

lopes alone, and sticking three into my mouth began to blow away. Nanouzi was busily engaged making some mulled wine, and the treatment the "vino" was getting rather astonished mine host, while I ejaculated to myself "May be you will be more astonished when you taste it!" I explained to him the way it was made, and what a good thing it was, particularly on a cold night. "Pero" (but), said he, "escalient6" [It is hot]. "Yes," said I, "it is very hot, and if that same does not warm your old, dried-up Arragonese heart, and alter your opinions most materially before the night is out, why I will give you up as a determined old cross one." In a short time we had a smoking board, all hot, and making my friend sit by me, we satisfied the cravings of hunger, which in campaign, gentle reader, let me tell you is perpetual, and the opportunities to gratify, few, very few, and far between. Mine host seemed to enjoy the cuisine of the estrangero, and oh the "vino calliente" was "absolutamente delicioso." We sat near the blazing embers before us, puffing out our cigarillos and enjoying the vino calliente. Don Mariano began gradually to relax his cold and stiff manners, and the wine was making a capital companion of him. We talked of the war, its causes, its consequences, and probable results. I found him intelligent and communicative, and the reverse of what I had taken him for. "Pues, amigo." [Well, my friend,] said he, "this war is surely a curse sent from Heaven to punish the nation for its former iniquities. Time was when Spain was the first among the great of the earth, her sons the most intelligent and most valiant, and the word of an Hidalgo had never been doubted. But, alas! behold her now! Spain and Spaniard have become a byword, a mere mockery of greatness, and the wreck of her former self, like a huge vessel, driven before the stormy sea of trouble and political regeneration, without a helm, she has stranded, and the waves of misfortune beat over her. "Paciencia" [patience]. We who inhabit her must only bear up, as best we can, against the immutable decrees of fate. Amigo, in this province for the last five years we have seen little else than the fire and the sword. Our rich men have become impoverished, our houses have been emptied, our sons are no more, having perished in the war, and, alas! dishonour has stalked into almost every family, with the demon of war in the unbridled and licentious soldiery. Oh, it makes every honest Spaniard blush for his people, and repent having been born one of them. At the commencement of this war, this town [Caldanda] was staunch to the cause of the young Queen, as has been her senior sister, Zaragoza, in Upper Arragon. But, alas! it has paid dearly for its fidelity. The inhabitants at that time were wealthy, and contributed freely their quota to the expenses of the war. Millions of reals were forwarded, from time to time, to the military chest, *con voluntad* [with good will], but at last came *pulos* and *la bayoneta* [the rod and the bayonet] to enforce similar exactions, when the exhausted *bolsas* [purses] of the impoverished inhabitants could yield no more. Think you 'tis strange that this town became lukewarm, and that its population became disgusted and disaffected? Yet, notwithstanding all this, its citizens and hidalgos made a brave and ineffectual resistance against an attack of the party opposed. This could hardly have been expected, but true it is. Ah! well do I recollect that dreadful and horrible sight. I was then *un consejero de la villa* [one of the town council]. It is now about two years since that we had first

heard of Don Ramon Cabrera. Victory after victory over our dispirited soldiery, had gathered round his standard a very strong and well-organized force. His cruelties, in all these actions, had given him a notorious celebrity, and his name was now a terror wherever he appeared. Hitherto he had confined himself to the province above mentioned; but he rapidly overran the adjoining districts. At last we heard, with fear and trembling, that a recent victory gained over the Queen's troops had opened the whole province to him, and that he was but a few days' march from this unhappy town. The inhabitants, hitherto dispirited and lukewarm from the exactions and cruelties practised upon them by the Queen's troops, began to open their eyes to a greater evil; and every preparation was then made that could be done by a feeble garrison, assisted by the inhabitants. The dread of falling into the hands of Cabrera and his troops was thought a greater hardship than the exactions and contributions imposed upon us by the Queen's partisans. Hitherto we had only suffered in pocket, but now everything that man holds dear was endangered. Such of the citizens as could yet afford it, sent their families to the rear, in every direction, but principally to Zaragoza. At last the evil hour approached: the columns of Don Ramon were reported to be within a few leagues of us, and we expected hourly to be attacked. One dark night,—it was midnight,—I happened to be at the Consejo, and when we least expected it, the roar of ten or twelve pieces of Artillery rent the air, like a sudden peal of thunder. Everything vibrated in the town;—peals of musquetry could be heard at one end of the place, and the shouts of the men and the screams of the women, told that the awful work of death had commenced. It was a dismal night. I flew to my house, to shake my only son, perhaps for the last time, by the hand. I met him at the door—he was dressed in the garb of the National Guard, and he was leaning on his musket—tears had evidently trickled down his manly cheeks. "Padre" [father], said he, "we may not meet again; but do not expose yourself," continued he, with his voice half choked. "Your Antonio will do his duty for himself and you!" I had not power to answer the noble youth, but caught him in my arms and gave him a last embrace. We parted, it was to meet no more." Here poor Don Mariano covered his face with his hands, and I felt inclined to join him in his emotions. At length composing himself, he continued, "All that courage, patience, and determination could effect was done; but it was of no avail. All our young men were sacrificed, and the enemy stormed and took the town. It was then, oh Dios mio, that I fancied that I had died, and that my spirit had taken its departure to the nether regions. The frightful picture will never be effaced from my memory. The town was given up to the soldiery, to pillage and to rapine. I flew to the Town-Hall in hopes of finding the Alcalde [Mayor]. He was there, but the place was crowded with the councillors and their families, together with others, seeking protection from the general violation. Alas, poor people! I inwardly thanked God that I had no wife nor daughter. A great noise at the Hall door now drew the attention of all to that part of the building, and a general shudder pervaded the room as an officer in the Carlist uniform presented himself. He was a young man of athletic make, and appeared flushed and excited with the scenes just then enacting. He stood at the door with his back towards us, and evidently giving some orders outside in the most

vehement manner. A very short time explained the reasons for his appearance. A few moments more and Cabrera entered, accompanied by a numerous staff. He was dressed in a Zamara [fur jacket] and with the white cap of the Carlists. His staff were nearly all dressed in a similar manner. His shirt-collar was open, displaying a sinewy and sunburnt neck. He walked up in a careless, but ferocious manner to the centre of the hall, eyeing the unfortunate females, that were here and there sobbing most vehemently and crossing themselves from time to time. There was no doubt left in my mind as to the nature of his visit, with his staff. The latter seemed to watch the movements of their master, like so many jackals waiting till the lion had taken his prey, to help themselves afterwards. At last his disgusting eye fell on a beautiful girl, who was still clinging to her aged father. It was the daughter of the Alcalde. This poor girl had been previously requested by her aged father to leave him, and seek shelter with an aged relation in Zaragoza; but refused, declaring that she would share his fate, whatever it was. Poor Dolores! she was a noble girl. An aide-de-camp to whom Cabrera had been speaking, a short time after approached the Alcalde and his daughter. I watched the group. Dolores told the tale most eloquently. From the crouching position she had assumed when the Carlists entered, one would not have supposed that the timid and gentle looking girl would at once have assumed the majesty of a queen. Her eyes flashed fire, her colour, before a deadly pale, assumed a flushed appearance. Fear had disappeared. Not so with the Alcalde. His figure was bowed down, and a tear now and then dropped from his dim and aged eye. Cabrera sent again and again, but apparently with the same success. At last, striding up and down the Hall with impatient step, and frowning brow, he advanced towards the father and daughter, and addressed the former thus: "Your daughter, old man, methinks is overcome in these excited times. The chance that brought me into this spacious room, she ought to think most propitious, for a second longer had perhaps consigned her to the arms of some trompeta [trumpeter], instead of mating with The Cabrera." Ramon Cabrera, said the noble girl boldly, and answering for her trembling parent, "the dove mates not with the devouring kite, nor the sparrow with the disgusting vulture. I am an hija d'España [Spanish maiden], and una hija d'un hidalgo [Arragonese] (the daughter of an Arragonese hidalgo). You know my firm resolve: enough begone! Cabrera glared like a demon, and with a hoarse and half-smothered laugh whispered something in her ear. Dolores turned deadly pale, but instantly recovering, and eyeing him with the mostly overwhelming contempt, added, "I defy you, demon. There exists not a man in your whole army that would not blush at so cowardly and base an action!" A few seconds elapsed, and a sign from Cabrera brought two or three assassin-looking ruffians near the noble maiden. My breath became short and thick, my tongue clung to the roof of my mouth, I would have screamed, but in vain. The Alcalde was roused to desperation, his eyes started out of their sockets. The ruffians now held her two arms and bared her bosom: one piercing shriek, and she fell senseless into the arms of her frenzied parent, the blood spouting torrents from the beautiful bosom they had mutilated. I fell on the floor, and when I recovered I found myself alone in the now silent hall. Oh, that night! alas, poor Dolores! and oh! Antonio! Antonio!