

sun, and dawdle over the gossip of the fortress, and question every water carrier that arrives about the news of the city, and make long comments on every thing they hear and see. Not an hour of the day but loitering house-wives and idle maid-servants may be seen lingering with pitcher on head or in hand, to hear the last of the endless tattle of these worthies.

Among the water carriers who once resorted to this well, there was a sturdy, strong-backed, bandy-legged little fellow, named Pedro Gil, but called Peregil for shortness. Being a water carrier, he was a Gallego, or native of Galicia, of course. Nature seems to have formed races of men, as she has of animals, for different kinds of drudgery.

In France the shoeblacks are all Savoyards, the porters of hotels all Swiss, and in the days of hoops and hair-powder in England, no man could give the regular swing to a sedan-chair but a bog-trotting Irishman.

So in Spain, the carriers of waters and bearers of burdens are all sturdy little natives of Galicia. No man says, "Get me a porter," but, "Call a Gallego."

To return from this digression, Peregil the Gallego had begun business with merely a great earthen jar which he carried upon his shoulders; by degrees he rose in the world, and was enabled to purchase an assistant of a correspondent class of animals, being a stout, shaggy-haired donkey. On each side of this long-eared aid-de-camp, in a kind of pannier, were slung his water jars, covered with fig-leaves to protect them from the sun. There was not a more industrious water carrier in all