

him in the mysterious language that she has used with the child. The word *paylo*, often repeated, was the sole one that I understood, and I knew that gypsies thus designate all men of a race foreign to their own. Supposing myself to be the subject of discussion I was in expectation of a delicate explanation, and with my hand already on one of the footstools, I endeavoured to calculate the precise moment in which it would be expedient to throw it at the head of the intruder. The latter roughly thrust back the gypsy and advanced towards me; then, drawing back a step, exclaimed:

"Ah, Monsieur! it is you!"

I looked at him in turn and recognized my friend Don José; and at this moment I rather regretted not having allowed him to be hung.

"Eh! it is you, *mon brave!*" I said, laughing, with the best grace that I could assume. "You have interrupted Mademoiselle at the moment in which she was foretelling very interesting events."

"Always the same! This must end," he said, fixing a fierce look on her. Meanwhile the gypsy continued to talk to him in her language. By degrees she grew excited, her eyes were suffused with blood and became terrible, her features contracted, she stamped her feet. She seemed to be passionately urging him to some action to which he appeared averse. I fancied that I understood only too well what it was in seeing her little hand pass and repass rapidly under her chin. I was tempted to believe that the subject under discussion was the cutting of a throat, and I had some suspicion that the throat in question was my own. To this torrent of eloquence Don José replied only by two or three words uttered in a curt tone, at which the gypsy darted at him a look of profound contempt; then seating herself in the Turkish fashion in a corner of the room, she selected an orange, which she peeled and began to eat. Don José took my arm, opened the door, and led me into the street. We walked about two hundred steps in perfect silence; then extending his hand he said:

"Keep straight on and you will find the bridge." Immediately turning his back he rapidly moved off. I returned to my tavern feeling rather sheepish and in a very bad humor. The worst of it was to discover in undressing that my watch was missing.

Various considerations hindered me from going to reclaim it next day, or to appeal to the corregidor to have search made for it. I finished my work on the manuscript in the Dominican library, and took my departure for Seville. After several months of rambling through Andalusia I wished to return to Madrid, and it was necessary to pass through Cordova, where I had no intention of making a long sojourn, for I had conceived an aversion for this beautiful city, and the bathers of the Guadalquivir; nevertheless some friends to see again, some commissions to execute, would detain me three or four days in the ancient capital of the Mussulman princes. On my reappearance at the Dominican convent, one of the fathers, who had always evinced a great interest in researches as to the site of Munda, received me with open arms exclaiming:

"God's name be praised! Welcome dear friend; we all believed you to be dead, and I have said many a *pater* and *ave*, that I do not regret, for the salvation of your soul. Robbed, we know you have been."

"How so?" I asked a little surprised.

"Yes; that beautiful repeating watch that you would strike, you know, when told that it was time to go to the chapel choir. Well! it has been found, and will be returned to you."

"That is to say," I interrupted, a little out of countenance, "that I had lost."

"The rogue is under bolts and bars, and as we knew him to be a man to fire his carbine at a Christian for a trifling coin, we were dying of fear that he had killed you. I will go with you to the corregidor, and we will have your beautiful watch restored. And then dare to say over yonder that justice does not know her trade in Spain!"

"I confess that I should much rather lose my watch than to testify in court and cause a poor devil to be hung, especially because—because—"

"Oh! have no uneasiness; he is fully committed, and cannot be hung twice. When I say hung, I am mistaken. He is a *hidalgo*,\* is your robber; therefore he will be garroted the day after to-morrow, without pardon. You see that a robbery more or less will effect no change in his fate. Would to God that he had only robbed! But he has committed several murders, each one more horrible than the other."

"What is his name?"

"He is known through the country as José Navarro, but he has another Basque name that neither you nor I could ever pronounce. However, he is a man worth seeing, and you, who like to know the peculiarities of the country, should not neglect the opportunity of witnessing how the rascals of Spain leave this world. He is now in the chapel, but Father Martinez will conduct you to him in his cell."

My worthy Dominican insisted so strongly that I should see the preparations for this *very pretty little hanging*, that I could not excuse myself.

I went to the jail, carrying a bundle of cigars that I hoped would secure pardon for my indiscretion. I entered the prisoner's cell at the moment in which he was at dinner. He gave me a rather cool nod, and thanked me politely for the gift I brought, and after counting the cigars of the package I placed in his hands, he selected a certain number and returned the remainder observing that he had no need to take more.

I asked him if with a little money, or through the influence of my friends, I should be able to obtain some mitigation of his sentence. At first he shrugged his shoulders, smiling sadly; soon, however, changing his mind, he asked me to have a mass said for the repose of his soul.

"Would you be willing," he added, timidly, "would you be willing to have one also said for a person who has injured you?"

"Assuredly, my dear fellow; but no one, so far as I am aware, has injured me in this country."

He took my hand and pressed it with a grave air. After a moment's silence, he resumed:

"Might I dare to ask you yet another service? On returning to your own country perhaps you will pass through Navarre, at least you will go through Vittoria, which is not far distant."

"Yes," I replied, "I shall certainly pass through Vittoria, but it is not impossible that I may turn aside to Pampeluna, and for your sake I would willingly make this change in my route."

"Well, you will see more than one thing to interest you in the beautiful city of Pampeluna. I will give you this medal" (showing me a small silver medal that he wore around his neck); "you will wrap it in paper"—he stopped a moment to master his emotion—"and you will deliver, or cause it to be delivered, to a good woman whose address I will give you. You will say that I am dead, but you will not disclose the manner of my death."

I promised to execute his commission faithfully. I passed a part of the next day with him, and from his lips I learned the sad adventures now to be related.

(To be continued.)

## DRUNK IN THE STREET.

"Drunk, your worship," the officer said:  
 "Drunk in the street, Sir!" she raised her head.  
 A lingering trace of the olden grace  
 Still softened the lines of her woe-worn face.  
 Unkempt and tangled her rich brown hair;  
 Yet with all the furrows and stains of care—  
 The years of anguish, and sin, and despair—  
 The child of the city was passing fair.

The ripe, red mouth, with lips compressed—  
 The rise and fall of the heaving breast—  
 The nervous fingers, so taper and small,  
 Crumple the fringe of the tattered shawl,  
 As she stands in her place at the officer's call.  
 She seemed good and fair, she seemed tender and sweet,  
 This fallen woman found drunk in the street.

Does the hand that once smoothed the ripple and wave  
 Of that tangled hair lie still in the grave?  
 Is the mother who pressed those red lips to her own  
 Deaf to the pain of their smothered moan?  
 Has the voice that chimed with the lisping prayer  
 No accent of hope for the lost one there,  
 Bearing her burden of shame and despair?

Drunk in the street!—in the gutters found—  
 From a passionate longing to crush and drown  
 The soul of the woman she might have been—  
 To fling off the weight of a fearful dream,  
 And awake again in the homestead hard by  
 The wooded mountain that touched the sky;  
 To linger awhile on the path to school  
 And catch in the depths of the limpid pool,  
 Under the willow shade, green and cool,  
 A dimpled face and a laughing eye,  
 And the pleasant words of the passer-by.

Ye men with sisters and mothers and wives,  
 Have ye no care for these women's lives?  
 Must they starve for the comfort ye never speak?  
 Must they ever be erring, and sinful, and weak—  
 Staggering onward with weary feet,  
 Stained in the gutters, and drunk in the street?

## UNDER THE PINES.

BY MARTHA THACKWELL, AUTHOR OF HIC JACET, ETC.

Graciously bow, and bend to the breeze,  
 Bow, I cry, bow, ye stiff-necked trees,  
 Down with soft rustle the pine-needles fall,  
 Surely the pines should hear when I call.  
 Now they are singing, ah! what do they say?  
 Listen! the voices come rustling this way,  
 Singing in monotone, singing in mirth,  
 Ah! thou dear wind-voices, come back to earth!  
 What shall the picture be? shall it be bright?  
 Will the years bring to me shadow or light?  
 Bear ye a burden of prophecies sad?  
 Nay, dost thou bid me in earnest be glad?  
 Speak out more clearly, I listen, I hear,  
 Be not mysterious, I beckon you near,

\* In 1830 the nobility still enjoyed, exclusively, this privilege. Now under the constitutional régime, the commonalty have won the right to the *garrote*.