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TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, July 22, 1858.

Selected Poetry.

THE BREEZE IN THE CHURCH.

This beautiful poem is from a volume recently published in England, by Mrs. HINMAN, entitled "Poems."

Was a sunny day, and the morning psalm
We sang in the church together;
We felt in our hearts the joy and calm
Of the calm and joyous weather.

The slow and sweet and sacred strain,
Through every bosom stealing,
Clocked every thought that was light and vain,
And waked each holy feeling.

We knew by its sunny gleam how clear
Was the blue sky smiling o'er us,
And in every pause of the hymn could hear
The wild bird's happy chorus.

And lo! from its haunts by cave or rill,
With a sudden stare awaking,
A breeze came fluttering down the hill,
Its fragrant pinions shaking.

Through the open windows it bent its way,
And down the chancel's center,
Like a privileged thing that at will might stray,
And in holy places enter.

From niche to niche, from nook to nook,
With a lightsome rustle flying,
It lifted the leaves of the holy book,
On the altar cushion lying.

It fanned the old clerk's hoary hair,
And the children's bright young faces;
Then vanished, none knew how or where,
Leaving its pleasant traces.

It left sweet thoughts of summer's hours
Spent on the quiet mountains;
And the church seemed full of the scent of flowers,
And the trickling fall of fountains.

The image of scenes so still and fair,
With our music sweetly blended,
While it seemed their whispered hymn took share
In the praise that to heaven ascended.

We thought of him who had poured the rills
And through the green mountains led them,
Whose hand, when he piled the enduring hills
With a mantle of beauty spread them.

And a purer passion was borne above,
In a louder anthem swelling,
And we bowed to the visible spirit of love,
On those calm summits dwelling.

Selected Tale.

A Tale of the Spanish Wars.

On a June evening in the year 1839, four persons were assembled in the balcony of a pleasant little villa, some half-league from the town of Logrono in Navarre. The site of the house in question was a narrow valley, formed by a double range of wood-covered hills, the lower limbs of a mountain chain that bounded the horizon some miles in rear of the villa. The house itself was a long, low building, of which the white stone walls had acquired the mellow tint that time and exposure to the sun can alone impart. A solid balcony of carved painted oak ran completely round the house, its breadth preventing the rays of the sun from entering the rooms on the ground floor, and thereby converting them into a cool and delightful refuge from the heats of summer. The windows of the first and only story opened upon this balcony, which, in its turn, afforded shelter from a roof of yellow canes, laid side by side, and fastened by innumerable packthreads, in the same way as Indian matting. This sort of awning was supported by light wooden pillars, placed at distances of five or six feet from each other, and corresponding with the more massive columns that sustained the balcony. At the foot of these latter, various creeping plants had taken root. A broad-leaved vine pushed its knotty branches and curled tendrils up to the very roof of the dwelling, and a passion flower displayed its mystical purple blossoms nearly as great as grapes; while the small white stars of the jasmine glittered among its narrow dark green leaves, and every passing breeze wafted the scent of the honeysuckle and clematis through the open windows, in puffs of overpowering fragrance.

About two hundred yards to the right of the house rose one of the ranges of hills already mentioned, and on the opposite side the eye glanced over some of those luxuriant corn fields which form so important a part of the riches of the fertile province of Navarre. The ground in front of the villa was tastefully laid out as a flower garden, and, midway between two magnificent chestnut trees, a mountain rivulet fell into a large stone basin, and fed a fountain, from which it was spouted twenty feet into the air, greatly to the refreshment of the surrounding pastures.

The party that on the evening in question was enjoying the scent of the flowers and the song of the nightingales, to which the neighboring trees afforded a shelter, consisted in the first place, of Don Toribio Olana, a wealthy proprietor of La Rioja, and owner of the country house that has been described. He had been long used to pass the hot months of each year at this pleasant retreat; and it was no small calamity to him when the civil war that broke out on the death of Ferdinand rendered it scarcely safe, in Navarre at least, to live out of musket shot of a garrison. Sometimes, however, and in spite of the advice of his friends, who urged him to greater prudence, the worthy Rioja would mount his easy-going round-shouldered cob, and leave the town for a few hours' rustication at his Retiro. After a time, finding himself un molested either by Carlists or by the numerous predatory bands that overran the country, he took for companions of his excursions his daughter, Gertrudis, and an orphan niece, to whom he supplied the place of a father. Five years of impunity were taken as a guaranty for future safety, and Don Toribio now no longer hesitated to pass the night at his country house as often as

he found it convenient. It was observed, also, that many of those persons who had at first loudly blamed him for risking his neck, and that of his daughter and niece, in order to enjoy a purer atmosphere than could be inhaled in the dusty streets of Logrono, at length gathered so much courage from his example as to accompany him out to the Retiro, and eat his excellent dinners, and empty his cobweb covered bottles, without allowing their fear of the Carlists to diminish their thirst or disturb their digestion.

Upon this occasion, however, the only guest was a young and handsome man, whose sun-burnt countenance and military gait bespoke the soldier, while a double strip of gold lace on the cuff of his blue frock coat marked his rank as that of lieutenant-colonel. Although not more than thirty years of age, Don Ignacio Guerra had already attained a grade which is often the price of as many years' service; but his rapid promotion was so well justified by his merit and gallantry, that few were found to complain of a preference which all felt was deserved. Both by moral and physical qualities, he was admirably suited to the profession he had embraced. Slender in person, but well knit and muscular, he possessed extraordinary activity, and a capacity of enduring great fatigue. Indulgent to those under his command, and self-denying in all that regarded himself personally, his enthusiasm for the cause he served was such, that during nearly two years he had been the accepted lover of Donna Gertrudis Olana, this was only the second time he had left his regiment for a few days' visit to his affianced bride. He had arrived at Logrono the preceding day from a town lower down the Ebro, where the battalion he commanded was stationed; and Don Toribio, with whom he was a great favorite, had lost no time in taking him out to the Retiro; nor, perhaps, were the lovers sorry to leave the noise and bustle of the town for this calm and peaceful retreat.

It was about an hour after sunset, and Don Toribio sat dozing in an arm chair, with his old black dog Moro coiled up at his feet, and his niece, Teresa, beside him, busying herself in the arrangement of a bouquet of choice flowers, while at the other end of the balcony Gertrudis and her lover were looking out upon the garden. The silence was unbroken, save by the splashing noise of the fountain as it fell back upon the water lilies that covered its basin. The moon was as yet concealed behind the high ground to the right of the house but the sky in that direction was lighted up by its beams, and the outline of every tree and bush on the summit of the hill was defined and cut out, as it were, against the clear blue background. Suddenly, Gertrudis called her companion's attention to the neighboring mountain. "See, Ignacio!" exclaimed she, "yonder bush on the very highest point of the hill! Could not one almost fancy it to be a man with a gun in his hand? and that clump of leaves on the top bough might be the *bonina* of one of those horrid Carlists?"

While she spoke the officer ran his eye along the ridge of the hill, and started when he caught sight of the object pointed out by Gertrudis; but before he could reply to her remark, she was called away by her father. At that moment the supposed bush made a sudden movement, and the long bright barrel of a musket glittered in the moonbeams. The next instant the figure disappeared as suddenly as though it had sunk into the earth.

The Christiano colonel remained for a moment gazing on the mountain, and then, turning away, hastened to accompany his host and the ladies, who had received a summons to supper. On reaching the foot of the stairs, however, instead of following them into the supper-room, he passed through the house-door, which stood open, and, after a moment's halt in the shade of the lattice portico, sprang forward with a light and noiseless step, and in three or four bounds found himself under one of the large chestnut trees that stood on either side of the fountain. Keeping within the black shadow thrown by the branches, he cast a keen and searching glance over the garden and shrubberies, now partially lighted up by the moon. Nothing was moving, either in the garden, or as far as he could see into the adjacent country. He was about to return to the house, when a blow on the back of the head stretched him stunned upon the ground. In an instant a slipknot was drawn tight round his wrists, and his person securely pinned by a strong cord to the tree under which he had been standing. A cloth was crammed into his mouth to prevent his calling out; and the three men who had thus rapidly and dexterously effected his capture, darted off in the direction of the house.

Desperate were the efforts made by Don Ignacio to free himself from his bonds, and his struggles became almost frantic, when the sound of a scuffle in the house, followed by the piercing shrieks of women, reached his ears. He succeeded in getting rid of the handkerchief that gagged him, but the rope with which his arms were bound, and that had afterwards been twined round his body and the tree, withstood his utmost efforts. In vain did he throw himself forward with all his strength, striking his feet furiously against the trunk of the tree, and writhing his arms till the sharp cord cut into the very sinew. The rope appeared rather retightened than slackened by his violence. The screams and noise in the house continued; he was sufficiently near to hear the hoarse voices and obscene oaths of the banditti—the prayers for mercy of their victims. At length the shrieks became less frequent and fainter, and at last they died away entirely.

Two hours had elapsed since Ignacio had been made prisoner, hours that to him appeared centuries. Exhausted by the violence of his exertions, and still more by the mental agony he had endured, his head fell forward on his breast, a cold sweat stood upon his forehead, and had it not been for the cords that held him up, he would have fallen to the ground. He was roused from this state of exhaustion and despair by the noise of approaching footsteps, and by the arrival of a dozen men, three or four of whom carried torches. They were dressed in the sort of half uniform

worn by the Carlist "volantes," or irregular troops; round their waists were leathern belts filled with cartridges, and supporting bayonets and long knives, in many instances without sheaths. Ignacio observed with a shudder that several of the ruffians had their hands and weapons stained with blood.

"Whom have we here?" exclaimed a salow, evil-visaged fellow, who wore a pair of tarnished epaulets. "Is this the 'negro' you secured at the beginning of the affair?"

One of the men nodded assent, and the chief bandit taking a torch, passed it before the face of the captive officer.

"*Un militar!*" exclaimed he, observing the uniform button. "Your name and rank?"

Receiving no reply, he stepped a little on one side and looked to the coat cuff for the usual sign of grade.

"*Teniente coronel!*" cried he on seeing the double stripe.

A man stepped forward, and Ignacio, who knew that death was the best he had to expect at the hands of these ruffians, and was observing their proceedings in stern silence, immediately recognised a deserter from his battalion.

"*Tis the Colonel Ignacio Guerra,*" said the man: "he commands the first battalion of the Toledo regiment."

An exclamation of surprise and pleasure burst from the Carlists on hearing the name of an officer and battalion well known and justly dreaded among the adherents of the Pretender. Their leader threw the light of the torch on the features of the Christiano and gazed at him for the space of a minute with an expression of cruel triumph.

"*Ha!*" exclaimed he, "*el Coronel Guerra!* He is worth taking to headquarters."

"We shall have enough to do to get away ourselves, laden as we are," said one of the men, pointing to a number of large packages of plunder lying on the grass hard by. "Who is to take charge of the prisoner? Not I, for one."

A murmur among the other brigands approved this cautious speech.

"*Quatro tiros,*" suggested a voice.

"Yes," said the leader, "to bring down the enemy's pickets upon us. They are not a quarter of a league off. Pedro, lend me your knife. We will see," he added with a cruel grin, "how the gallant colonel will look cropped!"

A knife-blade glanced for a moment in the torchlight as it was passed round the head of the Christiano officer.

"*Toma! chiss!*" said the savage, as he threw the ears of the unhappy Ignacio amongst his men. A ferocious laugh from the banditti welcomed this act of barbarous cruelty.

The leader sheathed the knife twice in his victim's breast before restoring it to its owner, and the Carlists, snatching up their booty, disappeared in the direction of the mountains.

At day break the following morning, some peasants going to their labor in the field, saw the body of the unfortunate officer still fastened to the tree. They unbound him, and perceiving some signs of life, carried him into Logrono, where they gave the alarm. A detachment was immediately sent out to the Retiro, but it was too late to pursue the assassins; and all that could be done was to bring in the bodies of Don Toribio, his daughter and niece, who were lying dead in the supper-room. An old groom and two women-servants had shared a like fate; the horses had been taken out of the stable, and the house ransacked of everything valuable.

For several weeks Ignacio Guerra remained wavering, as it were, between life and death. At length he recovered; but his health was so much impaired that the surgeons forbade his again encountering the fatigues of a campaign. Enfeebled in body, heart-broken at the horrible fate of Gertrudis, and foreseeing the speedy termination of his career, the unfortunate officer still fastened to the tree. They unbound him, and perceiving some signs of life, carried him into Logrono, where they gave the alarm. A detachment was immediately sent out to the Retiro, but it was too late to pursue the assassins; and all that could be done was to bring in the bodies of Don Toribio, his daughter and niece, who were lying dead in the supper-room. An old groom and two women-servants had shared a like fate; the horses had been taken out of the stable, and the house ransacked of everything valuable.

In all French towns of any consequence, and in many whose size and population would almost class them under the denomination of villages, there is some favorite spot serving as an evening lounge for the inhabitants, whether on Sundays and *fees* days especially, the belles and *elegants* of the place resort, to criticize each other's toilet, and parade up and down a walk varying from one to two or three hundred yards in extent.

The ancient city of Toulouse is of course not without its promenade, although but poor taste has been evinced in its selection; for, while on one side of the town soft, well-trimmed lawns, cool fountains and magnificent avenues of elm and plane trees, are about loaded with nursery-maids and their charges, the rendezvous of the fashionable of the pleasant capital of Languedoc is a parched and dusty alley, scantily sheltered by trees of recent growth, extending from the canal to the open square, formerly known as the Place d'Angouleme, but since 1830 re-baptized by the name of the revolutionary patriarch, Gen. Lafayette.

It was on a Sunday evening of the month of August, 1840, and the Allee Lafayette was more than usually crowded. After a day of uncommon sultriness, a fresh breeze had sprung up, and a little before sundown the fair Toulousaines had deserted their darkened and artificially-cooled rooms, and flocked to the promenade.

The walk was thronged with gaily attired ladies, smiling dandies, and officers in full dress. In the fields on the farther side of the canal, a number of men of the working-classes, happy in their respite from the toils of the work, were singing in parts, with all the musical taste and correctness of ear for which the inhabitants of that part of France are noted; while, on the broad bold yard that traverses the lower end of the *allee*, a crowd of recruits whom the conscription had recently called under the colors, stood gazing in open-mouthed astonishment and infinite delight at some rudely constructed booths and shows, outside of which clown and pallasse were rivaling each other in the broad humor of their lazzi. Parties of students, easily recognizable by their eccentric and exaggerated style of dress, and the loud tone of their conversation, were seated outside the *cafes* and ice-rooms, or circulated

under the trees, puffing forth clouds of tobacco smoke; and on the road round the *allee*, open carriages, smart tilburys, and dapper horsemen were careering.

Among the various groups thronging the promenade was one, which, in Hyde Park or on the Paris Boulevards, would have attracted some notice; but the persons composing it were of a class too common of late years in the south of France to draw upon them any attention from the loungers. The party in question consisted of three men, who, by their bronzed complexions, ragged mustaches, and sullen dogged countenances, as well as their whole air and *tournure*, were easily distinguishable as belonging to the exiled and disappointed faction of the Spanish Pretender. Their threadbare costume still exhibited signs of their late military employment, probably from a lack of means to replace it by any other garments. The closely buttoned blue frock of one of them still had upon its shoulders the small lace straps used to support the epaulets, and another wore for headdress a "bonina" with its large starlike tassels of silver cord. The third, and most remarkable of the party, was a man in the prime of life and strength, whose countenance bore the impress of every bad passion. It was one of those faces sometimes seen in old paintings of monkish inquisitors, on viewing which one feels inclined to suspect that the artist has outdone and exaggerated nature. The expression of the cold, glassy, grey eye, and thin, pale, compressed lips, was one of unrelenting cruelty; while the coarsely-moulded chin and jaw gave a sensual character to the lower part of the face. The seat of a sabre cut extended from the centre of the forehead nearly to the upper lip, partly dividing the nose, and giving a hideously distorted and unnatural appearance to that feature. The man's frame was bony and powerful; the loose sheep-skin jacket he wore was thrown open, and through the imperfectly fastened shirt front, it might be seen that his breast was covered with a thick felt of matted hair.

It was the moment of the short twilight that in the south of France intervenes between day and night. The Carlists had reached the upper end of the walk, and, turning round, began to descend it again three abreast, and with the man who had been particularly described in the centre. On a sudden the latter stopped short, as though petrified where he stood. His countenance, naturally sallow, became as pale as ashes, and as if to save himself from falling, he clutched the arm of one of his companions with a force that made him wince again, while he gazed with discontented eyeballs on a man who had halted within half a dozen paces of the Spaniards. The person whose aspect produced this Medusa-like effect upon the Carlist was a man about thirty years of age, plainly but elegantly dressed, and of a prepossessing but somewhat sickly looking countenance, the lines of which were now working under the influence of some violent emotion. The only particular in his appearance was a black silk band, which, passing under the chin, was brought up on both sides of the head, and fastened on the crown under the hat.

"*Que tienes, Sangrador?*" What ails thee, man?" queried the Carlists of their terror-stricken companion, addressing him by a *nom de guerre* that he doubtless owed to his bloody deeds or disposition. At that moment the stranger sprang like a blood-hound into the centre of the group. In an instant El Sangrador was on the ground, his assailant's knee upon his breast, and his throat compressed by two nervous hands, which bade fair to perform the office of a bowstring on the prostrate man. All this had passed in far less time than is required to narrate it, and the astonishment of the Carlists at their comrade's terror and this sudden attack was such, that although men of action and energy, they were for a moment paralyzed, and thought not of rescuing their friend from the iron grip in which he was held. Already his eyes were blood-shot, his face purple, and his tongue protruding from his mouth, when a *gendarme* came up, and, aided by half a dozen of those agents who, in plain clothes, half-sabre and half policeman, are to be found in every place of a public resort in France, succeeded, but not without difficulty, in rescuing the Carlist from the fierce clutch of his foe, who clung to him with bull-dog tenacity till they were actually drawn asunder by main force.

"*Can this I inform!*" shouted the stranger, as he writhed and struggled in the hands of his guards. "By yonder villain have all my hopes in life been blasted—an adored mistress out-raged and murdered—myself tortured and mutilated in cold blood!" And tearing off the black fillet that encircled his head, it was seen that his ears had been cut off. A murmur of horror ran through the crowd which this scene had assembled. "And shall I not have revenge?" shouted Ignacio, (for he it was) in a voice rendered shrill by furious passion. And by a violent effort he again nearly succeeded in shaking off the men who held him.

El Sangrador, whose first terror had probably been caused by astonishment at seeing one whom he firmly believed numbered with the dead, had now recovered from his alarm.

"*Adios, Don Ignacio,*" cried he with a sneer, as he walked away between two *gendarmes*, while his enemy was hurried off in another direction.

The following day El Sangrador was sent to a depot of Spanish Emigrants in the interior of France. On his departure, the authorities, who had made themselves acquainted with the particulars of this dramatic incident, released Don Ignacio from confinement; but he was informed that no passport would be given him to quit Toulouse, unless it were for the Spanish frontier.

At the distance of a few leagues from the town of Oleron, and in one of the widest parts of the Pyrenees, is a difficult pass, scarcely known, except to smugglers and hard-hunters, whose hazardous avocations make them acquainted with the most hidden recesses of those rugged and picturesque mountains. Towards the close of the summer of 1841, this defile was occasionally traversed by adherents of the Ex-Queen Regent Christina, entering Spain secretly and in small parties, to be ready to take share in the abortive attempt subsequently

made to release the reins of government in the hands of Ferdinand's widow. Not a few Carlists also, weary of the monotonous inactive life they were leading in France, prepared to join the projected insurrection; and, leaving the towns in which a residence had been assigned them, sought to gain the Spanish side of the Pyrenees, where they might lie *perdu* until the moment for active operation arrived, subsisting in the meanwhile by brigandage and other lawless means. Owing to the negligence, either accidental or intentional, of the French authorities, these adventurers usually found little difficulty in reaching the line of demarcation between the two frontiers; but it was there their troubles began, and they had to take the greatest precaution to avoid falling into the hands of the Spanish *carabiniers* and light troops posted along the frontier.

Among those who intended to take a share in the rebellion, Don Ignacio Guerra occupied a prominent place. Being well known to the Spanish government as a devoted adherent of Christina, it would have been in vain for him to have attempted entering Spain by one of the ordinary roads. Repairing to Oleron, therefore, he procured himself a guide, and one of the small but sure-footed horses of the Pyrenees, and, after a wearisome march among the mountains, arrived about dusk at a cottage, or rather hovel, built on a ledge of rock within half an hour's walk of the Spanish frontier. Beyond this spot the road was impracticable for a horse and even dangerous for a pedestrian, and Don Ignacio had arranged to send back his guide and horse and proceed on foot; in which manner, also, it was easier to avoid falling in with the Spanish troops. The night was fine, and having the road minutely explained to him by his peasant guide, Ignacio had no doubt of finding himself within a few hours at a village where shelter and concealment were prepared for him. Leaving the horse in a sort of a shed that afforded shelter to two or three pigs, the Christiano officer entered the hut, followed by his guide and by a splendid wolf dog, an old and faithful companion of his wanderings. It was some seconds, however, before their eyes got sufficiently accustomed to the dark and smoky atmosphere of the place, to distinguish the objects it contained. The smoke came from a fire of green wood, that was smouldering under an enormous chimney, and over which a decrepit old woman was frying *tallones*, or maize meal-cake, in grease of a most suspicious odour. The old lady was so intent on the preparation of this delicacy, a favorite food of the Pyrenean mountaineers, that it was with difficulty she could be prevailed upon to prepare something substantial for the hungry travelers. Some smoked goat's flesh and acid wine were at length obtained, and, after a hasty meal, Ignacio paid his guide and resumed his perilous journey. The moon had not yet risen—the night was dark—the paths rugged and difficult, and the troops on the alert; to avoid falling in with an enemy, or down a precipice, so much care and attention were necessary, that nearly three hours had elapsed before Ignacio perceived that his dog had not followed him from the cottage. The animal had gone into the stable, and lain down beside his master's horse, doubtless imagining, by sort of half-reasoning instinct which dogs possess, that as long as the horse was there, the rider would not be far off.

Ignacio's first impulse, on discovering the absence of his four-footed companion, was to return to the cottage; but the risk in so doing was extreme, and as he felt certain his guide would take care of the dog, and that he should get it on some future day, he resolved to pursue his journey. Meantime the night became darker and darker—clouds had gathered and hung low—there was no longer the slightest trace or indication of a path, and the darkness prevented him from finding certain landmarks he had been told to observe, he was obliged to walk on nearly at hazard, and soon became aware he had lost his way. To add to his difficulties, the low growlings of distant thunder were heard, and some large drops of rain fell. A violent storm was evidently approaching, and Ignacio quickened his pace in hopes of finding some shelter before it came on, resolving to wait at all risks till daylight before continuing his route, lest he should run, as he was, blindfolded into the very dangers he wished to avoid. A sort of cliff or wall of rock he had for some time on his left hand, now suddenly ended, and a scene burst on his view which to him was common place enough, but would have appeared somewhat strange to a person unaccustomed to such sights. The mountain, which had been steep and difficult to descend, now began to slope more gradually as it approached its base. On a sort of shelving plateau of great extent, a number of charcoal burners had established themselves, and as the most expeditious way of clearing the ground, had set light in various places to the brush wood and furze that clothed this part of the mountain. To prevent, however, the conflagration from extending too far, they had previously, with their axes, cleared rings of several feet around the places to which they set fire. The bushes and furze they rooted up were thrown up in the centre, and increased the blaze. In this manner the entire mountain side, of which several hundred acres were overlooked from the spot where Ignacio stood, appeared dotted with brilliant fiery spots of some fifty feet in diameter, the more distant ones assuming a lurid red look, seen through the fog and mist that had now gathered over the mountain. Ignacio approached the nearest of the fires, lighted close to a crag that almost overhung it, and that offered a sufficient shelter from the rain which had begun to descend in torrents. Throwing himself on the ground with his feet towards the flames, he endeavored to get a little sleep, of which he stood much in need. But it was in vain. The situation in which he found himself suggested thoughts that he was unable to drive away. Gradually a sort of phantasmagoria passed before his "mind's eye," wherein the various events of his life, which, although a short one, had not the less been sadly eventful, were represented in vivid colors. He thought of childhood, spent in the sunny *regas* of Andalusia—of the companions of his military studies,

high-spirited, free hearted lads, of whom some had achieved honors and fame, but by far the greater part had died on the battle field—the buoyant fire, the merry laugh of the *insouciant* soldier—the din and excitement of the fight—the exultation of victory, and the well-won and highly relished pleasures of the garrison town after severe duty in the field;—the graceful form of Gertrudis now fitted across the picture—her jetty hair braided over her pure white forehead, the light of her swimming "eye," that mocked her coal black veil, flashing from under the manilla. The father with his portly figure and good-humored countenance, was beside her. They smiled at Ignacio, and seemed to beckon to him. So life-like was the illusion of his fancy, he could almost spring forward to join them. But again there was a change. A large and handsome room, a well covered table—all the appliances of modern luxury—plate and crystal sparkling in the brilliant lights—a happy, cheerful party surrounding the board. A gas, for the tragedy played on the stage! The hand of the spoiler was there—dead and woman's screams, disheveled hair and men's deep oaths, the wild and broken accents of despair, the coarse and ferocious exultation of gratified brutality. And then all was dark and gloomy as a winter's night, and through the darkness was seen a grave stone, shadowy and spectral, and a man still young, but with heart crushed and hopes blighted, lying prostrate before it, breast heaving with convulsive sobs of agony, until at length he rose and moved sadly away, to become an exile and wanderer in a foreign land.

Maddened by these reflections, Ignacio started to his feet, and was about to rush out into the storm, and fly, he knew not whither, from his own thoughts, when he suddenly became aware of the presence of a man within a few yards of him. The projecting crag, under which he had sought a shelter, extended all along one side of the fire. In one corner an angle of the rock threw a deep shadow, in which Ignacio now stood, and was thus enabled, without being seen himself, to observe the new-comer, who seated himself on a block of stone close to the fire. As he did so, the flame, which had been deadened by the rain, again burned up brightly, and threw a strong light on the features of the stranger. They were those of *El Sangrador*.

With stealthy pace, and trembling at every step, lest his prey should take the alarm, and even yet escape him, Ignacio stole towards his mortal foe. The noise of the storm, that still raged furiously, enabled him to get within five paces of him without being heard. He then halted, and silently cocking a pistol, remained for some time motionless as a statue. Now that his revenge was within his grasp, he hesitated to take it, not from any relenting weakness, but because the speedy death it was in his power to give, appeared an inadequate punishment—a paltry vengeance. Had he seen his enemy torn by wild horses, or broken on a wheel, his burning thirst for revenge would hardly have been slaked; and an easy, painless death by knife or bullet, he looked upon as a boon rather than a punishment. An end was put to his hesitation by the Carlist himself, who, either tormented by an evil conscience, or oppressed by one of those unaccountable and mysterious presentiments that sometimes warn us of impending danger, became restless, cast uneasy glances about him, and at last, turning round, found himself face to face with Ignacio. Almost before he recognized him, a hand was on his collar, and the muzzle of a pistol crammed into his ear. The click of the lock was heard, but no discharge ensued. The rain had damped the powder. Before Ignacio could draw his other pistol, the Carlist grappled him fiercely, and a terrible struggle commenced. Their feet soon slipped upon the wet rock, and they fell, still grasping each other's throats, foaming with rage, and hate, and desperation. The fire, now nearly out, afforded little light for the contest, but as they rolled over the smoldering embers, clouds of sparks arose, their clothes and hair were burned, and their faces scorched by the heat. The Carlist was unarmed, save with a clasp-knife, which, being in his pocket, was useless to him; for had he ventured to remove one hand from the struggle even for a moment, he would have given his antagonist a fatal advantage. At length the contest seemed about to terminate in favor of Ignacio. He got his enemy under, and knelt upon his breast, while, with a charred, half-burned branch which he found at hand, he dealt furious blows upon his head. Half-blinded by the smoke and heat, and by his own blood, the Carlist felt the sickness of death coming over him. By a last effort he slipped one hand which was now at liberty, into his pocket, and immediately withdrawing it, raised it to his mouth. His teeth grated upon the blade of the knife as he opened it, and the next instant Ignacio, with a long deep sob, rolled over among the ashes. The Carlist rose painfully and with difficulty into a sitting posture, and with a grim smile gazed upon his enemy, whose eyes were glazing, and features settling into the rigidity of death. But the conqueror's triumph was short-lived. A deep bark was heard, and a moment afterwards a wolf-dog drenched with mud and rain, leaped into the middle of the embers. Placing his black muzzle to Ignacio's face, he gave a long deep howl, which was succeeded by a growl like that of a lion, as he sprang upon the Carlist.

The morning after the storm, when the charcoal burners returned to their fires, they found two dead bodies amidst the ashes. One of them had a stab in his breast, which had caused his death. The other was frightfully disfigured, and bore the marks of fangs of some savage animal. In that wild district, the skirmishing ground of smugglers and *donaneros*, the mountaineers think little of such occurrences. A hole was dug, the bodies thrown into it; and a cross rudely cut upon a rock, alone marks the spot where the midnight conflict took place.

As B's modest, like the star, which, though high and exalted, shines upon the water, rather than like the vapor, which, though near and obscure, lifts itself to the clouds.