, or a piece of paper hanging loosely, and further on, a chink or a hole. Presently, however, the wall seemed to vanish at once from his touch, and stumbling against a plank or a step, he fell down, his head striking against the frame-work of a bed, and his stretched hands clasping a man's leg, which jutted out from the bed, and which felt perfectly stiff and cold.

A chill came over Sandoval's frame, as he grasped this dead limb, which, he doubted not, was that of some murdered wretch, who, like himself, had been inveigled into that dark dwell-

ing, to be robbed and poignarded by some of the ruffians who inhabited that part of the town, and of whom probably the manola was an associate. During some minutes, he remained in the same posture, stretched on the ground, his forehead supported against the bed, covered with a cold sweat, and all his limbs shaking with agitation, without the power of moving from the spot where he lay. At length his natural courage gradually returning, he cast his head back, and perceived just opposite, and even with the floor, a long crevice gleaming with light, which he immediately thought must belong to a door communicating with another room. He rose hastily, and rushing towards it, gave a furious push, by which a door flew back, slapped against the wall, and rebounded upon him with such force, as nearly knocked him down. He, however, pushed it back again, eager to fly from that abode of murder; but no sooner he had entered the room where the lights were, than he remained transfixed to the spot, his eyes riveted on an object as horrible as that from which he wished to escape; namely, an immense long

coffin lying on the floor, and containing a corpse shrouded in a franciscan habit, the ghastly countenance of which was rendered more visible by two wax tapers that burned on each side of it. His horror, at sight of this object, great as it was, increased considerably, when he perceived the corpse rise slowly from his coffin, and open a pair of huge eyes, which seemed to grow larger and larger, as he rose, and which he fixed with a sort of dead-like gaze on Sandoval. When the spectre stood on his legs, he appeared of a gigantic size, his head nearly touching the ceiling of the garret, which was more than a foot above Sandoval's. He then walked with measured steps towards him, pausing awhile at every step he took, his hands thrust into the side pockets of his habit, which was tied round his waist with a thick rope. Having come up to Sandoval, he drew both his hands suddenly from the pockets, and presenting to his head two large horse pistols, said in a laconic manner, but with a deep sepulchral voice,—“Squire, your money.”

Our hero, who not to mention the surprise

caused by this strange apparition, was unarmed, felt that it would be wiser to comply with his request, without even offering any remark ; accordingly, he drew out his purse, and tendered it to him.—“ Lay it on the table,” said the ghost again, in a dry voice, adding as briefly as before—“ And now your watch.”

“ Any other trinkets ?” inquired he, when, he saw the watch on the table.—“ Turn the inside of all your pockets outwards.”

Sandoval obeyed in silence.—“ Now, you may go,” added the dead alive, pointing to a door in the same room ; “ but, mark me, I’ll dog you home, and if I find you allow your tongue to slip out a word on this adventure, be sure you shall not tell it twice.”

Saying this, he accompanied him to the door of the room, which opened on the same stairs by which he had come up to the other garret, and leaving him to descend them in the dark, locked the door inside as he heard Sandoval quit the house.

Fortunate in having escaped with his life,

which he had hardly hoped to do, our hero hastened out of those cut-throat lanes, making various reflections on the excellence of the government, which kept up a police, merely with the view of facilitating its plans of persecution and vengeance, and crowding the dungeons with virtuous and honourable citizens, for differing from them in opinion on purely abstract subjects, while those real crimes which fell more immediately under their cognizance, and by which the properties and lives of individuals were endangered, passed unheeded, and were daily permitted to increase to a frightful excess. "But," said he to himself, as he cast a cautious look around him, to avoid being surprised or knocked down by some concealed ruffian, "such a state of disorganization in the police, is with a piece with that of the other branches of government, though I ought to rejoice at it; for everything which increases disorder will contribute to hasten the downfall of this dreadful system of anarchy and oppression."

After these reflections, considering that his personal safety would be endangered, were he to lay a formal complaint before the police,—not only because of the threat held out to him by the manolo, who had lightened him of his purse and watch, and the vengeance of whose gang he was likely to draw upon him; but because by so doing, he might attract the notice of the chief of the police, whose enmity and violence he had as great reasons to fear as those of the former,—he resolved to return home, without taking any steps to recover his property, and without visiting any more *bailes de candil*. In justice, however, to the celebrated Besuguillo's dancing parties, we ought to remark here, that the evening's entertainment would not have ended quite so tragically as in that of the manolos; although it seldom terminated otherwise than by a formal cudgelling, the heterogeneous nature of the company containing in itself every element of discord and strife. There were officer tailors, and gentlemen shoemakers, who are always at open war, the former ranking in

their own conceit a step higher in the scale of society than the latter, and they scorning the pretensions of individuals, nine of whom they account are necessary to make a single man ; besides, there were also to be found those rivals in newsmongering,—barbers, and porters of public offices ; pettyfogging lawyers, and their counterpart, subaltern officers of the army ; gentlemen’s valets de chambre, and their loving friends, grooms and coachmen ; and, lastly, military officers, and *guardias de corps** in disguise, who were in the habit of visiting those rooms with the laudable intention of throwing all into confusion, and making riots,—the female part of the company being very well inclined to assist in those frolics, though (were men to judge by the finery, and almost elegant simplicity of their appearance) no one would suspect them of being capable, “even of breaking a plate,” as the Spanish expression goes.

* Life guardsmen, a corps composed of sons of hidalgos, who hold the rank of officers in the other corps of the army, and who are in attendance on the king and the royal family.

CHAPTER IV.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream ;
The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council, and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

SHAKSPEARE.

SANDOVAL had just extricated himself from the labyrinth of narrow lanes of Lavapie, when he heard one o'clock strike. If, as he had been informed, Roque would not be home till three, he had still two hours to wait before he could hope to see him, and he resolved to go round by the Prado, to arrange his ideas a little among its silent avenues, which the scenes of that night had greatly disturbed. In his way there, he

could not resist the temptation of passing before the garden of Don Antonio's house, which he had learned, was within a short walk of that promenade, in hopes of discovering something further of what so deeply engrossed his thoughts. He had hardly reached the walls that encompass the garden, when his ear caught the sounds of two persons, male and female, singing some of the seguidillas he had so frequently heard sung by the people of his native town. He stopped, and listened more attentively, and soon perceived that the singers were no others than Rosa and her sweetheart Roque, who, by way of accompaniment, dashed his long nails over the strings of a guitar with a quick time, causing the instrument to yield, if not its sweetest, at least its loudest tones. Suddenly, however, those sounds ceased altogether, and he heard a window thrown open, and the steps of one of them hastening towards a door, that gave into the place where he was, while a well known voice shouted from the window, "Halloo, there! who makes that noise below? If it be you, Rosa, I'll have you

turned out of the house, as sure as my name is Aniceto ; for I will not be disturbed by you or any one else."

There was a pause after these words, and the window then shut with a loud noise.—“ Rosa,” whispered Roque, who had now reached the side of the wall, followed by the light steps of Rosa, “ I see I must go, else we shall presently have that meddling scoundrel upon us ; and though perhaps he may not remember me, if he were to discover who I am, I’ll be bound, he would keep me as a hostage for my master. How I should like to send a bullet through the villain’s head.”

“ Well then be off ; but when shall I see you again ?” enquired Rosa.

“ I don’t know if I’ll be able to come to-morrow ; for I now expect my master every day,” replied he.

“ Whenever I think of him,” said Rosa, “ I cannot help pitying him. What will he do now, think you, when he learns the sad news ?”

“ ’Tis hard to say,” replied Roque, “ he may

perhaps shoot himself, or he may perhaps shoot his brother, or he may perhaps shoot Doña Gabriela, or he may perhaps shoot both, and then himself. That he will shoot somebody is beyond all doubt."

"If he were to shoot you, there would be one fool less in the world," said Rosa. "You never can give a discreet answer to a question, block-head! Why should he shoot any of the three, when none are to blame?"

"And why should a drunken man oftener attempt to stab the jolly companion he has been drinking with, or the tavernkeeper who has sold him the wine, than anybody else? Why, because, like my master, he will have lost his reason, and there is the why. Don't you know we always kill those we love best, in preference to those we despise? I may perhaps be killing you one of these days, too, if I find any quivering in your affection."

"I had much rather see you hanged, and your love too,—but, hark!—I dare say 'tis he,—now be off, for God's sake."

Here she seemed to resist some little testi-

monial of Roque's love; for there was some struggling between them, and a slap on the face was heard distinctly; after which the door opening, Roque came out rubbing his cheek, and the door shut again.

Meantime, Sandoval, who had heard the whole of this conversation, had with difficulty checked his impatience to break in upon them; but no sooner Roque appeared, than he stood before him, exclaiming, "What are your sad news? Tell them quickly—Speak,—idiot! speak!"

Roque beheld this sudden apparition with the utmost amazement; he opened both his eyes and mouth as widely as they could possibly distend, and then uttering a deep groan, ran off as if a ghost was at his heels; but seeing himself so closely pursued, that the collar of his coat more than once just escaped the grasp of the pursuer, and perceiving that his legs would not carry him any further, he at length dropped on his knees, and implored quarter in such a terrified tone of voice, and making so many

grotesque grimaces, that his master could not help bursting into a hearty laugh, and exclaiming—"Why man, don't you know your master?"

"God in heaven!" exclaimed he, panting for breath, "how should I, when your voice sounds in my ears like that of a soul in purgatory?—But if it really be yourself in person, do not kill me, for the sake of the Virgin Mary, Sir."

"And why should I, you idiot!" cried his master.

"Because I see something in your looks that forebodes no good; and, besides, there is blood on your gloves."

Sandoval looked at them, and was surprised to see indeed some drops; but as he could well account for it, by having accidentally touched the wounded manola, he assured Roque he had nothing to fear, and lending him his hand to get up, succeeded in quelling his apprehensions after a good deal of trouble.—

“And now,” said he, “tell me all you know about Gabriela and her family; but pray spare me your own reflections and comments.”

“That is in other words—leave out the cream, for your delicate stomach cannot bear it,” said Roque. “Well, the story then is short enough. It seems that Doña Gabriela, after spending two most miserable years in the convent, during which the charitable sisters told her so many good things about you, that she came to the determination of taking the veil, was suddenly surprised by learning that it was Doña Angela’s wish she should not do any such thing; but rather leave the convent immediately, which she accordingly did, and . . .”

“Why,” interrupted his master, “I have heard the contrary of that story;—that it was Doña Angela’s wish Gabriela should take the veil; but that Gabriela insisted on leaving the convent.”

“And don’t you know that it is always the way with the world to misrepresent things, saying black for white, and green for red?”

But the fact is, that Doña Angela took some pains to make it appear that it was Doña Gabriela's wish to quit the convent, instead of her own, in order to save her character for sanctity with our devout ladies of Logroño. The reason of this change of mind in Doña Angela is still involved in mystery ; but Rosa tells me that from what she has been able to collect, she suspects that Father Lobo is at the bottom of it all ; though she can't tell what Doña Angela's intentions are."

"To bring about Gabriela's union with my brother, who, doubtless, is agreed with her on the subject," cried his master, "as it appears, from what I have heard elsewhere, that they were to have been married previous to their departure from Logroño."

"I don't care what you have heard," said Roque tossing up his head, "I know better than you, and your informers, that your brother has never spoken a word of marriage to her, nor she to him. When she left the convent, it was all settled they should immediately come

to Madrid, and your brother remained behind, which is a clear proof he was not reckoned as one of the family ; and had it not been for an order that brought him to Madrid, where he was promoted to the rank of Brigade General, it is certain he would have always remained there commanding the troops of that province.”

“ And, sirrah ! do you think to impose upon me, by asserting that he is not very attentive to Gabriela, and she very kind to him ?” inquired Sandoval.

“ By the Saint of my name !” exclaimed Roque, “ ought he to be otherwise than attentive ?—and would you wish her to be unkind to your own brother ?—You come from France with very queer ideas in your head, upon my faith ! One would think you had been copying those *gabachos* ;—apparently all devotion and politeness to the ladies, and yet, in their hearts, the most uncouth brutes in the creation.—But to go on. When Don Fermin arrived at Madrid, Doña Angela intimated to him, for the first time, her desire to bring about a marriage

between him and Doña Gabriela, if, as she was informed, it were true he loved her. The answer he returned, was, that were he to consult his own happiness alone, he would not hesitate an instant in accepting her daughter's hand; but that there existed two insurmountable obstacles; first, the pledge she and her daughter had given you; and, secondly, the affection you might still entertain for each other. That is what I call handsome, and generous, and manly, more so than the prodigal fits of a gentleman I know, who would give away, even his heart, if he is vexed or disappointed."

"A truce to your moralizing, friend Roque; for, methinks, I see where you aim your shaft," said his master good humouredly.

"Well, 'tis lucky you have not left your eyes in France," said his servant. "But to proceed. As to the first insurmountable obstacle; that is, their pledge to you, Doña Angela said, it had ceased to exist from the very moment she learned that you belonged to

that society, (which, by the bye, is likely one of these days to bring your neck acquainted with a rope as thick as my thumb) every member of which the holy father has excommunicated, the pledge was dissolved; and to the second; that is your love for her, or her love for you, her only answer was, placing in his hands a letter you had written to Doña Gabriela, (I suppose in one of your lucid moments), in which you declared you would have nothing more to say to her, as you could neither love nor esteem her, and asking to be forgotten by her as the greatest favour she could confer upon you."

"By heavens!" exclaimed Sandoval, "that letter is a forgery, and whoever be the villain who passed it upon her, I'll tear his heart from his bosom."

"That is, if you should ever find him out; and even then, 'tis easier said than done," added Roque; "but to go on. Notwithstanding this clear proof of the end of your love, Don Fermin still urged he could not think of

the marriage, unless Doña Gabriela herself declared she was willing to give her hand freely; for sooner than force her inclinations, he would lay down his life. — I like your brother Don Fermin, he is a true Sandoval, bating an over great zeal for church and king, and.”

“Well, and what was Gabriela’s answer?” interrupted his master, impatient to hear what so deeply concerned him.

“That she would consider; for which purpose she begged to be allowed some days.”

“That she would consider?” repeated his master, “was there room for consideration, if she truly loved me?”

“It seems there was, since she thought proper to do so,” replied Roque—“But during that time, Father Lobo, who got wind that such a thing was really contemplated by Doña Angela, urged some reasons of his own, with which I am not acquainted, to dissuade her from bringing the matter to a conclusion; and there the matter rests.”

“And is there nothing more for me to know?” enquired his master hesitatingly, as if apprehensive of the answer which might follow such a question.

“And what more do you wish?” was the reply.

“Indeed, I wish for no more; but I fear you conceal something. Has not the king seen Gabriela, and has he not expressed a wish to become better acquainted with the family?”

“Faith! Sir, you seem to know more of the matter than I thought,” said Roque. “He indeed saw her, and expressed, as you say, a wish to know the family more intimately; but as yet he has not visited them.”

“You seem a little reserved on the subject, Roque,” cried Sandoval; “but I will know all, and you must not omit a word of it.”

“But as I am a Christian, I knew no more about it,” replied Roque. “It is indeed reported about that the king has fallen in love with Doña Gabriela; but Rosa says, that her young

mistress avoids appearing at the queen's *besamanos** as much as she can, so that his majesty will find few opportunities to see her."

His master heaved a sigh, and muttered to himself, as he entered Doña Clara's house, which they had just reached.—“ Alas ! how can she hope to escape unbridled power, assisted by the villany of two bold and crafty ruffians?—May providence watch over his fairest work, and may he grant success to the undertaking on which I am about to enter, that I may then be able to stand forward as her protector.”

Saying this, he threw himself on his bed, exhausted in body and mind, to repose himself a few hours from his fatigues, and be better able to perform the journey, which he was to undertake in the company of Colonel Vidal, to Valencia.

Early on the same day he mounted his horse, and accompanied by his servant, hastened out of Madrid, to join Vidal, with whom, as they tra-

* Levees.

velled on, Sandoval concerted the measures to be adopted, in order to ensure the success of their enterprise.—“ The character of the Valencians,” said Vidal, who knew them well, “ is light, inconstant, and without decision; but they are active, intrepid, and intelligent. They have strong passions, and cannot brook patiently the oppressive tyranny of the cruel and vindictive Elio, who is the terror of the province, and who, even in the interior of their homes, has contrived to introduce the yoke of his abhorred oppression. His bigotry, or rather his hypocrisy, is become insupportable to a people, who are far from being superstitious, though, like the rest of the Spaniards, they are fond of religious ceremonies, because, being addicted to pleasure, they find in them the means of gratifying that propensity. It is with detestation, therefore, that they see a man who controuls them in their amusements, who issues decrees in which he threatens with death those who omit going to mass, or confess on any day he pleases, who prys into the secrets of their families, and punishes according to the

whim of the moment the husband and wife who happen to disagree upon domestic affairs. He is, moreover, the first who broke through the oaths he had made at the altar of his country, who lent his arm to overthrow the government by which he had been raised to the post he enjoyed, who aided Ferdinand to mount the absolute throne, who introduced dissension and civil war among us, and who has deluged the province, over which he tyrannizes, with blood. This monster must fall, justice and policy demand that he should be made an example to his brother traitors. His death, which the spirit of his murdered victims loudly calls for, must precede every other step. By it, the fears of thousands will be quelled, and the success of our projects insured."

Sandoval wished that even the semblance of violence should be avoided in bringing about the desired change in the state ; but he was well aware that whilst Elio lived, the terror he inspired would be in itself sufficient to cause the failure of their undertaking. Besides, no me-

dium could be observed with so inveterate and sanguinary an enemy, who, even in his prayers, breathed extermination to the liberals, and who would not hesitate an instant to sacrifice them all on the first suspicion. It was evident, that no personal resentment or private thirst of vengeance, urged either Sandoval or Vidal to wish his death, and had it not been demanded by the cause for which they exposed their lives, the wretch might have lived on, loaded with crimes, as he was.

They nevertheless felt a repugnance to the idea of shedding the blood, even of such a criminal ; but on their arrival at Valencia, all their friends insisted on Elio's death, as the only condition on which they would lend any assistance to their efforts. All the military forces of the garrison, with the exception of a few *miñones*,* who were the safeguard of the satrap, would immediately declare themselves in their favour, if that step were taken. In Peñíscola, Denia,

* A sort of provincial militia of Valencia.

and Alicante, the troops and the people were upon the same principle, unanimous in their offers of co-operation. A multitude of farmers of the district, called the Huerta, as well as of every other place in the neighbourhood of Valencia, were equally anxious for the fall of their little tyrant, and had agreed to enter the city, upon the first signal, and unite themselves to those who were in it, in order to assist in awing those who might offer resistance. A provisional junta of government was immediately to be nominated, under the orders of which all the chiefs in the province were to place themselves, and take their oath of allegiance; so that the rebellion might at once assume a popular form, and exclude the idea, that it had been produced by a few disloyal soldiers, seduced by designing men, or bribed by gold. As a great many wealthy persons of influence and name throughout the province entered into this plot, and as the hatred for Elio was general, its success was anticipated by all who participated in the secret.

Things being in this state of forwardness, it was

necessary that no time should be lost in striking the blow with vigour and decision. Several plans had been formed to make away with Elio; but Vidal, aware that upon this step depended the success of the undertaking, and the lives of his numerous friends, would not trust it to a third person, and resolved to take its execution upon himself. This was to take place on the last night of the year (1818), that the restoration of liberty should begin its date with the commencement of the new year; and because Vidal, though a man perfectly free from vulgar prejudices, had declared, that, if it were deferred one night more, he would not answer for its success, as he had a sort of presentiment to this effect.

The last night of the year at length came, and Sandoval directed his steps to the house where his party were assembled. It was an old, half ruined, long deserted dwelling, adjoining the noble mansion of the mayordomo of the Duke of Medina Celi, (for in most cities in

Spain this nobleman has similar establishments,) and overlooking the beautiful gardens in the back of it, but it was otherwise isolated. The interior of this house presented the same scene of desolation as its exterior, there being but one long saloon fitted up, which was occasionally used as a billiard-room, and in the middle of which hung a lamp, which scattered a dubious light over the assembled conspirators, all of whom were gentlemen of the first families of Valencia, and officers of the army. Vidal, who was dressed in his colonel's uniform, was, as Sandoval entered, pacing the room, apparently a good deal disturbed. "If we must listen to timid men," he was saying, "we had better give up our undertaking altogether. To-night the blow ought to be struck, or further delay will prove fatal."

"To-night!" said a gentleman, by whom the discussion was kept up, "it cannot be. Our friends could not succeed in assembling all their men; for as it is the last day of the year, these

could not well avoid the usual invitations to pass it convivially with their friends and relations.”

“And to-morrow,” returned Vidal, with the bitterness of indignation, “it being the first of the new year, they will not be able to attend, because they must pass it away in dancing. Is this to be borne? Could not the slaves put off their dancing till they could do it without their chains? or have they been brought to such a state of degradation, that they cannot think of giving up a night’s revel for all the blessings of liberty? If they must be the slaves of pleasure, they will be the eternal slaves of their tyrants, they never *will* be free men—they never *can* be so.”

“You wrong those men,” said another gentleman; “it is true they are fond of pleasure, but they would never sacrifice their duty to it; and I am certain they would have attended, if they had been duly informed that their presence was indispensable. But those who were to have apprised them of it, feared that it would

have excited suspicions among their various friends, which might have proved fatal to our designs."

" 'Tis precisely that cautiousness, bordering on indecision, of which I disapprove," said Vidal. "Tardiness, whether caused by distrust or circumspection, is the radical defect of our national character; — 'never do to-day what may be put off till to-morrow,' is a proverb too frequently used, and the spirit of which, I fear, pervades the heart and soul of every Spaniard. This apathy, this fatal recklessness, which at all times has impeded the success of our most brilliant undertakings, and kept us dependent on the will of nations we despise, and always a century behind them in improvement, will render us slaves to the end of time."

Sandoval was perfectly of Vidal's opinion. He had himself little of the Spaniard in this respect, and would never lose his time in deliberating, when it ought to be employed in acting. "Gentlemen," said he, "can we not proceed to the execution of our plan without

further delay? If there be among our absent friends some irresolute men, the best way to impel them to action will be by shewing them the example, and forcing them into the field. Their principles are firm,—of this no one of us can entertain a doubt,—and they will not see their friends struggle without lending them their aid, to triumph over their enemies.”

To this mode of proceeding the other gentlemen objected; and the discussion being protracted till the time fixed for the execution of Vidal's plan was passed, the party broke up without coming to a decision, to the no small disappointment of the chief and of our hero. The second night passed away like the first, owing to other little impediments, which did not fail to increase Vidal's apprehensions, and Sandoval's displeasure. At last the third night arrived. On this their plans were positively to be carried into effect, as the conspirators were now unanimous about it, and our hero bent his course towards the house where they were assembled, with feelings which he could not well

define. The enthusiasm manifested by the majority of them on the previous nights, had evidently inspired him with favourable hopes of the success of their plan ; but he felt a degree of anxiety which he could hardly account for. The magnitude of the present undertaking was, however, no greater than that of those in which he had before taken an active part ; neither was the risk in this instance greater than it had then been. Why did his heart shrink with apprehension ? Vidal's omen flashed across his mind, and though he saw the silliness of believing in such predictions, he could not help thinking that many a one before Vidal had had similar warnings, which unfortunately had proved too true.

In this frame of mind he entered the house, where he found some of his friends already assembled, all well armed, and ready to proceed to the execution of their plan. As Elio was in the habit of attending the theatre, or else holding a tertulia in his own house, it was necessary to ascertain the place where he was then to be

ound, there to put an end to his existence. This done, the hour of ten was fixed for its execution, which was expected by them all with lively anxiety. Meantime, Captain Lara, who was in the secret of the plot, and whose enthusiasm for the cause they were engaged in was both ardent and sincere, came in, accompanied by a corporal of his company. Vidal no sooner saw the latter enter, than he manifested, by a glance on the captain, his displeasure at the impudence of bringing such a man to participate in their labours. He called him aside, and blamed the placing his confidence on men who knew not their own mind; but Lara assured him that the corporal's fidelity was unshaken, his courage undaunted, and, moreover, that he was under a signal obligation to himself for having defended him at a court-martial. This did not quiet Vidal's apprehensions; but as the step was now taken, he contented himself with keeping his eye on the man, and watching his slightest motions.

Presently, however, the Colonel and our hero

were called out on business connected with their plan. Their displeasure on returning may be imagined when they found that the corporal had left the house an hour ago, under the plea of going to prepare his friends for the event, and get them under arms. Vidal's anxiety, which previous delays had so greatly excited, now augmented; he doubted not that they would be betrayed, and expressed a wish to proceed immediately to Elio's house. They were all preparing themselves to depart, when a knock was heard at the door, where Captain Lara himself happened to be on watch. On answering to the knock, he heard the voice of the corporal demanding admission. Rejoiced at this circumstance, he threw aside the door, but to his great alarm, observed a group of armed men rushing towards him. He drew back to the staircase, called to his friends, and fired a pistol on the group, when a discharge of musketry from the assailing party stretched him dead on the spot.

His confederates, who heard these reports,

immediately took to their weapons. Vidal placed himself at their head, and they all rushed down stairs. Elio's men, (for such were the assailing party) were already making their way into the house, when the pistol shots of their antagonists, and the impetuosity with which they fell upon them, compelled them to make a precipitate retreat. They rallied, however, and stood firmly without, waiting for their antagonists, who immediately after appeared at the door. Vidal was the first to dart upon the group; but hearing the voice of the corporal, by whom they had been betrayed, he turned round to punish his treachery, and saw him standing beside a man muffled up in his cloak, to whom he was saying, "That is he, General, that is their chief." The Colonel made a pass at the traitor with his sword, which the other avoided by retreating. Vidal, however, pursued him hotly; but the muffled man, who was Elio himself, drew out a dagger, and following behind, stabbed him in the back. The wound

was mortal, and the Colonel fell senseless on the ground.

Meantime his friends were fighting like lions against overwhelming numbers. Theirs was the courage of principle and despair, and each performed prodigies of valour; but after struggling for more than ten minutes, during which some fell into the hands of their enemies, and others escaped, the rest retreated into the house, where they succeeded in keeping Elio's men at bay. This General, fearing that the second attack upon them would not be more successful than the first, ordered his troops to act only on the defensive, and allow none to escape; for which purpose he surrounded the house until reinforcements arrived, and daylight better enabled them to see their enemies.

Among those who had retreated into the house, after fighting so bravely, was our hero, who, determined to stand firmly by his party, and defend himself to the last, placed himself with his drawn sword near the door, ready to make a second sortie, if again attacked. Mean-

while, his friend's situation and his own became more critical, as fresh troops were every moment arriving, and numerous sentries posted round the house. Convinced now, by these precautions, that Elio's intention was to take them all alive, they held a consultation among themselves about the means to be adopted to baffle his design, and it was agreed that every one should endeavour to make his escape as well as he could. Immediately Sandoval hastened all over the house, to examine what facilities of success there offered themselves, and having observed, that its roof was on a level with that of the next house (which as we mentioned above, belonged to the Duke of Medina Celi's steward) though about six feet distant from it, he imagined that by placing a plank across, they might be able to reach it, and ultimately make their escape. This he immediately communicated to his comrades, who resolved to make the trial. Having easily procured the plank, and placed it across, he was the first to shew his friends the way; but it required no small degree of courage to go

through the attempt. The night was dark, though the atmosphere being quite clear it just allowed them to see their footing ; the height from the roof to the bottom of the house was about sixty feet, and the plank, only one end of which could be held fast, afforded but a narrow passage and an insecure footing. In order, therefore, to avoid being overturned, he was obliged to sit on the plank cross-legs, while his friends raised the end they held till it became sufficiently slanting for him to slide down to the other side. Notwithstanding the great care they took to do this gradually, the rapidity with which Sandoval slid down caused the opposite end to give way on his reaching it, and he remained suspended from the edge of the roof, in the most imminent danger of being dashed down to the ground. In this emergency, his presence of mind, and extraordinary agility alone enabled him to raise himself to the roof, where holding fast the other end of the plank, he encouraged his companions to cross over. Several of them mustered courage enough to follow his example ;

but others preferred seeking a less dangerous way to make their escape, which they afterwards had sufficient reason to repent, being unable to succeed in doing so.

Meantime Sandoval, and those by whom he had been followed, descended to the *azotea** and thence into the house; but in going down the staircase that led to the garden, the people, who attended the tertulia of Don Miguel Frances, and who had been alarmed at the report of musquetry, were bustling about the house, impressed with the idea that several thieves had penetrated into it. This obliged the fugitives to leap into the garden, from the windows of the first room they came to, which being observed by the people of the house, exposed them to the pursuit of some military men who were then at the tertulia. Fortunately the obscurity of the night, and the tall shrubs with which the garden was studded, aided the flight of the

* A sort of corridor near the roof of the house, that communicates with it.

fugitives, all of whom with the exception of young Beltran de Lis, who retreated to the azotea, where he was taken, succeeded in reaching the end of the garden, leaping unobserved over its walls, and ultimately regaining their respective houses.

CHAPTER V.

The axe ! Oh heaven ! Then must I fall so basely ?
What, shall I perish by the common hangman ?

LEE.

EARLY ON the following day, Elio's soldiers entered the house of meeting ; but they only found ten of the conspirators, and these by no means initiated into the affair, some of them being perfectly ignorant of its details. As for the unfortunate Vidal, the blood that gushed from the treacherous wound he had received from Elio, soon left him in a state of insensibility. Removed by the orders of that general to an hospital where immediate assistance was procured to bring him round that he might undergo the agonies of a more cruel death, he was left to the care of some of the *sisters of*

charity, as those are called who attend the sick in some hospitals, and with two sentries beside his bed. No sooner he recovered his senses, than bringing to mind his having left in one of the pockets of his coat a copy of the manifesto for the nation, to be issued immediately after the success of their attempt, as well as some minutes, and a proclamation to the Valencians, he spoke in a confidential manner to one of the sisters about them, requesting her as his dying prayer, to keep them concealed from his enemies. The sister promised she would do so ; but impelled by her conscience, or by her fears, she soon after delivered them to Elio himself, who caused them to be added to the summary process forming against all the prisoners.

Meantime Sandoval, and the rest of the patriots, who were still at liberty, undismayed by the fatal events just glanced at, held frequent meetings, and formed various plans, not only to liberate the intended victims, but to carry forward their original enterprise ; but

Elio's extraordinary vigilance, and the terror that seized some of their confederates, rendered useless the energetic efforts of their more valiant comrades. That General, whose thirst for blood made him tread under foot every formality of the laws, hastened the trial, and appeared at once as witness, prosecutor, accuser, party concerned, and judge. He signed the sentence of death against them all, though he was unable to ascertain what their designs were, or make any legal charge against several of them, who proved their innocence beyond the possibility of a doubt; but as his object was revenge, not justice, he dispensed with every rule that might give the prisoners any claim to mercy, and ordered them for execution on as early a day as possible.

When their friends learned the day on which it was to take place, they formed the resolution of attending the execution, disguised in the usual dress of the lower class, in order to seek an opportunity to sacrifice Elio instead, and liberate them all, or fall in the attempt. They

were to form small groups, each to be commanded by one of them, while they should all act unanimously on a given signal. But whether Elio feared or suspected some such attempt, the place of execution chosen by him was different from the usual one, and the unhappy victims, who had been confined in the citadel, were taken outside the city walls, by a secret door of this fortress, to a place close by. Vidal, who had been early that morning removed from the hospital to the citadel in a dying state, was placed in an arm-chair, his Colonel's uniform just thrown over his shoulders, his extreme weakness rendering it impossible to wear it otherwise ; and in this state he was conveyed to the scaffold. Though he was now in his last agonies, his reason occasionally returning, and seeing the military apparel around him, which too clearly indicated that his last hour was come, he manifested an imper- turbable serenity. On arriving at the foot of the scaffold, the adjutant went through the usual formalities of degradation ; but when he came

to the word, "traitor," Vidal, recovering a little from the mortal swoon into which from time to time he fell, raised his head, and fixing his dying eyes on him, said, with an expression of indignation playing on his lip,—"Traitor! no, no, I have not been a traitor,—perhaps, I have been imprudent." At last the executioner approached, and, as it is customary, made an apology for what he was about to execute. Vidal looked upon him with surprise. He had been made to understand that he would die as a soldier, and be shot,—“Do you command the picquet by whom I am to be shot?” he enquired.

“No, sir,” said the hangman, “I am the executioner, and, I am sorry to say, my duty is to hang you.”

No sooner had Vidal heard these words, than, as if he had been stabbed to the heart, he dropped his head on the back of the chair, and breathed his last sigh. Elio, who commanded in person the martial show, in order to be the better able to enjoy the triumph of revenge, ordered that Vidal's

execution should proceed, and that the corpse should be dragged up to the scaffold, and be hung according to the sentence, which was immediately done.

The remaining victims, thirteen in number, were shot in a manner equally brutal and disgusting; but they all died like true patriots, particularly the young Beltran de Lis, who had hardly reached his eighteenth year, and who was immolated chiefly on account of the hatred entertained by the sanguinary Elio towards his family. When he stood forward, a lively joy beamed in his eyes, and raising his voice to its utmost pitch,—“Countrymen!” he cried, “I have the happiness to die for the cause of liberty and my country! This is a proud day for me! I die full of joy!”

When they had all fallen, the barbarous Elio caused them to be hung up on a gibbet, some still in an expiring state, where they were to be left exposed to public view, and to be devoured by the birds of prey, while he rode on horseback along the line, and pointed them

out to the people with a savage complacency, as if he exulted in the sanguinary deed.

His subsequent efforts to penetrate into the secret of the conspiracy were unremitting. Not satisfied with the blood of the victims he had just sacrificed, he caused between two and three hundred individuals of both sexes to be arrested and thrown into dungeons. The slightest suspicion was enough for him to have a whole family buried in a dungeon, while the barbarous tribunal of the Inquisition, always the faithful instrument, and diligent executor of all those revolting atrocities of despotism, which are in the most direct opposition to the laws of God and man, immediately offered its powerful arm to aid in the work of extermination. The doors of their sepulchral caverns were thrown wide to admit the innocent victims, that even the ferocity of Elio dared not touch, and those monsters, who style themselves the ministers of a God of peace and mercy, endeavoured by dint of tortures and

exquisite sufferings to wring from them, perhaps, what had never entered their minds.

Notwithstanding his cruelty, all Elio could learn, was that Vidal's conspiracy had innumerable ramifications; and all he had accomplished by his bloody deeds, amounted to his having delayed its explosion a little longer. So convinced was he that some great revolution was on the point of bursting, that in a confidential letter he wrote at this epoch to the king, he told him, in harsh and even insolent language, that it was entirely owing to the excessive folly of his government, which had produced a general discontent throughout the country, that his most faithful servants and friends were exposed to such risks as he had miraculously escaped; that the conspiracy was wide and powerful; and that the only way to drive away the impending storm, was by adopting a different line of conduct, and fulfilling what he had promised on the 4th of May, 1814. To this extraordinary declaration were added some broad hints of having such and

such persons dismissed, and others, whom he pointed out, substituted in their place. Ferdinand, and particularly his sycophantic favourites, took these remonstrances as direct insults, which they would have punished on the spot, had they not trembled for the consequences of exciting the wrath of a man, whose revengeful spirit rendered him more dangerous than all the liberals put together. Accordingly they smothered their resentment and gave vent to their malignity, by ordering the sanguinary tribunal of the faith to reiterate their efforts to crush the heads of the hydra, one of which was no sooner cut off than another sprang up in its place, and kept them in constant terror and alarm. Hence persecution raged at this moment throughout the Peninsula to the most frightful extent. An idea of it may be formed, when we say that the horrors perpetrated by the venal, immoral, and ferocious Galinsoga, Alcalde de Casa y Corte, who had been invested by Lozano and Eguia, ministers of Ferdinand, with full powers to exterminate, without mercy or remorse, whomsoever he chose,

excited such a disgust, even among the Camarilla, that they were compelled to deprive him of his post, and send him into exile.

Undismayed by these calamitous events, and the dangers by which they were surrounded, the intrepid patriots, who had leapt into the arena to combat the monster of despotism, recommenced their attack with redoubled vigour, as soon as the first alarms and inquietudes allowed them to collect their scattered forces. Indeed, it would have been utter madness in them to have desisted from, or even delayed much longer the execution of their plans. From day to day the risks to which they were exposed increased, fresh arrests deprived them of their most useful agents, and new difficulties would arise by allowing their enemies to become too powerful and influential. It was, however, necessary to change the scene of action to another point of the Peninsula, for at Valencia their enemies were too watchful, and their own resources too much narrowed, by the numerous imprisonments that had taken place.

From the first moment the patriots formed

themselves into an association, they turned their eyes on the army destined for the colonies, as the plank which was to save the nation from sinking altogether. No sooner, therefore, had the first expedition against Caracas, under the orders of Morillo, began to assemble, than, notwithstanding the well known fact that the General was no liberal, several steps were taken by the masons to ensure their co-operation; but the infancy of the society, the want of a centre of union, from which the instructions of the corporation should unanimously proceed, and the short time employed in getting ready that expedition, rendered fruitless the isolated steps taken on that occasion.

On the assembling of the second expedition, intended for Buenos Ayres, the hopes of the patriots revived, and from the very first instant the aspect it presented was highly favourable to their designs, although there was not yet a centre of union, or any concerted plan formed. Still the slowness with which the expedition proceeded, gave the masons time to gain friends among the officers who were assembling at Cadiz and its

environs, and they succeeded in making important acquisitions to forward their future operations. The General to whom the command of this expedition was given, was the Count of Abisbal. We must be allowed here to make a few observations respecting this man. They are indispensable to our present purpose, and will render the sequel more intelligible to our readers.

From the moment Ferdinand mounted the throne of persecution, he manifested the most decided hatred towards the inhabitants of Cadiz, where the troops of his friend and ally, Napoleon, had not been able to penetrate. Resolved to draw a deep vengeance, he sent them Abisbal, as a person, who, he imagined, was likely to fulfil satisfactorily the trust of shedding the blood of the victims whom he intended to sacrifice. Instead of giving him instructions for the good government, and just administration of that deserving city, he recommended persecution and extermination. The monster himself, in a private audience, entreated Abisbal, even by the most degrading servilities, to annihilate the race

of liberals of that city, nay to exterminate the majority of the Gaditans.* No sooner did the General reach his government, than he perceived (if he had not done so before) that his conduct must be different from what Ferdinand demanded. The latter, and his ministers, cheated of their hopes, showed themselves highly offended, but it was necessary to keep on good terms with a man of whom Ferdinand has always had an intuitive awe. Yet such was the thirst for blood of this tiger, that he wrote to Abisbal autograph letters in a style of the utmost intimacy, which, after the most fulsome adulation, which not even the basest of parasites would have used with his patron, always concluded by warmly entreating him to sacrifice victims for his sake. This he did repeatedly, and each successive time more vehemently than the first; but as the satrap

* Horrible as this may appear, it is a fact publicly stated by Abisbal himself; moreover, the letters written to him with the king's own hand, which still exist, corroborate it but too forcibly. And such a monster heaven allows to live! Poor Spain, a sad fate is thine!

saw the slippery ground on which he trod, and the danger his life ran, if he were to follow his master's injunctions, he endeavoured to keep on good terms with the Gaditans, and if possible with his master also, by making some arrests, and violating the rules of good government in some few cases. This did not satisfy Ferdinand, who like Othello, though not like him having the plea of even a supposed wrong to excuse him, cried for "blood,—blood,—blood," and he resolved on the first favourable opportunity to remove him from his post. This presented itself soon after. On Napoleon's return to France from Elba, an army of observation was formed on the frontiers, the command of which Ferdinand gave to Abisbal ; but agreeably to the duplicity of his nature, he preserved for him what could only be called the nominal title of Captain General of the Andalusias, with which his duped friend remained to all appearance well satisfied. No sooner was Napoleon defeated at Waterloo, than Ferdinand, whose fear of Abisbal was now lighter, immediately bestowed the General's

lucrative and important post of Captain General of the Andalusias on a more condescending servant of his, though at the same time he still endeavoured to keep him contented, by holding out to him splendid promises. The Count, however, was not to be so easily deceived, and fired with indignation at his master's ingratitude, let out some indications, which clearly showed his displeasure at the tyrant's conduct.

At about this epoch, and while the army of observation still occupied their posts on the frontiers, the heroic Porlier hoisted the banners of the Constitution, and Abisbal received orders to march with his troops to Galicia to crush that attempt; but its unfortunate issue rendered this step useless. The sentiments which he manifested on this occasion, however, were such as to give the patriots room to hope, that the tyrant had now completely forfeited this General's adherence, and though it was one of their maxims to add to their party only men of honour and strict morality, their reduced state rendering the acquisition of any man of influence a matter

of importance, they turned their eyes on him as on one whose excited resentment might be turned to the benefit of their cause. Hence, when he received orders for the dissolution of the army he commanded, and for his immediate return to the capital, where he seemed to have been called to endure fresh mortifications, some of the masons there, profiting by these circumstances, received him into their society, though this reception was preceded by certain explanations, which proved the extraordinary change operated on the neophyte. Though he had now lost much of the influence which before he had exercised at court, he had still many friends in the *Camarilla*, and, by dint of intriguing, obtained at last the command of the above mentioned army for the expedition to Buenos Ayres.

On his arrival at Cadiz, he was received by the inhabitants with that marked contempt which the people knew so well how to manifest towards those who have been their oppressors ; but his conduct was so widely different from what it had formerly been, that, except in his

unwearied attentions to the ladies, in which he continued unchanged, people could hardly believe he was the same man. From the first instant, he called around him all those officers most remarkable for their enlightened and liberal ideas;—spoke to them of the necessity of a change in the horrible system of administration by which the nation was hourly ruined and degraded,—of the folly of an expedition to regain countries that could no longer belong to Spain,—and of the probability of a favourable change by employing wisely the means placed at his disposal, and which were intended for this expedition. He even spoke confidently of the success of a rising having its origin within the walls of a city, whose strength, and advantageous position rendered it impregnable, when the spirit of the inhabitants was taken into consideration. Towards the people he observed a conduct at once wise and equitable; he received graciously all those who came for redress, read their petitions, and decreed, without any loss of time, according to

the principles of justice. Thus he began gradually to acquire the confidence of the generality of people, and have his past deeds buried in oblivion ; till at last the patriots of Cadiz themselves, viewing his conversion as sincere, admitted him into their masonic chapter, to participate in their labours.

Such was the state of affairs in that part of the Peninsula at the epoch when Vidal's plot failed. From that moment the patriots, seeing that Abisbal had formally declared he would place himself at the head of a revolution, and that he continued steady in his praiseworthy conduct, felt their hopes revive, and fixed them more than ever on the numerous army assembled in the Andalusias. They commenced collecting the scattered threads of the conspiracy, binding them closer, and infusing new vigour into those men, who, terrified by so many and repeated misfortunes, had shrunk back from the task of regeneration. Our hero, who, notwithstanding the dangers by which he was surrounded, had been unremitting in his efforts to bring about

a plot, by which the death of the sacrificed martyrs of his cause should be avenged, and the honour of their country recovered, determined now to repair to those places where a greater probability of success offered itself, as he saw that Elio's vigilance and activity opposed an insurmountable barrier to a second attempt in that quarter. He, therefore, took leave of his friends, and disguised in a white frock, shaped like a wide doublet, a sash of red stuff wound around his waist, white and very wide breeches, not quite reaching to the knee, a pair of hempen sandals, a leathern cap slightly rounded, and a piece of thick woollen cloth, striped with various colours, about seven feet in length and two in width for a cloak, thrown over one shoulder, and hanging equally behind and before,—the usual dress worn by the husbandmen of Murcia and Valencia, set off, accompanied by Roque, similarly arrayed, to Madrid, which he hoped to reach without difficulty, see the friends he wanted, and then proceed to

Cadiz, to share in the labours, dangers and glories, of his brethren.

“How do you like me in my new dress, Roque?” enquired he of his servant, when they had safely quitted Valencia, and were advancing on their way to Madrid, through the beautiful country which spreads itself in delicious gardens to within some leagues of La Mancha.

“Am I at last permitted to speak?” replied Roque, whose countenance naturally serious, was now overspread with a dismal look of stern peevishness. “I’ll tell you what, Sir, there is a proverb that says—*‘ aunque la mona se vista de seda, mona se queda,’** and let me add, that if you assume that dress only to get into more mischief, I’ll even wish you a good bye, and you may seek another servant, who may be both blind and dumb, for then you will be sure to hear no truths told, which you seem so anxious to avoid.”

* Although a monkey may dress himself in silk, he will always remain a monkey.

“ Well, Roque, but you certainly would not deprive me of the benefit of your wisdom, though I be somewhat slow in understanding it?” said his master ;—“ for what would become of me without your counsels ?”

“ ’Tis that consideration alone that induces me to put up with such miseries as I have endured through your extreme folly. There, in that accursed city, have we been now lodging in a damp cellar, like toads in a hole, and feeding more upon vapours than substantials ; now in a dark loft, buried under straw, like a couple of rats, who, fearing the sound of human feet, dare only at night skulk out from their hiding place, and then it was to be at some mischief, which soon brought us back to our holes. More than once have I blessed my feet, to which I am more indebted for my safety than to any other limb, thanks to an empty stomach that kept them light ; for else I should have found it a hard matter to escape the pursuit of those Miñones who seem to have wings clapped on their heels, so swift the rascals

run. As for yourself you must have the devil in you ; for, hang me, if ever a man not possessed by the fiend could squeeze himself through mere crevices, leap from second floor windows, run along the edges of roofs, as swift as a cat, and without minding the shots that whistled about your ears, fight your way out with a whole company without getting hurt, and a thousand other witcheries of the kind."

"It was only a little presence of mind, Roque, that gave me all those advantages," said his master ; " but I hope you will see me do better things than those by and bye."

"The devil I will?" returned Roque.

"Yes, my good fellow. We are now going to a place where you will meet many of your old comrades ; those stout-hearted men, who fought so well for the independence of their country, and who are now ready to stand forward for liberty and their rights. If our base enemies dare show their faces before us, I promise you, we shall go to work in the right

way. No more night meetings to surprise them; but there in the broad light of day our arms shall glitter, and our unfurled banners wave in the air before their astonished eyes; and if, contrary to their custom, they should wait our attack, we will blow them all to atoms, or cut them down to a man. Rely on it, my friend, victory will follow our steps, and we shall cover ourselves with glory."

"I suppose it will be that sort of glory," said Roque, "which is painted round the heads of St. Lawrence and St. Bartholomew, as a prize for being grilled or flayed, which, I hardly hoped, we should escape without tasting at Valencia, for there was enough of that there."

"Never fear it; for there is nothing very exalted about you, that will ever entitle you to martyrdom."

"So much the better," returned Roque, "and if there were I would willingly abandon it all to you.—But I thought it was your intention to remain at Madrid?"

“Only a short time, and until I ascertain some matters which I am anxious to learn,” said his master.

“But which you will not be able to mend.”

“Be that as it may,” returned Sandoval, “you must try and see Rosa, immediately on our arrival, and learn from her how matters stand with Doña Gabriela. I am the more eager to know the result of Father Lobo’s interference in the marriage contemplated by Doña Angela between Gabriela and my brother, as I fear some deep villainy to be the cause of it.”

In such conversations as these our two travellers journeyed on towards the capital, avoiding as much as possible any conversation with those whom they met on the road, and who like themselves travelled on foot. On their arrival at La Mancha, they had the precaution to change their Valencian dress for that of this province, in order to attract less the notice of its inhabitants. As they penetrated further into La Mancha, those delightful and varied fields, which

make Valencia a vast and blooming garden, assumed a monotonous appearance, which, however, being now about the middle of spring, was a little relieved by the soft green corn grown in some, and the vines, and olives in others. Upon the whole, our travellers found the road sufficiently pleasant, and made as agreeable a journey as their mode of travelling permitted.

On their arrival at the capital, the first care of Sandoval was to send his servant in search of the information he wanted ; but desired him to say nothing of his arrival at Madrid to any human being ; while he, on his side, proceeded to the house of his friend Anselmo, to learn how affairs stood among the patriots of the capital. Here he had the mortification to learn, that most of them had remained in a state of shameful inactivity since his departure, believing that the rest of their brethren had submitted to the orders they once issued of suspending the labours in the lodges. Anselmo, aided now and then by a few, had endeavoured to keep alive the sacred fire of patriotism. He had carried on the whole

correspondence with his exiled brethren, removed the innumerable difficulties which rose at every step, and directed the whole machinery. He was, indeed, the only one who, undismayed by the severe blows struck against him and his party, appeared above the rest, like a beacon, lighting them to liberty.

We ought to remark here, that until the death of Charles IV., which happened a short time after the failure of Vidal's attempt, it had entered into the plans of the liberals to restore to that king the crown usurped by his son. It is probable he would have refused mounting the throne again; but this was thought of little importance; for while that was in agitation, Ferdinand and his brothers were to be declared unfit to reign, and a provisional government established; at the head of which (should events have compelled them to keep the Bourbon family on the throne) it was their intention to have placed the infant of Don Carlos; during whose minority all the great reforms which the circumstances of the nation so imperiously de-

manded, might have been accomplished. But Ferdinand, who suspected his mother and Godoy of some such plan, and who was confirmed in this suspicion by the documents taken from Vidal, in which his father was proclaimed king, while himself and his brother were to be brought to trial, began to consider the affair as deserving his whole attention. The sudden deaths of both father and mother, which happened successively soon after, and various other ominous incidents of the times, gave rise to certain rumours highly prejudicial to Ferdinand's filial character. How far these were to be trusted, must be left to time to discover; but meantime such unexpected events rendered it necessary for the patriots to alter their plan, respecting the government which was to be established immediately after a successful revolution. It was evident to every patriot, that the reigning tyrant had rendered himself unworthy of ascending a constitutional throne, and that both his brothers had shewn themselves no less ungrateful and unfit for the crown. Under these circumstances, it was ne-

cessary to begin the revolution by depriving the three, in a legal manner, of the power to do mischief, and leaving the rest to the course of events. To provide, however, against evil consequences, their plan now was to establish separate Juntas of Government in those points where they might be most wanted; all of which were to act under the immediate orders of that formed at the head quarters of the expeditionary army, and doubtless a supreme authority would then have been created, invested with full powers to do away with the obstacles which might oppose themselves to the establishment of freedom.

The patriots being agreed on these points, various emissaries were sent backwards and forwards from Cadiz to Madrid, to make the final arrangements for striking the blow; and as our hero reached the capital when these conferences were going on, it was agreed between him and his friend, that he should depart in a few days for Cadiz, to act as their agent on this occasion. This point settled, he went to Doña Clara's

house, where he found Roque already waiting for him.—“Well, my friend, what news?” enquired he anxiously. “Are my hopes for ever vanished? Are they married?—Speak, man, speak.”

“The truth is, Sir, that I have little to tell,” replied his servant; “however, they are not yet married; that is one fact; and as for the other affair, all I have learned is, that Doña Gabriela has managed to keep so much away from court, particularly since her majesty’s death, that the devil an opportunity the king has had to see her.—However, that will not serve her now; for only this morning she received a ticket from the Duchess of Osuna, to be present at the *dejeuné* (as they call it) which she gives every year to the king at her *Alameda*,* on the road of Alcalá, which is to take place the day after to-morrow.”

* Literally a walk of poplar trees; but those grounds which bear the name of the Alameda of the Duchess of Osuna, consist in vast and beautiful gardens, in the middle of which rises one of the finest palaces near the capital.

“ Well, and what of that ?” enquired his master eagerly.

“ Why, that his majesty has intimated, through that ugly griffin, Don Aniceto Artimaña, *alias* Lanza, that he expects she will not decline the invitation.”

“ And she means to go ?” asked his master again.

“ What else can she do ?”

“ And Doña Angela will consent to her going ?”

“ Ay, I believe so,” said Roque. “ A pretty kick up I understand there was when Doña Gabriela declared, she would not go ; the mother insisting on it, and the daughter refusing to consent ; till at last, you may well guess whether Doña Angela had her way or not.”

Sandoval was now silent : he felt no inclination to put any more queries. “ Leave me,” said he to Roque, “ and to-morrow morning call me early.”

Once alone, he gave himself up to his own reflections, which, as our readers probably sus-

pect, were none of the pleasantest. In fact, the news brought by his servant, chimed in too much with those alarming suspicions which the contents of Rosa's letter had raised in his mind; not to make every nerve in his frame thrill with horror and apprehension. He could not believe, notwithstanding the heartless conduct of Doña Angela towards Gabriela, that she could be privy to the detestable schemes of the monk and his nephew. It was impossible that a woman of virtuous principles, as doubtless Doña Angela was, and much less a mother, could consent to the ruin of her daughter, and be an agent in such infamous proceedings. However bigotted she might really be, however blind her obedience to the dictates of her confessor, surely she would hardly be so utterly devoid of the sense of right and wrong, as not to see the wickedness of such an unnatural course. It was evident to him, that she was the dupe of the perverse machinations of those two monsters in human shape, whom she so much esteemed and venerated; and such being his conviction,

he thought, that not an instant ought to be lost in warning her of the danger that threatened to stain the honour of her family. But the great difficulty was in finding an opportunity of putting her upon her guard, or of convincing her that the danger was real, both which circumstances appeared completely out of his reach; as it was evident, that even supposing he succeeding in seeing her, he would find it a difficult task to persuade her that her father confessor was a villain, and her adopted son another. To entrust the matter to a third person, he dared not venture, not even to his own brother, whose great veneration for Father Lobo was, indeed, of itself an obstacle as insurmountable as the prejudices of Doña Angela herself. After turning over in his mind these things again and again, he hit at last upon an expedient, which he thought could not fail to produce the desired effect. His acquaintance with the Prince of Anglona, a son of the Duchess of Osuna, and formerly the General in Chief of the army in which he served, rendered his admission easy to the approaching

festival given by her grace to the king, provided he assumed a different name, and a suitable disguise. Full of this idea, he resolved to go and see the Prince on the following morning at an early hour, and request the favour of being admitted to the *dejeûné*.

CHAPTER VI.

Ah ! who can e'er forget so fair a being ?
 Who can forget her half retiring sweets ?
 God ! she is like a milk-white lamb that bleats
 For man's protection. Surely the All-seeing,
 Who joys to see us with his gifts agreeing,
 Will never give him pinions, who entreats
 Such innocence to ruin, —vilely cheats
 A dove-like bosom.

JOHN KEATS.

HAVING risen betimes, in order to make his dress with the attention which he always devoted to his outward appearance, Sandoval now proceeded to La Puerta de la Vega, where the Duke of Osuna has a palace, which, like most of those belonging to the Spanish grandees, was in itself a little world. The multitude of servants, or, as it is called, the *servidumbre*, kept by them, are almost as numerous as that of the

king himself. There are chief and inferior major-domos, chaplains and tutors, pages and squires, great and small equerries with their train of coachmen and grooms, and lacqueys without number, cooks and scullions, porters, and scores of nondescript characters, besides female attendants of all ages and conditions, who, from ladies of honour down to kitchen maids, make up as great a number as that of the male servants, all of whom have apartments in these houses, as well as their families, and even schools, where their children are instructed. And yet, will it be believed, that these grandees, with their princely establishments and immense wealth, are themselves menials to the royal family, and bear the very same names as their own servants?—that they are obliged to perform the most disgraceful and degrading offices, and can hardly leave the capital without first asking leave from their royal master?—that they must hold the bridle of the horse to every member of the royal family, open and shut the carriage door, light them about the palace, attend them

in their dressing rooms and bed-chambers, &c. &c. ?—and, oh shame of heart ! think it an honour to kiss the royal feet !—But this is a digression. Let us accompany our independent hero, who would sooner have bit off his nails by the roots, than have submitted to such a degradation.

Having followed first one servant, then another, afterwards a third, and so on, through suites of magnificent rooms, he came at last to a small apartment, beautifully fitted up, where the Prince of Anglona was at his morning meal, sitting at a table covered with a multitude of dishes, and attended by a number of lacqueys. On Sandoval's entering, he rose, and at his nod, all his attendants made a profound reverence, and withdrew. He then advanced towards our hero, whom he welcomed with a polite embrace ; after which he invited him to sit down to breakfast with him, and enquired the object of his early visit ; having first obtained from him a full account of his patriotic proceedings, which Sandoval gave with his usual candour and anima-

tion—"And now, General," added he with a smile, "you see you have a dangerous character in your house. A sworn conspirator, who will sooner resign life than miss an opportunity of plotting against the ruling faction; and who, for aught he knows, may, even before the expiration of the year, lose his head on a scaffold, and be honoured with the name of traitor. But you know me already; besides, my present visit is upon matters unconnected with any treasonable practices."

He then expressed a wish to be present at the *dejeuné* given by the duchess to the king, as he wished to meet some friends of his, whom he had not seen for a length of time, and whom he could not conveniently see at their own houses. Anglona assured him, that though his mother was almost fastidious in the selection of her company, she would have been as happy in seeing him there as himself, even without a ticket; but that he would send him one that very morning.

Sandoval returned his polite acknowledgments for such a kindness; but added, that as there

would be present other people by whom he did not wish to be known, he intended going under a disguise, and with a different name--“ But,” enquired the young nobleman, “ does your disguise conceal any hostile intentions against our sovereign, or against any of the company ?— for if it does, were you my own brother, I could not allow you to be admitted.”

“ My intentions, I give you my word of honour,” said Sandoval, “ are in no way hostile to any one there; so far from that, they are pure and honourable.”

“ I believe you,” returned Anglona; “ but though you and myself might think them honourable, they might for all that be deemed treasonable by others. Will you only assure me that they have nothing to do with politics?”

“ I do most solemnly,” replied Sandoval.

“ Enough then, and you shall have a ticket under any name you please, I pledge you my word.—But, à propos, you who come from the province of Rioja, do you know anything of the family of Don Antonio Lanza?”

“I was formerly very well acquainted with them,” replied Sandoval ; “but as you are aware, a difference of politics has split many an acquaintance.”

“Then you have seen Doña Gabriela, Don Antonio’s daughter, of whom they speak so highly? It is whispered that Ferdinand is deeply smitten by her beauty, which, by the bye, is the constant theme of our circles, and that she will become his principal favourite. She will be present to-morrow at our party, and I expect there will be some flirtation going on. I have heard a most strange story about her.”

“Have you?” said Sandoval, affecting a calmness which he was far from feeling.

“Yes; something of an unfortunate attachment with a man of low extraction, which obliged her to conceal her misfortunes in a convent,” said Anglona. “’Tis a pity; though that will not injure her in Ferdinand’s eyes, who, you know, is not over nice in these matters.”

“By heavens! General, ’tis false,” cried Sandoval, unable to restrain his feelings, “’tis false

and slanderous,—'tis one of the infamous slanders by which virtue and innocence are ruined in a corrupt court. She is as free from guilt as a thing of heaven."

"I only repeat what I have heard," said Anglona ; "it may, very likely, be one of the too many fabrications of envy or scandal:—but you seem to know her more intimately than you hinted, and take a proportionate interest in her."

Sandoval saw now clearly he had allowed his feelings too great a latitude, and he began to haul up his sails.—"No—I assure you—there is no great intimacy between us;—but I hate to hear slanders against those I know to be innocent, were they even the most perfect strangers to me, and I cannot check my indignation on such occasions."

"'Tis not fair, perhaps, to insist too much on these matters," said the Prince smiling, "I will therefore attribute your warmth in this instance to your natural gallantry ; for I know you are no less a champion of the fair, than of liberty ; but before we part, allow me as a friend who esteems

and loves you, to be cautious how you cross the path between royalty and love. Remember Macanaz and Mademoiselle Petit.’*’

“General,” said Sandoval gravely, not much

* When Ferdinand returned to Spain, there came with him a young French beauty, a milliner of Paris, called Petit, who took the liberty to form an intimacy with Macanaz (a man who had lived with Ferdinand at Valengay, and who was afterwards his prime minister) without consulting her royal paramour, who having made the discovery under very peculiar circumstances, not contented with inflicting with his own hands on the offenders a severe horse-whipping, caused her speedily to quit the kingdom, obliging her first to give up every gift which his royal generosity had lavished on her; and sent Macanaz to the castle of San Anton in Coruña, where he remained a long time, till at length he obtained permission to live in his native village. Of course, the plausible motive for the minister’s disgrace, was the discovery made by the king of his practice of selling every public situation within his department; but those who knew that his majesty himself made the sale of offices a source of private revenue, soon found out the right story, and were not particular in concealing it. Macanaz afterwards insisted on an investigation of the whole business; and Ferdinand, aware he was as deeply implicated as himself, and unwilling that the whole world should know it, settled a pension on him (which even at this moment he enjoys) to hush the matter up.

pleased at the association, “I thank you: but there is a difference between a French milliner,—a strumpet in the full sense of the word, and Doña Gabriela Lanza, a lady whose high virtue will of itself suffice to shelter her from any base attempt of the kind; and who, at all events, is entitled to the protection of every honourable man, whose sword should be drawn in her service, were it even against royalty.”

Anglona, who felt not the same flame that glowed in our hero's bosom, shook his head, and said, that though there certainly was a difference, and a very material one, he feared it would render caution doubly requisite:—“for,” said he, “as it is evident that the attractions of a virtuous object always makes a deeper impression in our hearts than those of one who has only personal beauties to boast of, the king's passion for Gabriela must be in proportion to that difference. Consequently, as I really feel a great interest for you, I must persist in recommending the utmost prudence.”

Sandoval, who saw that the General's advice

proceeded from real goodness of heart, was now more cordial in his thanks; after which he took leave of him.

As the *dejeuné* of the Duchess of Osuna to the king was to take place as early as four o'clock in the morning, Sandoval rose betimes, and, assisted by his servant Roque, made his toilet, which consisted in an elderly man's wig, having the usual appendage of a silk bag tied to the queue, and the locks of which, instead of curling gracefully, as did his own black hair, were long and lank, and fell about his ears and forehead in such a manner as materially to alter the appearance of his handsome countenance, to which it gave an elderly look. He next assumed a court dress: a coat of the beautiful cloth (which is made in the royal manufactory of San Fernando) called *vigogne*, shaped in the usual fashion, straight collar, round breast, long skirts, and steel buttons; a white silk embroidered vest of decent length, cut triangularly at its lowest extremity, and with flaps on the pockets; knee-breeches, and silk stockings; shoes, with a

handsome pair of gold buckles ; a court sword, with a steel hilt highly wrought ; and a chapeau-bras. In this costume, he flung himself into Doña Clara's carriage, who lent it him with pleasure, and then proceeded, through the gate of Alcala towards the Alameda of the Duchess of Osuna.

He had not advanced very far on his way, when the rapid trampling of horses announced a body of cavalry coming on. It was a party of the king's *guardias de corps*, preceding the royal carriages, and going, as usual, at full gallop, by which habit more than one cavalier breaks his neck in the course of the year, and many horses are broken down and disabled. In the present instance only half a dozen horses took fright at our hero's carriage, and two fell down with their riders. The word, "halt," being then uttered, their companions stopped ; but on observing the royal carriages fast approaching, they set off again at a furious rate, leaving the two unfortunate cavaliers to crawl out of the road as well as they could, or be trod to death ; for such accidents as these are never noticed by the lofty

personages they serve. Sandoval caused his carriage to be drawn on one side of the road, while the king's and those of his household passed by, which they did with the rapidity of lightning; after which another party of guardias closed the rear, all in full dress.

At about a league from Madrid begins the Alameda, which is entered by a handsome gate, where our hero was politely requested to show his ticket by one of the superior servants of the duchess, who was in attendance there for the purpose of examining them. Sandoval handed him the one sent to him by Anglona—"The Señor Marques (for he had assumed the name of the Marquis de Rivas, one of his ancestors by his mother's side) is welcome to her Grace's Alameda. Drive on, coachman," said the attendant, having examined it, after which he made a profound bow, and the carriage rolled slowly on through the long and beautiful avenue which leads to the palace. On both sides of it spread groves of fruit trees, small vineyards, and elegant parterres, shining in all the verdant gaiety of the

season, their flowers and leaves, still covered with the morning dew, glittered in the beams of the rising sun, as a gentle zephyr made them vibrate on their stems, and shewed their delicate tints as yet untarnished by the mid-day sun. It was with a sensation of delight that Sandoval looked upon the varied scene which presented itself to his sight, and to which the stillness and freshness of that early hour added new charms. At every step a fresh object attracted his attention; now a rustic hut emerged from a cluster of trees, and now a hermitage perched on the acclivity of a steep mount; further on, the ruins of an old building, finely overrun with creeping plants, graced the landscape, and then a lake, in the middle of which was seen an island clothed with soft verdure, and decked with thickets and lofty trees; an Indian pagoda rose here in all its elegant symmetry, and there a wild and winding path leading to a grotto, beside which ran a small rivulet with its pleasing murmur; a finely carved statue now peeped out from behind a thicket, and now a fountain, the waters of which sported

high in the air, and fell back upon its bosom, forming a variety of fanciful images.

As the carriage rolled on, the distant sounds of music, vibrating through the trees of the avenues, became more distinct, and some shrill notes of greeting from the martial instruments of the royal military band, intimated the arrival of the king, and the royal family. At length the palace, with the buildings for the numerous attendants, rose, in an excellent style of architecture, from amidst rich, gay, and elegant parterres, and presented a scene as magnificent as it was animated. The exterior was decorated with hangings of rich coloured silks, and flowery garlands, ingenious devices, and finely painted portraits of the royal family. At the gates and places of entrance, which were transformed into triumphal arches, were seen a multitude of servants, in splendid liveries, bustling about, as they ushered in the noble visitors, who arrived in their splendid equipages, and vociferating their names with as sonorous voices as the importance of the occasion demanded, while the

bands of music, stationed in the gardens and in the interior of the palace, welcomed them with their harmonious sounds.

Our hero, having alighted from his carriage, ascended a magnificent staircase, decorated with beautiful and rare plants, flowery festoons, and costly hangings, all elegantly disposed; and afterwards, was ushered into the sumptuous apartments where the guests were assembling, the furniture of which surpassed, in grandeur and richness, even that of the royal palaces. Around these saloons were arranged sofas, ottomans, couches, and other kinds of seats, all of silks and rich stuffs, for the company; and in the furthest saloon was a magnificent throne for the royal visitor, with canopied seats beside it for the Infantes and Infantas. Every one of the company, already assembled there, displayed the utmost magnificence. The ladies, decked in their elegant ball dresses of different hues, glittered in the brilliant trinkets which adorned their persons, like flowers on which the dew drops still hang and sparkle in the sunbeams, and the

gentlemen, in their court dresses or splendid uniforms, with ribbons, crosses, and decorations, dazzled the sight by the profusion of gold and silver with which their dresses were covered. The foreign ambassadors were also present at this festival, and rivalled each other in magnificence, as well as several high prelates, dressed in all their ecclesiastical splendour ; while the handsome guardias, who had accompanied his majesty there, were also allowed to participate in the pleasures of the fête. All moved on with ease and gracefulness towards the place occupied by the sovereign, and their illustrious entertainer, to pay their respects to them, and wore a smile on their countenances, as they made profound bows to each other.

As Sandoval passed through this crowd of visitors to make his obeisance to the duchess, he cast his eyes around, in hopes of discovering the dear object of his affection ; but, notwithstanding his anxiety he could see nothing of her, nor of her family, and he almost feared they would not be of the party. Having made his

bow to the duchess, and the princesses, he walked towards the Prince of Anglona, to ascertain from him if Don Antonio's family was expected at all. The young nobleman could hardly refrain from laughing at observing the serious figure Sandoval cut in his wig and vigogne coat, but told him, that though he appeared sufficiently disguised, he could not help thinking the cheeks, and lower part of his face, as well as his handsome calves, and other beauties which his dress did not conceal, looked much too young, smooth, round, and firm, for the rest of his person.

While Anglona was making these remarks, the name of Lanza resounded through the saloons, and suddenly the loud murmur that reigned in them was changed into whispers, while many a malicious smile, and suspicious nod passed between the company. All eyes, however, were soon turned towards the door with an expression of strong curiosity, and Gabriela leaning on Fermin's arm, entered, followed by her mother and Don Antonio, the monk and his

worthy nephew bringing up the rear. Never had she appeared more beautiful in Sandoval's eyes, than she did at the present moment. Her elegant and graceful figure was arrayed with the utmost simplicity, no costly jewels or glittering diamonds disputing the palm of brilliancy with her eyes, whose timid glances heightened the sweet expression of her countenance. A single white rose, tastefully fixed on her head, set off to greater advantage her black shining tresses and falling locks, while another, of a pale red, fixed to her breast, heightened the snowy whiteness of her neck and bosom. A white gown of fine muslin, with a border tastefully embroidered, and a coloured ribbon round her waist, was the unostentatious dress she had assumed for this important occasion, in the hope that its extreme simplicity would attract less the notice of the company to her person. But in this she was greatly mistaken; for in the same manner as the finely painted drapery of a picture generally diverts the attention from the object that wears it, her modest habiliments naturally concentrated

on her individual charms, which they rendered more striking, the undivided attention of the other visitors. This she very soon perceived, as she made her way to the other end of the room, and her sweet, though still pale countenance, became, as well as her neck, suffused with blushes, whilst her large fine eyes were cast on the ground with unaffected modesty, and her timid bosom heaved with agitation.

Fermin, whose handsome uniform of Brigade General, set off to greater advantage his finely formed person, and whose striking countenance and manly look strongly expressed the delight he felt at the happiness of enjoying the presence of his sovereign, and the royal family, remarked Gabriela's agitation, and gently pressed her hand to dispel her timidity. This, though done in a manner almost imperceptible, did not escape the keen eyes of Calisto, who watched their motions and looks most intensely, and who feeling far otherwise than at ease, particularly when he heard around him a thousand eulogies on the two lovers, "who seemed made for each

other," withdrew to a recess formed by one of the balconies.

On arriving at the foot of the throne, Gabriela knelt, to kiss the Infanta Doña Maria Francisca's hand, who occupied the seat next to Ferdinand; but the latter stepping out to receive her, she started back, as if she had seen an adder, and dropping him a courtesy, walked towards the Duchess of Osuna to salute her, while Fermin bent his knee and kissed with the utmost reverence the royal hands, as did also Doña Angela, who on this occasion had exchanged her devotee's habiliments for a most sumptuously profane one, and what is still more strange, had brought her mind to commit the sacrilege of wearing that same precious family necklace, which had become a sanctified relic since it was worn by our Lady del Pilar of Zaragoza!—But she had consulted on the matter with her ghostly confessor.

On Father Lobo's approaching the king, the latter, who, though possessed of great powers of dissimulation could hardly conceal the displea-

sure he felt at Gabriela's action, took the monk aside, close to the place occupied by our hero, who heard him ask Lobo, in a severe and reproachful tone, his reason for not having performed the promise he had made him.—“Did you not say I should find Gabriela a little more tractable than the first time I saw her?—and yet, even before the eyes of this assembly, she has offered me a marked insult!—I speak in earnest, and tell you, I'll not be trifled with.”

“Sire,” said the monk in an insinuating voice, unabashed by this speech, “you must interpret her action differently. I can assure your majesty she is fully aware of the honour you do her, and feels flattered by it; but you know the little artifices and wiles of the sex. It is precisely to those whose affections they are more anxious to ensure, that they will at first show themselves indifferent; for they know too well that forwardness on their part, will oftener produce disgust than love. Did your majesty not observe the look she gave you, even when she so coquetishly retreated from you?”

“I did,” said the king, “and a cursedly forbidding one it was.”

“Ay, even so,” cried the monk, “I see your majesty is an acute observer—nothing escapes your penetration—what then could be a more evident proof of her love?”

“Why, zounds, man,” exclaimed his majesty, “what do you take me for? Am I a fool or an idiot?”

“Your majesty does me an injustice,” said the monk, “if you really believe I could ever take my sovereign for either.”

“Then how, if she dart such freezing looks, can she feel any love for me?”

“I shall answer that question with another, if it please your majesty,” returned the monk.

The king nodded, and the monk added, “Would there be any skating, if there were no ice? and would men feel any pleasure in the warmth produced by that exercise, if they were not predisposed to it by the freezing air around?—I speak somewhat metaphorically, but it is, nevertheless, as Gabriela feels, nay, as most

women of sense do. They offer forbidding looks to encourage our timidity, upon the same principle as they who wash their benumbed hands with snow, in order to restore to them warmth and animation.”

This argument, subtle as it was, had nothing to do with Ferdinand’s question ; but it puzzled him, and it was all the monk wanted. “ Well,” said the king, “ you may be very right ; but, in truth, I should prefer the genial sunbeams of spring to these freezing gales—and hark ! if the ice lasts much longer, I must have it broken ; for, by my patron saint, I am not fond of winter.”

With these words he turned round, and presenting his arm to the Duchess of Osuna, went down, preceded by the Duke de Alagon, captain of the guards, and other noblemen of his *servidumbre*, to the banquet-room, followed by the Infanta, consort of Don Carlos, who leaned on the arm of the Duke of Osuna ; and by the rest of the company, among whom, we are happy to state, no dispute for precedence arose,

though most of the proudest grandees of Spain were among the visitors. As for Sandoval, he followed in the throng, his mind engrossed with the conversation he had just overheard.

We shall not attempt a description of the sumptuous banquet with which the Duchess entertained her guests. It would indeed be an endless and tedious task, both for our readers to peruse, and ourselves to write. Enough then if we say, that every delicacy of the season that wealth could procure was there displayed in magnificent services of gold and silver, china, and glass; and that the *plateaux* vases, and other embellishments of the tables, were truly tasteful and splendid; everything, in a word, being calculated to give a correct notion of the wealth and grandeur of the princely house of Osuna.* During the *dejeuné*, the music sta-

* That the reader may form some idea of the profusion of this fête, we shall only remark, that, in the year to which the above alludes, the duchess made a present of three thousand dollars (six hundred pounds) to the cook of the pope's nuncio, resident at Madrid, who prepared the

tioned in the gardens filled the air with melodious sounds, which contributed to excite the guests of both sexes to converse without restraint.

As our hero was not known to any of the people present, under his assumed name of Marquis de Rivas, except to Anglona, he was not under the necessity of attending to any in particular ; and, therefore, he took his seat at table just opposite to Gabriela, to have the pleasure, at least, of silently gazing upon her, and catch the sweet accents of her voice. This pleasure, however, was not quite free from pain ; for he observed, that, notwithstanding the attentions shewn her by those who were around her, she ate little, and appeared absorbed in melancholy reverie, though now and then a smile played on her coral lips, and enlivened viands for the banquet ; and that, notwithstanding such an immense sum, her Grace found a balance in her favour of ten thousand dollars from what she spent in those years when the management of the table was entrusted to her own cooks.

her physiognomy; but as it was addressed to Fermin, who sat near her, its sweetness, if not absolutely gall to our hero, was far from exciting in him very pleasant sensations. Another source of misery, deeper still than this feeling of jealousy, arose from the circumstance of an attendant of his majesty bringing to her a small silver dish with some preserved fruit, which he begged her to accept in the king's name, as a token of his respect; and though she was not the only lady there who enjoyed this honour, such an attention fully confirmed all he before imagined of Ferdinand's affection for her. The manner in which she received it, however, shewed clearly how repugnant it was to her feelings. "Have the goodness, Sir, to thank his majesty for an honour of which I do not feel myself worthy," said she drily to the gentleman in waiting, as she received the present from him,—“ But which she will do her best endeavours to deserve,” added Doña Angela, with an inclination of the head to him, and a frown to Gabriela.

The gentleman made a profound bow, and

hastened back with the message, which he delivered to the Duke of Alagon, who whispered it into his majesty's ear, and Sandoval, who kept his eye on the king, observed him bite his lip, and whisper back to the Duke something, on which the latter replied by a triple shake of the head. "The good old lady," said to him in a low voice a noble courtier who sat near Sandoval, "is determined to give his majesty full play, though her daughter seems not quite so anxious to carry it on. What strange caprices women have! Here is a village damsel, without a name or reputation, disdainng the favours of a monarch, and a little while ago playing all sorts of pranks with servants and plebeians, even below herself!"

"We must not take for granted all the scandalous reports that are circulated in a court," said Sandoval, endeavouring to check his indignation. "It is enough, her beauty outshines that of all others, for envy and malice to choose her for their butt. For my part, I do not believe a word of it."

“ You are very welcome to your opinion,” cried the nobleman in his turn, casting a side-long glance at the antiquated cut of his coat, “ perhaps in *your* time such things seldom occurred, but the world is somewhat altered since.”

“ I thought there was still some virtue left, though it may not be found in Madrid,” returned Sandoval.

“ In the innocent creature opposite to us, I suppose ?” inquired the courtier sneeringly.

“ Even so, Sir,” cried Sandoval, somewhat sternly.

“ Why, yes. She seems to have already given pretty good proofs of it ; and, moreover, will perhaps honour us with further testimonies of virtue in the course of to-day, or to-night,” returned the other, in the same sneering style.

Sandoval’s blood boiled in his veins. He was not in the habit of seeing the idol of his heart made the subject of public scandal and private malice ; and though he felt that his situation prevented him from publicly repelling the ca-

lunnies thus circulated about her, he leaned his head towards the nobleman, and whispered into his ear,—“There is baseness in your language, Sir, and I shall expect you to attend me into the garden, as soon as we rise from table.”

The courtier, surprised at this discourse, turned round to reply; but on observing the stern look of the speaker, he grew suddenly confused and abashed, and could hardly muster sufficient courage even for an apology.—“I beg to retract whatever offensive words I may have uttered,” he muttered in a trembling voice, and then observed a deep silence during the remainder of the collation.

“A slanderer,” thought Sandoval, “will always prove himself a coward. Oh! were my hands not tied, I would soon silence the whole set of them!”

Immediately after the entertainment, the party left the palace to stroll about the beautiful gardens and grounds of the Alameda, and enjoy the freshness of the morning. No

etiquette whatever was observed on this occasion, every one being at liberty to select any of the numerous amusements prepared for them, and to follow the path he pleased. Swings and wooden horses were suspended from the trees, for those who liked that exercise; boats, gaily adorned, were inviting the rowers to navigate the lakes; courts for tennis, nine-pins, bar, archery, and shooting, called the amateurs of these amusements to shew their skill; and a small amphitheatre for bull-baiting with young bulls to fight, or rather to play with, invited the more adventurous of the party to exhibit their courage and address. But what in the first instance attracted the attention of the whole party, was a circus, round which seats for them all were placed, to see an exhibition, called *Parcjas*, a semblance of the ancient tournaments, which is still in use in Spain. To this place the king had directed his steps, followed by the rest of the guests, and taken his seat under a canopy of damask, with gold brocade, having his brother's Infanta on one side, and the

Duchess of Osuna on the other. When all the other seats were occupied, the circus presented a most splendid and dazzling spectacle. The thousands of rich gems that decked the ladies heads, and the glittering uniforms and crosses of the gentlemen, sparkling in the sunbeams, cast a dazzling radiance round the circus, to which the incessant motion of the fair spectators, and playing of their fans, gave the utmost animation.

At a signal given by the grand equerry of the duchess, the trumpets sounded, and about forty-eight horsemen, clothed in the genuine Spanish costume, came forward, formed into a squadron of four in front, and twelve deep, headed by two ladies, who, like the followers of each, wore different colours. On arriving at the middle of the circus, they spread into a line, facing his majesty's seat, and made their horses bend their knees in homage to sovereignty. After this, the music played a march, and the cavaliers went round the circus in single file ; when, the music changing, they

advanced again to the middle, commenced a set of figures, imitating hearts, crowns, crosses, &c., now breaking their ranks, and crossing diagonally, now forming again and galloping round the circus, each displaying the utmost skill in horsemanship. On the conclusion of these dances, the two bands formed opposite each other, and all the cavaliers receiving from the squires who served them, shields, and some balls of white clay, one of the leaders crossed at full gallop to the other side, and passed in front of the line, followed by the first cavalier of her band, who immediately pursued by his antagonist, was obliged to parry with his shield the balls which his pursuers cast at him. Behind this came another, pursued by a fourth; and when all those belonging to the first band had thus passed, they whirled their horses round, and in their turn followed their antagonists, pelting them with their balls. The rapidity of their motions, and the skill they displayed in turning the balls aside, gave in-

finite pleasure to the delighted spectators, who manifested their approbation towards those who exhibited more address, by loud clappings and *vivas*.

On this party retiring, twelve elegantly dressed grooms entered the circus, leading by the bridle as many horses, richly caparisoned, intended for those gentlemen, who from mere spectators, wished to become candidates for the rings that hung from the different wooden columns, placed round the circus for this purpose, at various distances. The twelve candidates appeared soon after, dressed all alike, in rich military coats, white pantaloons, hessian boots with silver spurs, and glittering helmets, the visors of which, being drawn over their faces, concealed their features. Each, however, had a lance, from which floated a silk pennon, bearing an appropriate device, two of which only we shall here mention, though some of the others were perhaps more ingenious.--One bore the inscription, “*Amo,*

*sufro, y callo,** written on a green surface, and the other, on blue,—“*Por demasiado fiel peno.*”†

When these gentlemen had mounted their horses, they walked them slowly round the circus, displaying their devices to the eyes of the spectators; and it was observed that both cavaliers, whose mottos we have given above, seemed to direct their attention to the same object. Their dresses being so similar, and their size and stature likewise, it was impossible for the lady who saw herself thus flattered, and who was no other than Gabriela, to distinguish which of the two was Fermin, who had left her to be a candidate; nor could she tell who the other was, though her heart fluttered with a strange feeling of pleasure mingled with apprehension. On reading the devices, she found them both so appropriate to the two brothers, that she was still more puzzled

* I love, endure, and am silent.

† I mourn for being too true.

than with their persons. Both expressed attachment, and endurance, both applied indistinctly to the situation of each. Yet which of the two had concealed his passion from her?—surely Fermin,—and who could mourn for being too true?—she hesitated to answer herself.—“ His letter to me, the only one I ever received from him,” she said at last, “ ought to convince me, that Calisto has long ago been tired of his fidelity, since he released me from those ties that bound me to him, or rather since he released himself.—But what madness to think it can be Calisto ! Is he not in France ? or, perhaps, in a still more distant country ? ”

A sigh escaped her as this last thought flashed across her brain ; perhaps, she secretly wished him nearer. However, the cavaliers had now made the tour of the circle, when a flourish of trumpets warned them to prepare for exhibiting their address in gaining the prizes. They halted, and the first in the line of formation advancing a little from his companions, made his obeisance

to the king by bending gracefully his lance ; and then, raising it on high, plied spurs to his horse, and galloped rapidly round the circus, making passes with his lance at the various rings which hung out from the columns ; but missed them all. A general laugh among the spectators was his reward. A second followed,—he lifted up his visor, and shewed a face in which effrontery blended with sottish vanity. However, from the bold manner in which he stepped forward, it was generally expected he would be more fortunate than his predecessor. But it happened otherwise ; for shattering his lance to pieces against the first column he came to, the concussion he received brought him to the ground, where he lay stunned by the blow, until the grooms removed him from the field of action. At this occurrence a lady fainted away ; but most of the spectators could hardly suppress their inclination to laugh at his awkwardness and foolish impudence, such being the mischievous spirit of human nature. A third was more cautious, and succeeded in snatching one of the

rings; but it was done in such a graceless manner, that the applause was hardly heard, and he was ashamed to offer to any one the ring he had gained. At last it was now the turn of one of the two cavaliers who had attracted Gabriela's attention, and whose lance bore the green pennon, to display his skill. He came forward and made a deep and respectful inclination of the head to the king, and another to the Infanta, while he waved his lance gracefully, but with an air of timidity, corresponding to the device he had adopted, to Gabriela, who felt a secret anxiety for his success; and then rushing forward in the most gallant style, snatched two of the rings, the ribbons of which waved lightly in the air as he held them up. A burst of applause proclaimed his triumph; and he, holding out his lance to one of the grooms, requested that one of the prizes should be laid at the Infanta's feet, as a testimony of his loyalty, and the other at those of Doña Gabriela Lanza, as a token of his (here he hesitated) "profound respect," he added,

Immediately after this cavalier, followed the other admirer of Gabriela. There was a manly loftiness about him, which at once rivetted the attention of the spectators, and as he stood facing the king's seat, he made two low bows, one to the Infanta, and the other to the Duchess of Osuna, and as if inadvertently forgetting the middle seat, turned his courser's head towards the place occupied by Gabriela, and stretching out his lance made the horse bend a knee till the flag touched the ground. This done, he backed the steed with ease and dexterity, and fixing his eyes steadily on the columns, raised his lance to the level of the rings, and making his horse dart like an arrow from the bow, snatched three of the prizes, apparently at the same time, so steadily he held his lance, and so rapid was his course. The plaudits that followed this feat were enthusiastically manifested, and made Gabriela's heart thrill with a secret delight. These prizes he caused to be laid one at the feet of the Infanta, another at the Duchess's, and the third at those of Doña Ga-

briela Lanza, “ as a proof of his unalterable devotion.”

At this last declaration, which was made loud enough for them to hear, the eyes of the majority of the spectators turned themselves slyly towards the king, who was observed to whisper something into the ear of the Duke de Alagon ; while the cavalier who had preceded him, fixed his attention on this new rival, curious to know who he was ; but this, owing to the visor he wore over his face, he could not discover. Meantime the rest of the horsemen went through their trials of skill with various success ; after which they fired with pistols at a Turk's head at full gallop. In this exercise the cavalier of the blue colours shewed himself very superior to the rest, every time he fired bringing the mark down, and thunders of applause following his new triumphs. At length they all left the circus amidst the sound of music, and plaudits from the spectators, each to rejoin his friends, as soon as he had assumed his own dress.

CHAPTER VII.

So dear to heaven is saintly Chastity
That, when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt.

MILTON.

It seems hardly requisite to inform our readers that the cavalier who had been so much applauded was no other than Sandoval, who (independent of the established usages of our predecessors, by which the hero of a story must always be the very paragon of perfection) excelled in every thing he attempted, becoming a gentleman and a soldier.

In walking towards the apartments where he was to change his dress, his brother Fermin ap-

proached him, and unconscious as yet whom he was addressing, began the conversation, by praising the great skill he had displayed at the Parejas, by which he had eclipsed all his other companions, and himself among the rest.—“If it were not,” said Calisto, in reply to his brother’s eulogies, “that a man who excels at these games, proves himself master of such exercises as, perchance, he may one day turn to greater account, the possession of any skill at such sorry representations of the glorious tournaments of our ancestors, would not give a man of sense one atom of pleasure. And yet with what anxiety did not your heart beat, and mine too—for what?—for a ribbon tied to a ring!—and how we both swelled with ideotic pride at the empty sounds of applause from fools, who had the patience to endure the sight of us! Would our ancestors have sat so patiently at such an exhibition as this? And if there were no invaders or foreign champions to combat, would they not have turned their arms against their domestic tyrants, rather than catch ribbons, and fire at a wooden head?”

Fermin was not a little surprised at such a discourse; but imagining that the speaker was a descendant of one of those families whose heirs had often figured at those bloody exhibitions alluded to by his companion, said that the best proof that they themselves were susceptible of elevated sentiments, lay in the very thing he found fault with—"for," added he, "it is evident, that the man whose heart thrills at the idea of obtaining a mere ribbon, would feel still prouder in attempting to gain a higher prize."

"Experience proves the contrary," returned Calisto hastily: "it shows that we think we have done all, when we have gained a ribbon, or knocked down a wooden head. Else, why should three centuries have elapsed without our having done little more than shew our skill in trifles, when our necks bend under the weight of chains which it would be a proper feat for men to break, and when there are other than wooden heads to bring down!"

The purport of this speech being more distinct, Fermin was still more surprised.—"If I am not

mistaken, your discourse," said he, "implies what I, as a servant of the king, cannot suffer to pass unnoticed, without becoming as criminal as yourself. Let me tell you, then, of all the places which ought to be most free from revolutionary men, that, methinks, ought to be so in which our sacred sovereign presides, and is every moment shewing his condescension by acts almost derogatory to his royal dignity; but which prove how far his subjects are from bending under the weight of the chains, which as you insinuate, he imposes on them."

"How, Sir, if his condescension extended to your mistress?" whispered Calisto in his ear.

Fermin started back, and carried his hand to his sword.—"What am I to understand by your insinuation?" he asked in an offended tone. "Know, Sir, that, though we be within a hundred paces of the royal person, if you mean to slander my sovereign, or a lady whose virtue is as untainted as the sun-beams, my sword shall punish your temerity on this very spot."

"The lady, I am persuaded, is what you

represent her," said Calisto; "I wish I could have as good an opinion of *your* sovereign. I should not have stood forward as her admirer just now, were I convinced she were unworthy of receiving the vows of a man of honour, and were I not anxious to impress on the king's mind that there is one here, who stands forth the protector of that lady's innocence."

Every new sentence Calisto uttered, surprised his brother more and more.—"And pray, Sir, who has constituted you her protector?" he asked in a commanding tone of voice.

"This," said Sandoval, placing his hand on his heart, "and herself."

"And who are you in the name of heaven?" Fermin asked again in a stern, yet anxious manner.

By this time they were in the apartment where they were to change their dress, and Sandoval motioning to his brother, to follow him into an inner room.—"You wish to know who I am? Know me then," said he, taking off the helmet, and the wig that disguised him.

Fermin's astonishment may be imagined. Impressed with the idea that his brother was in France, he could hardly credit his eyes. But there he stood in person, and there could be no deception in it.—“What imprudence is this of yours?” at length he exclaimed. “Loaded with crimes, dare you appear in a place your presence pollutes?—Before the eyes of your offended sovereign?—before those of your outraged friends?”

“And pray what are my crimes?” enquired Calisto, surprised in his turn at such an accusation.

“If, instead of aiding your escape from Logroño, I had caused you to be shot, I should have justly punished those you committed on that night, and prevented others you have since committed,” said Fermin.

“It may suit your views, Fermin, to say that, or to believe it. But heaven knows my innocence, and at the day of doom you yourself may perhaps know it.”

Fermin made an attempt to speak ; but

Calisto bid him be silent—"You have wronged me in a thousand ways," he added; "you have disregarded my entreaties a hundred times, and are even now on the point of covering yourself with infamy, and plunging me into an abyss of misery. Do not then think I will stand here listening patiently to unfounded accusations, which are only meant as a cloak to cover evil designs. If I must be deprived by you of the being, whose heart was pledged to me, before all that is sacred in heaven and earth, expect not to rob me with impunity of my good name and reputation, in order to justify your conduct. Take my happiness from me, and may you not find it bitter misery; but, by heaven! I'll not hear a word of accusation against a conduct, the propriety of which, with all your high-flown notions of honour and virtue, you are unable to understand."

Fermin felt overwhelmed by this discourse; for though he had never acted ungenerously, much less treacherously, towards his brother, his extreme delicacy of conscience touched him with

something like remorse, for harbouring a passion for a woman, who had been betrothed to Calisto—"To conceal now from you," said he, in a melancholy tone, "the passion that rages in my breast, would be disingenuous and useless. Yes! I love Gabriela, I adore her; but you know more than she does. I never breathed this before her, nor do I deserve the injustice you do me, of believing me capable of casting dark imputations on your actions, for the purpose of advancing my own suit. It would be a sinful deed, and I would not distort truth, unless to gain a good object."

"Fermin," cried his brother, "I thank you for your disinterestedness, and pity you from the bottom of my heart. Yet if such have always been your sentiments, why not answer one of the many letters I have written to you?"

"I never received any," replied he; "and to say the truth, I was grieved and surprised at your silence."

"It was even as I suspected," cried his brother; "the villains have intercepted my letters,

have forged others, and invented a thousand calumnies to lose me in your opinion and Gabriela's."

"Whom do you allude to?" inquired Fermin.

"Who else can it be, but those who even now are duping you, betraying Doña Angela, and sacrificing Gabriela; who else but the wicked monk, and his infamous nephew?—Open your eyes once, and see them in all their deformity," said Calisto, with warmth.

Fermin who still entertained the greatest respect for his father confessor, and a good opinion of the nephew, both of whom had been careful in concealing from him their villanies, defended them warmly, and assured his brother, he would sooner suspect himself of what he accused them than either. As Calisto saw, that all he could say on the subject, would never convince Fermin of those artful men's wicked designs, he gave up the point, observing only, that, perhaps, ere long, he would be enabled to offer him such proofs of their villany as would make his hair stand on end.—"And now,"

added he, " I must see Gabriela, and her mother ; I must speak to them both, and save the former from evils, which are hid only from your sight."

Fermin endeavoured to dissuade him from shewing himself to either of them, as he stood in danger of being denounced by Doña Angela to Artimaña, and meeting but an indifferent reception from Gabriela ; but unable to prevail on him, and observing that the dress he had assumed for the festival disguised him sufficiently to prevent detection, he agreed to introduce him to them as a friend of his, under the assumed name of the Marquis de Rivas. This point settled, they sallied forth in search of the party.

The company had now left the circus, and were seen wandering in different groups about the grounds of the Alameda, or engaged in the various games we have mentioned in the preceding chapter. The bands of music had transported themselves to distant and opposite parts, and the sounds of their instruments, wafted by the breeze through the woods and alleys of

the Alameda, fell on the ear with a kind of magic softness. A group of peasants, gaily adorned, was here seen performing their rustic dances to the sound of tabors and timbrels, and rending the air with their occasional shouts. Further on came another set of performers, fancifully dressed, with garlands in their hands, executing a variety of elegant figures with the airy motions of fairies. A waltz was formed in another place by some of the guests themselves, whose varied dresses, as they passed rapidly by each other, presented a thousand pleasing contrasts, and imparted additional gaiety and animation to the scene. Everywhere pleasure reigned in some new shape, and laughter followed in its train.

Fermin and his brother hastened through this varied and agreeable scene to the place where the former was to join Doña Angela and her daughter, and where they met them, surrounded by a numerous party of *elegants*, who were wearying Gabriela with their insipid compliments and tiresome attentions. No sooner, however,

did she perceive Fermin, than she hastened towards him with an eagerness which showed how welcome his presence was to her, and how anxious she was to escape the importunate attentions of those unlucky gentlemen, who on seeing her make this choice, dropped gradually off, till at last the mother and the daughter remained alone with the two brothers. Fermin then introduced Calisto as a particular friend of his, who had come from a distant province, on a short visit to his friends of the capital. The grave Marquis was, of course, received with every mark of distinction, and as Gabriela seemed not disposed to quit the hold she had of Fermin's arm, he was compelled to offer his to Doña Angela, who received it with a gracious courtesy. Fermin having been instructed by his brother to say nothing to Gabriela about him, he walked forward with her, conversing on other subjects, while Calisto endeavoured to introduce the matter that was most at his heart by remarking something about the Parejas, and the gentlemen who had most distinguished

themselves.—“Doubtless,” added he, “you are acquainted with the two cavaliers who were most successful, and who dedicated their prizes to your daughter?”

“One,” said Doña Angela in reply, “was Don Fermin, but the other I have not yet been able to discover. Do you happen to know anything of him, Señor Marques?”

“I could not exactly learn his name,” replied Sandoval; “but his object I learned from a friend of his; and I am grieved to say, Madam, that it interests the honour of your family very deeply.”

“How, Sir! can my daughter have taken any steps derogatory to our honour?” exclaimed Doña Angela, alarmed at this beginning.

“Very far from it, Madam,” interrupted the other. “Your daughter is as yet innocent; but she may not remain long so, if you do not guard against the machinations that are set on foot by very powerful enemies to rob her of her virtue, and pollute your name.”

“You alarm me exceedingly,” said Doña

Angela, “and, for the Virgin’s sake, let me know, Sir, what these machinations are.”

“It is a delicate matter to communicate to a mother; but as by giving you this pain, greater evils may be prevented, I will not hesitate in imparting to you what I myself know to be a fact; and I hope you will do me the justice to believe, that by so doing, I am actuated only by that feeling, which every honourable man ought to entertain, of saving innocence from ruin. Know, then, Madam, that you have been reposing your confidence on men utterly unworthy to possess it; that they have betrayed it; and that your daughter is their victim. The king loves Doña Gabriela—I leave you to decide whether his can be a virtuous passion,—and those who have been the principal agents in this transaction are no other than Father Lobo and his nephew Don Aniceto.”

“You surprise me!” exclaimed Doña Angela starting—“but surely,” she added reassuring herself, “there is no foundation for such an assertion. Father Lobo, the holy man!—the

director of my child's virtue and innocence,—a monster of ingratitude, and of sin? it cannot be! —Sir, you have been misinformed: trust me, I would sooner believe that light was darkness, than suspect him of such a deed. And then his gracious majesty, whose piety and exemplary life is a mirror of purity and religion, to entertain such sinful thoughts!—You have been sadly imposed upon, my dear Sir. Doubtless some pleasant wag, seeing you quite fresh from the country, thought fit to have a little amusement by making you believe absurdities.”

“ I am grieved, Madam, to tell you that what I say is but too true. I myself heard the king and Father Lobo converse on the subject together?”

“ Then permit me to say,” returned Doña Angela, in a laughing manner, “ that you must have left your ears in the country, or else you have sent them to be mended.”

“ But, Madam, I entreat you to reflect, that the fact is in every body's mouth, and that the gentleman who avowed himself Doña Gabriela's

admirer at the Parejas, came forward on that occasion at the risk of incurring his majesty's displeasure, purely with the object of impressing on his mind, that Gabriela had friends about her, who would watch his motions."

"What an obliging creature that gentleman must be!" exclaimed Doña Angela with a sneer. "Were it not that he would be apt to be rather officious, I should accept him for Gabriela's champion! There would be some pleasure in enjoying the society of this modern Quixote, who can encounter the wrath of kings in such a gallant manner, for the sake of a damsel totally unknown to him! He must be an amusing fellow! Can you not induce your friend to introduce him to us, to enjoy some laughing?"

Our hero looked somewhat blank at this unexpected discourse. He could hardly persuade himself that it was Doña Angela who spoke, though he remembered she used now and then to exercise her satirical powers with tolerable success, and, moreover, that it was perfectly in character with her profession of a devotee. But

what was he to think of her apparently indifferent manner? Could she, indeed, be privy to her daughter's dishonour? This he could not believe. It was more likely, then, that her prepossessions for the monk and his nephew, and her high opinion of the king, blinded her to facts that almost spoke for themselves. These thoughts shot rapidly through his brain, and as he wished to avoid raising her suspicions, by insisting further on his assertions, he dropped the subject, observing only, that such being his own apprehensions, he had done what an honourable man was bound to do,—to warn her of the danger that threatened her daughter—and therefore he would leave her to act as her prudence might best suggest.

By this time they arrived at the borders of a lake in the middle of which rose an island, shaded with thick leaved trees, where a concourse of ladies and gentlemen, among whom was the king, were witnessing the amusing efforts of several young men to obtain a prize fixed at the top of a high pole, which stood in the middle of

the lake, and the smooth sides of which being soaped, made them slip down into the water long before they could reach the top. A gaily ornamented boat took our party over to the island, and Sandoval, profiting by this opportunity, whispered into Fermin's ear to take charge of Doña Angela, and leave Gabriela to him. In fact no sooner they leaped out than our hero offered his arm to her, which she accepted, as she could not well refuse an offer so politely made.

The feelings by which he was assailed at holding her beautifully formed arm so near his heart, made it beat with redoubled motion. The recollection of her former passion for him, and the dangers of her present situation; his fears and hopes with respect to the actual state of her heart, and his anxiety to become acquainted with it, rendered his steps vacillating, and imparted to his manners an air of timidity ill suited to his grave exterior. Gabriela was not long in observing his agitation; but unable to account for it, she turned her fine eyes on his

countenance with a look of surprise. He fixed his own on hers, and for a long minute they both gazed intensely at each other, as if fascinated by some powerful charm. At last Gabriela raised her eyes to the greyish locks that shaded his forehead, heaved a sigh, and lowered them to the ground. She had not recognised him. Sandoval was glad of this, but still more of that sigh which he thought bespoke regret and disappointment.—“Have you seen,” said he to her, at length breaking the silence, “the small hut that stands in the middle of that thicket of trees?”

Gabriela intimated she had not, and he proposed they should go and see it, unless she preferred looking at the games that were performing on the water. On her assenting to his first proposal, they glided through an irregular path that led to it, unaccompanied by Doña Angela, who, with Fermin, remained at the borders of the lake to see the games. A short walk, during which Sandoval endeavoured to collect his scattered ideas, brought them in front of a

rustic cottage, the door of which was shut; but which he opened by lifting the latch, and then entered, leading Gabriela by the hand. An old woman with a distaff at her girdle, and in the act of spinning, was in a corner of a large hearth, sitting on a wooden chair, having a cat on her lap, both offering such excellent representations of nature, that Gabriela could hardly believe they were not real; while a deal table, with a bench in the middle of the room, a lamp hanging from a hook suspended to the chimney, a few plates neatly arranged against the wall on a kind of shelf, and a wood fire half extinguished, on which an iron pot was placed, added to the deception of this solitary cottage.

Having bestowed on everything in it that admiration which we never fail to lavish on the imitations of artists, Gabriela intimated a wish to rejoin her mother; but Sandoval, who found the silence, and retirement of this spot highly favourable to his designs, detained her under various pretexts, hesitating whether to discover himself at once, or keep his disguise.—“Madam,”

said he, at length, imagining it would be more prudent to adopt the latter precaution—"I have something important to communicate; but I hardly know how to break the matter to you, as I am ignorant whether by pleading the cause of a friend I may not incur your displeasure."

"Do not fear such injustice from me, Sir," said Gabriela in her sweetest tones. "I will always esteem a man who, to serve a friend, would even risk to meet my frowns."

"Your frowns! Doña Gabriela," exclaimed Sandoval, pressing her hand as gently as his ardour permitted, "they are sweet smiles;—but I must not lose instants that are too precious. I am the bosom friend of the unfortunate Don Calisto Sandoval, who even at this moment is suffering all the pangs, which the uncertainty of having his affection returned by you, has been heaping on him for these two last years. Aware that since you entered the convent, you have been surrounded by his enemies, he fears calumny has been too busy with him, and that you have at last listened to its in-

sidious voice,—nay, he knows you have, and that, in consequence of it, he lies under your displeasure.”

Gabriela listened to this discourse with apparent emotion.—“ I had made a vow never again to mention his name, or speak of him to any human being,” said she ; “ but the interest you seem to take in Don Calisto obliges me to say, that whatever calumnies may have been heaped upon him, they have never been listened to by me, and that my displeasure arises entirely from his own words, and his own deeds. Had he not written me a letter, every line of which breathed an insult, and dishonoured him as much as he wished to sink me beneath the most contemptible of my sex, and had he not afterwards dyed his hands so deep in blood, as to throw an indelible disgrace on the party he serves, I should have remained as unchanged as ever human being did ; but after what has passed, there can be no union of hearts between him and me.”

“ Madam !” exclaimed Sandoval, his heart

beating so high as nearly to take away his breath, “the letter you complain of is a forgery,—an infamous forgery—and those bloody deeds you mention, as base a fabrication.”

“But how am I to believe that, Sir, when the letter *is* written by his own hand?—when he mentions things in it which only he could know?—when that letter I received through his best friend? It is true there are in it erasements, which might originally have qualified some of those insults it contains; but that it is a fabrication, I no more believe than that I am not Gabriela.”

Sandoval carried his hand to his forehead, and stood awhile absorbed in thought. “I am positive, Madam,” he said at last; “Don Calisto insisted that it is a fabrication, and I would sooner doubt my own words than the truth of his,—but do you preserve that letter still?” he added.

“I do,” replied Gabriela; “I preserve it to justify whatever step against my inclination I

may be forced to take by my parents, or rather by those who rule them.”

“And would you, Madam, enter into any other engagement without having first cleared up this matter? Reflect on the misery you will entail on an innocent man,—reflect on that which remorse and despair will bring on yourself. Do not stab him to the heart who has never ceased loving you.—Let me plead my friend’s cause at your feet.—Let me implore you to suspend your final judgment on him.—He is innocent, Madam, he is innocent,—nay, he is wretched, persecuted, and calumniated. — He loves you more than he ever did.”

Sandoval had dropped on his knees, and grasped Gabriela’s hand; he now pressed it against his burning lips, and wetted it with his tears, his sighs swelling his bosom and impeding his utterance; while Gabriela, who no less moved than surprised at this singular appeal from a mere friend, gazed on him with an expression of eager curiosity; but his disguise,

joined to the alteration his features and person had undergone since the last time she saw him, prevented his absolute recognition. At length she disengaged her hand from his grasp, and then hastened out of the hut, closely pursued by her disguised lover.—“Promise not to act on the strength of that letter, until it be fully explained,” said he grasping her hand again, “and you shall no longer be importuned by me.”

“I do, I do,—though I hardly hope Calisto will ever be able to explain it,” she said, endeavouring to repress the tears that rushed to her eyes, as the noise of people approaching towards the place where they were, was heard. “There is another subject, Doña Gabriela,” said Sandoval, as they proceeded towards the water side, “upon which I would entreat a few particulars, to quiet the apprehensions of my friend. Certain rumours have reached him, as indeed they have also reached me, which are no less alarming than distressing. Is it true that the king en-

certains a passion for you?—for that is the import of those rumours.”

“ I fear it is so—but see, he is coming !— Let us hasten out of his sight,” she said with agitation. But before they could accomplish this, Ferdinand was by their side, attended by a numerous train of ladies and gentlemen.— “ Doña Gabriela,” he said to her, presenting her his arm, “ will you favour us with your company to see a pretty little hut, close by ?”

“ Sire,” said Gabriela, saluting him modestly, “ we are just come from the very spot.—But,” she added, perceiving a frown overspreading his royal forehead, “ if your majesty commands my attendance, I am ready to obey.”

“ If you have seen the hut, we will go and see the hermitage, which, perhaps, you have not seen,” he said, walking forward with her arm in his, so fast, that she could hardly keep pace with him. Sandoval now fell on the rear with the king’s retinue ; but kept his anxious eyes on Ferdinand, determined to watch every motion,

and be a sort of check upon his actions. After a short walk through a winding path, diversified by various kinds of shrubs and trees, the party came in front of a little hermitage, before which stood a stony cross, and a large walnut tree, whose wide branches extended over and shaded it with its broad leaves. Its walls outside were overrun with ivy, myrtle, and jessamine, and at the door of it lay a perfect imitation of a large dog, as if keeping watch over the sanctuary, in which his master was seen kneeling before a cross, with a large book in his hand, in his hermit's dress, bald head, and long greyish beard reaching to his middle. An iron lamp burned in the middle of the hermitage, and scattered its feeble glimmerings round the bare and gloomy walls. A truckle bed lay in a corner of it, and a wooden stall was placed before a small deal table, on which a jug of water, a few roots, and a piece of brown bread were displayed. Every little detail had been faithfully copied, and contributed to give an air of reality to the deception.

Soon after quitting this place, a large bell summoned the party to the sumptuous feast, which had been prepared for them in the palace, whither every guest repaired seemingly in good condition to do honour to it, by the acquired appetite of the morning exercises. The table groaned under the weight of rich and substantial dishes; every costly, delicate, and rare article was there collected; the most exquisite and generous wines circulated among the guests; fruits from all parts of Spain, and from the most distant countries, perfumed the hall with their delicious odours; in a word, luxury vied with profusion, and the latter with the most refined taste. A table had been set a little apart for the royal family; but it was not occupied by them, every member of it having taken his seat unceremoniously among the other guests—"Observe the king, madam," said Sandoval, who had taken his seat beside Doña Angela, and his brother: "is there not some foundation for what I hinted to you this morning?"

Ferdinand was indeed sitting near, and

shewing the most marked attentions to Gabriela, who was separated from her party by the Duke de Alagon, the confident of the king's amours, and the most accomplished courtier of that epoch.—“And what of that, Señor Marques,” said Doña Angela: “is my daughter unworthy of the attentions of his majesty?”

“Very far from it, madam,” replied he, “but when those attentions are lavished chiefly upon her, and before such a distinguished company as this, you will allow there is room for apprehension.”

“I entirely differ from you in that,” returned Doña Angela: “the open manners of his majesty show clearly that his intentions are as pure as his actions. He is incapable of deception, or he would not act in a manner that sets at defiance all suspicion. It is only the ill intentioned man who acts guardedly before others.”

“But a king, madam, often makes an exception to the rule, or at least believes himself privileged to lay aside the forms of com-

mon men. You know he is one of the Lord's anointed, and we are creatures as much beneath him, as sheep are beneath their shepherd," said Sandoval with a tincture of sarcasm ; but which Doña Angela, however, did not notice, because that being one of the tenets of her political creed, she took it for granted that every body there must hold the same doctrine. But, she answered, that even that same superiority was the best guarantee that his majesty should act more nobly than we, miserable subjects ; and Sandoval, who foresaw more danger than benefit in keeping up the argument, abandoned it in despair.

After dinner, liqueurs and coffee were served, and the company adjourned ; those who were inclined to risk a few thousands upon a card, upstairs, where various tables were prepared for their use ; those who preferred taking their accustomed *siesta*, to the chambers that had been allotted to them ; and others went out to stroll about the grounds, or take their repose beneath the shade of the grottos or thick

planted woods of the Alameda. Doña Angela requested Gabriela to follow her into a secluded room of the palace, to say their *rosario*, to which place the devout Fermin was easily admitted.

Not so the unlucky Marques de Rivas, who remained alone with his own reflections, which on this occasion were far from being agreeable. He saw that the obstinacy, prejudice, or wilfulness of Doña Angela, (for he could not tell which of them was the cause of her blindness) defeated the principal object of his visit, which, as we have already observed, was the preservation of Gabriela's innocence, and the discomfiture of the monk's machinations. He grieved at this disappointment the more, as his own observations had enabled him to discover that the danger was real. How to prevent the evil designs set on foot against Gabriela from being carried into execution, if the mother persisted in not believing them, he did not know. The only hope he could reasonably entertain was in Gabriela's firmness

and virtue; that was indeed his tower of strength, but villany, power, and deceit might undermine and lay it waste. These melancholy reflections, however, were a little soothed by the idea, that his own credit with her, if not quite re-established, was in a fair way of recovery. He saw he had shaken the injurious impression Gabriela had been made to entertain of him, and doubted not he should soon be able to prove, in an incontrovertible manner, that the letter alluded to was an infamous imposition, which once done, he had nothing more to fear on that score.

Some hours had now elapsed, and the company again assembled to a magnificent refresco of ices, sweet-meats, cakes, and chocolate, which, as usual, lasted a considerable time. Towards evening the saloons were brilliantly illuminated, as well as the exterior of the house, and the surrounding gardens. A magnificent display of fireworks then took place, in which numerous allegorical devices in honour of the royal visitors shone in lights of various hues.

Vocal and instrumental music was heard in the intervals, and when the whole of the fire-works were over, the music in the saloon invited the guests to exhibit their graceful persons in waltzes, quadrilles, and Spanish dances.

It was during one of these, that the watchful Sandoval observed Ferdinand speak aside with Artimaña, and at the same time cast his eyes on Gabriela in a manner that intimated she was the subject of their discourse. Determined to discover their object, he kept his eyes on both, and seeing Artimaña proceeding to the place occupied by Gabriela, and approach her with his usual grin, intended for a smile, he followed him near enough to hear what he had to say.—“You have been fleeting like an angel, not dancing like a human being,” said Artimaña to her, “are you not tired?”

“No, Sir,” she replied, drily enough.

“Perhaps you would like to see the illuminations in the garden. They are really splendid, and the night is so fine and serene, that you will enjoy the walk.”

Gabriela declined the pleasure; but her mother prevailed upon her to accompany Don Aniceto, and she went down with him, followed by Sandoval, who, anxious to communicate to her what he had observed, endeavoured to fix her attention, unperceived by Artimaña. The throng of people descending and mounting the stairs, however, prevented her from noticing his signs, and he determined to join her in the garden, and accompany her in the walk; but they had no sooner reached it than she was accosted by the king, who volunteered himself to show her the beauties of the illumination. Gabriela endeavoured to prevent this, by feigning chillness, and expressing a wish to return to the ball room; but Artimaña had now given up her arm to his majesty, who over-ruled her disinclination to walk by not listening to her wish, and hastening forward. The trees in the garden being splendidly illuminated by lamps of variegated colours, their light shed a splendour in the alleys, through which Ferdinand led the reluctant Gabriela, and Sandoval, who

followed at a distance, could see all their motions. Soon, however, they entered a path so thickly studded with tall shrubs, winding, and dark, that it was only by the tread of their feet that he was enabled to follow them. A glare of light, however, was discernible through the shrubs at the end of this path, and thither they seemed to direct their steps. Sandoval now observed Artimaña advance towards a pavilion, from which the stream of light issued, as if to reconnoitre, and then came back again, bowed, and stood behind Ferdinand, who for a minute or two seemed to be earnestly engaged in prevailing on Gabriela to enter the pavilion. At length taking her hand and drawing her forcibly towards it, they entered, while Artimaña retreated a little, and stood sentinel in the alley.

Sandoval's agitation was extreme. He remained rivetted to the spot, uncertain how to act in this emergency. At last he thought the best course he could adopt, was to hasten back to the ball room, inform Doña Angela of what he had

witnessed, and convince her of the justice of his fears, by bringing her to the pavilion. No sooner was this thought formed, than he flew back towards the palace; but before he quitted the dark path, he was startled by a shrill scream, proceeding from the place where Gabriela was. He stood still, shaking violently. Another scream was heard, and he was on the point of rushing back to the pavilion, when he perceived some ladies coming towards the path with hasty steps. Wild with despair, he ran to meet them, and with broken and incoherent language, requested them to hasten with him to the assistance of a lady. He then took two of them by the hand, and seemed rather to drag, than lead them to the spot, from which a third scream issued. Artimaña, who heard their footsteps approach, placed himself in the middle of the path, as if to dispute their passage; but Sandoval darted upon him and grappled him by the throat, at the same time pointing out to the ladies the illumined grotto. Artimaña, however, defended himself vigorously, and managed, during the scuffle, to knock down

Sandoval's hat, and tear off his wig from his head; but this was the whole extent of his exploits; for immediately our hero pushed him from him, with such force as to lay him stretched on his back, perfectly stunned by the blow.

He then rushed to the pavilion, which the ladies had just entered, and to his no small surprise recognised in those he had conducted there, the Infanta Doña Maria Francisca, and three of her attendants. Gabriela was at the Infanta's feet, her arms encircled round her knees, and hailing her as a deliverer. Her countenance though pale with alarm, was lighted up with a pleasing expression of gratitude, and in her brilliant eyes beamed a lively joy. There was a slight confusion about her falling tresses, and her neck was tinged with crimson; but no other alarming symptoms of disorder were perceivable. Even the rose she had on her bosom, still kept its place unharmed, as well as the lace neckerchief she had thrown over her shoulders, on feeling the cold night air. It was evident from the undisturbed appearance of her dress, that her

apprehensions, rather than any actual violence, had prompted her to give an early alarm. Still the Infanta, who had her own reasons for being offended at the king's conduct, and whose jealous temper, and strong passions, rendered her incapable of mastering the impetuosity of her wrath, loaded him with reproaches, and threatened to expose his conduct to the duchess and her guests, while Ferdinand stood abashed, and confused, with his back turned to her.

Meantime Artimaña, who had now recovered from the stunning fall, entered the pavilion, his heart swelled with spite, and a desire of vengeance, and casting his eyes on Sandoval recognized him at a first glance. He sprung upon him, like a wild cat, vociferating shrilly—"A traitor! a traitor!—help, my sovereign, help!"

Gabriela turned her head, and also recognised Sandoval. She gave a piercing cry, and fell in a fainting fit into the arms of the Infanta. Sandoval easily disengaged himself from Artimaña's grasp, and made a step towards his mistress ; but the danger of his situation flashing

through his brain, he turned round, and fled with the utmost precipitation, pursued by his enemy, who continued his cries of "help," and "stop the traitor." Amidst the labyrinths of alleys, it was easy for Sandoval to evade the immediate pursuit of Artimaña ; but having lost his wig, he could not hope to escape detection from several of the guests, who knew him personally. Instead of re-entering the palace, therefore, he hastened to one of the gates of the Alameda ; which, on giving his assumed name, opened to allow his leaving it, and, in his court dress, silk stockings, and thin shoes, bent his course towards Madrid, with as speedy steps, as the urgency of the occasion demanded.

CHAPTER VIII.

To whom? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth.

Cymbeline.

It was Sandoval's good fortune to reach his friend's at Madrid without meeting with any obstacle; but it was not without some alarm that he looked forward to the consequences of his late adventure. Aware that Artimaña would not leave one stone unturned throughout Madrid, until he found him out, he thought that the safest plan would be to quit it as soon as possible. This resolution once formed, he hastened to impart it to Anselmo, who advised

him to lose not an instant in departing, and gave him the papers of which he was to be the bearer.

One step, previous to his leaving the capital, our hero would fain have taken; namely, to procure an interview with Gabriela, in order to have the mystery of the letter explained, and ascertain more distinctly her sentiments towards him and his brother, as well as Doña Angela's designs, and, lastly, to learn some further particulars of the transactions of the previous night, and suggest a plan to avoid the dangers that seemed to threaten Gabriela; but the imminent peril he ran by delaying his departure a single hour, obliged him to postpone to a more favourable opportunity these desirable objects. He now, therefore, mounted his steed, and, accompanied by his trusty squire, left Madrid with a passport under a feigned name, without the least opposition.

The road from Madrid to Cadiz has been so frequently described, that we must pass it over in silence, particularly as nothing very extraordinary happened to our travellers, save a few

narrow escapes from the numerous bands of robbers who at that time infested them, and who were the terror of the country. These men, however, were more intent on plundering the public treasure, and the supplies sent from Madrid to Cadiz, than the individual travellers who went backwards and forwards. Their boldness, in this respect was so great that they seldom hesitated about attacking larger parties than their own, and, when pursued, they generally succeeded in making their escape, being aided by most of the mountaineers in eluding their enemies. Besides, they were so regularly organized, and had such an excellent system of espionage, that not a man passed of whom they had not previous information. The most notorious of these robbers were those who lurked about Ecija, and who were called *Los niños de Ecija*,* either because they belonged to the place, or infested its neighbourhood, which was exceedingly well suited for being the scene of such depredations.

* The Children of Ecija.

These dangers, however, did not prevent our two travellers from admiring the beauty of the country through which they passed. Even Roque, whose partiality for the charms of his native place rendered him almost blind to those of any other province, could not help acknowledging, that Andaluzia was as fine a country as Castile, and the borders of the Guadalquivir superior even to those of the Ebro. It was, indeed, impossible for him to gaze on those rich and spacious plains, embosomed amidst lofty mountains, and covered with plantations of olive trees, groves of orange and citron, the flowers of which every where perfumed the air, luxuriant vineyards, fertile corn fields, and extensive meadows, watered by innumerable streams, without feeling the highest sentiment of delight. The mountains themselves, though craggy, and in some places bereft of vegetation, presented in most parts, forests of fruit trees, vineyards and picturesque gardens. On their summits a pure and embalmed air enlivened the spirits, charmed the senses, and invigorated the faculties, while

the transparent and serene sky above shed a lustre over these enchanting scenes.

Arrived at the place of their destination, Sandoval proceeded to the quarters of the General in Chief, Count of Abisbal, to deliver the messages with which he was entrusted, and which had reference to the manner in which the first cry of liberty, to be raised by the expeditionary army, was to be answered by the patriots of the interior. Though it was generally believed that Abisbal was sincere in his professions of patriotism, and our hero had heard the good reception he gave his masonic friends on all occasions, as well as the trouble he took in inspiring them with confidence, he could not, as he recalled to memory the former conduct of the General, help feeling somewhat reserved when he appeared before him.

The reception he met with from him, however, was calculated to remove some of the suspicions he harboured of his sincerity. No sooner Abisbal learned his name, and his business, than throwing away the stiff demeanour he had assumed first on seeing him, he welcomed

him to his quarters, and congratulated him on his timely arrival at Cadiz—"The wished-for moment of our emancipation is close at hand," he added; "I have reasons for believing that the contemptible ruling tyrant entertains suspicions of our plot, and that I am at the head of it. He but lately wished to deprive me of the command, and not having courage to do it openly, has written to me repeatedly, to repair to Madrid, in order to receive verbally from him his final orders for the sailing of the expedition; but as I know the perfidious wretch too well, and that this is but a specious pretext for tearing me from my brave companions in arms, I have refused to go; and now he contents himself with writing to me confidential letters, in which he alternately uses the most fulsome flattery, and degrading entreaties for hastening the expedition, and discovering the plot, which, he says, is already traced out, and is to burst at the moment of embarkation. Of course, I have given him every security that nothing shall occur. Whether he believes me or not, I care not a

straw. I have the power, he fears me, and he must submit. Meantime, however, prudence requires, that I should make him believe, as well as his ministers and courtiers, that I am his best friend and supporter.—It is painful for me,” added he, observing that Sandoval remained silent, and probably guessing the motive of it, “to be compelled to act in a manner which may bring on me the imputation of duplicity ; but the truth is, that the peculiar situation in which I am placed renders it, as far as I am concerned, a matter of necessity. Besides, I was once deceived, and believed most sincerely that the king would have kept his promise to the nation, hence I declared for him, and I was recompensed as I ought, for reposing confidence in a tyrant. Now, however, I am determined to keep no measures with one who keeps none with the world ;—nay, I’ll even be as our proverb says,—*á picaro, picaro y medio.*”*

In justice to our hero, we must say, that he

* With a rogue, be a rogue and a half.

was far from entertaining the same notions of morality as the General. An upright man, he thought, ought not to resort to treachery and deceit, to accomplish designs fraught with good to others and to his country; and moreover, that it was every man's duty to be consistent throughout in his words and actions, even if by acting up to the oaths he had taken before God and the world, he were subjected to misery and persecution. Such his own conduct had been, and he could not think well of a man, who became a patriot from feelings of resentment, or paltry views of personal interest. It was, indeed, degrading patriotism, and making of it "the last refuge of a scoundrel," as a certain periwigged doctor most wisely defines the word. However, when he considered that the Count, having imbibed his notions of morality at a corrupt court, could not be expected to act from the same pure motives that swayed him and his fellow patriots, he made no remark that might wound his pride; but as he thought there was a certain exaggeration in his language, inconsistent with sincere

patriotism, he resolved to weigh every one of his words, and watch all his actions.

After various conversations, relating to their actual plans, and state of the expedition, Sandoval rose to withdraw ; but Abisbal insisted he should remain to dine with him and several friends of his, who were in the secrets of their design. This being agreed to, our hero had soon after, the pleasure of closing in his arms his friend Don Raphael del Riego, who happened to be one of the guests, and who belonged to the expeditionary army. He was also introduced to Colonel Don Antonio Quiroga, an enthusiastic and devoted friend of his country : to Don Felipe Arco Agüero and Don Antonio Roten, both colonels and patriots ; to Commandants Miranda and the two San Miguels, no less ardent supporters of their country's rights ; and to various others, whose activity and patriotism entitle them to be numbered among the deliverers of their country.

During dinner, Sandoval had an opportunity of observing the conduct of the General-in-chief,

which was apparently calculated to inspire hope and confidence. He spoke eloquently (for he had the gift of speech) of the justice of their pretensions, drew a forcible picture of the evils of his suffering countrymen, exhibited in the most striking colours the detestable conduct of the ruling faction, laughed to scorn the weakness, perfidy and malignity of the tyrant, exclaiming in some of his transports—"The vile minikin, Ferdinand, is seated on a throne of mud; a kick from me shall bury him underneath it."—"Who," said he, at another time, "is there who will even so much as dare to look me in the face in my way to Madrid?—Will the Camarilla do it? Will they or their friends stop the progress of our arms? Contemptible wretches!—I'll make a hash of ye all!" Besides these indignant bursts, he read to them Ferdinand's letters, commented on them with keen satire, and passed his knife across those lines containing servile flattery.—"There, there," said he, "there is the value I place on thy fulsome, insipid, flat deceit, designing wretch!—and let me

once have thee, by heavens! I'll do the same with thyself!" The toasts he gave on this occasion were not so loyal as might have been expected from one of the king's favourites—"Washington,"—"Liberty to our enslaved countrymen,"—"The ruin and fall of despotism throughout the world," and various others equally loyal. He then sung the most patriotic songs belonging to the time of the Constitution, and insisted on all present doing the same.

Though it does not follow, that a man who says and does these things may be sincere, thought Sandoval, he, at any rate, commits himself too far to be able to retrograde afterwards without danger. Indeed, he considered him as a desperado, who, having flung away the scabbard, must fight till he conquers or sinks. In this opinion he found most of the patriots present coincided. Some, indeed, thought him perfectly sincere,—not so much in point of principle, for it was doubtful whether he ever had any, but because the proud titles of *Liberator of his country*, and *destroyer of despotism*,

flattered his immoderate vanity even more than being the king's bosom friend. It was evident, however, that the idea of his being the chief and soul of the undertaking induced a great many of the officers, who wavered between the wish of serving their country, and the fear of suffering for it, to become members of the conspiracy, while it inspired those who were resolved, with the hope of seeing a more fortunate issue to this than to their former attempts.

On our hero's parting from his friends, he went to the inn where he had alighted, and where he heard a great uproar in one of the rooms adjoining the kitchen.—“You are all a set of braggadocios,” he heard Roque exclaim, in a voice of thunder, which drowned several others, “you make of a cucumber a wonder, and in your country every man is a God, and God Almighty a beggar, if he do not call himself an Andaluzian. Zounds! I'll teach you that a Castilian *does* what an Andaluzian *says*, and break every bone in your carcasses.”

“Dip into the scandalous fellow six inches of

cold steel," said one, with a voice that rattled through his throat like an iron chain dragged along a stone vaulted passage, "six inches, only six inches."

"No, no one shall hurt the poor ignorant fellow," said another, in a protecting tone: "I'll convince him that Castile is the land of beggars, and that God Almighty was born in Andalusia. Hark! young man, were you ever in the kingdom of Granada, and did you ever see the two beautiful large caves, near Antequera, known by the names of *Cueva de menga*, and *Cueva de careoma*?—and particularly that which is in the mountains of Bujo, at the Cape of Gates, and which opens into the sea by a wide and lofty aperture, which you may enter in a boat?—If you have not, go there, man, and cram your pockets with precious stones, for you may gather them there by *fanegas*,* and don't be afraid of being hung for it, though a little hanging would'nt do you much harm, for no one will

* A measure containing about an hundred weight.

mind whether you'll carry them by ship loads or not, as there are plenty of other mines; for instance, several of emeralds near Moron, in the Sierra de Leyta, as well as in other parts of Andaluzia; others of amethysts, in the Monte de las Guardas; between Montril and Almeria you'll find another of garnets; sapphires and agates, you may have loads of, in a number of places, at the Cape of Gates; white cornelians, on a rock near the country of Nesse, and a thousand others, which I need not mention, but which I have seen with these very eyes. Therefore go, and take as many as you please; and if you are afraid, I'll even go with you to protect you."

By this time, Sandoval had reached the door, and was amused at seeing Roque surrounded by a set of fellows of the lower class, dressed in their peculiar costume, with a *chupa*, or tight jacket, covered with fringes and buttons, slashed breeches, also adorned with hanging buttons, and leather gaiters, a little montera clapped on one side of the head over the ear, and a light

cloak, gracefully thrown over one shoulder. Their attitude was perfectly bullying: they had the right leg stretched out, the left a little bent, their left hand in their girdle, with the elbow turned out, and the right swinging backwards and forwards. As they were all armed with segars, they now and then involved poor Roque in smoke, and accompanied each puff with a sidelong glance, and a stream of saliva, which they squirted between their teeth, and fell about his feet. Their features were regular, and even handsome; but their complexions were dark as well as their eyes; they had large thick whiskers, extending from the cheek bone down to the corner of their mouths; but the expression of their countenances was high and menacing. This, however, Roque did not seem much to mind; on the contrary, he stood in the middle of them with his arms folded across his breast, measuring whoever spoke from head to foot, with a look of contempt, and now and then laughing scornfully.—“If there are so many precious stones”

“ Silence, you hog, silence,” said the one who had been speaking, and who was a less formidable looking fellow, and much older than his companions.

“ Silence, you hog, silence,” repeated the rest.

“ I’ll not be silent, by Saint Domingo de la Calzada !”

“ What ! some beggarly Saint of your country, I suppose ?” interrupted the first speaker. “ But if you interrupt me again, I’ll even give you up to these gentlemen, to teach you manners.”

“ Ay, six inches of cold steel will teach the scandalous fellow how to behave himself,” said one of the group, with a deep full tone of voice.

“ Now answer me,” returned the elderly man, “ did you ever see any where such mountains as those of Andaluzia ? Look at Sierra Nevada, eternally covered with snow, the most beautiful mountain ever man beheld. It is so called, because of the snow that remains on its top even in summer, man, and the mariners can see it very far out at sea ; and a glorious sight it is,

and a glad one, too, for the poor fellows who are coming to Cadiz—the land of promise—and, if you are a glutton, and one Sierra does not satisfy you, look at Sierra Vermeja, a red mountain, or at Sierra Blanquilla, a white mountain, or at Sierra Morena, a brown mountain. So you see we have mountains of all colours, and where will you find such? where, eh?”

“Why, the Pyrenees are no moun” was Roque going to answer.

“Be civil, fellow, and do not interrupt me so frequently as you do,” said the interrogator. “But what, do you mean to compare to our mountains the Pyrenees?—a few mole hills, which I could clear at a single leap, and of which nobody has ever heard, except, indeed, when in the last war, a few of our Andaluzian troops, with Abisbal at their head, took them by a single assault.—But, answer me, if you can; did you never hear of a town called Zehra, built at the foot of the mountains, half a league from Cordova, by a Moorish king, for a favourite slave of that name? I have been myself on the

spot where it stood, though, to be sure, there is now nothing to be seen; but it was a most wonderful city for all that. Limpid streams from our own mountains, meandered through the streets to render it cool, spouting fountains embellished the squares; the houses of an airy and beautiful architecture, were all regularly built, and had flat roofs, as those of Cadiz, on which were gardens and orange groves; there were twelve thousand columns of marble, all taken from our marble quarries; in the principal apartments, the walls were covered with ornaments of gold, also taken from our mines, and several animals of the same metal poured water into an alabaster bason. The pavilion, where the beautiful Zehra spent the evenings with the king, was lined with gold and steel, studded with jewels, also from our mines, and lighted by a hundred crystal lamps filled with fragrant oils, from the flowers and plants of our rich country. The whole cost above four hundred millions of reals. What do you say to that? Is there in the universe, then, such a country as

ours for wealth and splendor, fine cities and wonderful palaces? Speak, man.”

“Why, the truth is, that the whole of it is a lie; for I have heard that story before, and I was told so,” replied Roque, “and I think . . .”

“Must you keep on talking for ever?—and do you tell me, that it is a lie?—By our Lady of La Fuensanta!” exclaimed the speaker, “I’ll give you over to these gentlemen. They’ll teach you manners.”

“Hark, you scandalous hog!” said one of the group, “will you dare to tell me that there is anything in Castile for which I would give a pinch of snuff?”

“Will you find there,” returned again the first speaker, who was the naturalist of the party, “such fine quarries of beautiful jaspers as are to be found in the kingdoms of Granada and Seville? There you’ll see jaspers of all colours; but the finest are the white jaspers veined with a beautiful red, and a blood red jasper streaked with white, very hard and handsome, of which, all the world knows, the columns of the ta-

bernacle which adorn the principal altar of the Escorial are made. As for alabasters, why, man, only go to the kingdom of Granada, and you'll see of all sorts the most beautiful and magnificent; there are some as white, brilliant and transparent, as the most beautiful white oriental cornelians, and others streaked with various colours; there is also a magnificent one of the colour of purified wax. And if we come to marbles, why, I'll defy the whole world to show such as are to be found all over Andalusia. There are mountains formed of a single enormous block, such as that of Filabre, near Macael, which is a league wide, and more than two hundred feet high, of pure white marble, and unmixed with any other sort of stone or earth. Near Antequera is another mountain, of one immense mass of flesh coloured marble. There are two other hills in that neighbourhood of beautiful black, yellow, white, red, blue, and grey marbles. The mountain of Gador is a rock of marble of prodigious height and extent, and there is a hill in Sierra Nevada that hides

itself in the heavens, entirely composed of veined marble. I ought to know these things well ; for I have worked in most of the quarries many years. So, my friend, talk no more of mountains or their productions ; for there are none to be found in the universe equal to ours ; and if you are thick-headed enough not to believe me, go to Cordova, and look at the Cathedral, and you'll see hundreds of marble columns, ornaments of jasper of rare beauty, basons of beautiful alabaster, vases of gold and silver, set with precious stones of all kinds, arches of fragrant and exquisite woods, in a word everything the world can yield in these or any other productions, all exquisitely wrought, and all from our own country, not begged. The same you'll find in the Alhambra, in the cathedral of Seville, in the palaces of Granada, in a word, all over Andalusia."

The volubility with which the speaker poured forth his words prevented Roque from thrusting in a single syllable in reply to some parts of his discourse, which seemed to require it ; but no

sooner the former stopped than he sent him, his marbles, mountains, quarries, and precious stones to the devil, declaring he would perish sooner than yield the palm to Andalusia.—“But you shall agree to this, however,” said one of the company, “or I’ll send you back to Castile with a kick,—that Andalusia is sufficiently rich in wine to drown the whole world; for it is covered with vineyards from one end to the other, and in the neighbourhood of Malaga, they gather grapes thrice in the year; first in the month of June, which yield a wine as thick and sweet as honey. The dry raisins you eat in your beggarly country are from these early grapes. The second gathering is at the beginning of September, and the wine of those grapes is clearer, stronger, dryer, and better than the first; and the third gathering yields the real Malaga wine, and is made three weeks after the second. What do you say to that? Is it not really wonderful.”

“Very wonderful, to gather grapes at three different periods of their ripening! But it would

be more so if they grew thrice a year on the same tree," said Roque smiling contemptuously.

"I'll tell you what," returned the other, "Andaluzia is the cellar of Spain, for all you may say, and I ought to know these things well, for I have been a *vendimiador*."*

"And know, moreover, that Andaluzia is the granary of Spain, and produces thrice as much corn as is wanted in the whole kingdom; and if you don't believe it, I'll squeeze your neck between my finger and thumb!"

"And hark!" exclaimed a third, "the best olive oil you get in your wretched Castile, and the best pickled olives, and the best oranges, lemons, pomegranates, and fruits of every kind, and the best sugar canes, and the finest silk and cotton, and the whole snuff you take, comes from our country, and I will snuff out your life as I would a candle, if you deny it."

Notwithstanding this threat, Roque was on the point of giving a plump denial to all, when he was interrupted by a fourth, who challenged

* A grape gatherer.

him, to show him in all Castile such fine horses as are seen in the beautiful meadows of Andalusia,—“ real Arabian blood, man,—Arabian blood.”

“ Ay,” said another, “ and show me in the sea of Castile, the two kind of purple fish that are found in ours ; one a sort of small oyster, and the other a longish thing without a shell that swims at the surface of the water, and is from four to five inches long, and one broad, the body of which is divided by little rings, and contains the liquid that gives the purple, so much sought after, and which I have thousands of times gathered upon the beach. Show me that, poor ignorant booby, and thanks to your being a booby, that I don't make you a Cardinal all over !”

“ And now, by my father's *moño**,” said another stepping forward, and assuming a fierce look just as Roque was going to reply to his comrade, “ I'll just blow out your brains, if you

* A large knot of hair tied on the crown of the head, generally worn by these men.

deny that our women are the finest in the whole world—See that free air of theirs,” he added, softening his voice, as he went to the window, and pointed to some of them who were passing at the moment, “those graceful motions, that slender shape, neatness of feet, arch and pleasing smile, lively eyes, expressive looks, gestures full of grace and softness, lovely countenances, melodious voices, and elegant dresses. Sweet syrens! little witches! best jewels of my heart! Heigh-ho;—you make me sigh, juice of my life!—Hark! Mateita, my best treasure! I’ll be with thee in the twinkling of an eye, my charmer! Wait an instant for me, my love!”

Saying this he turned to Roque, and gathering under his left arm the forepart of his cloak, said,—“I’ll blow out your brains at another time—at present *Dios os guarde.*”*

“Remember, that we will hear no more of your Castilian nonsense, and that six inches of cold steel settles a man in this part of the

* God be with ye.

world," said another nodding, as he took leave of Roque. The rest also followed, and repeated the "six inches of cold steel," as a convincing argument in that part of the world.

"Ay, go, go, boasting braggadocios," Roque shouted after them, "I mind as much your threats as the swallowing of an olive."

When these men had retired, Sandoval, who had been amusing himself with observing the various ludicrous expressions of countenance assumed by Roque during the above dialogue, entered the room.—"Well, Roque, it seems you have had a lively, interesting conversation with the men who are just gone," said he.

"I have," replied his servant: "the rascally coxcombs would not let me speak, and have had it all to themselves. I was almost sick of hearing them talk about the valuable, splendid, and magnificent things of their country. Boasters, who, notwithstanding the fertility of their soil, are little better than starving! Bullies,

who fawn when they fail to inspire terror, and whose courage, if they have any but that of lying most confoundedly, evaporates into empty threats, but who are dangerous when they can strike without risk. If I had happened to have by me my sabre, or even a club, by the three Magdalenes! I would have cudgelled their brains out."

"You give the Andaluzians a fine character, friend," said his master; "but in justice to them, I must say that bating the pompous manner of their style, all they told you is true. They have, to be sure, a natural propensity to boasting, and their conversation is full of it, as well as the turn of their phrases, their air, manners, gestures, and costume, but that seems to be as much the production of their climate as the luxuriance which surrounds them, and which, doubtless, excites their fervid imaginations to magnify whatever they see, particularly if their minds are allowed to run wild for want of cultivation."

“I wish I had the cultivating of them,” said Roque, “I would furrow their brains deep enough, I promise you.”

“However,” said his master, “we must avoid hurting their pride, for it may lead to the ‘six inches of cold steel,’ and the best way to do this, is to remove our quarters to a private house of a friend of mine, where we shall also be better able to guard against any attempt that may hereafter be made against my personal liberty.”

This being resolved upon, it was immediately executed, and Sandoval took possession of the handsome apartment assigned to him by his friend.

Facing this house, was a magnificent mansion, where, as he understood, lived one of the first rate beauties of Cadiz, who had the reputation of being *la querida** of Count del Abisbal. This lady, whose personal charms attracted

* The beloved mistress.

general admiration, had, like most of her country-women, “a soul of fire,” and a heart susceptible of the most sudden, and deep impressions. Like most beauties, too, her prepossessions were often in favour of those in whom she remarked most indifference, while she treated her warmest admirers with marked coldness and neglect. As it is the fashion in Spain to spend part of the summer evenings on the balconies and terraces of the houses, the better to enjoy the freshness of that hour, she observed Sandoval, more than once, sitting alone in the opposite balcony to her's, and now and then casting a sort of vacant stare towards it, intimating thereby that he did not even notice there was in it a single being worth looking at, when the noise of those who formed her party, their music, and their songs were heard to the other extremity of the street. This she thought very strange; nay, very provoking, as she was convinced she possessed some claims to attention, and moreover, he was

a very handsome young man. Her vanity thus wounded, she, like Calypso, resolved to make this rebellious Telemachus feel the power of her charms, and the better to succeed in her designs, employed every art she possessed to allure and seduce him. One evening, a few days after his residence at his friend's house, she dismissed her company early, and taking her guitar, commenced her syren songs with a voice full of sweetness and melody. The sentiments, indeed, were the growth of the country, and hence not a little *outrés*, as the two following stanzas will sufficiently show :

Sin duda que tus ojos
Tienen veneno;
Pues solo con mirarte
Me estoy muriendo.
 Mirame mucho;
Pues ya que morir tengo
Morire á gusto.*

* Doubtless thine eyes have poison in them; for by merely looking once at them, I am dying. Look fixedly at me; for since I must die, let me die with pleasure.

En tus ojos yo miro
La Grecia armada,
Y en mi corazon triste
Troya abrasada.
Griegas astucias
Vencieron á Troyanos
Y á mi las tuyas.*

But the music, also Andalusian, was very superior to the words. It possessed that indefinable charm peculiar to the strains of the province,— a sort of voluptuous, seducing tenderness, heedless as to consequences or duration; impetuous and ardent, yet delicate and embarrassing in its expression; lightsome and gay, yet tinged with sadness and languor; at once encouraging by its boldness and forbidding by its timidity; in a word, raising a conflict of the most opposite sentiments, though they all are captivating to an intoxicating degree.

* In thine eyes I behold Greece up in arms, and in my sad heart Troy in cinders. Grecian wiles conquered the Trojans, and thine me.

The sweetness of her voice, and the exquisite taste she displayed on her instrument, produced a momentary impression on our hero, who, always alive to the delights of music, could not help bestowing some attention on her charming melodies. This she easily perceived; but she had also the mortification to find that no sooner she ended her songs, than leaning his head again on the balcony, he seemed lost in his own reveries. Indeed, little did he think at the moment, that it was he who inspired those sweet warblings, or that he was the object to whom they were addressed, his mind being wholly absorbed in the two subjects that perpetually engrossed his thoughts; namely, his country's liberty, and his *Gabriela*. Beyond these they seldom wandered; but if they had, it would not have been to stain his affection by listening to another's passion for him. As it was, he now withdrew from the balcony, unconscious of having been such a Greek as to cause so great a conflagration in the Trojan heart of this fair nightingale, who, on seeing him retire, sent a sigh after him, and

having lingered about the balcony half an hour longer in hopes of catching another glimpse of him, she left it, to think and dream of this extraordinary man, who could be so insensible to her charms.

CHAPTER IX.

He
Beheld, unmov'd the lustre of her gaze,
Which others hail'd with real or mimic awe,
'Their hope, their doom, their punishment, their law ;
All that gay Beauty from her bondsmen claims ;
And much she marvell'd that a youth so raw
Nor felt, nor feign'd at least, the oft told flames,
Which, though sometimes they frown, yet rarely anger dames.

BYRON.

As the preparations for the sailing of the expedition were now carried on vigorously, and the embarkation of some of the troops was soon to take place, the masonic chapter of Cadiz saw the necessity of hastening the moment of the rising, particularly as those whose lot it was to embark first began to murmur at the delay, afraid that, meantime, they might be compelled to sail for the American Continent, to wage an

exterminating war with the patriots of that hemisphere, which was contrary both to their principles and inclination. Consequently, it was resolved by those patriotic officers who took the lead in this affair, and who were most intimate with Abisbal, to have an interview with him, in order to fix the day for the rising.

Though the conduct of this General continued to lead to a favourable view of his sincerity, the masons still entertained suspicions, which were somewhat confirmed, when on that interview he refused to fix the day, alleging as one of the reasons, that the money destined to pay the troops of the expedition not having yet arrived, he was prevented from taking certain measures necessary to secure the success of their attempt. These symptoms of indecision, in a man by whom the cause had already been betrayed, could not fail to produce among the patriots a degree of uneasiness, which by exciting mistrust in some, were sure to lead to discord and its fatal consequences.

About this time, General Sarsfield arrived at

head-quarters, to command the second division of the army. This man enjoyed among the troops the reputation of a virtuous patriot and a valiant soldier. During the five years of misrule which had now elapsed since the entry of King Ferdinand into Spain, that General lived in a most retired manner, giving proofs only of his patriotism, and of his contempt for the honours of the court, where, notwithstanding being repeatedly invited to go by the people in power, he constantly refused to set his foot. Moreover his exertions to save the life of General Lacy, of whom he had been the intimate friend, and one of the judges in the council of war by which that General was tried, gave him claims to the gratitude of the patriots, and inspired them with hopes that he would place himself at the head of the revolution, should Abisbal disregard his promise. His arrival, therefore, was hailed with joy by them all; they saw in it their salvation, and that of the country; for if there were a man, who to the esteem and respect of his fellow soldiers joined principle, enlightened ideas, and

the firmness of character required in similar circumstances, he was that man.

It was accordingly agreed that they should immediately lay open their plans to him, and ascertain his sentiments as to his willingness to engage in the attempt. For this purpose, four individuals, among whom was our hero, were commissioned by the rest to visit him at Xerez de la Frontera, where he then happened to be. At first the reception Sarsfield gave them was cold and reserved ; he even affected not to understand the meaning of the sketch of the plan laid before him ; but, on a second explanation, he seemed to seize at once its purport, and throwing off his assumed or real reserve, manifested, even with tears in his eyes, the pleasure he felt at seeing there were men, who, notwithstanding the many repeated disappointments, still endeavoured to uphold the cause of their country, and the rights of their fellow citizens. His language throughout was that of a man convinced of the justice of their claims, and who was desirous of consecrating his services and his life to the re-establish-

ment of those institutions for which his friend, General Lacy, (whom he never mentioned without the most affecting expressions) had forfeited his life. He further declared, that he would urge Abisbal to hasten the wished-for moment of their country's deliverance, and should he find that he wavered in doing it, he would then place himself at the head of the revolution.

The joy with which such a declaration inspired the commissioners, raised their hopes still higher.—“Here is a man,” said Sandoval to his friends, on their return to Cadiz, “who deserves our deepest gratitude and veneration. How feelingly he spoke of his unfortunate friend Lacy! How his eyes swam with tears at the evils that afflict our country! How lively and sincere the joy he manifested at our glorious undertaking! Good heavens! what a difference between his expressions and those of Abisbal!—But they are the result of principle and patriotism, while those of the latter proceed only from unbounded ambition, vanity, and personal interest.”

The news of these fortunate negotiations spread a lively joy among the other adherents ; and the aspect things began to assume was cheering, and promised a most favourable result. Meantime, Abisbal took some steps which increased the suspicions already entertained against him. He refused to see some of the principal agents of the plot, observed a mysterious silence respecting some of the communications he had lately received from Madrid, and when urged by the patriots to explain his conduct, he justified it by merely remarking, that he was obliged to act so the better to veil their operations from government, with whom he must keep on good terms till the last moment. These answers, far from quieting their apprehensions, raised them still higher, and excited a general murmur against him. Some thought that his intention was to betray them, others that his real ambition was to be at the head of the revolution ; but that his project, in the event of a successful rising, was to grasp at supreme power, in which case (they were imprudent enough

to hint) it would be necessary to get rid of him immediately after their first success. Of this they made not a secret even to General Sarsfield, who seemed to take the most lively interest in their conferences, and share their inquietudes ; but who, owing to his excessive modesty would not listen to the proposal made by his friends of placing himself immediately at their head, and proceeding in their object without consulting any further the General-in-Chief. On the contrary, though he blamed the indecision of Abisbal, he was of opinion that some strong motive urged him to act in that suspicious manner, and that it would be wiser to treat with him unreservedly, for which purpose he offered to be their mediator.—“ I am so anxious for the success of our undertaking,” said he, with patriotic fervour, “ that sooner than behold its failure, I would risk a thousand lives, if I had them. But it is Abisbal, not I, who can ensure its success. I will therefore undertake with pleasure this mediation.”

With this object, he went several times to

visit the General-in-Chief, and on his return gave the most flattering assurances of that General's good intentions towards their cause.

It may easily be imagined, that our hero was not idle during this agitating time. His visits to Abisbal were as frequent as circumstances required. It was during one of these, that the General received the news of General Alos, his mortal enemy, being just raised to the post of Minister of War. His conduct on that occasion was that of a frantic man ; he raised both his arms to heaven, called down its vengeance on Ferdinand's head, and apostrophised him and his court in the most horrid terms, adding, that in the Peninsula there were no troops but those whom he commanded ; that being in possession of Cadiz, and supported in his operations by its garrison, he did not fear the best organised army in the world, and that he would let Ferdinand know how he had offended him. He then declared he would delay the rising no longer, and added :—“ I will cause the divisions of the army to encamp at Puerto Santa Maria.

We shall then have a better opportunity of giving uniformity to the opinions of both officers and men, and a day of glory to Spain.”

In fact a few days after, he issued orders for the first division to encamp on the *Campo de la Victoria* at Puerto, where they remained during four or five days, at the end of which he received an *express* from Madrid. On the following day he refused to see any of the patriots, who in consequence held a meeting, in which they resolved to allow the General three days to fix the hour at which the project was to be carried into execution. To the message containing this *ultimatum*, Abisbal returned an answer, calculated to allay the apprehensions that were entertained of the rectitude of his intentions; but on the following day he again refused to see any of them. His conduct was afterwards still more suspicious, indeed, so much so, that the alarm became general among the troops. This was occasioned by some changes he made in the posts occupied by the different regiments, sending out of Cadiz those who were ready to act in favour of

the intended plan, and keeping in the town others whose intentions were somewhat doubtful, though they were by no means considered as enemies.

It so happened, however, that most of the troops who were ordered out, took their positions on the same encampment, by which circumstance the officers were enabled to hold conferences together, and concert plans more unanimously than it was before in their power to do. But as this advantage could not last long, some of the regiments having already received orders to march to other cantonments, the patriotic officers assembled on the night of their arrival at Puerto Santa Maria, to discuss the matter. In this meeting it was agreed, that, since Abisbal's conduct did not permit them any longer to place their confidence in him, they should send an address to Sarsfield, signed by the various chiefs of the regiments there assembled, offering him their troops and swords, and inviting him to fulfil his promise of placing himself at their head. This conference lasted till eleven at night ; but at one

o'clock in the morning, Sarsfield himself arrived at Puerto Santa Maria, and having called around him those chiefs, spoke to them in the following words:— “Gentlemen, I have but an hour ago seen the General-in-Chief, and I have the satisfaction to inform you, that his intentions are in every respect agreeable to our most ardent wishes, and that he is ready to strike the blow; but he fears the troops may break discipline, and commit some excesses. If you promise me to maintain due subordination in your respective regiments, I will answer with my head for the conduct of the General, Count of Abisbal, and for the success of the glorious undertaking in which we are about to engage. But to remove all suspicion respecting his Excellence, I bring here an order from him for all your regiments to continue occupying the same cantonments.”

The joy manifested at this news by all the chiefs was extreme. They promised to preserve the strictest discipline among their respective bodies, wait quietly for the orders of both generals, and take no step without their cog-

nizance. After this they all separated, and Sarsfield returned to his squadron at Xerez.

On the following day, our hero, who still continued at Cadiz, being now attached to Abisbal's staff, learned the news of Sarsfield's visit to Puerto Santa Maria, and also received an order from the General-in-Chief to repair to his quarters at ten o'clock at night, to consult with him on the best mode of raising the *Lapida of the Constitution* in Cadiz. Everything now announced to him, that the event which was to give freedom to his enslaved countrymen was to take place early on the following day. This, he thought, was owing principally to the active steps taken by General Sarsfield, but for whose vigilance, he feared, Abisbal might have been inclined to act over again the treacherous part he once played. His admiration of the former General led him by degrees to hope for the complete success of their undertaking, and he began enjoying by anticipation the pleasure of such an event. While he was thus agreeably engaged, the door of his apartment turned upon

its hinges, and our friend Roque came in with an air of primness stampt on his countenance, a half suppressed smile, a knowing look, and passing one hand over another, like one who has something important to communicate. He stood awhile to be asked what he had to say, and create a little anxiety ; but as his master showed no symptoms of curiosity, he opened the business at once, by saying, that some one wished to speak to him.—“Who is it?” inquired Sandoval.

“Ay, there is the query,” said Roque. “I have asked as much myself, but could get no direct answer. Nevertheless, this I discovered—that it is a lady with a pair of eyes peeping through her veil, which I took for a couple of basilisks, so devilish killing they are ; and with a shape as graceful and winding as a serpent’s. Her voice, too, is as sweet and insinuating as that of a crocodile, and she moves along as lightly and prettily as a lizard. She is, I assure you, a rare thing.”

“She must indeed be so,” said his master, “if she join the qualities of the various monsters

you have mentioned. But let me judge for myself, and show her in immediately.”

Roque then left the room, and soon after returned and ushered in a young and elegantly dressed female, wearing the Spanish costume in its newest fashion—a *basquiña* or silk petticoat of dark blue, fitting close to the body, and, consequently, displaying to advantage its form, which was round, slender, and delicate. The shortness of this gown permitted her well shaped ankles to be seen clothed in silk stockings of net work, as well as her feet, which being naturally of diminutive dimensions, appeared still more so by their being compressed into small shoes of rose colour. A silk *jupon*, or tight spencer of sky blue, over which the black lace veil, that hung from her head, fell in graceful folds, concealed a world of charms. Her hair, as seen through the veil, was of a rich brown, and dressed *à la Grecque*, though adorned with a beautiful gold comb, set with precious stones. On entering the room, and observing Roque withdraw, she raised her veil from her face with the fan she held in her

hand, and showed a countenance full of beauty and intelligence. Her dark hazel eyes, the brilliancy of which shed a lustre over a face then somewhat pale, were large, open, and expressive; and her small mouth, with lips of coral red, being purposely half closed, allowed her white and well set teeth to be seen.

No sooner had she removed her veil than Sandoval recognized in his visitor, his opposite neighbour. He was surprised at this, as he could not conceive what could urge a person, who was an utter stranger to him, to come to his house; for though he had observed her, now and then, sitting at her balcony, her eyes immovably fixed on him, he did not suspect there could be any meaning in that, particularly as he had never taken any notice of it, the important matters in which he was engaged allowing him but little leisure to think about gallantry or pleasure. However, he received her with every mark of respect, offered her a seat, and begged to know in what he could be of service to her

“Perhaps you think me very bold, Sir, to come into your house uninvited, and probably unwished for,” said the fair visitor in a timid tone, and then waited for an answer.

“Madam,” replied Sandoval, “whatever cause may have urged you to do me this honour, believe me, I prize too highly your merits to be otherwise than grateful for this visit.”

The lady cast her eyes on the ground, and played with her fan confusedly.—“You are very grateful . . . I beg pardon—kind, I meant to say—But the word *grateful* struck me as a very curious expression.”

“What other word would you have me use instead, Madam?” inquired Sandoval, somewhat surprised at her remark.

“If your own feelings do not prompt you, my doing so can be of little importance,” she said with hesitation, and then added—“But I ought to have known that long ago—and little do you deserve the service I am about to render you, notwithstanding the imminent peril I shall expose myself to by obliging you.”

“Madam, you surprise me extremely,” said Sandoval. “I certainly never did anything to deserve the smallest obligation from you; much less a sacrifice which may endanger your life; but, if I had, I am not so selfish or ungenerous as to expose any one to danger to save myself. Think better of me, Madam, and believe, that instead of exacting a sacrifice from a being so beautiful and kind as yourself; I am ready to make any, to prevent that which you contemplate.”

“That must not be,” she said hastily; “for though you may disdain to receive from me the smallest obligation,—though you may despise and hate me for my efforts to serve you,—though you be unfeeling enough to bereave me even of the hope of ever being considered by you in the light of aught but the most indifferent of mankind, I cannot see with apathy the destruction of those plans on which all *your* hopes of happiness seem to be built.”

“I am unable to account for the great interest you appear to take in my behalf,” said Sandoval,

observing the warmth with which she spoke; “but you wrong me, if you think I should ever despise, or hate you, for trying to do me good. Unconscious of having done anything to deserve it at your hands, I cannot help feeling surprised; but my gratitude.”

“Gratitude again!” interrupted the lady, with great vivacity and impatience, “I hate the word, Sir. The more a man is a fool, the more grateful he is; and, if I had that opinion of you, I should not have troubled my head about you, nor you with this visit.”

“Why, lady, surely you would not have men deprived of such an essential quality?” returned Sandoval. “A man without it would be little better than a monster.”

“Then, Sir, I love monsters; for gratitude is but a cloak to cover the most heartless indifference,” said the lady, casting on him a glance, in which wildness mingled with resentment.

Sandoval was struck with her language and manner. The idea that she might entertain for him a passion which absorbs in a higher feeling

that of gratitude, now shot through his brain for the first time. He felt embarrassed how to act; for though he resolved instantly to check its progress, he was too well aware of the violence of passion, and depth of feeling, usual to the females of that part of Spain, to hope he could conquer it.—“I am afraid,” he said, after a little pause, “you have formed a wrong estimate of my merits; for if to be grateful, is to be a fool, I am one of the greatest fools on earth;—and yet,” he added, observing the flush of indignation overspreading her cheek, “by no means indifferent.”

“Nay, Sir, go on as you began, and let not your after words belie your inward feelings,” she said with a reproving look; “though I be young and a woman, I can discern truth from falsehood. You not indifferent!—You are both indifferent, and ungrateful.—Yes, *ungrateful*—what you seem so much to dread being, you are to the highest degree. Would to God and the Virgin Mary you were not so!—I should not have endured during the last fifteen days the pangs

of uncertainty; for I could then have looked upon you with as much indifference as you do now upon me."

"But can I be taxed with being ungrateful, if I were unconscious of having merited your kindness?" inquired Sandoval.

"Yes, for even if you had been blind, you could not have helped perceiving it; but the truth is, you would not see it, and feigned yourself an idiot and a fool."

"I assure you, upon the faith of a gentleman, that I was perfectly ignorant of it," said Sandoval; "though, if I had."

"Yes, what then?" she interrupted anxiously.

"I should have thought myself highly flattered by it," he replied.

"Indeed!" she exclaimed with a contemptuous smile; "and pray what does that mean, if it mean anything?"

"To be candid, Madam,—my thoughts and feelings are so much engrossed by weighty subjects, that I feel I could not have requited a passion, of which I am totally unworthy, with

that intensity which so beauteous an object seems entitled to."

"That was for me to consider," she said haughtily, and as one who is accustomed to have her admirers regulate the intensity of their passion by her sovereign will. "However, you have said enough to prove your cruelty and ingratitude. I could punish you for both, for I have the power to do it; but I prefer saving you from the dangers that threaten you, and shewing you, that I can repay cruelty with kindness, and ingratitude with confidence. If after this you remain unmoved, you shall then have the torment of having deserved that name which you seem so much to dread, and which you yourself have given to an ungrateful man."

"Madam," said Sandoval, unwilling to lay himself under any obligations to her, "if the guerdon for the service you propose doing me, be a return of affection from me, I warn you beforehand, that it cannot be; for my heart is pledged to another."

"Pledged to another!" she repeated, starting upon her feet, and casting wildly her eyes

round the room, “ I’ll have it, Sir, in spite of her, or I’ll tear her’s with my own hand from her bosom !—Where is she ?—Let me see her.—Monster !—I will be loved, or you are undone, and all your plans of freedom !—I can save you—I can save the country ; for treason is busy at work, and before to-morrow you lie in a dungeon loaded with chains !”

Sandoval was terrified, not so much at the violence of her passion, as at the warning implied in her last words.—“ How say you—treason busy at work ?—For heaven’s sake explain what you mean,” he cried, clasping his hands, in an imploring manner.

The alarm manifested by him, produced a sudden change in her manner. She approached him tremblingly, and seizing his hands, covered them with kisses and with tears.—“ Pardon, my beloved,” she said, “ if I have given you an instant’s uneasiness. The violence of my passion for you, deprives me of my reason. I know not what I say, or what I do. See you in a dungeon !—No, no, never.—Yet it is too

true, that the issue of your plans will be otherwise than you expect, if the perverse intentions of some of the chiefs are not frustrated. I cannot tell you the details of the meditated treachery; but take these two keys, and at eight o'clock precisely, go to the house of Count Abisbal. This one will admit you by a private door into the garden; follow the wall till you come to a small door, opening into a narrow staircase, at the top of which you will find another door, which this other key opens, and which will admit you into a small cabinet, adjoining his private apartment, from which you will overhear a conversation in which every final arrangement for the overturning of your plans will be made. After that you can leave the house as you entered it, and take those steps which your own prudence will suggest. And now, my beloved, I leave you.—But remember no, I'll not impose conditions,—if you are susceptible of kindness, your own heart will dictate them to you.—Adieu.”

“Stay—one word,” said Sandoval, anxious

to impress upon her the idea that she was to entertain no hopes of his ever returning her affection ; but the fair visitor, suspecting as much, let her veil drop down her face, and breathing a kiss on her fan, waved it gracefully towards him, and withdrew.

The singularity of this adventure, and the extraordinary character of the fair visitor, together with the beauties of her person, occupied the first thoughts of Sandoval, who might have been inclined to feel for her a deeper sentiment than that of pity, notwithstanding the aversion which such direct assaults on our hearts usually produce, had there not intervened an object quite as beautiful, and certainly more gentle and amiable than the fiery damsel who had just quitted him. These thoughts, however, soon gave place to others of a more important but painful nature. The fatality that seemed to attend the plans of the patriots, and the positive warning he had thus received of the approaching ruin of that in which they were now engaged, overthrew in one instant those airy castles, which

an hour before he had so confidently raised.—
“ If this project fails,” thought he, “ how will it be possible to weave another, uniting the same advantages? Every element to work in an orderly and harmless manner a change in the nation, and restore to it its former glory and its liberty, is in our hands. An army on the war footing, amounting to 22,000 men, the majority of whom are favourable to our undertaking, the soldiery on account of their dislike to embark for the new world, and the officers on account of their liberal and patriotic ideas;—the remains of our navy assembled in a port, garrisoned by our own troops;—numerous stores and sufficient funds to defray the first expenses of the rising, without the necessity of exacting them from the people,—the possession of the Isla, strong by nature, art, and opinion;—and, lastly, the fact that our enemies have neither force to oppose to ours, money to check the progress of the insurrection by bribery, nor credit enough with the people to induce them to rise in support of their abuses. And shall all these advantages be lost

by the treachery of a man, who has been foremost in fomenting the rebellion?—No, it shall not be!—To-night he dies—to-night my sword pierces the traitor's heart!—His envied post shall be filled worthily by the virtuous Sarsfield,—by that consistent and unambitious patriot, whose upright intentions suspicion never stained.”

In such agitating thoughts as these, the time passed, till the hour for repairing to Abisbal's house came. He then armed himself with his sword, and giving some orders to his servant, relative to his future conduct, should his present errand turn out unfortunate, he bent his course towards the traitor's quarters.

The night was favourable to his designs. It was dark and overclouded; big drops of rain began to fall, and the sudden gusts of wind that blew from the sea seemed to portend a storm, and had driven people to their respective homes, or tertulias. Having penetrated into the garden, unperceived by any one, he succeeded in gaining the cabinet, from which he was to hear the treacherous plans in contemplation. He entered

with the utmost caution, notwithstanding his extreme agitation. On applying his ear to the key-hole of the glass door which opened into the next apartment, he could hear nothing that indicated any one being there. Soon after, however, he heard footsteps approaching, and the opposite door opening, two persons entered, and locked the door inside. As the curtains that adorned the glass-door outwards were drawn over, Sandoval could see nothing of their persons; but he soon recognized Abisbal's voice, inviting his companion to a seat. The latter, whose voice our hero thought he had heard somewhere, though he could not recall whose it was, inquired of the General whether he had come at last to a resolution.—“I have,” said Abisbal, “though to be candid with you, I wish matters had been otherwise arranged. For by acting in the manner proposed, I shall bring upon myself the execration of the disaffected, and I am afraid that our friends of the capital will hardly thank me for the service I shall render them.”

“Ingratitude is but too common a reward in

our age," said his confederate ; " but were we to weigh the probable results of every one of our actions, we should remain perpetually inactive. This reflection, however, will be always your's—you will have saved the king and his throne from being overturned, and punished a handful of traitors, who intended you as their first victim."

" How ! intended me as their first victim ! you say ?" repeated Abisbal with faltering voice.

" Yes, such was, or perhaps such still is their plan. I have not informed you of it before ; because I knew that your loyalty alone would be sufficient to decide your conduct on this occasion, without the spur of personal resentment."

" But can such be their intention ?" inquired Abisbal again.

" Doubt it not," said the other, " for I myself heard it from their own lips. There are, indeed, few among them who believe you sincere ; but those who do, imagine that your designs are deep and ambitious ; that it is your plan to grasp

at supreme power, and raise yourself a throne on the ruins of the monarchy.—‘But,’ said they, ‘soon this *little* Napoleon shall find that the Spanish patriots are not so tame a race as the French. Ten thousand daggers shall pierce the heart of this perjured villain, on the instant our plan succeeds.’—Such were their very words, and such, rely on it, are their intentions.”

Sandoval’s blood boiled in his veins; for though such expressions as the above had been uttered by a few of his friends, Abisbal’s death never formed a part of their projects.

“Ah,” exclaimed that General, “they said so? I’ll sweep the villains and their plans from the face of the earth!—’Tis settled then. Those troops who have shown the greatest spirit of rebellion are now out of Cadiz. There remain five battalions; one (in which I can entirely confide) I shall leave in garrison, and the other four, which are now ready to march, I shall take with me. In the Isla I shall furnish them with ammunition, and promise to the soldiery, in the name of the king, that none shall embark

for South-America, if they will aid me in suppressing a rebellion. To the officers I shall speak separately, according to their different opinions, making the liberals believe that I go to raise the cry of liberty, while to the others I shall tell the right story. As the troops encamped at Puerto Santa Maria no longer entertain any suspicion of my sincerity, my departure at the head of those troops which are at my disposal, will excite no alarm among them. Meantime, you will hasten to your quarters, and bring with you the two squadrons of cavalry under your orders, managing so that by the dawn we shall both arrive at their encampment, you by rear-guard, and I by van-guard. When they are thus surrounded, we shall both cause our troops to utter the cry of—‘Long live the King.’ This will create a surprise highly favourable to our project, and as they are unprovided with ammunition, resistance will be out of the question. Immediately after we shall proceed to the arrest of those chiefs, who are most implicated in the revolutionary project, and of a

bold and resolute character, including also others who are perfectly innocent of the existence of such a plot; as it will sound well in the ears of our Madrid friends, and will enhance our services."

"True," said his friend, "let there be no lack of victims; for examples are greatly wanted at this moment. It is necessary to strike terror into the souls of these undaunted conspirators; and now that we are on this topic, what do you mean to do with that most indefatigable and dangerous character, Sandoval? Is he to be allowed to go on plotting and conspiring with impunity and for ever against the government?"

"Oh, no. I have provided for him a secure retreat in the castle of San Sebastian. He will be here to-night at ten o'clock, and I have given orders for his arrest."

"Ay, that is well," said his companion. "And, now, is there anything else I can do previous to my departure?"

"I have a document here which I wish to read to you before you go, and then we will

proceed without further delay to the execution of our plan," said Abisbal, taking a light and going towards the cabinet where Sandoval was concealed.

This the latter perceived only when the door opened, and discovered him to the astonished eyes of his enemy. In a second Sandoval's sword glittered unsheathed in his hand, and following Abisbal into the apartment where he retreated;—"Traitor!" he exclaimed, "your hour is come. Draw But—merciful heavens!—Is this a dream?—Do my eyes not deceive me?"

At these words he started back full of surprise. Sarsfield, the patriotic, the unambitious, the sincere Sarsfield,—that exalted friend of his country,—stood before him in all the deformity, in all the blackness of perfidy unmasked,—his countenance distorted with sudden rage, and his eyes flashing fire, and expressing the malignity of a fiend! He knitted his brows, and closed his teeth firmly as he addressed Sandoval. "Your eyes do not deceive you. 'Tis Sarsfield

himself, and this steel (unsheathing his sword) will make your heart feel, that for him alone the punishment of a traitor was reserved."

So saying, he made a furious pass at Sandoval, who parried it dexterously, exclaiming, as he stood on his guard against a second attack—"Villain! if Sarsfield and thou be one, then hell in its fury never vomited a blacker fiend than thou art—and hell shall have thee back, infernal hypocrite!"

These words he accompanied with a sudden thrust, which his antagonist turned off in time. A second and a third followed, each succeeding one being more vigorously and rapidly carried than the first; but Sarsfield, who was as good a fencer as the assailant, and possessed a cold, determined courage, parried them all, and contented himself with acting on the defensive, till he should find an opportunity of carrying a mortal thrust to his enemy's heart. In this intention, however, he was thwarted by the return of Abisbal, who had left the room to call some of the soldiers on guard to aid in

securing Sandoval, who accordingly, was disarmed, though not till after a desperate defence on his part, and afterwards conveyed to the castle of San Sebastian, which stands on a rock in the middle of the sea.

CHAPTER X.

And, O ! how short are human schemes !
Here ended all our golden dreams.

SWIFT.

WHEN Sandoval was immured in one of the deepest dungeons of the castle of San Sebastian, where nothing was distinctly heard but the lashings of the waves against its walls, and the roaring of the winds as their course was interrupted by the massive structure, and now and then the monotonous cries of the mariners, who, gliding close by in their vessels, strove to keep clear of the castle, he gave himself up to the melancholy reflections which his unfortunate situation was calculated to produce. The treachery of Sarsfield was what principally occupied

his thoughts. He could hardly convince himself of its reality—it mocked all he had ever heard or read of perfidy,—it chilled his very blood, and inspired him with a sentiment of horror that excluded even indignation.—“ My days,” said he to himself, as he paced about his dungeon, “ are perhaps numbered ; but if by an unforeseen chance, which I neither hope nor wish, I saw myself free again, how could I place my trust in the words of men, after having witnessed such appalling villany from one who appeared the best and wisest of mankind ?—Abisbal, though he has been a traitor all his life, is a saint to him !—Elio, the cruel Elio himself, is a respectable man when compared to that villain. He at least has been consistent in his hatred to liberal men, and their ideas ; he has supported tyranny with manliness, sword in hand, in the face of the world, and from the first to the last. But Sarsfield, the treacherous Sarsfield, has feigned for years what he never felt, in order to betray more securely, and stab to the heart those whom he embraced.”

From this irritating subject, which brought to his goaded mind, nothing but the shattered fortunes of his friends, and the ruin of his most anxious hopes for the salvation of his country, he would fain seek relief in other thoughts, which, however, afforded but painful anticipations, and misery still more exquisite. Had the plans in which he had lately been engaged succeeded, it would then have been easy for him to have brought those which concerned him more immediately to a favourable issue, as he hoped to have found sufficient proofs to convince Doña Angela of the perverse intentions of his spiritual director towards her daughter, if, indeed, she were not already convinced of it. But now all those hopes vanished before the realities that surrounded him, as pleasant dreams do on the moment of awakening. The darkness and silence of his dungeon, broken only by the slow creaking of doors, and the measured steps of the surly gaoler, who came to bring his scanty and unwholesome meals, and who observed the most rigid silence, together with the consciousness

that his enemies were possessed of the facts of his having participated in most of the conspiracies formed against them, left him no hope of being spared among the victims that would be sacrificed on this occasion. The prospect of death alone being now before his eyes, all his endeavours were turned towards meeting it as became a Christian and a patriot—with firmness and resolution.

In the meantime we beg our readers to fancy themselves again at Madrid at the palace of the Duchess of Osuna, where we left Gabriela in the arms of the Infanta Doña Maria Francisca, who, with the help of her attendants, soon recalled our heroine to herself. The alarm excited by Artimaña's shouts induced most of the visitors to quit the ball room, and hasten to the assistance of their sovereign, whom they fancied in the most imminent danger of his life. The body guards who were in attendance on the royal family, as well as the other military guests, drew their weapons, and commenced an instant search over the grounds. The innumerable

lights that were seen swiftly moving in all directions, gave a tolerable representation of a night procession dispersed by a violent hail storm. For a whole hour all was confusion and uproar in the palace. The swords of the gentlemen glittering in the saloons, and clashing as they ran against one another, brought on some of the ladies fits of hysterics and faintings, while those who could prevail on themselves not to swoon, uttered from time to time the most piercing screams, which they prolonged as the hubbub grew higher, and which mixing with the lusty shouts of the servants, who took all possible pains to add to the confusion, formed a harmony beyond our powers of description.

The noise, however, began to abate as the gentlemen returned from their useless pursuit, and soon after it ceased altogether, the king having re-entered the saloon safe and sound. On his re-appearance, the courtiers thronged around him, to congratulate him on the miraculous escape he had just had, while Artimaña

showed them the wig he had snatched from the regicide, as a trophy of his own courage, and a proof of the real danger to which his majesty had been exposed. Of course, as it invariably happens in similar cases, all sorts of stories but the real one, were circulated, and his majesty's presence of mind was unanimously praised to the skies. Indeed, knowing, as he did, what had really happened, and the total want of foundation for an alarm, he showed more composure than them all, and even smiled at their fears, though he took good care not to let them into the secret. When the uproar had altogether ceased, the music again invited the guests to the dance, which lasted till four in the morning, after which they all withdrew to their respective homes, without anything more happening worth record.

On their return to Madrid, Doña Angela, who amidst the confusion that had taken place at the Alameda, had heard a garbled account of Gabriela's fainting fit from Artimaña, now

questioned her as to the particulars of the affair, as she must have witnessed the attempt made on his majesty's life, being at the moment with her adopted son. This, and the monk being then in the room, Gabriela hesitated; but on being further pressed, she said that no one was better able to explain the mystery of the whole transaction than Don Aniceto Artimaña, to whom she would, therefore, leave it. These words she accompanied with a look on him in which bitter reproach mingled with indignation.

“What is the meaning of this, Don Aniceto?” inquired, in a peremptory tone, Doña Angela, who since Artimaña had become an inmate of her house, having found him not quite so agreeable as she had supposed, was less inclined to favour him, and who now called to mind the conversation she had had with the Marquis de Rivas.

“In truth, Madam,” replied Artimaña, “I don't understand the meaning of such a look, nor the import of your daughter's words, who

seems of late to have taken an unaccountable hatred to me. But I suppose she is displeased with me on this occasion, because I prevented the traitor Sandoval, from committing the greatest crime that the mind of man is capable of conceiving."

"Sandoval!" exclaimed Doña Angela surprised, "was it he who made the attempt on the king's precious life?"

"It was himself, Madam," said Artimaña, with a triumphant look; "and my reason for not divulging his name then, was, that I may have a better chance of securing his person, and make him expiate his crime on the scaffold."

"Horrible monster!" cried the monk crossing himself. "I always said he was capable of the deepest crimes."

Gabriela could no longer restrain her feelings. —"Foul calumniator!" she exclaimed, addressing Artimaña, "dare you say before my face, that Don Calisto, the man, who you, betrayer, know was my deliverer, who saved me from the

snare you had laid against my honour, in spite of your infamous plotting, intended any harm to the king? Dare you assert that before me, I ask you?"

"And I answer," said Artimaña, unabashed by the energy with which she spoke, "that not only he intended committing regicide, but that if I had not held his arm in time, the Infanta herself would have been assassinated. The villain had a poignard concealed in his sleeve, and I saw him slip it into his hand. The blow was certain; but, thanks to me, or rather thanks to heaven, I stopped it; and the regicide then flew, conscious that a thousand lives would not have sufficed to expiate his horrible crime."

"Ay, truly, that proves his guilt clearly," said the monk; "for why should he have taken to flight, if he had felt conscious of being innocent?"

"Because innocence is in your eyes the greatest crime," said Gabriela with animation, "and he would then have seen you triumph over it. Not so now. I hope he lives to defeat

your horrid machinations, and avenge the outrage you intended to me.”

Doña Angela was struck with Gabriela's earnestness of manner, and she looked alternately at the monk, at Artimaña, and at her daughter. —“ There is some mystery in all this, and I must have it explained,” said she. “ Now, my child, conceal nothing from me. I am your mother, and I will see justice done you. I will never permit any man, no matter who he be, to offer you, or me, in your name, the slightest insult. I would sooner sacrifice my whole fortune, nay, go on foot on a pilgrimage to Rome, and ask justice of the Holy Father, than see you wronged.”

These words left the monk and his nephew transfixed to the spot. They had seldom seen Doña Angela use her own judgment in matters where they were in the least concerned, and though they knew very well that, when once roused, she had sufficient firmness of character to set any one, who was not a churchman, at defiance, they could not believe she would ever be

able to lose her bigoted reverence for the holy habit, or shake off her deep-rooted prejudices in their favour. But the effect which her discourse produced on Gabriela was very different. Transported with joy at hearing this burst of parental affection, and at seeing her roused to a sense of her own dignity, she threw herself into her mother's arms, and bathed her cheeks with the tears that flowed from her eyes,—“ Yes, you are my mother,” she exclaimed, “ and the fondest, the best of mothers. I always thought you so, notwithstanding the endeavours of these two monsters to render you otherwise. I now feel convinced you will never abandon your child to their wicked designs.”

By this time, the monk, having recovered from his first surprise, and aware that by continuing silent any longer the cause of holiness might be injured, as it was giving time to Gabriela to make a deeper impression on her mother's heart, drew himself up to his full height, and assuming that monkish dignity for which he was so famous, addressed Doña Angela in

these words—"Is it at me, Madam, that you aim your threats? Is it to a minister of our mother church,—to a servant of God,—to your confessor, that you hold such a language,—a language pregnant with injurious, sinful suspicions, which you have not the slightest motive to entertain?"

"Sir, my daughter"

"Interrupt me not, Madam," cried the monk haughtily. "Your daughter is a profane woman, and yourself no less so than she, if you believe her words sooner than those of a disciple of Saint Dominic. Have I lived in a cloister twenty years, arrived at the dignity of a master of the novices, and been nominated preacher to his sacred majesty on account of my crimes, think you? Or are your daughter's irreligious and scandalous accusations to overthrow in one instant that reputation for piety and godliness, which I have endeavoured by my Christian conduct to merit, and which has obtained the approbation of my superiors, and of those holy men who are at the head of the church?"

Doña Angela began to vacillate. Her arm, which she had put round Gabriela's waist, as they both stood opposite his reverence, began gradually to drop, and notwithstanding her daughter's still holding her fast with her own, she removed it gently at first, and then stood altogether away from her. This did not escape the quick glance of Father Lobo, who did not fail to take advantage of it in order to improve the effect produced by his discourse.—“How, or in what I have given offence to your daughter, I am unable to discover. My conscience is at peace with my actions; but if these should ever be misconstrued, I have the consolation to reflect, that it has always been the lot of the pious of all nations and ages to be calumniated; and in imitation of our divine Saviour, I will bear up with these evils, incident to human life, and forgive those whose want of Christian charity ascribe to me wicked deeds, of which I am totally innocent.”

“Father!” exclaimed Doña Angela, removing farther from Gabriela, who followed her

timidly, her eyes moistened with tears, had her hands closed in an imploring attitude, "forgive my rash words. My love for an only child, and my anxiety to preserve unsullied the name she bears, have dictated them, though still, I allow, I was wrong in uttering expressions at which you are justly offended; but I will expiate them by any penance you may be pleased to impose."—Then turning to Gabriela, she added, "and you, let me hear no more of your unfounded suspicions; for depend on it, I'll not risk my eternal salvation by listening to accusations, which go towards impeaching the conduct of this holy man."

Saying this she made a profound courtesy to his Reverence, who said, he would expect her next day at his confessional, and withdrew; while Gabriela retired to her own apartment, to weep over her sorrows in silence.

When the monk and the nephew found themselves alone, the latter congratulated his uncle on the clever manner in which he had managed the affair, which, considering what an ugly

aspect it began to wear, made him apprehensive for its results.—“However,” added he, “the storm has now blown over, and we need no longer fear its violence.”

“So you imagine in your profound wisdom,” said the monk; “but I, who have observed things more closely, fear that before many days are over, we shall repent the step we took to ingratiate ourselves with the king. Since my intercourse with him, I have remarked that the prominent features in his character are fickleness, indolence, and ingratitude. He dislikes trouble, even in what other men delight in meeting it, and, instead of gaining strength by opposition, as in the case of Gabriela anybody else would, gives way upon the first check. This is equally the effect of inconstancy, indolence, and insensibility; for were he capable of receiving deep impressions, it is certain he would then shake off that sluggishness of his, and persevere in his designs, without being so easily attracted by new objects. To this naturally succeeds ingratitude; for a man who is not accustomed to meet with any

trouble in acquiring the object of his wishes, never knows the full value of possession, nor can he appreciate the pains of those who have procured him the enjoyment. In this instance he has further motives for acting ungratefully towards us, because our object having failed, though as much through his own fault as ours, he will not consider himself under any obligation to us. His passion, or rather his whim, for Gabriela, I apprehend, will end there ; so that if, instead of raising ourselves higher than we stand, as we anticipated by the success of our plan, we preserve our places, I think, we may consider ourselves very fortunate, and thank our stars."

Artimaña looked rather blank at hearing his uncle's ominous discourse, for he feared there was in it too much truth.—“But,” said he, “do you really think he would repay our services with ingratitude? Only consider how numerous they have been, even leaving the last out of the question. Besides, I can inform you that, even this morning, a little before he

withdrew, he pressed my hand in the most affectionate manner, and said—‘My warmest thanks to you, Lanza, for the clever manner in which you extricated me from last night’s accident. I give you credit, my good fellow, for that timely alarm, which raised my presence of mind so high in the opinion of my courtiers, when no real danger existed. It was well imagined, and I give you my royal word, that it shall not go unrewarded.’”

“Did he say so?” cried the monk,—“Then your ruin is certain; and as a proof of it, you have only to look at the dismissal of almost every favourite minister of his, which was invariably preceded by some particular mark of kindness. One he invited to supper, and during the repast overwhelmed him with proofs of friendship. On withdrawing, the king himself hastened with a party of soldiers to his private apartment, and placed him under arrest. He filled the pockets of another with Havana segars, and then wrote an order for his exile. He made the warmest assurances of friendship to a third, and in the same breath whispered to the Duke de Alagon

to have him secured, and sent to the castle of Monjui. He sent a fine bunch of grapes from the royal table to another, and hardly had the minister swallowed them, when an officer of the guards showed him into a coach, and off he was marched to the dungeons of Coruña. To another.”

“Well, I know all that. Good God ! you are most intolerably ominous to-day,” interrupted Artimaña, trembling with fear and apprehension. “But let me tell you, that none of those gentlemen were such useful fellows as I am. Show me any one of them, who would, or could assume any character from that of a private favourite of his majesty to a familiar of the Inquisition, and do any work, no matter how degrading it may be reputed.”

“Well, perhaps in consideration of your ductility you may be an exception to the rule; though, believe me, there are about the court several worthy courtiers ready enough to do as much, and as sharp-witted as yourself.”

This Artimaña could hardly believe possible, and he began anticipating honours and favours

from his majesty, not only for himself, but for his uncle also, when a servant, entering the room, placed in his hand a letter, bearing the king's private seal, which he said had been brought by a gentleman of the royal household. No sooner had the servant withdrawn than Artimaña broke its seal with the utmost eagerness.—“It is his gracious majesty's own handwriting,” said he agitatedly. “How kind! how very condescending!” and then read—“To Aniceto Lanza.”

“What! not a *Don* to it?” cried the monk. “That forbodes no good, boy.”

“Not a *Don*,” replied the nephew dejectedly. “But, for God's sake, do not interrupt me.—‘It is our royal pleasure, that from the moment of your receiving this our favour,’—Artimaña's face brightened up, and looking up at his uncle, said, “this does not look bad, ‘*our favour.*’”

“Go on, go on,” said the monk, “and let me hear what that favour is.”

The nephew resumed his reading, “that from the moment of your receiving this our favour,

your functions of chief of police shall cease, and that you quit the capital in twenty-four hours, to count from twelve at noon this day ; but in consideration of your past services to us, we are pleased to appoint you agent of police at Seville, with an annual salary of five thousand reals* . . .”

A burst of laughter from the monk interrupted Artimaña, whose face, naturally horrid, was now as ridiculously distorted as that of a hungry monkey on discovering the trick of a truant boy, who has shown him a nut, and given him a pebble, which he greedily but vainly endeavours to crack.—“By my faith !” exclaimed the uncle, after two or three horse-laughs, “that is making good the proverb,—‘*como subo, como subo, de pregonero á verdugo!*’”*

“Stay,” said the nephew, with a sarcastic grin, “for here is something more for you to laugh at—‘And as your reverend uncle, Father Toribio Lobo, has had an equal share in the late affair, respecting Gabriela, it is further our

* Fifty pounds sterling.

† See how I mount from a public crier to a hangman.

royal pleasure, that he shall be replaced by another in his dignity of preacher to our royal household, commanding you to inform him of this in our name, as well as that a convent of his order will be ready to receive him in the same city to which we command you to repair, as we would by no means deprive you of the pleasure of each other's society, it being but just that the fortunes of such a worthy pair should be united.—Given at our royal palace of Madrid, and in our own hand-writing.

“I the King.”

“The devil he does!” cried the monk, snatching from Artimaña's hands the royal order, and glancing over it hastily.

“Why, you don't laugh any more; how is that?” inquired the nephew jeeringly.

“Zounds!” exclaimed the monk, “I did not expect quite as much as this. There is somebody at the bottom of it. An attempt at irony, eh? By my hood! I promise the rascal, whoever he be, such a present as he has never before had.”

He then began silently to pace about the room, now his arms folded across his breast, and now the forefinger of his right-hand placed on his forehead, as if ransacking his inmost thoughts, and calling his imaginative powers into action.—“There is no remedy,” said he, after considerable pondering, “go we must,—that is certain.—But hang me, if I will be shut up in a convent, and be kept on short commons, while I may enjoy a good table any where else.—Aniceto! hear my plan. Our life at Seville would be a rather dull one, and an uncomfortable one into the bargain, if we were to lose the table, assistance, and tertulias of Doña Angela. It is, therefore, my intention to induce her to accompany us to that city, where I’ll say I am going upon a secret mission of importance, connected with the interests of the church, which also obliges me to resign my rank as preacher to the king. As she will confess to-morrow with me, and she has the sin of suspicion to atone for, it will not be very difficult for me to make her believe, that

she cannot expiate it better than by visiting the holy sepulchre of the blessed Saint Isidoro, which is at Seville, and whose miraculous bones I shall procure her the felicity of touching. This, I know, will be a great inducement for her to come. Another will be that of continuing to enjoy my spiritual counsels, which she would lose by remaining at Madrid. Of course, I shall not fail to represent this city as the den of vice, &c., and to magnify the dangers to which her daughter would remain exposed in this corrupt court, were she to be left behind with her father only; for, in that case, it is certain Doña Angela's tertulias would not be very numerously attended, and we should have the whole of her society to ourselves, for which I have no particular anxiety. When once we have them there, it will go hard with me if I know not how to keep them with us. Thus we shall soften our disappointments by depriving the royal baboon of Gabriela, should he entertain further views upon her, and spend a more agreeable time than we owe to his royal

wishes. That something better will then turn out, I warrant you, by the mere circumstance of Gabriela being in our possession; for she is an inexhaustible mine, the more precious, as she is the more difficult to be won.—What say you to it?”

“I say, that the king does not know what he loses by his forfeiting your friendship and your services,” replied the nephew.

“Oh, hang him! He’ll know it some day, I promise you. And now pack and bundle as fast as you can, for your time is marked; and leave all the rest to me to manage.”

So saying the worthy pair separated, with an inward regret at the discomfiture of their machinations, only on account of the losses incurred thereby; but free from any feelings of remorse, and as hardened in villany as ever. So true it is, that the sting of conscience becomes blunted by frequent crime, and its voice loses its terrors with those whose minds are truly depraved.

On the following day the wily monk received

Doña Angela at the confessional, and observed with pleasure, that instead of having entered into a rigorous examination of facts and circumstances, the better to justify her suspicions, if they were well founded, or render full justice to the accused, if it were otherwise, she had excluded reflection from her mind, and given herself up to the fears of bigotry, and to the scruples of superstition. Under the influence of these feelings, it was easy for him to mould her to all his designs, and she agreed to make a journey to Seville to visit the holy shrine of the blessed St. Isidoro, and atone for her enormous sin by kissing his miraculous relics.

While kneeling before the confessional, the penitent consulted his Reverence on a worldly matter, which, she said, had frequently occupied her thoughts.—“You are aware, reverend father,” she added, “that my daughter Gabriela, is possessed of too many attractions, to hope to escape the numerous snares of this wicked world, though my confidence in her virtue is such as to tranquillize me on her account.

Her dislike for the life of a convent does not permit me to subject her to a second noviciate, and thus place her effectually beyond the reach of those snares. The only way, therefore, to avoid them, will be by entrusting her safety to a husband, who will better than either Don Antonio or myself, protect her, if any attempt (which God forbid !) should ever be made on her innocence. Don Fermin Sandoval, I know, continues to love her with a virtuous attachment ; and, though he is the son of a liberal, is himself a loyal servant of his king, a devout Christian, and a youth in every respect worthy of her hand. To him then, with your advice and permission, will I give my daughter on this very day ; and thus the plans which we have so often arranged will be realized. Does your Reverence approve of them ?”

This, as our reader is aware, did not exactly fall in with the monk's views. Accordingly, though he said, that it was his most anxious wish to see such a worthy youth united to her daughter, he thought it would be better to

give Gabriela a longer time to prepare her mind to receive his hand, should she still entertain any dislike to the match, which might also take place more conveniently on their return from their pious journey. Doña Angela found the monk's suggestions wise and reasonable; consequently, she informed Gabriela of her designs, both with respect to their journey, and her marriage with Fermin. Gabriela received the first part of this intelligence with pleasure; for she reflected that by her absence from the capital, the risks to which she had been there exposed would be at an end; but the other part seemed to afflict her deeply. The knowledge that Calisto was free, and in the same city with her; her former vows, and the assurance of his fidelity, which she had received from his own lips, no longer doubting that the Marquis de Rivas was Sandoval himself: his late important service to her, at the peril of his own life, and the conviction, that everything in the nation now announced a crisis fast approaching, which

might have favourable results for the cause in which Sandoval was engaged, crowded her mind, and made her view with peculiar dislike the match proposed by her mother. She, however, endeavoured to conceal from her the feelings by which her heart was agitated, as their expression would only have exasperated Doña Angela, and hastened what she so much dreaded. She, therefore, received her commands in silence, and gave vent to her grief by weeping in the arms of her affectionate Rosa, who endeavoured to console her, by representing Fermin as too generous and disinterested ever to press his suit further than was consistent with her own feelings, or with the affection he owed to his brother.

As Fermin's engagements in the capital prevented him from forming one of the travelling party, he remained behind with Don Antonio, who was to open to him Doña Angela's proposal, and ascertain his sentiments on the subject.

Every arrangement for the journey being now made, the modern pilgrims took leave of their

friends, and set off for Seville, in a *coche de colleras*,* drawn by six stout mules, and in the company of Father Lobo, the nephew having preceded them many days before, in obedience to the royal order.

* A travelling coach.

CHAPTER XI.

Ha! total night and horror here preside!
My stum'd ear tingles to the whizzing tide!
It is the funeral knell! and gliding near,
Methinks the phantoms of the dead appear!

The Shipwreck.—FALCONER.

FULL three months had Sandoval now passed in solitary confinement, every day expecting to be summoned before the criminal tribunal, to be tried on the various charges which might be brought against him, and which he was aware could be but too clearly proved, as his principal accusers might, according to the custom of the times, stand as witnesses against him, being themselves as deeply implicated as himself, particularly in the last transactions. During

the first days of his imprisonment, the idea that his earthly cares would soon be over, held such entire possession of his mind, that it excluded even that hope which is felt by the culprit who waits in the condemned cell for the fatal hour of his being led to the scaffold. But as his confinement was prolonged without any indication of a trial, the first shock which he had received from the appalling treachery of Sarsfield, and to which the extreme despondency of his mind was owing, became more faint, and the natural elasticity of his spirits began gradually to revive, while hope, which again found access to his saddened heart, inspired him with more cheering prospects. He then thought that whatever the personal feelings of hatred and revenge entertained against him by Abisbal and Sarsfield might be, these two Generals did not dare to impeach him publicly, as they were conscious he was too much in the secret of their plans, and would not hesitate in making a full *exposé* of their conduct to the world, if he were once allowed to speak in his own defence, even

though they might confine their charge to his late breach of military subordination. The only means of revenge which he thought was more within their reach, consisted in rendering his imprisonment as harsh and cruel as possible, and the perpetual silence to which he was condemned, together with the numerous privations he met with, sufficiently indicated that in this at least they had their own way.

Resolved, however, to bear with manly courage whatever treatment they chose to inflict, that they might not enjoy the triumph of seeing his high spirits borne down by suffering, the more his confinement was prolonged, the more he fortified his mind against that feeling of discomfort, which the gloom of his dungeon and the monotony that reigned around him, day after day, was calculated to produce.

In this state of mind he continued, when one night towards the close of November, at about mid-night, as he was pacing up and down his dungeon, enveloped in his cloak, to keep himself warm, and prevent the bad effects resulting from

the chillness of the night air, which in his abode was both frosty and damp, he heard the sounds of a distant creaking of doors, and the clang of chains removing, gradually approaching him. He made a sudden pause, surprised at the noise, uncommon as it was at such a late hour, and listened with that anxiety which an incident of this nature would create, even in the mind of a prisoner whose imagination was less vivid than his own, to ascertain if they were not a deception raised by his own fancy. The heavy tread, however, of at least one person approaching, the drawing aside of bolts, the shrill creaking of the lock, and the clamour of the door as it turned upon its hinges, soon convinced him of the reality. Riveted to the spot he gazed anxiously towards the door, and heard the gaoler say, in a voice less gruff than usual.—“There he is, standing as upright as a gibbet, and shrouded in his cloak. Go in, Madam, go in, and never tremble so. 'Tis not the worst place I have in the castle.”

At these words a female, dressed in black, and her head enveloped in a mantilla, showed

herself at the threshold of the door, with a small lantern in her hand, and said with a feeble and trembling voice—"Don Calisto, have the goodness to follow me," and then, as if afraid to remain any longer in that gloomy place, she turned quickly round, and hastened out of the dungeon. Sandoval did not wait for a second invitation, but darting towards the door, like an imprisoned stag who sees an opening to escape, in one second he was beside her in the passage, and followed her in silence through the maze of winding paths, all the while endeavouring to discover who his conductor was. Long before the gaoler had left the first passage, they were both in the court of the castle, and without waiting his arrival, she made a motion for Sandoval to follow her towards the wicket of the outer gate, which on their arrival was immediately opened. A boat was waiting to take them over to Cadiz, and on stepping into it, they both sat down without having spoken a word. The rowers pulled to shore with all their might, and while employed in their work,

Sandoval ventured to ask of the female whither she intended to take him; but she placed her finger on her lips, and as he leant his head to look more closely at her face, she drew over it her mantilla, and turned her head aside. This conduct appeared very mysterious to our hero; but unwilling to trespass on her commands, he made no remark, and continued silent. Unable, however, to withstand his curiosity to know what was the meaning of the slow sounds of bells, which seemed to proceed from almost every belfry in Cadiz, and to indicate the death, as he thought, of some of the royal family, he asked of one of the rowers, who had died, that the knell rung so generally at that unwonted hour.

“Who has died?” repeated the boatsman. “God in heaven! if you were to ask who *has not* died, your question would be more to the purpose, and I could answer it better.”

“What do you mean?” inquired Sandoval, looking at the fellow with surprise.

“Why, I mean what I say. There are now between seven and eight thousand people dead,

and the Lord only knows how many more will die before all is over, though people say we shall soon see an end put to it, as only ninety persons a day have, on an average, given up the ghost during this week."

Everything seemed a mystery to Sandoval on this eventful night. But the words of this man raised such a dreadful thought in his mind as made him shudder through all his limbs. Predisposed as he was to hear the most horrible deeds, after the treachery of Abisbal and his colleague, in which so many hundreds, nay thousands of his friends were involved, his mind readily admitted its possibility.—“Can it be,” said he to himself, “that the tiger who rules over us, is gorging himself with the blood of the victims he so earnestly demanded from Abisbal? Gracious heaven! if it be so, what has become of the rest of the Spaniards, that they do not avenge their murdered friends, and countrymen?”

He shrunk back as this idea flashed across his mind, and the boatsman, who observed his agita-

tion, told him not to be down-hearted;—"for," added he, "though you yourself may fall a victim, and to say the truth, I would not bet one of my buttons, that you will not be one, still we have seen narrow escapes enough where so many were probably doomed to die."

This confirmed Sandoval in his opinion, though he could not well reconcile the unguarded manner in which he was conducted before the bloody tribunal, and the agency of a female, whose mourning apparel, however, had in it something sinister, and recalled to his mind the horrible scenes of the French revolution, in which so many females took such a prominent part; though in his heart, he did not believe any of his countrywomen capable of such heartless cruelty, as some of the French manifested at that epoch. Still he began to look upon his female companion with suspicious eyes, and as confused and contradictory ideas crowded his mind, he seemed to lose sight of his real danger, if there really existed any, by occupying his

thoughts in the most wild and extravagant conjectures.

Meantime the boat was moored in silence, and his conductress requested him to follow her, which he did as mechanically as if he were some automaton moving at her will. As they entered the first street, his attention was roused, by the noise of carts moving backwards and forwards, and by the sounds of hand bells, which the drivers rang incessantly. In passing beneath the windows of the houses his ears were assailed with the most heart-rending cries, sobs, moanings, and lamentations, and he beheld, with feelings not easily to be described, the doors of several of the houses thrown wide, as some of the carts approached, and their inmates appear, surrounding the dead bodies of, doubtless, their relations, and uttering the most piercing and mournful shrieks, their bodies hardly clothed, their countenances so pale and emaciated, and their looks so dejected and sorrowful, that they themselves appeared more like spectres than

human beings. The women, in particular, seemed to know no bounds to their grief, when they beheld the corpses of their friends thrown into the carts, along with those that had been previously collected. They rent the air with expressions of agony and despair, tore their dishevelled hair, wrung their hands, as they raised them up to heaven, and could not be prevailed on to repass the thresholds of their homes, from which one of their beloved friends had been just snatched, till the noise of the carts had died away on the ear.

These dreadful scenes, as they passed before Sandoval's sight, made him doubt whether what he saw was not the vision of some painful dream. He endeavoured to collect his scattered ideas: but as he glanced over the events of the night, every one of which seemed to him more extraordinary than the other, he was more convinced than ever of their fallacy. He made a sudden pause, and reclining his head against a wall, stood as if unable to move further. The female who conducted him, hearing his steps no more,

turned back, and touching his arm with her slender fingers, said, with a voice which sounded in his ears like that of some ghostly apparition —“ You must not abide here, death hovers around you. Follow me.”

He started at her words, but obeyed instantly ; and as they proceeded through the silent and solitary streets, mournful cries of grief and despair burst here and there upon his ear, while the funeral knell, which continued tolling incessantly, added by its monotonous and soul-withering sounds, an indescribable horror to the prevailing gloom. At length the female entered the porch of a large mansion, which at that hour was involved in darkness, and turning her lantern towards the inner door, cast on it a stream of light.—“ There is your place of refuge,” she said with a faint voice, “ when I am gone, knock and you will be received into the arms of your friends. It is probable I shall never see you again ; but do not regret it ; for I am no longer worthy of being looked at.”

Saying this she turned round to go ; but

Sandoval stopped her.—“Do not leave me yet, but let me know first who my deliverer is,” said he.

“It matters not now,” she said, in a melancholy tone. “You are free, and you should have been so long ago, had my wishes been sooner granted. Adieu; for you can never love me.”

“Nay,” cried Sandoval, still detaining her, “but let me at least see your face once.”

“What! that you may hate me the more?” she cried with a sepulchral voice, and a bitter accent. “Yet, perhaps, it is better you should see it.”

Saying this, she threw back from her face her mantilla. Sandoval started back at recognizing in her now ghastly countenance, his once beautiful female neighbour, whose brilliant eyes were now sunken, yellow-tinged, and dim, and her mellow and rich complexion faded and jaundiced all over.—“You may well start,” she said, “the yellow fever has dealt roughly with me. I am no longer what I was, nor is it likely I shall ever be so; but I have saved you,

and that consolation will always remain to me. Adieu, then, and farewell for ever."

Saying this, she pulled a bell, and then quitted the house with hurried steps, leaving Sandoval fixed to the spot, lost in melancholy reflections. He had not long indulged in them before the door of the house flew open, and he was roused by a well known voice, exclaiming—"As sure as heaven is just, 'tis my master, my dear lost master!" And then placing on the ground the lamp he held in his hand, the faithful Roque hugged him in his arms.

Sandoval looked earnestly at him, and soon perceived, by his gaunt face and yellow complexion, that the fever had been also upon him. "Aye, look at me well, and thank heaven you have had such a snug time of it," said Roque. "I would much sooner have been buried in the deepest dungeon than have witnessed the miseries caused by the dreadful scourge with which it has pleased heaven to visit us. But you need not fear it now; for 'tis almost over, and we shall shortly be altogether rid of it."

He then informed him that he was in the house of his friend Don Jose Maria Montero, where he would meet, even at this hour, several of his patriotic friends. In fact, on being introduced into the apartment where they were assembled, he was welcomed by several devoted friends of their country, among whom was Don Antonio Alcala Galiano, who, notwithstanding the innumerable dangers by which he, in common with those who were then at Cadiz, was surrounded, was indefatigable in his endeavours to keep alive every where the flame of liberty, rouse the energies of his party, dismayed by the numerous calamities with which they had been assailed, and bring about some new project for the deliverance of his country. From these gentlemen, Sandoval learned the following interesting details, relative to the final execution of Abisbal's treacherous plan, and to the subsequent operations of the patriots during his confinement.

Immediately after our hero was ordered off to the Castle of San Sebastian, Abisbal parted from

Sarsfield, and both hastened to place themselves at the head of their troops, to carry into execution the project which they had been concerting together. Everything was done as had been planned by them. On the following day, at the appointed hour, the two Generals, Sarsfield with the cavalry, and Abisbal with the infantry, made their appearance by opposite directions on the Palmar, an elevated tract of level ground near Puerto Santa Maria, where the unsuspecting patriots were encamped. At the moment of their approach, the troops of the encampment were slowly filing off to occupy their ordinary posts; their officers agitated with the opposite feelings of hope and uncertainty. When Sarsfield advanced with his cavalry through the road to Xerez, Don Antonio Quiroga, Colonel of one of the regiments which had just taken their post along that road, their right supported on the river, hastened toward him to receive his orders. "Colonel," said Sarsfield sternly, "return to your regiment; you are a disloyal servant of his majesty," and, without waiting for an answer,

caused his troops to utter the cry of, "Long live the king!" which was immediately echoed by the troops of Abisbal, filling the whole camp with these ominous sounds. The surprise created by them was such as Abisbal had anticipated; the patriotic chiefs stood as if suddenly converted into statues, and deprived of the power of action. Meantime, profiting by this conjuncture, the General in Chief galloped rapidly round the encampment, making short speeches to the soldiery, and exciting them to join in the shouts of his troops, in which he but too well succeeded.

He then made the arrests he had intended, caused a ration of wine to be distributed to the soldiery, sent to different points the battalions who remained without chiefs, gave orders for the troops he had brought with him to return to Cadiz, and he himself remained at Puerto with the regiment of the princess, who were intrusted with the custody of the prisoners, until they were afterwards sent to the prisons of the various castles in Cadiz, and its vicinity.

Thus failed this apparently well conducted pro-

ject by the inexplicable treachery of two men who had been the principal agents in its formation. The conduct of Abisbal, however, inconsistent even in his perfidy, was such as to afford but a poor triumph to his royal master, for though he made a few more arrests, and sent to different places those corps and officers who were more inclined to favour the views of the liberals, with the object of preventing their plotting together, he still left on foot all the elements of the conspiracy, and apparently gained nothing by the step he had taken, but deferring its explosion. His inconsistency was particularly manifested in his treatment to the prisoners, to whom he gave time for concealing all their papers, allowing some of them to escape, and even offering to others money and means for that purpose.* This extraordinary conduct was then

* Such offers were actually made to some of the patriots, and in particular to Arco Agüero, who was one of the principal chiefs of the conspiracy, and, doubtless, the first to call in question the sincerity of Abisbal's conduct; but this deserving patriot indignantly rejected them.

variously explained by the liberals, several of whom were of opinion that he would never have betrayed their cause, had it not been for Sarsfield, of whose intentions he entertained a right estimate. But a circumstance happened at Madrid, which shews that Abisbal acted with premeditated perfidy. Precisely on the same day and hour, when his plan was executed at Cadiz, several masons of the capital were arrested, among whom was the individual who has hitherto gone under the name of Anselmo, and who besides being in direct correspondence with Abisbal, was the channel of communication with the masons of the provinces, and the principal regulator of the interior machinery. Abisbal's adhesion, however, to the interest of the ruling faction, was recompensed by the king in his usual coin. He sent him the great cross of Charles III., and requested his immediate presence at court, to receive his personal thanks, gain a correct account of the state of the army, and learn his final instructions relative to the sailing of the expedition, though the real object he had in calling him

there, was to deprive him of his chief command, and impeach his conduct before the commission established to try the patriots, if they could but implicate him in some of the prosecutions that were carrying on against the late victims, and towards whom they employed for that purpose every vile means practised by a degenerate government; namely, craftiness, deceit, seduction, threats, promises, and torture. In this the government were unsuccessful, owing to the high-minded and honourable conduct of the sufferers, who would not disclose a syllable of their plans, notwithstanding the cruelties practised against them. Those endured by Anselmo are of a nature that would make the reader shudder with horror, were we to relate them here. But though Abisbal was saved by the very men he had betrayed, he soon began to taste the bitter, though well merited, fruit of his treachery. A few days after his arrival at court, he saw himself completely despised by the king, his ministers, and his courtiers, by good, indifferent, and bad men, in a word by all

he met; unable to find amongst either his friends or enemies one who would shield him against the innumerable shafts that were aimed at him from all sides. And, that he might drain the cup of misery to its dregs, he was deprived of all command, both in the expeditionary army and elsewhere, and left unnoticed in a corner of Madrid, except indeed by the spies that were set to watch his slightest motions, and make him stumble and fall in one of the many snares set for him by the government. Thus abandoned, even by his nearest relatives, he remained chewing the cud of his own perfidy, till other events brought him again on the stage of the world, where he continued playing the part of a traitor, in which he was so eminent a proficient.

Meantime* some of the patriots of Cadiz, undismayed by the late events, assembled, only

* Among the sources from which the author has derived the following details, is a cleverly written pamphlet by Don Antonio Alcalá Galiano, who was himself one of the principal actors in the scenes he describes.

a few days after Abisbal's treachery, to remedy the evils which had thus befallen them. In this first meeting, however, the obstacles that presented themselves were too numerous and insurmountable, and the minds of the confederates were in a state of too great effervescence to allow them to do more than agree in recommencing their labours with fresh vigour, opening a correspondence with some of their brethren who had taken refuge in Gibraltar, and increasing their numbers as much as they could, particularly among the wealthy merchants of Cadiz, of whose efficient aid they would stand in need. Accordingly they commenced their labours, and made some important acquisitions, among which those of Don Juan Alvarez Mendizabal, and of his co-partner Don Vincente Beltran de Lis, both active and zealous liberals, and who could command sufficient funds for the execution of their projects, were not of the least.

Aware that the best way of insuring success was by striking a sudden and decisive blow, a second meeting took place very soon after the

first, in which, in order to give regularity to their proceedings, they elected a president in the person of Don Domingo Antonio de la Vega, a man of a well established reputation for talent and experience, who had been implicated in various plans of revolution, and who had endured with undaunted courage the persecutions of their enemies. In this meeting, it was resolved to form, in every division of the army, a revolutionary junta, which should work within its own radius, and correspond with the central one established at Cadiz. By these means they planned new and extensive ramifications to their plot, in which unanimity of action was most strictly preserved, and contributed not a little to the rapid advancement of their projects; while every individual laboured zealously towards the great end. The removal of Abisbal from the army also contributed to improve this favourable situation, as that General was too well acquainted with the conspirators, their plans, resources, and secret means of communication, to allow them to hope that they could escape his vigilance; while

General Fournas, on whom the command of the army devolved *ad interim*, was ignorant of their designs, and a man little to be dreaded on the score of talent or enterprise. Thus the conspiracy assumed new life, and the misfortunes brought on by the nefarious proceedings of Abisbal were fast mending.

Matters being in this prosperous state, it was now indispensable to elect a chief, who should direct the projected rising. Past experience had shewn, that the election ought to be made by themselves, as otherwise it would be entrusting the fortunes of their cause to a man who, influenced by personal interests, might be tempted to betray them, as Abisbal had just done. For this object the Brigade General Omlin, Commandant of the Ultramarine Depot, established at San Fernando, was thought the most fit, on account of his well-known liberal ideas and well tried courage. When commissioners were sent to him, and he heard the plans and future operations of the patriots, he agreed to place himself at the head of the army, to aid in the re-

establishment of the Constitution. All being now ready, the 24th of August was the day appointed for raising the cry of Liberty, when a sudden and fatal occurrence came to overthrow these so dearly formed plans. The yellow fever, that dreadful scourge of southern climates, made its appearance at San Fernando, and neglected, either by the stupidity or malignity of the agents of government, who branded as revolutionary whoever endeavoured to stop its progress, spread rapidly throughout that city. Suddenly, strict executive orders were issued, by which all communication with that point was cut off; the troops who were in the city were ordered to the interior, and Omlin remaining behind, with the body under his command, the project for the rising was, if not totally destroyed, at least delayed for an indefinite period.

One would think that these repeated misfortunes would have dismayed the patriots, and obliged them to abandon a cause against the establishment of which so many obstacles started up; but the souls of men imbued with a proper

abhorrence of oppression, and kindled with the sacred flame of freedom, do not flinch under any earthly calamities. To the failure of one plan the formation of another succeeded, in which courage and perseverance were to overcome the increasing dangers, and shortened means that were the consequences of fresh disappointments. The chiefs of the undertaking resolved to take a bold step, by suddenly securing the possession of Cadiz, which they conceived would give the nation an opportunity of vindicating its rights. The moment was favourable, that city being garrisoned by the regiments of Soria and Canarias, both well disposed to act in favour of a rising, and the town of San Fernando being infected, intercepted the passage of those troops who might be directed to lay siege to Cadiz. But while the patriots were employed in doing this, the epidemic made its appearance there, the garrison was ordered to quit the city, with the exception of the regiment of Soria, which remained behind, and all communication was cut off.

This dreadful calamity, however, did not prevent the patriots who remained behind, from entertaining an idea that the revolution might yet be accomplished ; but the fever, which soon after began its cruel ravages, convinced them that it would be utter madness to expect success under such circumstances, as the minds of all were struck with horror and dismay, and engrossed only with the dreadful scourge that desolated their hearths.

Meantime the military patriots, who were in the different cantonments, did not remain inactive. Frequent meetings were held, to concert the means of carrying on their plan ; in one of which it was resolved to fix the 12th of October for its explosion, and Don Miguel Lopez Baños was nominated as the chief ; but this officer declined the trust, and advised a further delay, as very powerful reasons militated against its success, were it to be then executed. Among others was undoubtedly the dislike of the soldiery to go near those posts which were to serve as points of support, and in which precisely the

fever raged most. Nor was it possible for the troops to move forward, as the peasantry were resolved not to allow their passage, because they feared the epidemic might spread among them, if they suffered those who had been in an infected place to go near them. Under these circumstances a further delay was indispensable.

The great encampment formed at Las Correderas, near Alcala de los Gazules, soon after, contributed powerfully to strengthen the patriotic party, as most of those officers who had been separated by the proceedings of Abisbal were there assembled. Then it was that the ties loosened by absence were drawn closer ; that friendship, patriotism, and duty re-assumed their powerful influence over all ; that those vows, so fervently pronounced for the liberty of their country, were renewed with fresh enthusiasm. Convinced that the salvation of their country, and that of their imprisoned friends was in their hands, they resolved to enter heart and soul into whatever enterprise might be formed to save them, and every preparatory

measure required by circumstances was accordingly taken.

Meantime the labours of the liberals of Cadiz went on but slowly. How was it possible to think of political changes amidst the desolating effects of the fever?—when those who had been fortunate enough to escape its baneful ravages, were sunk in grief for the loss of wives, children, parents, brothers, relations, or friends? Yet, though their numbers had been dreadfully thinned, and though most of the remaining patriots were in a state of convalescence, such was the sacred love of country, that they continued holding their meetings, and lost not an opportunity of forwarding their plan, and endeavouring to dispose matters so that it might be carried into effect, immediately after the cessation of the epidemic. This, however, continued to desolate the neighbouring towns as well as Cadiz. Brigadier Omlin fell a victim to it, as did also most of the officers who participated in the meditated revolution; and it was a remarkable circumstance, that precisely those

who were spared belonged to the contrary party. About this time, too, the encampment of Las Correderas was raised, and the different bodies that composed it, took their posts in towns distant from each other. By this event all intercourse among the conspirators became extremely difficult, and this was increased by the fresh impediments raised by the agents of government, who, owing to several imprudent hints inadvertently thrown out by some of the individuals initiated into the secret, entertained suspicions of the meditated enterprise, and watched with the greatest vigilance the movements of the patriots, while on the other hand the *sanitary cordons*, which ran even through the army, prevented them from communicating by means of letters or messengers. As the epidemic began to abate, they saw with alarm that the embarkation of the troops for the expedition would very soon take place, everything being nearly ready, in which case the ruin of their projects was certain, and the liberty of their country delayed, perhaps for years.

Such was the state of affairs among the patriots when our hero was liberated from the castle of San Sebastian. Though the news he thus learned were sufficiently afflicting for one who loved his country so ardently, they were by no means so bad as his imagination had pictured while its workings were under the influence of the gloom of a dungeon. He therefore, strove to inspire his friends with the same confidence of success which he felt within his own breast, though in justice to those gentlemen, it must be said that they were very far from shrinking from their enterprise.

Galiano, who, as we have already remarked, was one of the assembled patriots, volunteered to go to Alcala de los Garzules where there was a division of the army, and where Colonel Quiroga then was, to obtain every information respecting the present state of affairs, and concert, according to this knowledge, their future operations. Great obstacles opposed themselves to this measure, as he had not only to find his way

through the *sanitary cordon*,* without being observed by those who formed it, but pass unnoticed by places where he was but too well known. Besides, some of the gentlemen themselves entertained the idea that by his presence there, he might introduce the contagion into that town ; but he overruled by more sound and weighty reasons all these arguments ; and it was, therefore, agreed, that he should depart for the army, accompanied by our hero, for whose services there was ample room.

* The orders given to the military who formed this cordon, consisted in shooting whosoever attempted to cross it, when they came from an infected place.

CHAPTER XII.

Joy, joy, I see confess'd from every eye,
 Your limbs tread vig'rous, and your breasts beat high!
 Thin tho' our ranks, tho' scanty be our bands,
 Bold are our hearts, and nervous are our hands.
 With us truth, justice, fame, and freedom close,
 Each singly equal to a host of foes :
 I feel, I feel them, fill me out for fight!
 They lift my limbs as feather'd Hermes light ?

Gustavus,—BROOKE.

HAVING happily accomplished their passage through the sanitary cordon, near the city of San Fernando, Galiano and Sandoval reached Alcala de los Gazules, where they took up their quarters in a convent, which was then used as a prison, and where Don Antonio Quiroga was confined.

This chief, as it has already been observed, was among the officers betrayed by Abisbal,

and one of the most decided patriots of the army.* The natural elasticity of his spirits, his firm and steady principles, and his courage and perseverance, were proof against the mis-

* The imprisonment of this chief was rendered peculiarly affecting by a little incident which occurred soon after, and which gives a fair idea of the force of principle and attachment in the Spanish women. His lady, to whom he had been just married, and who was a native of Cadiz, possessing all the attractions of her countrywomen, no sooner received the news of his arrest, than she flew, without even throwing a mantilla over her head, wild with grief and despair, to the encampment where Abisbal was surrounded by his troops. Having reached his presence, she threw herself at his feet, and, dissolved in tears, begged, not her husband's liberty, but to be allowed to share his imprisonment. The officers and soldiers were greatly moved at this spectacle; but the Count refused to grant her the favour she implored. Unchecked by this, she tried other means of attaining her object, in which, however, she was at first unsuccessful. Meantime the yellow fever broke out at Cadiz, and she was shut up in that city, like the rest of the inhabitants; but this intrepid lady several times broke through the sanitary cordon, and at last succeeded in penetrating into the prison where her husband was confined. This she accomplished during the dead of night, when she had to walk several miles for that purpose.

fortunes that had fallen to his share. Hence, far from allowing grief and despair to prey on his mind, he encouraged his companions in misfortune, and by degrees succeeded in bringing over to his party those who guarded him, and inspiring them with the same ardour which he himself felt for his country's liberty.

Thus when our two visitors arrived at Alcala, they had the pleasure of finding the best spirit pervading the troops quartered there, and Quiroga himself enjoying almost entire liberty. A meeting was immediately called, at which most of the officers attended, when Galiano endeavoured, in an eloquent address, to kindle still higher in their bosoms the sacred flame of patriotism. At the same time, an officer arrived from Medina Sidonia, bringing the agreeable intelligence, that the corps in which he served was desirous, even to a man, of being reckoned among the supporters of any plan in contemplation, as they were perfectly disgusted at the perfidy of a government, which, notwithstanding the most solemn promises, that they should never

form part of an ultramarine expedition, intended to send them among the first, and had issued orders to that effect.

Galiano, observing the excellent spirit of these troops, resolved to visit the various cantonments of the expeditionary army, to ascertain how far the other corps were inclined to act in favour of a revolution, and plead with them the cause of their country, for which his powerful eloquence was eminently suited. This plan he executed as far as the sanitary precautions, and the vigilance of the agents of government, permitted. During this mission, too, the election of a chief was discussed, and the nomination fell on Don Antonio Quiroga, who besides his past services, and his seniority among the arrested Colonels, enjoyed the regard of both officers and soldiers to an eminent degree,—which was no small recommendation, and no less indispensable, at the epoch of an insurrection, when it was of vital importance that the soldiers individually should place the utmost confidence in their chief.

After this tour, Galiano returned to Cadiz, where he found his friends alarmed by an accident, which, had the agents of government then been less supine, might have produced fatal consequences. In their endeavours to collect some funds, to defray the first expenses of the rising, they had reckoned on the aid of some patriots, who more zealous than discreet, disclosed the existence of the meditated plot, and the names of its managers. They were, however, fortunate enough in hushing up those rumours; but lost all hope of finding the necessary funds. The efforts which they made afterwards to obtain them were attended with almost insuperable difficulties, and the reader would think it impossible, that the whole sum employed in the execution of such a vast undertaking did not exceed 16,000 dollars.* This speaks volumes for the disinterested patriotism of the Spanish military of that epoch.

The month of November had already expired,

* £3,200.

and the conspirators were now more convinced than ever, that the execution of their plan ought not to be delayed much longer, as the expedition would certainly begin to sail towards the end of December, when the yellow fever would then have entirely subsided. The rising, however, presented many serious difficulties, among which may be reckoned the situation of the army, which being scattered over a large tract of country, was consequently deprived of that force, both moral and physical, which belongs exclusively to union. The difficulty of communication, which necessarily created many misunderstandings among the projectors of the plot, contributed also to retard their intended operations.

At about* this time the gallant Don Raphael del Riego, whom a severe illness had compelled, shortly after Abisbal's treachery, to retire to

* For many of the following details the author is indebted to an ably written narrative, published by Colonels Miranda and San Miguel, both eye-witnesses and actors in the scenes here described.

Bornos (a watering place,) for the re-establishment of his health, appeared on the scene, and joined the regiment of Asturias, of which he was the second in command, and of which he became the first, owing to their Colonel being in the prisons of Cadiz, whither he had been sent by Abisbal. In consequence of his illness, Riego was at that moment labouring under extreme debility; but his mind, naturally ardent, firm, active and undaunted, was not impaired by his bodily sufferings. On the contrary, the abhorrence, which he had so long been nursing, for the tyrannical proceedings of government and their agents, could hardly be contained within his bosom; and no sooner, did he see a probability of rescuing his country from the domination of despotism, than he leapt into the arena, to wrestle with the monster hand to hand, all the while endeavouring to impart some of his own unconquerable spirit to others. The greatest part of the officers of his regiment were his bosom friends, and equally determined to be the first, if called upon, to assert the

rights of the nation, and seal them with their blood. The minds of men were now in a state of extraordinary effervescence. Riego urged on his friends with his usual ardour, and they lost no opportunity of forwarding their undertaking. Individually or jointly they all laboured towards the same object. Quiroga himself, though shut up in his convent, did all that a man in his situation could possibly do. The rising was accordingly resolved upon, and the first day of the new year was fixed for uttering the first cry of Spanish regeneration.

During this busy period of our history, it may be easily believed, that our hero did not remain idle. The friendship which united him with Don Raphael del Riego urged him to place himself under his immediate orders, and his enthusiasm for the cause he served, of which none had a more exalted idea, excited him to exertions almost incredible, which left him scarcely any time for sleep or refreshment. Naturally bold, he delighted in executing those commissions, in which danger stared him every

where in the face. He broke through the sanitary cordons, and penetrated into those places from which others were driven back by the vigilance of the spies of government. The details of his journeys and visits might form an interesting memoir of those revolutionary times; but our limits do not allow us to give them here, and we must confine ourselves to those features which are of a more important and general interest.

As all the troops composing the expeditionary army were not in the secret of the plot, the operations of the patriots must naturally have been of a nature at once bold and prudent, wisely conceived and skilfully executed, else their heads would have paid the forfeit of a failure. Accordingly a plan was drawn up in which a simultaneous movement of the various regiments, which were to participate in the undertaking, was to take place, by which those troops that had no share in it were to be surprised, the Isla, and all its fortifications seized, and Cadiz occupied. The magnitude of this

undertaking is heightened by the consideration, that the force which was to execute it, hardly composed one-fourth part of the number of their antagonists, who moreover had the advantage of ground, and were equally brave and well-disciplined. But, whatever was wanting on the score of numbers or situation, was amply made up by the enthusiasm and resolution of the patriotic band, who had sworn to conquer or die in the attempt.

At length the memorable day came on which the effort was to be made. As we have already observed, our hero was then with Riego, to whom the most perilous part of the undertaking had been assigned ; namely, surprising the headquarters of the expeditionary army, and the arrest of the General-in-chief and Staff. On the night preceding, Riego and his friends held various conferences respecting the best manner of executing their plan, which, we ought here to remark, had materially varied in its object from that which the masons of Madrid had once projected, and of which we gave a slight sketch

in Chapter Vth of this book. Sandoval could have wished that the original plan had been followed up; but as the imprisonment of his masonic friends in the capital, and of Anselmo in particular, through whose agency matters were to have been managed there, had left them without resource; and as, moreover, the formation of a new channel of correspondence required too much time, and was attended by too many dangers, he was obliged to subscribe to the innovation, which afterwards brought on such fatal consequences.

The whole of that night was spent by Riego and his friends in making the necessary preparations to ensure the success of the bold operations which had been allotted to them. The obstacles by which they were surrounded were innumerable, the village of Las Cabezas being situated in the midst of three head-quarters, that of the cavalry, at Utrera, that of the 2d Division of Infantry, at Lebrija, and that of the General-in-chief, at Arcos. It was evident that the least movement made by the troops of Riego,

which consisted only of one regiment, might be observed, and crushed from the beginning; but this intrepid chief was not to be dismayed by these or greater difficulties.

Early on the following day sentries were posted round the village, with orders to allow no human being to quit it, and the rumbling sounds of drums were heard calling the military to arms. The day was overcast, and rain began to pour down in violent showers. This was an ominous sign for our friend Roque, who was almost stupified at seeing the extravagant demonstrations of joy manifested by the latter at hearing those sounds.—“Hark! Roque,” he exclaimed, leaping from the bed, where he had an instant before thrown himself to snatch an hour’s rest, “the drum beats! It calls us together to utter the cry which is to give freedom to our country!—My sword, my sword quickly.—Angels, who watch over a nation’s happiness, lend us your assistance in this glorious hour!—And thou, swift winged fame, spread out thy pinions, soar high,

sound loudly thy hundred clarions, and tell the world of our daring!—My hat, hasten with it, you droning rascal!—I shall be too late.—Let me once utter the liberating word, and then—oh! then, death shall be welcome!”

As he pronounced these words, he snatched from his servant's hands the various articles of equipment, and adjusted them with all possible haste.—“You are in a devil of a hurry,” said Roque, “though you have yet a whole hour before you, as you may see by this watch.”

The watch caught Sandoval's eye. He looked at it with an air of surprise, snatched it from Roque, and examined it again.—“How did you come by this watch?” he enquired.

“What!” exclaimed his servant, “do you stop to ask questions, when you have hardly time to girdle your sword? You will be too late, Sir, you had better go.”

“I'll break your ugly pate, you rascal, if you don't inform me immediately how you got this,” said Sandoval, kissing the watch.

“If we are come to that,” replied Roque, putting a letter into his hand, “why, then you had better read that.”

Our hero instantly broke open the letter, and read as follows.

“*Seville, Dec. 28, 1819.*

“For God and the Virgin’s sake, my dearest Sir, pray, hasten to this city without an instant loss of time. Oh, Sir! such a misfortune has happened,—will happen, I mean if you do not come to save one who loves you more than herself, and whom you alone can save. I wish I could tell you what it is; but there is no time, and I should be afraid to trust it to paper. I do not even dare sign this; but the bearer will give you a pledge, which, I am sure, you will not mistake, and which bears the signet of her who breathes only for you.”

This note left Sandoval transfixed to the spot. How was it possible for him to resist the summons thus conveyed to him, and yet abandon, at a moment so critical, the cause in which

he was engaged? To forsake the cause in the hour of need, when he had been labouring to obtain its success by years of toils, miseries, and persecutions, he could not resolve on; and yet to leave unprotected the being whom he so tenderly loved, when danger threatened, and when he alone could save her, was equally impossible. In both cases it was betraying duties which he held as sacred;—it was deserting friends who were equally entitled to his support. Uncertain what step to take, he stood motionless, his eyes fixed on the paper he held in his hand. Suddenly, however, he drew a long sigh, and asked where the bearer of the message was.—“Far enough, I trow,” replied Roque, “if he continued his journey as when he first started, for no sooner he ascertained that I was your servant, than giving me those things he scampered off as light as a buck, and would not wait for an answer.

“Not wait for an answer?” repeated Sandoval to himself. “This conduct is mysterious. There is a stratagem in it.—What

if Fermin be at the bottom of it? His arrival at Seville to be Commandant at arms in that city, I have heard for certain. Doubtless he suspects our designs, and wishes to separate me from my party. He is again at his favourite game; but he will find it difficult to win it from me. I am no dupe, and will not desist from my undertaking.—Then Gabriela at Seville! Why should she be there?—Neither the handwriting, nor the style of the letter are her's; they appear to me Rosa's,—but the watch *is* her's.—How came Fermin by it, if he sent it?—Ah! I dare not investigate it. Six months have now elapsed since I saw her,—and who knows what may have happened in the meantime?—Yet before I give up my country's cause, I must be certain that Gabriela is at Seville, and stands in need of my assistance. I'll send Roque there, and meanwhile we may have here carried our point.”

Thus Sandoval reasoned with himself, and having adopted this resolution, ordered his servant immediately to take horse, ride to Seville

with all speed, find out Gabriela or her family, learn the situation in which she stood, and join him again, wherever he should happen to be, his intention being to run the same risks as his friend Riego. Having given Roque these directions, he wished him a quick and safe return, and then hastened to join the troops, who were assembling in an open place to proclaim the Constitution.

As he traversed the streets for this purpose, he observed with delight the cheerfulness of the soldiery, and their alacrity in joining their ranks. They had just received a small ration of brandy, and some of them were still in the act of sipping it.—“Captain!” said a soldier to Sandoval, as he passed by, who held a small gourd in his hand, “you know the proverb, ‘*agua sobre agua, ni cura ni lava*,’* therefore, I’ll even drink a drop of *aqua vita* to the success of our cause, and to keep off the damp.”—

* Water upon water neither cures nor washes; meaning, too much of a good thing is good for nothing, it being then raining fast.

Saying which he lifted the gourd to his lips, and fixed steadily above his eyes, which did not wink even once, notwithstanding the rain that pelted down; after which he ran his tongue round his lips, smacked them twice, and jerking his gourd over his head, flew speedily to join his comrades. The bustle of the soldiers, and the precaution of surrounding the village, excited the surprise and curiosity of the inhabitants, who followed the former to the place of rendezvous. The chief, and the rest of the officers, were already on the ground, and the troops were forming when Sandoval arrived.—“I thought you had deserted us,” said Riego to him, smiling, “and I began to doubt my own patriotism.”

“Had there been no smile about your lips,” said Sandoval in the same manner, “I should have been tempted to try your skill at tilting.”

“You will probably see enough of that even before our glorious toils are over,” returned Riego.

The troops being drawn up, the unfurled ban-

ners of the regiment waved in the air, now rent by the sound of drums beating in quick time. When this ceased, a dead silence prevailed. Riego, then, stepped forward, and having delivered an energetic address to the military, in which the sacred duty they were now called upon to perform towards their country was expressed in vigorous language, he proclaimed the Constitution of the Spanish Monarchy, in a voice, far louder and stronger than his natural one. The most enthusiastic *vivas* then burst from every mouth, and the hats and bonnets waved on high, while the whole population of Las Cabezas, struck with wonder and admiration, stood contemplating this animated scene, with that silent astonishment which a bold and generous action usually inspires. A proclamation drawn up for the occasion was then read to them, after which the election of the civil constitutional authorities took place.

The time occupied in establishing these authorities, and procuring the necessary articles for his troops, detained Riego at Las Cabezas

till about three in the afternoon, when he at length sallied out at the head of his gallant band, to proceed to Arcos, where the General-in-chief had his quarters. Their line of march lay through cross roads, which were almost entirely broken up by the incessant rains that had fallen, and still continued to fall. Night came on apace, and darkness soon involved them in its sable mantle; but the soldiers, inspired by the example of their chief, who, notwithstanding his bodily weakness, marched the greatest part of the time on foot, proceeded steadily on, without uttering a murmur of discontent; but, on the contrary, swearing eternal obedience to their chief, and attachment to their country's cause. At three in the morning, they arrived within a short distance of Arcos, where, according to a previous arrangement, the regiment of Seville was to join them; but, owing to the ignorance of the guides, that regiment had taken a wrong direction. This was peculiarly unfortunate, as the troops quartered at Arcos were twice as numerous as those of Riego, and the blow could not be

delayed, lest they should become aware of the plan of the patriots, and fortify themselves in the town. In this emergency, Riego's presence of mind did not abandon him; he distributed his men in parties, and gave the word to advance rapidly upon the town. Fortune favoured his boldness. The Generals were arrested; the Constitution was proclaimed; new authorities nominated, and Arcos resounded with the shouts of liberty. Information of the deed which had been achieved, was immediately sent to Quiroga.

This flattering situation, however, was not without its dangers. The troops engaged in these movements consisted only of two regiments, that of Seville having now joined their companions of the regiment of Asturias; their position was by no means inaccessible; of Quiroga's movements, they were still ignorant; and they were surrounded by 12,000 men of the expeditionary army, who were ready to act against them. Some officers of the second battalion, quartered at Bornos, having assured Riego that their regiment would join them, he

resolved to march upon that town, and bring them over to him, though there existed too many reasons for believing that the superior officers were hostile. Accordingly, at three o'clock on the following morning, this indefatigable patriot selected three hundred men, and proceeded to Bornos. On arriving within musket-shot of the town, he posted his men, and advanced to the entrance with only two scouts. Here he met some of the officers who were in the secret of the plot, and concerted with them the occupation of the town. The drums then beat the *generale* ; the troops of Bornos came out to meet him, and they all re-entered the place amidst the most enthusiastic vivas of the soldiery, who with one accord proclaimed Riego their General. The civil and military authorities then took their oath to the Constitution, and thus Riego gained new defenders.

The joy which these events were calculated to produce, was somewhat embittered by the uncertainty of what might have happened to General Quiroga, of whose operations they as

yet knew nothing; but the fact was, that the incessant rains had so much swelled the rivers, that he had been unable to join Riego with his small forces. Meantime, however, the latter determined to march upon Xerez and Puerto Santa Maria, to proclaim there the Constitution, which he accordingly did.

In the latter town, they had the pleasure of being joined by the chiefs who had been confined by Abisbal's orders in the castle of San Sebastian, who had succeeded in escaping through the agency of a patriotic friend of theirs, who was also obliged to accompany them in their flight. After changing the authorities, Riego proceeded to the Isla, which the troops of Quiroga had succeeded in making themselves masters of, and joined them there, forming in all about five thousand men.

The pleasure felt by the united patriots was as sincere as it was general, and they now endeavoured to ensure the success of their cause, by adopting those measures which were most likely to produce it. After confirming the nomi-

nations previously made of Quiroga as General-in-chief, and Riego as Commandant General of the existing forces, several proclamations were issued to the army, and to the inhabitants of the Andaluzias, as well as a Manifesto to the Nation; the Constitution was solemnly proclaimed in the city of San Fernando, amidst the acclamations of the people, and operations were planned for taking possession of Cadiz. This, however, was not so easily accomplished; for though the patriots of that city did all they could to favour the movement of the "National Army," (as it was now designated) both the military and civil authorities redoubled their activity and vigilance, and frustrated their patriotic designs.

Meantime the rest of the army, whose cooperation the troops of the Isla had anticipated, and were every moment expecting, remained passive, owing, no doubt, to the circumstances by which they were surrounded, several of the battalions better disposed to favour the views of the patriots having received orders to remove to

more distant points. Don Jose O'Donnell, a royalist General, had now left Algeziras at the head of a numerous column, and issued proclamations against the patriots, while General Freire, who had at first refused the chief command, had now accepted it, and was beginning to assume a hostile attitude. These and other circumstances calculated to produce dismay in the minds of the soldiers of the National Army, did not even shake the resolution they had adopted to sacrifice their lives in support of the cause.

On the 10th of January, Riego made a sortie, at the head of a column, to favour the entrance into the Isla of a brigade of artillery, and of a regiment of infantry, who had received orders from the royalist General to enter Cadiz. At his approach the king's troops fled, and Riego, joined by the above detachments, re-entered the Isla, adding strength and spirit to their cause. They then made a successful attack upon the arsenal of La Carraca, where they found abundance of provisions and ammunition, at the same time

capturing a man of war, laden with powder for the expedition. This happy event, as important in its result as it had been bold in its execution, encouraged them to venture upon a greater undertaking. An attack on the Cortadura was resolved upon, and though it was not attended with success, owing principally to the nature of the ground, and to the incessant rains, the patriots behaved with their usual bravery, and Riego with incredible intrepidity ; for even after he had fallen from a height of nearly fifty feet, and received a serious contusion, he continued directing the assault. On their return to their quarters, this chief suffered greatly from the results of his fall, and he was obliged to keep his bed for some days.

The failure of the attack upon the Cortadura, instead of damping the spirits of the National Army only inflamed them more, and several plans were formed to renew their efforts in taking it, which, however, were not carried into effect, on account of the violent storms that occurred, and which are so frequent in that bay in the

month of January. But, in the meantime, they were not idle; on the contrary, they laboured incessantly to strengthen their position in the Isla, organize and discipline their army, and prepare their future operations.

Though hardly recovered from his contusion, Riego took charge of a sortie more perilous than any he had previously undertaken, to favour a rising which the patriots of Cadiz contemplated, by making a diversion on the Puerto de Santa Maria. The gallantry displayed by his little band, is beyond all description. They obliged the royalist troops, thrice the strength of theirs in number and arms, to retreat during the two charges they sustained from them, and entered that town amidst the most cordial acclamations on the part of the inhabitants. One of Riego's soldiers alone arrested the progress of an advanced party of ten horsemen of the royal carabineers, who were reputed the most formidable corps of the army.

On the following day, when Riego's flying column had re-entered the Isla, they received

the unwelcome news of the discomfiture of the project meditated by their friends in Cadiz, which was accompanied by those imprisonments, and other misfortunes, with which failures of this nature are usually attended. Thus their hope of succeeding in obtaining possession of Cadiz was lessened, and their situation became every day more critical. Their combinations were thwarted by the vigilance of their adversaries; of the other troops, none openly declared for the cause of their country; the people at large were seemingly passive to their movements; the army of Freire was now in motion, every where subduing the spirits of those who were better disposed; their force amounted hardly to the fourth part of that of their adversaries; and being reduced to the small circle of the Isla, they were exposed to a blockade, which might produce a fatal reaction. Such were some of the most obvious dangers and inconveniences by which the National Army was surrounded.

Riego, who during his excursions had observed the favourable agitation produced by the

presence of his troops, and by the proclamations he spread about, and who, moreover, dreaded a state of inaction, which could not fail to damp the ardour of the soldiers, presented a plan to the council of officers, in which he proposed to make an excursion at the head of a column, for the purpose of propagating the flame of patriotism, and giving the people an opportunity of freely manifesting their sentiments, now subdued by terror; as well as bringing over to their banners those troops which dared not yet declare themselves; to collect supplies, and show their enemies, that fear did not compel them to remain inactive, as they insidiously represented in their proclamations. This plan met with great opposition from several of the other chiefs, who dreaded the withdrawal of a part of their forces, and the defeat of a flying column which had to meet with almost insurmountable obstacles; but Riego promised to overcome them all by courage and perseverance; and as in their reduced circumstances, such a plan was by far the best that could be devised, it was at length

agreed to, that he should try his fortune with fifteen hundred chosen men.

As Sandoval was now attached to the staff of this General he prepared himself to accompany him in this memorable expedition.

CHAPTER XIII.

'Tis true,—they are a lawless brood,
 But rough in form, nor mild in mood ;
 And every creed, and every race,
 With them had found—may find a place ;
 • • • • •
 Friendship for each and faith to all,
 And vengeance vowed to those who fall,
 Have made them fitting instruments
 For more than even my own intents.

The Bride of Abydos.

WE must now beg our readers to follow Roque to Seville, whither, agreeable to his master's commands, he had directed his steps ; sorry, on one hand, to leave him at the moment of danger, and when he must stand greatly in need of his services during long and painful marches ; and glad, on the other, he had separated from him, because should any reverse occur,

he would still be free to do something for his liberation. In this frame of mind, he travelled on, making various conjectures as to the motives that had brought Doña Gabriela to Andaluzia, the most probable of which, he thought, was her marriage with Don Fermin, who, he had heard his master say, had been appointed Commandant at arms of Seville. But a doubt arose in his mind, namely, why, if she were living with her husband, should she stand in need of any other protector? This puzzling query made him conscious of the folly of attempting to guess at things, in which one has no fixed premises to go upon, so he dropped the subject altogether, and adopted the wiser resolution of waiting the more natural explanations which time and circumstances could not fail to offer.

It was late at night before Roque reached Seville, his journey having been considerably lengthened by the winding roads he had been obliged to take in order to avoid the sanitary precautions, which were still in force, though by no means so vigorously kept up as when the fever

was at its height. Finding on his arrival there, that the city gates were closed, he took up his quarters for the night at an inn in the suburbs, the mean appearance of which excluded all idea of comfort. Having acquitted himself of his duty towards his fatigued steed, he entered the kitchen, which, like those of most inns of this description, was paved with large round stones. Here he found assembled the various travellers it contained. As he cast his eyes round the room, he was struck with the unprepossessing look of most of the guests, who, he soon discovered, belonged to that race of villains called *gitanos* or gipsies, which still infest the southern provinces of Spain, where they follow their innate propensities to cheating and stealing, particularly horses, mules, and donkeys, which they are so expert in altering, that half an hour after they have stolen one of these animals, they bring him out into the market, and often sell him to the very man from whom they have stolen him; a discovery which the buyer makes only when the animal proves his identity by

exhibiting some of his old tricks; that is, when there is no remedy for it. Although these men no longer possess that formidable power which rendered them once so dangerous, still the kind of secret association which they form for mutually aiding each other in their plans of plunder and villany, the peculiar dialect they use, and the cunning they exhibit the better to conceal them from others, as well as the tenacity with which they keep each others secrets, not unfrequently cause them to be chosen for ministers of private revenge, and executors of dark projects.

Roque, who had a particular dislike to this unbaptized race, because he himself, being all honesty, had more than once been their dupe, could hardly conceal his displeasure at finding himself in the midst of a knot of scoundrels, who might be tempted to despoil him of the little he had about him; while they, on their side, cast on him sidelong glances, exchanged significant looks with each other, whispered mysteriously, and evinced every symptom of

considering him as an intruder. The time of night did not permit Roque to think of getting other quarters, and if it had, fatigued and wet to the skin, as he was, it is probable he would not have taken the trouble. He, therefore, sat down in a corner of the hearth, on which a cheerful fire blazed, ate a plateful of fricasee, consisting of coagulated blood and lights, which the hostess gave him for his supper, and drank some glasses of tolerable wine, which relished still better with the excellent pickled olives for which Seville is so famous. He then wrapt himself up in his cloak, and drew nearer the fire, with the intention of passing the night there, and watching the motions of the gitanos, while he pretended to compose himself to sleep.

This being observed by those men, they substituted for whispering their natural tones; but as their language was in their peculiar gibberish, Roque remained ignorant of the purport of their conference. It was only after a little while, that he heard somebody come

in, and ask, in pure Castilian, and in a voice which he thought familiar to his ear, "if they were all ready?" The answer being in the affirmative, the new comer expressed his satisfaction, and desired them to follow him. It was impossible for Roque to mistake now Artimaña's voice, for it had a peculiar disagreeable shrillness which left a lasting impression on the hearer's recollection. Perceiving that the kitchen was vacated by them all, and imagining that Artimaña's connection with those men could be for no good purpose, and might be interwoven with the object of his mission, he rose, determined to follow them, and discover their plan.

The night was dark and rainy; but the treading of their feet seemed to guide Roque, who followed them at a distance, as softly as possible, to the place whither they were going, which he, judging by the murmur of the waters becoming more audible as they advanced, imagined must lie about the banks of the Guadalquivir. In this he was not mistaken;

the rapid current of the river, swelled by the rains which had fallen, soon drowned in its noisy clamour the footsteps of the party, and he was compelled to hasten his in order not to lose their track. As they came to the borders of the river, they followed a path near its edge, which brought them to a place covered with copse-wood, where they halted, and remained apparently in consultation for about ten minutes, during which the glimmerings of a light were perceivable, gliding rapidly along the shore, and moving in the direction of the town. As it approached the place where the party stood, Roque, who was now close to them, concealed behind some tall shrubs, heard a bustle among them, as if they all were taking to their boats, and then the plashing of oars, both from their own rowers, and from those of the boat which was coming up, and which seemed to be a large and well manned barge. Cries of, "Ward off! Ship your oars!" were heard, and this was immediately obeyed by the approaching barge. Roque now drew nearer, though cautiously skreening his person behind the trunk of a large

tree within a few paces of the river, and heard a voice, which he easily recognized as that of Fermin, demanding aloud who presumed to stop them on their way; and then adding—"Row away, boatmen, and mind you obey no other commands than mine."

The rowers stood still, and he repeated his orders in a more decided tone, when the assailing party commenced an attack, apparently with bludgeons, amidst volleys of horrible oaths and threats. The report of a pistol was now heard, by the flash of which Roque caught a glimpse of Fermin's face. The lanthorn was shattered to pieces, and a severe conflict ensued, during which the utmost confusion prevailed. The darkness which involved the struggling parties prevented Roque from distinguishing anything; but amidst the blows, oaths, and uproar thus raised, he could distinctly hear the shrill screams of females, and the threats of Fermin to run any one through who should dare lay their hands on them.—"D——n him, pitch him into the water!" was the general shout, and the contest seemed to become more

animated. Presently a plunge was heard, accompanied by two or three piercing cries from the females, and for a moment a dead silence prevailed. Fresh screams, however, soon disturbed it, among which Doña Angela's voice, exclaiming—"Oh my daughter, my daughter, villains!—tear her not from me," struck Roque to the soul.

"Gag the old woman and row away with her," cried one of the group. A plunge was next heard.—"Perdition to your souls!" continued the same voice, "why let you the young one leap into the water? Pick her up! and take her to the land."

Soon after a boat came on shore, and Roque heard some men leap out, and lay on the beach a burthen, which his fears led him to suspect might be Doña Gabriela. The rest of the party landed immediately after, and the barge which had been thus attacked was ordered to proceed.—"Here is a pretty job!" said Artimaña, as if examining the body, "our prize is lifeless."

“Ay; but not dead,” said one of the men. “Let us lose no time, however, and take her to our old hag. She’ll soon bring her round, I promise you.”

This advice was immediately followed, two men taking up the inanimate body of the female, and bearing it away on their shoulders. Roque, who from the first instant saw no possibility of affording assistance to the distressed party; no human soul, save the ravishers, being heard moving about, and who imagined he might render more effectual relief to his friends by watching the motions of the assailants, determined to dog their steps, and see where Gabriela was deposited. Accordingly he proceeded, as cautiously as before, through the path which the party followed, and which lay along the ridge of a hill in an opposite direction from that of the town. In his way, he carefully noted every remarkable object he met, that on a future occasion he might be better able to discover the place. After about a quarter of an hour’s walk,

the party suddenly stopped, and one of the men giving a shrill whistle, the door of a mean hut flew open.

Anxious to ascertain if the female they brought with them was really Gabriela, Roque drew as near the cottage as possible, screening his person behind an orange tree, close by the door, and succeeded in catching a glimpse of the ill-fated girl, by the light of a lamp which an old woman held in her hand, as she stood at the entrance of the hut. The long tresses of Gabriela's black hair, still wet by the immersion she had sustained, fell lank and straight about her face, now overspread by a death-like paleness; her head hung down languidly, as well as her arms, and every article of her dress was dripping wet. Riveted to the spot, Roque gazed on the lifeless body of the idol of his master's heart with a feeling so painful and overpowering that it excluded all hope of Doña Gabriela's recovery, as well as the danger by which he himself was surrounded. Soon, however, he felt himself strongly grasped by the throat, and roused by a

voice thundering in his ears—"Who the devil are you?—Hollo there! a light!"

At these words several of the party rushed out of the hut, and surrounding the unfortunate Roque, dragged him towards the door, where the same old woman he had before seen passed her lamp across his face.—"I know nothing of him," said she, and then added a few words in their dialect.

"Ay," exclaimed they all, "that will be the safest plan."

At these words Artimaña came forward, and inquired the motive of their alarm. On Roque being pointed out, he looked earnestly at him, without giving any signs of recognition. He however put several questions to him, respecting the motives that had brought him there, which Roque answered with great presence of mind, attributing the whole to mere chance; but, unfortunately, one of the ruffians recognized him as the traveller who had alighted at the inn where they had assembled, and it was resolved on the spot "to despatch him," in order to

avoid detection.—“By my life!” cried Artimaña, fixing his eyes on Roque, “methinks, I have seen the fellow’s face somewhere, and have a vague notion of his mission. I must see into it closely.”

He then spoke aside with some of his confederates, from which it resulted, that Roque was strongly pinioned, conducted through various paths to the gates of Seville, which were opened at Artimaña’s request, and then lodged in a solitary cell of the city prison.

Here we must leave him, to return to the Isla, where we left his master preparing to depart with the flying column under the command of Riego, which, as we have already observed, consisted of fifteen hundred chosen men. As a circumstantial account of the extraordinary labours, dangers and fatigues of this column would lead us considerably beyond our limits, the reader must remain satisfied with the principal features of this truly glorious expedition.

The energetic addresses delivered by Riego to his troops raised their enthusiasm to the

highest pitch, and made them overcome obstacles apparently insurmountable. On the day they left the Isla, the royalist General-in-chief, Freire, arrived at Puerto with a considerable force, and, immediately after learning the above intelligence, dispatched in their pursuit a strong body of horse commanded by an experienced soldier, Don Jose O'Donnell, a brother of Count Abisbal. On the following day Riego, and his little army, entered Verjer amidst the sounds of bells, and the acclamations of the inhabitants, and having published here the Constitution, proceeded through the rugged mountains of Arretin and Ojen to Algeziras, which they reached after two days' painful march. The joy manifested by the inhabitants of this town was extreme, and gave the patriots the cheering hope, that the whole country around would soon rise up in mass to support their cause; but on the following day the enthusiasm shewn by the people had greatly subsided; the idea that the patriotic band was too disproportionate in strength to that of their antagonists, who were now fast approach-

ing, having taken possession of their minds. Here, however, the patriots were compelled to remain longer than it was their intention, owing to various uncontrollable circumstances. Meantime Riego, who was resolved to attack his adversaries in the field, made every necessary disposition to carry this plan into execution ; but a dispatch from General Quiroga, in which he imparted to him the distress to which they were reduced by their want of supplies, and in which he requested his immediate return, with whatever he had collected, made him give up the idea of attacking the enemy, in order to carry supplies to his friends. Accordingly the patriotic band left Algeziras in the direction of Verjer, and during the night bivouacked on the highlands of Ojen. Early the following day, the enemy made their appearance on the plains of Taibilla, their columns occupying both sides of the road, and consisting of a body of cavalry eight hundred strong, who, ready to act in that extensive plain, were strong enough to rout a band composed entirely of infantry. Unintimi-

dated by this danger, the patriots halted, and their chief, forming them into three close columns by echellons, the better to sustain the charge of the enemy, and covering the rear guard with two companies of chasseurs, ordered them to advance boldly. Suddenly the air was rent with the voices of the patriots shouting their accustomed *vivas á la Patria*, and *á la Constitution*, after which the march began slowly, but resolutely; and the following war song, so full of vigorous images and inspiring sentiments, was sung by them all:—

Coro.

*Soldados, la Patria
nos llama á la lid,
juremos por ella
vencer, ó morir.*

Serenos, alegres,
valientes, osados,
cantemos, soldados,
el himno á la lid.

Y a nuestros acentos
el orbe se admire,
y en nosotros mire
los hijos del Cid.

Soldados, &c.

Chorus.

*Up, for your native land!
Answer her cry!
Swear by her banner
To conquer or die!*

Light-hearted, confiding,
Undaunted, unshaken,
Your war hymn awaken
As onward ye speed.
Till the nations upstarting
Shall pause at the blast,
And own us at last
For the sons of the Cid.

Up, &c.

Blandames el hierro,
que el tímido esclavo
del libre, del bravo,
La faz no osa ver.

Sus huestes, enal humo,
vereis disipadas,
y a nuestras espadas
fugaces correr.

Soldados, &c.

¿El mundo vio nunca
mas noble osadía?
Lucio nunca un día
¿mas grande en valor,

Que aquel que inflamados
nos vimos del fuego
que excitara en Riego
de patria el amor?

Soldados, &c.

Honor al caudillo,
honor al primero,
que el patriota acero
oso fulminar.

La patria adigida
oyó sus acentos,
y vio sus tormentos
en gozo tornar.

Soldados, &c.

Su voz fue seguida,
su voz fue escuchada,
tubimos en nada
soldados morir;

Y osados quisimos
romper la cadena
que de afrenta llena
del bravo el vivir.

Soldados, &c.

Let the flash of your swords,
As ye brandish them high,
Be a blight to the eye

Of the coward, the slave.
Like the hill-vapours scared
By the glance of the day,
Ye shall see their array
Shen the shock of the brave.

Up, &c.

Hath the world ever looked
On a nobler assay?

Hath so brilliant a day
Graced the annals of fame,
Than when the hot zeal,
That Riego first woke,
Through each burning heart broke
Into one mighty flame?

Up, &c.

Hail, hail to the chieftain,
All honour to him
Who first in the gleam
Of that light bared the sword!
The drooping land heard him,
Forgetting her fears,
And smiled through her tears.
As she hung on his word.

Up, &c.

His call was re-echoed,
His call was obeyed,
We belted the blade,
And we fought for a fame.
We thought not of death
While we dashed from around
The chains that had bound us
To slavery and shame.

Up, &c.

Rompimosla, amigos ;
que el vil que la lleba
insano se atreva
su frente mostrar.

Nosotros, ya libres,
en hombres tornados
sabremos, soldados,
su audacia humillar.

Soldados, &c.

Al arma ya tocan,
las armas tan solo,
el crimen, el dolo
sabran abatir.

Que tiemblen, que tiemblen,
que tiemble el malvado
al ver del soldado
la lanza esgrimir.

Soldados, &c.

La trompa guerrera
sus ecos da al viento
de horrores sediento
ya muge el cañon.

Ya Marte sañudo
la audacia provoca,
y el genio se invoca
de nuestra nacion.

Soldados, &c.

Se muestran, volemós,
volemós, soldados :
¿ los veis aterrados
su frente bajar ?

Volemós, que el libre
por siempre ha sabido
del siervo vendido
su audacia humillar.

*Soldados, &c. **

Yes, comrades, we broke them,
Let those who yet wear
The vile manacles dare
Meet the glance of the brave.
We, changed unto manhood,
By liberty, now,
Shall humble the brow
Of the insolent slave.

Up, &c.

The onset hath sounded !
We grasp in each hilt
A fate for the guilt

And the falsehood of years.
They tremble ! they tremble !
The evil ones tremble,
While brightly assemble
Our glittering spears.

Up, &c.

Now shrills the loud clarion
From cloud unto cloud,
Now hungering for blood
The artillery booms.

Now strides the grim War-God
Fierce over the plain,
And the Genius of Spain
On the battle-field glooms.

Up, &c.

They come ! To the onset !
Now summon your power ;
See ye not how they cower
From the lines of the brave ?
On, soldiers ! upon them !
'Tis liberty's wont,
To dash the proud front
Of the coward and slave.

Up, &c.

* This song was written by Don Evaristo San Miguel, at Algeiras,

It was amidst these martial sounds and enthusiastic shouts that the patriot warriors traversed a plain seven miles in length, in the presence of the enemy, who, struck with awe and astonishment, observed the most profound silence, and stood immovably fixed to the spot, as if some superior beings glided before their eyes. On the column reaching the foot of the lofty mountain, called Arretin, they spread into a battle line facing the enemy, took a light ration of brandy, and uttering a triumphant shout, which the mountain re-echoed to the skies, pursued quietly their march, and reached Verjer towards evening, without the smallest opposition.

In this town, Riego concerted a plan of incursion on the Isla; but on news arriving, that six thousand men of the enemy interposed between them and their brethren, the patriots were obliged to delay this movement, and meantime employed themselves in collecting supplies.

while the column sojourned there. The music is already known in this country; and is no less martial and inspiring than the words. The author is indebted for the above translation to a friend.

Here the inhabitants gave a magnificent banquet to the soldiers of the column, in which they waited on them at table, as did also their officers, while bands of music, playing patriotic hymns, mingled their exciting sounds with the warlike songs of the military, and heightened the enthusiasm felt on this festive occasion. After dinner, Asturian dances were performed by them, in which they mingled indiscriminately with the aristocracy of the place, who on their part invited the officers to their balls, which were attended by all the beauties of the place, who inspired the young warriors with hopes of success.

On leaving this town, the patriots, who saw the total impossibility of joining General Quiroga, resolved to throw themselves into the mountains, with the view of harassing and disabling the enemy's cavalry, by leading them over a rugged and broken ground, till a favourable opportunity should offer itself to join their comrades of the Isla. Accordingly, during two days, this plan was followed; but on Riego receiving intelligence

that the patriots of Malaga would declare themselves if the flying column presented itself before that town, he resolved to march thither. The enemy, however, were close at his heels, and near Marbella an engagement took place, in which the Royalist troops were repulsed with a heavy loss on their side; but which also cost the patriots above one hundred men, though this was owing principally to the mountainous nature of the country, and obscurity in which, soon after the battle began, they were involved. Notwithstanding the fatigues of this day, the patriots took no rest at night, but pursued their way towards Malaga, over rugged and almost inaccessible mountains. The personal efforts of Riego to save and collect his scattered friends, who, misled by the darkness of this dreadful night, during which the rain fell in torrents, were at every step exposed to be dashed down the precipices, that form the principal feature of the country over which they were marching, are beyond description.

On the following day, they received news

that the governor of Malaga, was waiting for them, with the whole garrison, to give them a different reception from what they had been led to hope. A retrograde movement, however, was now impossible, as O'Donnell was close on their rear, and they resolved to enter that city, at any cost, still expecting the co-operation of the inhabitants. It was growing dark when they arrived on the banks of the river of Malaga, and though fatigued and exhausted by their long marches, these intrepid men, obeying the voice of their chief, who was the first to set them the example, did not hesitate in plunging into the river, and traversing it with the water reaching to their waists, in the face of the enemy, all the while cheerfully singing their war song. Although there still remained about three miles of road before they reached the town, the entrance of which was defended by the garrison, they hastened on, and boldly attacking those troops, whom they compelled to retreat to Velez Malaga, entered the city, which they found illuminated, although the enthusiasm

manifested by the inhabitants was by no means equal to what they had been led to expect.

On the following day, while Riego was giving directions for having an address read to the people, several columns of the enemy made their appearance coming towards the town. Unwilling to risk an attack without the city walls, he resolved to wait for them in a quarter of the town, called *Del Mundo Nuevo*. The enemy were now entering the city, and the inhabitants gave no signs of joining the ranks of the patriots. Soon nothing was heard but the reports of musketry from the advanced posts, and the sudden banging of doors and windows, all shutting at the same instant. The royalist troops penetrated into the town, and made three successive attacks on the patriots, who thrice repelled them with vigour.

A few cavalry belonging to the latter displayed an astonishing courage on this occasion; they charged the enemy sword in hand, and compelled them to retreat through several streets, notwithstanding their overwhelming numbers. The contest lasted till night, when the profound

silence that followed the military clamour was truly awful and imposing. The patriots then found themselves occupying the same posts as in the afternoon, and the royalists, whom they supposed at the entrance of the town, had retreated to some distance, in an irregular and dispersed state.

Early on the following morning the constitutional troops, convinced that they had nothing to expect from the inhabitants of Málaga, whose fears, raised by the presence of the powerful enemy before the town, had got the better of their patriotism, left the town by the road of Colmenar, without being immediately molested by the royalists, and reached Antequera towards night. Their situation was extremely critical; surrounded by numerous forces, their own was visibly diminishing, both by the losses occasioned during the repeated encounters they were constantly sustaining, and by the desertions of those who were unable to meet new toils and dangers; they were, besides, exhausted with fatigue, and worn out by watch-

ing: most of them were without shoes, and not a few with only the shirt each wore on his back; the difficulty of procuring these articles, also added considerably to their other misfortunes, as well as the treachery of their spies, who, though well paid, by false information cramped their movements, and placed them in still more imminent dangers. In this miserable condition they pursued their way to Ronda, with the object of throwing themselves into those lofty mountains, and carrying on there a sort of warfare more analogous to their reduced condition. Within a league of this town, Riego learned that the vanguard of O'Donnell, consisting of a force equal to that of his column, occupied its entrance, and that they were every moment expecting to be joined by the rest of the division. Undismayed by this news, he gave the word of attack, and succeeded in driving the enemy from the town. Here he obtained some rations for his troops, and then retired to a mountain in the neighbourhood, to pass the night. Having resumed their march

early in the morning, the column reached Grazalema, a village which, being strong by nature, sheltered them from a sudden attack, and where they sojourned a few days to repose themselves from their fatigues.

Meantime they received the flattering intelligence, that about two hundred dismounted dragoons, stationed at Moron, were ready to join their ranks, provided they would favour the operation of recruiting horses for them. This raised the spirits of the reduced patriots, who immediately marched on that town, visiting on their way Puerto Serrano, and Montellano, in the hopes of bringing over to them the regiments of Valencia and Mallorca; but in which they were unsuccessful. On reaching Moron, Riego took every measure in his power to mount and equip the dismounted dragoons; but before he could accomplish this, General O'Donnel attacked him with overwhelming forces. The patriots made a desperate defence in the town, and afterwards in the castle; but they were ultimately obliged to abandon their

position, and retreat to the mountains. The repeated attacks and charges which during this retreat they sustained from the enemy, who endeavoured to surround them and break the close mass in which the column was formed, did not prevent them from effecting it in the most orderly manner; but the incessant fire kept up, even two hours after it had grown dark, by an enemy whose guerrillas alone were superior in number to their whole force, thinned their ranks considerably. On the following day, they had the grief to find their number reduced to four hundred; but though this severe loss afflicted them, it was insufficient to conquer their spirit. Such a retreat was better than a victory: nothing but the admirable constancy, courage, and heroism they had displayed could have saved them from being broken and completely routed.

Notwithstanding their fatigues and their having been marching the whole of the previous night, on the following day the column pursued their way towards Aguilar over a broken and

mountainous country to proclaim there the Constitution, and scatter about their addresses. After one hour's rest in that town, they continued their march to Montilla, where they remained a few hours employed in kindling the flame of patriotism, after which they resolved to cross the Guadalquivir and gain the Sierra Morena. The nearest point for crossing that river was the bridge of Cordova; but the troops in garrison here were posted on the opposite banks, apparently with the intention of opposing their passage, and amounted to more than double their number. Each patriot, however, was a host in himself, and Riego gave the word to march boldly towards the bridge. At their approach the enemy formed into a close column, and took the road of Ecija, while the patriots passed the bridge unmolested, and entered the city singing their favourite hymn. This bold deed brought forth the whole population of Cordova, who crowding the streets through which the gallant band proceeded, testified their admiration by silent tears. Indeed, the

sight these soldiers presented was truly affecting. Most of them, as well as their officers, were without shoes, lame, wounded, and covered with rags; and their superior officers, who were in as bad a condition, marched on foot, their horses being used by those privates, who, unable to drag themselves further, would not yet abandon the fortunes of their comrades. But such was the enthusiasm of these heroic men, that even in this miserable condition they pursued their toils amidst warlike songs and triumphant shouts, undismayed by any misfortunes, however severe, and undaunted by the great dangers that surrounded them.

Having spent the night in Cordova, unmolested by any one, on the following day they pursued their way in the direction of the mountains, and for three successive days continued to march without hardly taking any repose. Towards the close of the third day the enemy came up with them, and attacked them in a village called Fuenteovejuna: the patriots defended themselves with their usual

bravery ; but a retreat was indispensable, and they accordingly undertook it, notwithstanding the late hour of the night, the bad state of roads, the violent rain, and the mountainous nature of the country. On the following day, on their arrival at Bienvenida, the column was reduced to only a handful of patriots, who were no longer in a state to defend themselves, much less to attack their enemies, by whom they were now completely surrounded, and whose leaders were bent on their destruction. In this reduced condition it was indispensable to adopt some final resolution, analogous to the circumstances in which they were placed. Riego called them all around him, and having heard their opinion as to their future proceedings, it was agreed that they should disperse, and meet either at the Isla or at Coruña, the intelligence of a rising in Galicia having already reached them. This resolution once taken, these heroic warriors embraced each other, and parted with tears in their eyes.

Such was the fate of this memorable column

to whose heroism language can do no justice. Thirty-four towns overrun in nearly as many days, some distant from each other twenty, thirty, and even thirty-five miles, during six hundred of which the body had pushed on by forced marches, allowing themselves scarcely a moment for repose; soaked and oppressed by the incessant rains that fell during that time; always in want of horses, mostly without shoes, sometimes without a shirt, and not unfrequently without food; now climbing mountains considered almost inaccessible; now wading through bogs, pools, and marshes; anon traversing rivers, and ravines, with water up to their waists:—here marching in dark and tempestuous nights, generally over a rugged country; there passing them on the top of a mountain, all the while unsheltered, and exposed half-naked to the frost, keen winds, and snow; pursued with the greatest rancour over five hundred miles of territory by an enemy always superior in number; now facing about, and attacking him with bravery; now repelling his charges with vigour; marching and fighting for twelve and

fourteen miles together, sometimes triumphing, frequently losing, but never yielding, never dismayed. Such were the toils of these warriors, whom their chief converted into heroes. It was Riego who kindled the love of liberty and of country in the bosoms of men who knew not what country or liberty was;—it was he who gained them over, and who, by his great affability and kindness, kept them all united. Frequently he alighted from his horse, that the sick, the wounded, or the lame might ride; and never once shewed any anxiety about his own personal comforts, or interests. He had always the greatest share in the privations, and fatigues; was ever the first to advance, the last to retreat; thus he led his brave band from toils to dangers, from dangers to glory. Sandoval, who had been constantly beside him, could not sufficiently admire a man of such a weak and sickly constitution, acting as if he were invulnerable, or a being of a superior nature to that of other men. On the dispersion of the band, he resolved to share his leader's fortunes to the last, whether

good or evil, and accordingly followed him through a mountain path in a south west direction, their intention being to proceed to Galicia, in the event of not being able to join their brethren of the Isla, who, under the orders of Quiroga, still held their positions against a much superior force of royalists, and continued displaying a gallantry and perseverance worthy of true patriots.

CHAPTER XIV.

The joy to see her and the bitter pain
It is to see her thus, touches my soul
With tenderness and grief that will o'erflow.

Fatal Curiosity.—LILLO.

AFTER a painful and dangerous march of several hours through a mountainous country, overrun with enemies, Sandoval, in company with Riego and another officer of his column, all disguised in plain clothes, reached a small hamlet called Contesgilmartez, a few miles distant from Badajoz. On their arrival there, the party supped with the landlord, whom they questioned about the news stirring in that city, from which he had just returned. The honest farmer seemed a good

deal puzzled how to answer the question.—“Faith! gentlemen,” he cried after repeatedly smoothing his hair, “if you had asked me how many pebbles there are at the bottom of the Guadiana, I think I could have answered your question better. Some say that Riego has been joined by all the troops that were at his heels, and is now at Madrid, where he has proclaimed the Constitution; others, that he was taken at Berlanga and shot, upon which the priests and monks sung the *de profundis*, giggled and laughed; others again, that there have been several engagements between his troops and those of the king, but that the latter seem spell-bound whenever the former appear, and allow them to pass unmolested, singing their patriotic songs, and shouting their *vivas*. His proclamations are scattered all over the country, and are by some read in public and burnt by others. It is also asserted that both the English and the Americans are for the Constitution, that Galicia is all up in arms, as well as Navarre and Aragon, and that the king has left Madrid to go to

France. At Cadiz the people are very uproarious, and the Isla holds out against the king's troops. There is a great deal of fear shewn everywhere by the serviles (for people speak now in very plain terms), though they crow and sing to hide it, and cry *extermination* to the liberals ; while these gentlemen laugh in their sleeves, wink, and say that their turn will soon come. In a word, gentlemen, they are all mad, and that is the only thing you may rely upon as certain."

As he pronounced the last words, a smart cracking of whips was heard coming in the direction of Badajoz.—“ There is more news for you,” cried the landlord ; “ I'll wager it is something important, I hear the whips of three distinct postilions, cracking smartly.”

Sandoval darted towards the door, and in a few minutes was by the road-side. The postilions were coming at a sharp canter, and their hats were decorated with green ribbons. By the noise they made as they passed some of the groups formed by the villagers, it was evident

that the landlord was right in his supposition, and Sandoval, who had now been joined by his friends, inquired the news. The postilions on seeing the gentlemen stopped their horses, and roared, each more loudly than the other, that they brought express orders from the capital for having the Constitution proclaimed throughout Estramadura, as it had been at Madrid only a few days ago. Saying which, they clapped spurs to their horses, cracked their whips, and shouted "*Viva la Constitucion!*"

The joy of Riego and his friends, who had so greatly contributed towards the triumph of constitutional liberty, by the immortal expedition they had performed, which had given the people an opportunity of expressing their wishes, and who only a moment before seemed to have no other prospect before their eyes than a scaffold if they were taken, famine, and disease if they succeeded in penetrating into the Isla, and exile if they escaped, may be more easily conceived than described. Tears of joy glistened

in their eyes as they gave each other an embrace of congratulation on the happy termination of their toils ; and it was resolved they should immediately proceed to Seville, to collect the shattered remains of their dispersed band, and be the supporters of the rights of the people, as they had been the first to assert them.

As they proceeded in their way to that city, several of the officers and soldiers of the flying column, whom the above intelligence had also reached, met them on the road, and hailed Riego with the enthusiasm that his presence and safety inspired them with in their warmth of heart. His march as far as Seville, and his entrance there, was a real triumph. The news of his approach reached it long before he made his appearance, and the concourse of people that came out to greet him was immense. Eager to see the chief of a band which had performed such heroic deeds, men and women of all conditions and ages pressed round him and disputed the honour of touching his hands, and even his dress. The

members of the despotic government themselves came out with their heralds, and a long train of alguacils to welcome the man, whom the day before, they would have found the greatest pleasure in hanging; but on whom they now lavished the titles of *hero* and *liberator*, in the hopes of preserving their places,—the sole spring of their patriotic emotions. Even the monks,—those inveterate enemies of knowledge and good government, those insatiable vampyres, caterpillars, and drones, that consume and devour unhappy Spain—were in the foremost ranks of flatterers, in hopes of turning their hypocrisy to account. But Riego, who had shown himself a model of courage and serenity amidst the most cruel blows of adversity, knew also how to resist in prosperity the influence of their insidious adulation. Modest amidst his triumphs, he recommended moderation to his friends, and proclaimed everywhere order, peace, and oblivion of the past, thus defeating the secret hopes of the enemies of their country.

As the *cortège*, by whom Riego and his com-

panions were met, approached the city of the two hundred towers,* the air was rent with the sounds of music, songs, shouts, and acclamations of the people stationed in those parts of the ramparts from which the procession was discernible, and along its line of march, their flags, handkerchiefs, mantillas, and hats adorned with ribbons, waving above each other at almost a frightful height. In the streets the crowd was, if possible, greater, every balcony, every window, every loop-hole being studded with heads, principally of fair spectators, who seemed to vie with each other in pronouncing blessings and vivas, and in waving lightly their white handkerchiefs, scarfs, and fans over the heads of the young warriors, who bore such a distinguished part in this triumphal march.

Amidst this animated scene, Sandoval, who rode beside the car which Riego had been compelled to ascend, and which was drawn by the multitude, suddenly felt one of his legs tightly

* Seville has round its ramparts about two hundred towers.

embraced. On looking down, he beheld with a pleasure not unmixed with pain, his faithful servant Roque, his dress in the most tattered condition, and his countenance pale and emaciated, unable to give expression to his feelings otherwise than by tears, and half-broken exclamations. Sandoval stopped his horse, and letting the crowd pass, shook him heartily by the hand, and expressed his anxiety to know the particulars of his journey, and by what accidents he had been reduced to such a miserable condition.

Roque, who by this time had recovered his serenity, gave him a minute account of all he had seen on the night of his arrival in town, as well as of his imprisonment. "Here," added he, "I have suffered what no man ever did, that I might be made to disclose the plans in which you were engaged; but I would not call myself the son of my father, nor the servant of a Sandoval, nor a true Castilian, had I flinched under the lashes of such villains as Artimaña, whose black

soul is now bleaching in hell, as it should have been six years ago.”

“Is the wretch dead, then?” cried Sandoval.

“Ay, as dead as a bloody wolf torn to pieces by mastiffs,” answered Roque. “I saw him this morning, as I left the prison, endeavouring to make his escape from the city, pursued by a mob. The villain ran for his life, but he had his friends the gypsies at his heels, whose light feet would outrun the swiftest devil; they soon grasped him by the throat, and a hundred knives were sheathed in his foul body, as the wretch sunk on his knees to implore mercy.—‘No mercy for such a base villain as thou,’ cried they, and I joined in the shout. In an instant he fell, and the largest piece that remains of him is his scull, too hard to be broken in a hurry, the rest was thrown to the dogs, and I am sorry for it, for it was food fit only for vultures and crows. As the populace were tearing him to pieces, I observed a bundle of papers, peeping out at the side pocket of his coat, which I took the liberty

to snatch at, and which here I place in your hands, in case they should concern you, or Doña Gabriela.”

“Heaven is just!” exclaimed his master, as he took the papers: “such a life merited, indeed, such a death, though public justice has been thereby defrauded of a criminal who ought to have died on the scaffold.—But tell me,” he added, “have you learned anything further respecting Gabriela, and my unhappy brother?”

“As for your brother,” answered his servant, “I have as yet been unable to learn anything more than what I have already related, my first care, after seeing an end put to Artimaña, being to find out Doña Angela’s residence, which I did after a great deal of trouble. Here, however, it was my misfortune not to see Rosa, for she had disappeared, nobody knows where, two days before her young mistress. But I learned from another servant, whom I never saw before, that Doña Gabriela is still alive, though her residence is not known, and that her life hangs now on a thread; the ravishers, who from the following

day after their running away with her, demanded an enormous sum of money for her ransom, having threatened to put an end to her life, if the money is not paid within this month. Doña Angela, who, I am told, is inconsolable at the loss of her daughter, wrote immediately to her husband to procure the necessary sum; but as he was unable to do so otherwise than by selling the greatest part of his estates, the time has passed away, and they fear he will not arrive in time to save his daughter. This is all I have learned, for the news of Riego's arrival having reached me at that moment, I hastened to the gates in the hope of finding you with him."

Sandoval was much afflicted at this intelligence.—“Do you think,” he said after some thought, “that you could find out the place to which she was taken?”

“Even if a thousand years had gone by,” answered Roque. “I do not so easily forget places; for, thanks to you, I have exercised pretty well my talent that way while in your service.”

“Lead on, then,” said his master, “I’ll not rest an instant until I find out my unfortunate Gabriela.”

Roque obeyed, and Sandoval followed him in silence, his thoughts so much engrossed with the subject in question, that he did not even seem to notice the joy and bustle prevailing throughout the town. When they came to the open country, he pulled from his pocket the package Roque had put into his hands, and began to examine its contents. The first paper he opened was a letter addressed by Father Lobo from Madrid to Artimaña at Logroño. It ran thus:—

“My dear Aniceto,

“The portrait of Gabriela, which I obtained from her by means of my fanatic dupe, on the night I took him into the convent, begins to work such effects as I expected. I understand from Chamorro,* to whom I have entrusted the

* Chamorro is still Ferdinand’s principal favourite, and the minister of his pleasures. He is a vulgar, low bred man, a sort of jack-pudding, and a very inferior being in intellect to the fools of ancient majesty.

matter, that the king beheld it with the deepest admiration, and immediately manifested a wish to possess the original.—‘Strike the iron while it is hot,’ said I to Chamorro, ‘and give him to understand that I warrant him the original, if he but causes Don Antonio Lanza to be nominated a member of the council of Castile, it being the only way by which we can hope to induce him to come to Madrid with his family.’—This, my friend Chamorro has obtained, and you may soon expect to hear of Don A.’s nomination to the council. I hope also to obtain something for you in your favourite line,—the police,—for which you are so highly gifted. Meantime I shall write to Doña Angela to induce the good woman to bring her daughter with her, that she too may have the benefit of my *spiritual* advice, and all the rest of that trash, and I promise you, my dear boy, we shall then reap a golden harvest, and climb to those envied posts, which very few are better qualified to fulfil than you, or your loving uncle,

“TORIBIO LOBO.”

“I have him,” cried Sandoval, as he ended perusing this letter, and closing it firmly in his hand, “I have the villain now. He shall be exposed. By heavens! he shall die!”

Having carefully deposited this paper in his pocket-book, he now turned to the others, among which he found a kind of journal kept by Artimaña, for the purpose, as he himself expressed it, of keeping his uncle in check; from which we make the following extracts concerning our hero.

“October 1st, 1814. Got from an alguacil a letter, and a portrait, which he took from Don Calisto Sandoval on the day when he was brought before me. The letter is addressed to Gabriela, and is written under a strong feeling of jealousy; the portrait is there returned. I shall turn this to account.

“January 15th, 1815. Paid a hundred dollars to a turnkey of the common jail of this town, Logroño, to depose, and swear, that it was Don Calisto who excited the prisoners to revolt, and murder the Alcaide. A good way of having

Don C. strung up the first day I lay my hands on him.

“June 5th, 1818. Got into his majesty’s good graces, and received the promise of being made a member of the Camarilla, and have a handsome pension settled on me for life, if I can but procure him a tête-à-tête with Gabriela. A very good thing if he keeps his word, as I mean to keep mine.

“December 20th, 1819. Contrived a plan with my worthy uncle, and a gang of gypsies to run away with Gabriela, and demand two hundred thousand dollars ransom ; a fourth part of which is to be divided among those scoundrels, and the rest to be equally shared between my uncle and me. A wise measure, for our funds are low, and a storm is fast gathering, which portends no good to either of us.

“Dec. 30th, 1819. Our plan to be executed the day after to-morrow, when Doña Gabriela, in company with her mother, Don Fermin, and uncle, will be returning by water late at night to town from the villa they have engaged, on

the borders of the Guadalquivir, called by a hasty message, which I shall take care to send. The boatmen of their barge to belong to our gang.

“ Ibid. A most unfortunate accident. That little — Rosa, overheard a conversation between me and the chief of the gang relating to our own operations. But I shall remedy this by locking her up immediately in the house of a friend of mine, out of which she will find it difficult to get.

Jan. 2d, 1820. The plan succeeded; though it was on a hair's breath of being discovered by the servant of the very man who last of all should get a hint of it. I have, however, secured him, and the regimen to be pursued with this stubborn fellow, to get at his master's secrets, is bread and water, a solitary cell, and a couple of dozen lashes twice a week.

“ Feb. 15th, 1820. Those scoundrels the gypsies are very impatient to get at the money, and I have this day been obliged to denounce the most troublesome of them to the police

as notorious thieves. I'll keep the rascals down."

Such were some of the contents of this precious journal, unique in its way, as it recorded nothing but crimes, though, indeed, the actor considered, it could record nothing else. For Sandoval, however, it was an important document, calculated to remove all the bad impressions that Gabriela and her mother had received from the calumnies circulated against him, and to procure him a reconciliation with them, if he dared to hope for no higher happiness.

He had just come to this conclusion, when Roque called his attention to a small hut of mean appearance, which stood in a solitary dale, at the foot of a hill, surrounded by a few orange and citron trees.—“That is the spot,” said he, “to which Doña Gabriela was carried. I remember it well, for it was behind one of those trees that one of the ruffians grasped me by the throat. But the point is whether we shall find her still here.”

Sandoval took out from his holsters two

pistols, one of which he gave to Roque, alighted and having tied his horse to one of the trees, desired his servant to follow him.—“Now,” he added, “give a shrill whistle, and let us see if any one answers our summons.”

Roque obeyed, and a minute after the door was flung open. As they were close to the hut, their appearance before the same old woman, who had opened the door on a previous occasion was equally sudden and overwhelming. She, however, endeavoured to shut it in their face.—“No resistance, woman!” cried Sandoval, pushing it back, “produce instantly the lady whom your gang ravished from her friends, or you die on the spot.”

The old woman fell on her knees, and took all the saints in paradise to witness that she knew nothing of what he meant.—“Base wretch!” cried Sandoval in an angry tone, and pointing his pistol at her head, “your hour is come, if you delay one minute to produce the lady.”

“Zounds !” exclaimed the gypsey woman getting up, and casting her terrors away. “I am not such a fool as all that neither ; for though I be old, the devil must’nt have me yet. Your honour shall have the wench if you insist on it ; but I hope you will not forget this service of mine. You know, Sir, we must all live.”

“Ay,” said Roque, “and die too. A hempen necklace, about an inch thick, won’t be such a bad recompense neither.”

“You are a scandalous fellow,” cried the old sibyl. “What matters it to you, if the General here gives me one or two hundred dollars, and a promise not to denounce me to the police ? I should like to know.”

“Hark ! old woman,” cried Sandoval sternly, “if you keep me here one instant more listening to your trash, you shall walk to Seville tied to my horse’s tail.”

The old gipsey shook her head, and muttering something about impatience, desired them

to wait an instant, and the lady would then be with them. Sandoval refused to wait at all; but, ordering Roque to keep watch at the door, followed her into an inner room, in which there was no other door to be seen but that through which they entered it. Here, however, the old woman placed a short ladder against the wall, and climbing up, opened a small trap, ingeniously concealed, and followed by Sandoval got into a sort of loft, low-roofed and dark, at one extremity of which he perceived, by the glimmerings of a lamp, a female stretched on a straw mattress, who no sooner heard their foot-steps, than she sat up, and cast an eager glance towards them, asking in a voice that thrilled with delight Sandoval's soul, as he recognized in it the beloved object of his search, "Who was there?"—" 'Tis old Clara, my dear," said the gypsey, with an insinuating voice. "I bring you good news."

"Good news!" repeated Gabriela faintly, "ah! you have too often deceived me with

your falsehoods to allow me to believe you now. But who is with you? If it be one of your ruffians, let him not approach me,—unless, alas! my last hour is come.’

Sandoval could hardly restrain his eagerness to run and clasp her in his arms, but lest his sudden appearance should produce some violent emotion, which might prove fatal in the languid state in which she appeared, he stood at a sufficient distance not to be immediately recognized by her, and in a somewhat altered voice, said, that in this instance old Clara had not deceived her.—“But you must,” he added, “show that you have as much calmness for receiving good news, as you seem to possess fortitude to endure sufferings and privations.”

“For one who like me has been so long inured to sorrow,” said Gabriela, “it is perhaps easier to show calmness under a new affliction than were I to hear that the hour of my liberty is come.—But I’ll do my best, if it has really pleased heaven to send me relief.”

“It has,” returned Sandoval, still keeping his ground, “and through one, who, perhaps, was now far from your thoughts.”

Gabriela suddenly rising from the mattress, and snatching the lamp from the hook at which it hung, exclaimed eagerly, as she made a few steps towards them—“For heaven’s sake, tell me whom you mean?”

“I fear that is not keeping your promise,” said Sandoval in his natural voice, but retreating a little.

“Ah! I know that voice—’Tis Calisto’s,—my heart tells it me,—’tis he!—Heaven be blest!”

At these words she laid the lamp on the ground, and instantly the two lovers were in each other’s arms.

We shall pass over in silence the raptures of the moment, and all those tender and impassioned discourses which accompanied the happy discovery, as the reader will readily believe, that two beings, so faithfully attached to each other, and whose hearts were so susceptible of lively emotions, felt the happiness of such a meeting

as deeply as ever heart could feel it. We shall, therefore, proceed in their company to Seville, Roque having been entrusted by his master with the care of bringing to town the old gypsey, to make whatever depositions might be required.

CHAPTER XV.

'Tis not impossible
But one, the wickedest caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,
Be an arch villain; trust me, royal prince,
If he be less he is nothing: but he's more,
Had I more names for badness.

SHAKESPEARE.

In their way to town, our hero gave Gabriela a brief account of the numerous adventures that had happened to him since his departure from Logroño, and showed her the documents taken from Artimaña, as irrefragable proofs of this man's villany and his uncle's, as also of his own innocence of the foul accusations which had injured him in her and her mother's opinion.

while Gabriela, in her turn, felt a pleasure in acknowledging the groundlessness of those accusations, and also narrated in a concise manner all that had happened to her since their first meeting,—events with which the reader is already acquainted. With respect to her late adventure, she informed Sandoval, that on recovering her senses, she found herself stretched on a straw mattress in the loft of the hut they had just left, attended by the old gypsey, Clara, who was the only person she had seen during her long imprisonment, and in whose heart she had vainly sought for sympathy. She had, however, been respectfully treated by her, and received sufficient food, coarse, indeed, but wholesome; the principal inconvenience she had felt, arising from the close confinement in which she had been kept, during which she had been unable to prevail on her attendant to allow her to walk out even at night. Of this her pale cheeks and languid eyes gave ample proofs. But those troubles were now over, and a more cheering prospect presented itself to her eyes. The news of the po-

litical changes which had taken place, while they delighted her, on account of the benefits which were likely to accrue to her countrymen, who had till that moment been so cruelly oppressed, gave her other hopes more immediately connected with her own happiness, and raised her dejected spirits, even above their natural elevation.

On arriving at the city gates, Sandoval procured a sedan chair for Gabriela, who gladly availed herself of it, as her dress had also suffered material injury during her imprisonment, and she wished to avoid being seen in that state on an occasion when the whole population had assumed their holiday gear, to commemorate the happy event by which they had recovered their usurped rights. Having succeeded in making their way through the crowd that filled some of the principal streets, our party arrived at Doña Angela's house, in the court of which they saw a pair of post horses, whose jaded appearance evinced their having that moment arrived, and performed a long and rapid march. Gabriela, who immediately thought of her father,

flew like a deer across the court to the inner entrance. It was open, and she mounted the stairs with alacrity, followed by Sandoval, who could hardly keep pace with her. On reaching the top of the stairs, Gabriela was greeted by every servant in the house with the most rapturous demonstrations of joy; but our heroine hastened to the drawing room, where she had the inexpressible delight of clasping in her arms her venerable father, and her dear mother, who manifested, by the tenderest embraces, exclamations and tears, the ecstasy they felt at recovering their lost and only child.

The monk, who was also present, and, who, on seeing Gabriela make her appearance, had shrunk back full of surprise and dismay, now stepped forward with a reassured countenance, and held out his hand to her in token of welcome. Gabriela drew herself up to the full height of her noble and elegant figure—"Look steadily in my face, if you can," she exclaimed fixing them keenly on him—"Ah! you flinch?—And would I, think you, disgrace myself by

touching the hand of a monster like you?—Un-deceive yourself. Your crimes and atrocities are now too well known to me, and they will shortly be made known to the whole world.”

Doña Angela heard this discourse with the utmost surprise, and looked at the monk for an explanation. The hypocrite, to hide better his confusion, cast his eyes meekly on the ground, and ejaculated humbly a short prayer, in which he had the sacrilege to compare the trial which he now underwent to that of the Divine Saviour before his accusers; but Gabriela cut it short, by requesting Sandoval, who till that moment had remained at the door, to step forward, and unmask the villain. Our hero gladly obeyed her summons; but observing the monk making a few hasty steps towards the door, he ungirdled his sword, and flinging it at Roque, who with the other servants stood at the door of the saloon, commanded him to cut the monk down if he attempted to escape.—“There is some mystery in all this,” observed father Lobo to Doña Angela, as he stepped back. “Strange

that they should have come together ! I fear me this wicked freemason was your daughter's ravisher,—ay, and who knows whether, having dishonoured her, he now comes not here to insult you and me, because he can now do it with impunity, the sacrilegious cause having triumphed ?”

“Not yet,” cried Sandoval, who overheard his insidious discourse. “My cause shall have triumphed only when I tear from you your sheep's skin, and show you the wolf you are.”

Then addressing himself to Doña Angela, who stood lost in amazement, he put into her hand the monk's letter to his nephew.—“You know the hand-writing of that paper, Madam, read, and wonder that heaven ever allowed such a monster to live !”

Father Lobo took a sly peep at the letter from behind her shoulder. He bit his lips with rage, and casting a malignant glance at Sandoval.—“'Tis a forgery of that wicked freemason, Madam,” he cried. “Do not believe a word of it, I charge you.”

Doña Angela perused the letter eagerly, and her cheeks grew paler and paler as she proceeded. A thousand circumstances rushed at once into her mind, corroborating the statements which it contained ; but the fact appeared to her so monstrous, that she paused, as if uncertain what to think of it. Sandoval then put into her hand Antimaña's private journal, and pointed out those passages which referred to her and her daughter. "That hand-writing," said he, "is also known to you ; it confirms all which his Reverence mentions in his letters, and throws some light on the late transaction."

On perusing this document the natural violence of Doña Angela's passions began to show itself. Her countenance, at one moment bloodless, assumed at the next a scarlet hue ; her eyes became inflamed with rage, and her whole body shook convulsively. She darted fiery glances at the monk, whose long practice in hypocrisy enabled him to appear, even then, a model of patience and meekness—a calumniated martyr in the cause of virtue.—“And have I

lived to see this!" cried Doña Angela, with broken accents, "could I really be the dupe of such men?" and looking at the monk, she added, "It is impossible!"

"Alas! my dear mistress, it is not only possible, but certain," cried Rosa, rushing into the room, to the no small surprise and delight of the party. "I can assure you, that I often heard his Reverence there, and his nephew (whose sins God may perhaps forgive, though not I!) plotting things together against you and my young mistress; but which I never told you of, because you would have beat me if I had. In the conspiracy for running away with Doña Gabriela, I myself heard Artimaña (for I will not call him Lanza) arrange the whole affair with a ruffian. I suffered for it, to be sure, by being locked up in a garret, and kept on short allowance, till within these two hours, when I was permitted to leave it; but having found an opportunity, before I was carried there, of writing a word to Don Calisto, whom I knew to be at Las Cabezas de San Juan, by what

Don Fermin had told us, begging him to hasten to Seville, I accordingly gave my note, and the watch of which he had made Doña Gabriela a present, to tio Periquillo, the *calesero*,* who happened then to be at home, and who promised me he would send them with a confidential man that very instant. What happened afterwards, Roque can tell better ; for he saw with his own eyes the whole affair.”

It was now Roque's turn to step forward and tell his story, which he did with all the prolixity and gravity that became the occasion ; after which he took his place beside Rosa, to know some particulars respecting the above mentioned *calesero*.

Doña Angela, who had heard every fresh account with the deepest feeling of indignation, could no longer doubt the monk's villany. She cast on him a look of fiery resentment, and exclaimed—“ Monster of ingratitude ! what

* A driver of a two wheel travelling vehicle called *calesa*.

more proofs would'st thou have of thy infamy and atrocity?"

"Madam!" cried he, assuming a haughty demeanor, "if you are short-sighted enough not to see that the whole is a base conspiracy of that wicked atheist and freemason," (pointing to Sandoval) "I cannot help it; but I am not the less innocent. You know that he was always my bitterest enemy, and that your daughter's infatuation in his favour, rendered her equally inveterate against me. Besides, their only proofs are some trumpery papers, which they have forged, and their witnesses, only their own servants, who, however, seem to have learned their lesson tolerably well. Why, if I have had so many confederates, does not even one of them step forward to substantiate the charge?"

"Why, if that be all your Reverence wants," said the old gypsey woman, coming forward, and courtseying with a burlesque air of grandeur, "here stand I, your old friend, Clara, the gipsey.—Ay! you start?—Then, why, my reverend friend, did'nt you come to us with the

bags which you promised? You would not then have seen me here, and the secret would never have passed my lips; but now, you run the chance of having the whole pack after you, and making as clever an exit from this world as your very worthy nephew."

"Base wretch!" exclaimed the indignant Doña Angela, addressing the monk, "begone from my sight!—Hence, monster! and pollute our presence no more!—Bear him away.—His breath poisons the air we breathe!"

Sandoval took the monk into another room, where he locked him up, and afterwards ordered his servant to fetch a picquet of soldiers, to have him safely conveyed to prison. He then returned to the room he had just left, where he found the sensitive Doña Angela sunk in a hysterical fit, during which her wild expressions and broken exclamations sufficiently showed, that her mind was dreadfully oppressed by the consciousness of having acted cruelly and unjustly towards her daughter and Sandoval, whose presence seemed to aggravate her sufferings.

Soon, however, she burst into a flood of tears, and seemed considerably relieved from that painful oppression of the heart so dangerous to individuals of violent tempers.—“What compensation,” she cried, grasping Sandoval’s hand, and applying it to her lips, when the first gush of tears had passed, “can I make to you that will atone for the years of sorrow and misery which my injustice has made you endure? When I consider that it is to that very affection (for the sake of which I subjected Gabriela to such severe trials, and you to so many unmerited persecutions,) that I owe the honour of my daughter, and the preservation of her name from pollution, my heart bleeds within me, and my conscience seems to whisper, that heaven itself will not extend its mercy to one whose conduct was so unfeeling and tyrannical.—But you see my tears—they are those of true repentance; and believe me, had I never known those monsters of wickedness and ingratitude, I should never have had cause for them. *I mistook for religion its mask, and refined hypocrisy for*

hallowed virtue. There lies my error,—that is the source of all your miseries.—Can I hope for your forgiveness?”

“My dear Doña Angela,” cried Sandoval, his eyes swimming with tears, and kissing her hand respectfully, “I have nothing to forgive, for I never imagined that your heart would, even for an instant, have followed such a line of conduct, had the veil, which it was the constant care of those two monsters to keep before your eyes, been once removed. You have now confirmed this, and justified yourself beyond my most sanguine expectations. Would to heaven that every Spaniard who fell into a similar mistake could, like you, see his error, even if I were to undergo six years more of bitter misery! The pleasure I should feel then, could only be compared to that which I feel at the present moment when I am thus restored to your favour.”

Doña Angela clasped him again and again in her arms, and bestowed on him every expression of tenderness and gratitude, as did also

her excellent husband, who, meantime, had been weeping with joy in the arms of his daughter, for whose ransom he had mortgaged the best part of his estates, and brought the money with him.

When these delightful greetings were over, Sandoval expressed his anxiety to proceed to his brother's quarters to give and receive the embrace of reconciliation.—“Alas!” cried Doña Angela sorrowfully, “your unfortunate brother (God's will be done) is at present under this roof, and, I fear, he has but a few days to live. The ravishers of my child, in tearing her from us, inflicted a severe wound on his head, which precipitated him into the water, from which he was drawn half drowned, principally, by my efforts. On reaching home, and learning Gabriela's fate, he was seized with delirium, and has ever since been growing worse and worse. He is now quite sensible; but so weak and reduced that he is hardly able to speak. In a word, there is no hope of his living above two days.—But 'tis the will of Heaven, and we must submit to it patiently.”

This melancholy intelligence could not but deeply afflict Calisto, and, if possible still more Gabriela, who had the additional pang of knowing, that Fermin had met with this misfortune in her defence. On entering the chamber of the dying youth, and drawing the curtains of his bed aside, they saw with poignant feelings, his once handsome and manly countenance, now ghastly and disfigured, both by the blows he had received, and by the convulsions to which he had been subject during some of his delirious fits. His eyes, however, glittered with more than usual lustre. Indeed, it seemed as if the flame of life, which formerly had diffused throughout his frame vigour and spirit, had now concentrated itself there as its last rallying place.

On Gabriela's approach, he gazed a minute on her with a sort of wild delight ; then starting, and sitting up in his bed, he clasped his fleshless hands together, and raising them up to heaven, ejaculated a fervent prayer, adding, as he concluded—"She is free, and safe ! Heaven be blest !—I can now die contented—Ah !" he exclaimed, shrinking back as he perceived him

standing on the other side of his bed, “you here too, Calisto!—Have pity on me—Do not reproach me with having loved her—I never told her so—I could not help loving her—Forgive me, Calisto—I am dying!—Let me part in peace with thee—She is thine, thine only!—She can never be mine!—May you both be as happy in this world as my heart wishes!—May we meet in another—where we may all love well—and without sinning.”

As he pronounced these words, his voice seemed to expire on his lips, and he sunk gradually on his pillow; while his brother, and those who were round his death-bed, stood dissolved in tears. Presently, however, he seemed to recover a little strength, and sitting up again in his bed—“Calisto!” said he, “crave my father’s pardon for my past disobedience—Ask his paternal blessing, in my name, for the repose of my soul. The hour when I must appear before the Eternal Judge is fast approaching—I am dying—call Father Lobo—I want the holy man’s last consolations.”

For a few minutes every one remained silent,

and looked at each other, as if consulting what to say. It would have been wise to have left Fermin ignorant of the monk's villany; but Doña Angela, whose extreme indignation did not allow her to master her feelings on this occasion, burst into bitter exclamations against Father Lobo, and related the discoveries which had been just made. Fermin panted with anxiety, as he listened to this intelligence, and gazed around with astonishment. At last he fixed his eyes on his brother, and exclaimed, in a reproachful tone—"Calisto! This is your work—you have misled Doña Angela—that is not right—you sin—may God forgive you—your brother forgives you!"

Saying this he muttered a prayer, sunk back on his pillow, and expired.

Thus died the unfortunate Fermin, whose life had been one struggle of virtuous and generous impulses against the unnatural dictates of bigotry and superstition; proving thereby, that fanaticism is no less injurious to the general

welfare of mankind, than it is destructive to the individual happiness of the fanatic himself.

Our story must now hasten to a conclusion. After Fermin's death, his brother did all he could to bring the monk to trial; but the members of the new government, who with their temporizing ideas of moderation imagined, that the best way to gain the good will of the perverse class to which the culprit belonged, was to allow their crimes to go unpunished, set him free a few months after his imprisonment. He repaid this kindness by plotting against them from the moment he was liberated. Driven then to France, he became one of the most active members of the far-famed Regency, and re-entered Spain with the "Son of St. Louis," preaching extermination to all who would not admit the maxim, that a king is God's Vice-Regent on earth, and the clergy, to whom everything here below—life, property, and volition

—ought to be submitted, the faithful executors of his will. He became afterwards a member of the Apostolic Junta, and by his outrages and violence soon obtained a bishoprick, which circumstance, when it became known to Doña Angela, brought on her a heart-burning, of which she died, her husband following her soon after.

Meantime our party returned to their native town, where Calisto had the happiness of embracing his aged and venerable father, restored by the revolution to his country and to his paternal inheritance, though so greatly altered by the sorrows incident to an exile's life, and the afflicting loss of his second son, that the pleasure of the embrace was greatly tempered with pain. When the mourning for Fermin was over, the obedient Gabriela was actually prevailed upon (we forbear to say compelled) to give her fair hand to her faithful Calisto, who, like a true knight, considered the prize far above his merits. Rosa, too, was persuaded by our grave and prudent friend, Roque, to taste the sweets of a

matrimonial life, which they have the *prudence*, now and then, to season with a due admixture of acrimony. They are at present living on a farm, adjoining that of his father-in-law, honest tio Hipolito, which Roque received from our hero as a recompense for his fidelity and attachment.

Sandoval, to whom the military government of his native town was entrusted, soon after the restoration of the Constitution, managed to keep the province of Rioja free from disturbances, and became an object of love and esteem even to the serviles. On the arrival of the French before Logroño, he, in union with the brave and renowned guerrilla chief, Don Julian, made that brilliant attack on the enemy, in which, with only a handful of men, they caused them such a severe loss, that notwithstanding the invariable French practice of announcing their defeats as triumphs, they were ashamed to do so on this occasion. In this battle, however, the unfortunate Don Julian lost his life, and our hero, whose ardour carried him into the midst of the enemy's ranks, was severely wounded, made a pri-

soner, and conducted to France, where he remained till Ferdinand's restoration to his absolute throne,—a throne which he has now raised so high on the bleeding bodies of his victims, that he is enabled to enjoy from it a full sight of the horrific scenes of slaughter which are desolating the unhappy kingdom over which he tyrannizes. Restored, then, to his liberty, our hero hastened to England, the only country in Europe where the virtuous patriot meets with sympathy and support, and where he breathes the wholesome air of freedom.

Here he was soon joined by his aged father, and by his tenderly attached wife, who, it may well be imagined, did not leave behind the two beautiful pledges of love she has bestowed on him. Thus reunited, this interesting family took their abode at a little cottage a few miles from London, which Doña Gabriela's taste for shrubs and flowers has turned into a delightful bower, where she endeavours by every tender consolation in her power, and by a conduct at once cheerful and patient, to inspire her husband

with resignation, and soothe his sorrows and disappointments. Thus they live as happily in their reduced state as is possible for those who see the endeavours of their life frustrated, and who moreover, have the mortification, whenever their native land is mentioned, to hear either the voice of pity wailing over the evils that afflict her, or that of contempt, sinking her even below the unhappy condition to which she has been reduced through the agency and intrigues of foreign despots.

THE END.

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