

CHAPTER IV.

THE GERMAN TRAVELLER.

I.

"Diabola, señor! a German Don is in the house, and the hostess telling me she is sure he is a staunch admirer of Don Carlos, and wishing to treat him well desires to lodge him in the room at the end of this vile place!"

"What say'st? To interrupt us?"

"But, señor, these wretched *charlataneries* are always very bad and insulting. You must know, señor, that you are not at your own beautiful seat where every thing goes exactly as you order it; but in a miserable place where, taking advantage of the disordered state of regal affairs, these hounds exercise supreme sway over all classes of society from the plebs to the king. So we have but one choice; this thing is desired by our hostess, and obey we must, or be turned into the street. Oh, that I had the monster Isturitz by the throat! But, señor, what word?"

"Parbleu! how wretched a thing this! what is he?"

"The dame says a fine German traveller!"

"He is not of high rank, I venture, mon ami?"

"*Que se io*, how should I know?"

"*Eh bien*, such is the lot of mortals, such the way with *posadas*, and submit to them, I suppose we must, if we will insist in stopping at such wretched places! *Oui, mon ami*, let him come!"

It was evident from the haughty expression that stole over the face of Don Nunez de Castanello, as the German traveller was ushered into the room by the short hostess, that he was deeply annoyed at this intrusion. As for his companion, he merely scowled through his lowering eye-brows, and silently bit his lip in vexation.

"A cowardly set of dogs those Germans?" said Don Nunez in an under breath, "a rascally set, but I must see what this milk-faced Dutchman is like, she said he was a Carlist?" then aloud:—

"Señor, this a wretched night?"

The plump, red faced and red haired stranger, approached the table without any embarrassment whatever, and seizing a wine glass poured its contents upon the floor, then filling it with the choice Madeira that graced the board, said as he raised the glass to the light:

"*Ganz so; aber hier sind wir!* quite so; but here we are!" He smiled blandly as he replaced the goblet upon the board, notwithstanding the threatening aspect of the two Spaniards opposite him.

"Herr Spaniards! I wish a long life to Don Carlos Quinto."

Señor Olibanzo drew his dagger, and seemed ready to spring upon the German, as the latter individual straightened himself up, by which exertion his cloak