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FRANCIS BERRIAN,

OR

THE MEXICAN PATRIOT.

Y si te acercas mas a nuestras dias,
O Clito, en las historias
Veras, donde con sangre las memorias
No estuvieren borradas,
Que de horrores manchadas
Vidas tantas estan esclarecidas
Que leeras mas escandalos que vidas.—*Quevedo.*

SECOND EDITION.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



PHILADELPHIA :

KEY & BIDDLE, 23 MINOR STREET.

1834. K

DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, TO WIT:

BE it remembered, that on the 12th day of July, A. D. 1826, and in the fifty-first year of the Independence of the United States of America, Cummings, Hilliard & Co. of the said district, have deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof they claim as proprietors, in the words following, TO WIT:

Francis Berrian, or the Mexican Patriot.

Y si te acercas mas a nuestras dias,
O Clito, en las historias
Veras, donde con sangre las memorias
No estuvieren borradas,
Que de horrores manchadas
Vidas tantas estan esclarecidas,
Que leeras mas escandalos que vidas.

Quevedo.

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States entitled "an act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned;" and also to an act entitled "an act supplementary to an act, entitled 'an act for the encouragement of learning by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;,' and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

JOHN W. DAVIS,

Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

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TO

HENRY A. BULLARD, ESQ.

SIR:

The idea of the following work was suggested by conversations with you. In the spring-time of your days, and when fresh from our common Alma Mater, as a patriot soldier of fortune, you surveyed the region over which my hero travels, and became familiar with the country, its language, and manners. You well know, that no inconsiderable portion of these adventures is any thing rather than fiction. If it have any interest, then, it is but right that the community should know to whom they owe the germ and the fruit. In affixing your name to the work, I rejoice in the offered opportunity to testify my wish to raise a monument to the remembrance of friendship, and kindness, and an unbroken series of good offices from the first hour of our acquaintance. I leave to others the cold and unmeaning homage of indiscriminate eulogy, and confine myself to terms more in keeping with the color of our intimate, endeared, and, to me, most useful and improving intercourse. It is one of the cordials, that have sustained me in sickness, and have tended to make me feel as if domesticated in a land of strangers. It has called up affec-

ting and tender recollections of events, and years, and men gone by, and 'beyond the flood,' and of an intimacy of fourteen years with your deceased father. The Bible bids you not to forget your own friend and your father's friend. I am sure that you will obey the injunction; and I conclude with the hope and the prayer, that the chain, whose links have thus been forming for two generations, will descend, lengthening and unbroken, to embrace our children in its golden circle.

I am, with sentiments of

Gratitude, affection, and respect,

Your friend,

THE AUTHOR.

FRANCIS BERRIAN,

OR

THE MEXICAN PATRIOT.

CHAPTER I.

O tierra suave de mi alma!

Where e'er I roam, whatever lands I see,
My heart untravell'd, fondly turns to thee.—*Goldsmith.*

IN the autumn of this year I set out from Massachusetts for the remote regions of the south-west on the Spanish frontier, where I reside. When I entered the steam boat from Philadelphia to Baltimore, having taken a general survey of the motley group, which is usually seen in such places, my eye finally rested on a young gentleman, apparently between twenty-five and thirty, remarkable for his beauty of face, the symmetry of his fine form, and for that uncommon union of interest, benevolence, modesty, and manly thought, which are so seldom seen united in a male countenance of great beauty. The idea of animal magnetism, I know, is exploded. I, however, retain my secret belief in the invisible communication between minds, of something like animal magnetism and repulsion. I admit that this electric attraction of kindred minds at first sight, and antecedent to acquaintance, is inexplicable. The world may laugh at the impression, if it pleases. I have, through life, found myself attracted, or repelled at first sight, and

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oftentimes without being able to find in the objects of these feelings any assignable reason, either for the one or the other. I have experienced, too, that, on after acquaintance, I have very seldom had occasion to find these first impressions deceptive. It is of no use to inquire, if these likes and dislikes be the result of blind and unreasonable prejudice. I feel that they are like to follow me through my course.

There was something in this young gentleman which immediately and strongly enlisted my feelings in his favor. It certainly was not his extraordinary beauty of person, because I have so often seen such more vain and insufferable than even an empty female beauty, that this circumstance would rather have operated against him. I accounted to myself for my strong liking on my established theory; and I watched, during the passage, to make such acquaintance with him, as such places admit. No decorous opportunity for such acquaintance occurred, and I only learned from the way book, that his name was Francis Berrian, for Durango in New Mexico.

For the rest, there was on board the customary samples and assortments of all climes, characters, ages, and conditions. There was the usual sprinkling of smirking belles, and dandies with their inane and simpering faces. There were the dignified personages, striding backwards and forwards, on whose brow and in whose port were impressed the claims of homage and observance on the score of wealth, family, or political importance. It is a fine position in which to observe the innate workings of vanity and self-importance. Mutual strangers, wafted for a few hours on the same bottom, they part, probably to meet no more on the earth; and yet it is amusing to see what an anxiety they have to establish their short-lived importance in each other's view. It is no longer a marvel to me, that travellers will spend time and trouble to engrave their names on a distant rock which few have seen, or climb a pyramid to inscribe a name which will

be read but three times in an age; and the name 'of a pigmy still, though placed on Alps.'

Perhaps the circumstance, which so much fixed my attention upon the young gentleman in question, was an indescribable air of contentment and tranquillity, as though satisfied from himself; a carelessness of the observation and estimation of the rest, as entire, as though he had been alone in the boat. Nothing interests me so much in a person as to see him deriving his resources from himself, and not drawing upon the feverish stimulants of display, and the fancied figure which he makes in the eye of another; but on the reflections and enjoyments which spring up spontaneously within himself. His dress and his servants indicated wealth, and his countenance wore the tinge of a southern sun. I remarked that there was a common feeling of curiosity on board the boat to learn who and what he was. This was particularly discernible among the young ladies. But, though his manner indicated great courtesy and suavity, he seemed rather shy of communication; and there were many who left the steam boat, probably suffering more from the pain of ungratified curiosity, than I did. In Baltimore I lost sight of him amidst the crowd of porters, of busy, or impertinent people, who rush on board a steam boat the moment of its landing.

I crossed the mountains on the national road to Wheeling, and descended the Ohio to Louisville, at which place I embarked on board a steam boat bound to the place of my final destination. My first look upon my fellow-passengers discovered among them the fine-looking and dignified stranger, that had interested me so much on my passage to Baltimore. The Ohio was unusually low. His course must be the same with mine for at least a thousand miles. Our captain calculated that his boat would be frequently aground, and of course did not think of running by night. The passengers were mostly young men of that empty and boisterous character, that is but

too common on those waters; men equally without ideas and without manners; who know only to swear, play cards and drink. I felt pleased to think that the stranger could not escape my acquaintance; that in our assortment of passengers, a man of his apparent character could not have a fellow feeling with them, and that I should find in his society a relief from the tedium of a long and tiresome passage, and the impatience of a prolonged absence from my family.

One would think, that the charm of congenial society was no where less necessary than on a steam boat, which crowds so much life together, and wafts such a variety of characters. But this, in the want of such society, is soon found to be a bitter mistake. The perpetual change of scenery, as you glide down such a river, creates an unnatural craving in the eye, and an anxious desire to find some person to whom we can communicate the varied impressions; to whom we look to see if the prospects, that are constantly shifting under our eye, produce similar impressions to theirs. If the passengers, as too commonly happens, are boisterous, and enter into no amusements but cards and drinking, and are utterly insensible to the pleasure of contemplating nature, the mind recoils back on itself with chagrin and disappointment; and a steam boat, under such circumstances, becomes a prison.

It is true, our passage was made under very pleasant circumstances, apart from the character of the passengers. We had a fine boat, a provident and obliging captain, and excellent fare. Every one has heard, that the French call the river itself *la belle riviere*. It is a beautiful river, particularly in the autumn. Its shores furnished us with plenty of game, and when we lay by on its wide and clean sand-bars, we amused ourselves with shooting among the countless multitudes of ducks and geese. When the boat grounded, as it often did, while the hands were getting her off, we had our pleas-

ant promenades in the wild woods, some in pursuit of game, and some of the wild fruits. The temperature of the air was delightful. There is no where a milder azure of sky, or a more beautiful autumnal sun, than over this devious and noble stream. Nature, too, was laying on the last mellow coloring in her grand painting of the season, on the surface of the forests, in all the hues of red, purple, and yellow, to that of the sear and dropping leaf. When disengaged from the bars, our boat swept swiftly and majestically round the curves of the river. The rest raised their reckless laugh, told their stale jest, and played their cards, to their own satisfaction. Our mutual want of taste for these enjoyments brought us together, and acquaintance led to intimacy. Our communications became frank and cordial, and we as naturally seated ourselves under the awning on the deck to enjoy the autumnal landscape, and taste the cooling breeze, and to enter into these pleasant conversations, as the rest sat down to their cards. Of course we mutually inquired the place of each other's birth and residence, and were naturally led, in the progress of this acquaintance, to go into the color and events of our past lives. I communicated without reserve 'the short and simple annals' of my career, thus far on my pilgrimage; encouraged by the promise, that this confidence should be repaid by the history of his own.

It was commenced, laid aside, and resumed, as our feelings, the temperature of the air, and circumstances dictated. As his story advanced, my interest in it became more intense. This story I now propose to give to the reader, as I received it from him. If it interest him half as much as it did me, he will not complain that I have taken him along with me as a companion. It will not be amiss to advertise him here, that, in order to avoid distracting his attention by bringing before him a multiplicity of characters, I have left out many of the personages and minor events, connected with

his history, which were easily woven into the copiousness and details of conversation.

He premised his narrative by observing, that he should have to apologize for the frequent use of the important pronoun of the first person in his discourse, and the necessity of frequently recurring to his own exploits, and his own praises. I insisted that he should begin *ab ovo*, as Horace says, and that he should tell all. 'If,' he replied, 'you find me considered in this history, as a very pretty fellow, only ask yourself, how I could help it?

And when you hear extravagant and foolish praise of this sort, or any other, we will both agree not to look in each other's face, and you must suppose this the idle exaggeration of a very partial third person.

'Besides, I forewarn you, that although nothing will be related but what did most certainly take place, nothing but what is most strictly true, much of my story, I am aware, will have in your eye the semblance of being too wide from the common course of events, and of drawing pretty largely on your readiness to believe on the faith of the narrator. But if the whole story of the Mexican revolution could be told, a thousand adventures, a thousand whimsical turns of the wheel of fortune would come to light, in comparison of which, all my adventures would assume the air of common occurrences. I forestall another charge. If I really describe myself as I am and have been, and my adventures as they occurred, this true history will seem to you little short of a romance. You matter-of-fact people here in the States are, I am sensible, inclined either to ridicule romantic feeling and adventure, or, still worse, to view it as having immoral tendencies, and tending to unnerve the mind, and unfit it for the severer and more important duties of life. 'Have no fear upon that score,' I cried, 'for I, at least, am not one of them. It is so long since I have heard of nothing but dollars and cents, the mere mercenary details of existence, that I languish to be intro-

duced to another world. I heartily despise the idle declamation against romances, which I so often hear. Poesy and romance are the higher and holier matters of the intellectual world. All noble conceptions, all holy thoughts in the mind, are undoubtedly connected with the qualified love and indulgence of romantic feeling. The Greeks and Romans, the most chivalrous and noble people of the past ages, were dear lovers of romances. The Arabians and the Spanish, and generally the more sensitive and intellectual people of the south were delighted with romances. And where do we instinctively look for high and generous feeling, and dignified acting? among these people, or among the Dutch in their happiest money-getting days? The best minds and the tenderest hearts may repress their inward likings, through fear of ridicule; but follow them to the inmost sanctuary of their feelings, and I dare affirm, you will there find them giving way to this innate propensity of such minds. Strike out the poetry of existence, the romance of creation, and what remains but the dull routine of eating and drinking, sleeping and dying? you sear the feelings, bronze the heart, and leave no other pursuit or hope, but miserable and incessant calculations of pounds, shillings and pence. The love of glory and of fame, the feelings of benevolence, the thrill of affection and tenderness, are all extinguished in the heart, as if they were in an atmosphere of "choke damp." The dreams of patriotism, the willingness to devote all, and die for our country, become the idle extravagance of insanity.

God knows, the tendency of every thing in this country, and in the world at this time, is just towards this order of things. The first question of the marriageable daughter, is just that of the sagacious father, how much money has he? What are his expectations? we would not have silly damsels pine over sickening and everlasting long-winded tales of love; but the more chivalrous, high-minded, and romantic our young people are raised,

as I deem, the better. I should have little hope of a young man, until I was persuaded that his bosom had sometimes expanded with the dreams of romance. How delightfully, and with what sweet *naivete*, the sober Addison lets us into his bosom in detailing one of his day-dreams, in which he tells us in a single walk he conquered the whole world, not forgetting Constantinople, and new moulded the condition of man, and rendered it better and happier. Away with the miserable project of rendering men more selfish than they are. I would much rather the eye of my child should kindle at hearing the recitation of beautiful verses, than be dazzled with the glitter of gold coins. Indiscriminate avidity for romance may be a great evil. I contend not for the abuse of any thing. I say again, deprive life of its poesy, existence of the creations of the imagination, and what do you leave us? A 'stale, flat, and unprofitable' world, with which, I should think, a reasonable appetite might be satisfied in one week. I have heard many a good soul declaim, that he would be glad if there was nothing of romance in the world. I should regard him who could, and would destroy the illusions of fancy and the imagination, as I would the evil genius, who would destroy foliage and flowers from the trees, to give us fruit on the naked stem. You need have no fear on the score of being romantic. You have awakened curiosity from a new source; and this is just the time and place to listen to a story of that sort, and the sooner you begin, the less I shall declaim.'

He then commenced as follows: 'I am happy to find that we are natives of the same state. I was born in a retired village, not far from Boston, I was the youngest but two, of eight children, and reared in the strictest forms of puritan institution; and I remark, in passing, that to commence with this discipline has one of two terminations, when the subject of it leaves the land of his birth, and becomes an inhabitant of foreign regions. Either he receives from such early impressions the rudi-

ments of sobriety and good morals, which continue to be developed through life, or he shakes off the influence of early impressions, yields himself with more facility to seductive and pernicious example, and finally transcends in abandonment those, who never received good impressions. I feel the benefit of this early discipline, and I am sure that my early impressions were engraven too deeply on my heart ever to be erased.

With what delight I retrace the remembrances of my youth, in that dearest and best of all lands! Where can be found on earth better principled, better nurtured, and happier families, than those of the substantial yeomanry of that region? Even yet, after so many wanderings and vicissitudes, I recall in my dreams the hoary head and venerable form of that father, who used to bend the knee before us in family prayer, and who taught my infant voice to pray. I find pictured on my mind, that long range of meadows, which front our village church. I see my father at the head, and my mother and the rest of the family, according to their ages, following each other's steps through those delightful meadows, as we went up to the house of God in company. I see even now the brilliance of the meadow-pink, and I seem to hear the note of the lark, startled and soaring from our path. There is the slow and limpid stream, in which I have angled and bathed a thousand times. There was the hum of bees on the fragrant, white balls of the meadow button-wood; which formed an impervious tangle on the verge of the stream. Each of the boys had his nosegay of pond lilies, with their brilliant white and yellow cups, their exquisite and and ambrosial fragrance, and their long and twined stems. Each of the girls had her bonnet and breast decked with a shower of roses. Well, too, do I remember the venerable minister, with his huge white wig, his earnest voice, and an authority at once patriarchal and familiar. The small and rustic church was filled to overflowing with those, who had there recei-

ved baptism, and who expected to repose with their fathers in the adjoining consecrated enclosure. And there, opposite to the church, was the village school-house, one of those thousand nurseries of New England's greatness. Dear remembrances! How often ye visited my dreams in the desolate land of the stranger.

Excuse digressions, which force themselves upon me, whenever I compare the land of my birth with the countries, in which I have since sojourned. I pass over the events of my early years, observing only, that I was the most limber and athletic, the best wrestler, swimmer and skaiter in the school, but was altogether too good-natured to fight, though I sometimes had my provocations to it. I was the favorite of my father and mother, and was therefore selected to be the scholar of the family; for it is well known that there every such family is expected to furnish at least one scholar. I was the favorite of the school, too, until it was divulged, that I was to be sent to college. From that time I had to encounter my full share of envy. I was sent to a neighboring academy, and thence in due process of time to Harvard College, where I was graduated, after the allotted interval, with the usual honors.

Of the character that I formed, of the impressions that I received at that rich and noble institution, I am not, perhaps, an adequate judge. You were educated at the same university, and will form your own opinion of the correctness of my views. The arrangements of that important institution are abundantly calculated to call forth emulation, but I saw that emulation too often accompanied with the baseness of envy. I well remember, that here I first felt the "whip of scorpions," of disappointed ambition and mortified pride. My fellow students sometimes received marks of approbation which were denied me, and which, I had an inward conviction, belonged to me, as justly as to them. My inward tortures were increased by making the discovery, that I was actually be-

ginning to be envious. It was a most self-abasing scrutiny, that taught me this. I made a great effort, and I flatter myself, that I tore up this pernicious branch by the roots, and cast it from me forever.

I may remark in passing, that I was naturally studious and sedentary in my habits, reading incessantly, and devouring every thing that came in my way. My reading was of course what the better scholars called ill-arranged and digested. A native and strong propensity inclined me to visionary musings, and dreaming with my eyes open. I theorized, and speculated, and doubted, and tasked my thoughts to penetrate the nature of mind, and the region of possibilities; and I investigated with a tormenting eagerness the evidences of an eventful hereafter. I read the whole circle of the unbelieving wits and historians, whose voluminous works are all found in the alcoves of the library, and which were sometimes read by the students, without the antidotes furnished in the defences of natural and revealed religion by those immortal men, whose names will last as long as time. I read these profound works, and was prepared by reading them for the perusal of the gospel. I placed before my mind the simple grandeur of Him of Calvary, and the sages, and Socrates, and Plato, and Cicero, and Seneca hid their diminished heads. I was deeply struck with the tender and affectionate spirit of the apostles. In what a different world was the empire of their thoughts and hopes! How wide in their views, sentiments, and ultimate aims, from the men of the world! Here were men, to whom riches, power, ambition, distinction, were as nothing. All that the world hopes or fears was to them a mere childish dream. With what calm indifference they contemplated the purple and the terrible power of the Cæsars! what a sweet and holy repose of an energy of mind, prepared alike for any event, runs through their epistles! What motives for an unalterable resignation!

None had yet discovered these my inward propensities; but I had been fond of display. I had kindled with the dreams of ambition. Nothing had fed my thoughts like our New England celebrations, and gatherings of the people upon solemn or festive occasions. When the long and solemn procession was formed, when all that was imposing and venerable in place and office joined it, when the gorgeous ranks of the volunteer corps displayed, and when the full band struck up, unobserved tears would fill my eyes. My bosom swelled. Vague and undefinable impulses, gleams of thought, half formed resolutions crowded upon me. I returned to the loneliness of my study; and 'Thou,' I said internally, 'art destined to poverty and obscurity. Every avenue to wealth and fame has been preoccupied, and you must count to make your grave with the countless, unnamed millions, who are forgotten.' As I became conversant with the gospel, these inward storms were gradually dissipated. I became not only unambitious, but I even thought of trying for the character of a quietest. I thought with astonishment of those saints in the oriental regions, who would sit for years immovable on a pillar. A change became visible in my habits, and my parents exulted in the change, hoping that they should now see the first and favorite wish of their hearts gratified, and that I should become a minister of the gospel. But I had too high an estimate of the sacredness of those functions, and too deep and just a sense of constitutional disqualifications, to assume that profession.

I was graduated in my nineteenth year, and a little before that time, my mind had received that coloring, and took that bent, which has determined my course, and caused me to become what I am. I became extravagantly fond of books of voyages and travels. I became dissatisfied with cities and crowded resorts, and the haunts and the bustle of the multitude. I fancied myself on a floating island, and wafted into the depths of unknown

oceans. I delighted in the position of Robinson Crusoe and his Friday in their lonely isle. At another time I imagined myself situated with my father's family in one of the boundless prairies of the West. Instead of journeying through cultivated regions and populous districts, I should have preferred to float down from the head-spring of the Missouri to the ocean, or to follow the intrepid Clark and Mackenzie over the Rocky Mountains to the Western sea. I have introduced this digression to account to you for those original impulses, under the influence of which I have been a wanderer in the distant regions where I now have my home.

It pains me to remember the disappointment and distress of my parents, when they ascertained that my mind had so strongly taken this new direction. Words would fail me to describe the remonstrances and disputes which they held with me, to dissuade me from my purpose.— They were often bitter and severe, but I well knew, always founded in affectionate views for my interest. How often did my mother paint to me the desolation and sinking of heart which I should experience, if cast on a sick bed in a strange land, and far away from her affectionate nursing! When they demanded of me, what was my plan, and what ultimate views I had in this new and boundless country, I could give them but a large account of my views, for the good reason, that they were too vague and indefinite for me to define. I knew only that I had a presentiment of future wealth, greatness, and happiness to befall me somewhere in that region. I only knew that I intended to descend this river and the Mississippi, and ascend Red River, of the beauty and wealth of which I had formed the most extravagant ideas; and dim outlines of an Eden, somewhere in the Spanish country beyond, filled out the back ground of the picture.— When they represented to me that I was not calculated to be a land-jobber, speculator, merchant, or overseer, and that they did not perceive that I had any notion of

fitting myself for any profession, I was compelled to admit the justness of their representations, and I could only reply that there must be great chances there, and that I intended to make my way as well as I could, and follow the leading of events. When my resolutions were once formed, I inherited from my father inflexibility of purpose. My father had so often applauded this trait in my character, and with no small satisfaction had so often traced the lineage of this virtue to himself, that he could poorly blame me for the exercise of it in the present case. He hinted to me, indeed, what a glorious prospect there was, that I might succeed the present minister of our parish, who was old and infirm; or if I would rather choose to be a lawyer, that when he should become a justice, a dignity at which he had been aiming for years, I might perhaps attend the sessions, and plead before himself in the chair. He touched upon the universal homage paid to a doctor, his plump poney, his neat saddle-bags, and his glorious long bills. All would not do; and my friends all allowed that I was a headstrong and stubborn dog, just like my father before me; and that it was a fine genius, a fine face, and college learning, all thrown away. My mother's remonstrances were the most painful of all, for I knew she loved me with her whole heart and soul. With how much earnestness and affection she painted to me the solid independence and greatness which I should be sure to attain at home, all of which I was throwing away on a romantic and visionary project in the wilderness of the West; all this I had but too much cause afterwards to remember. Those who had envied me, already took up a lamentation over me, as though the predictions about me had actually been accomplished; and took it for granted, that in poverty and misery I should there end my days.

When they saw that I was actually making arrangements to set off for my El Dorado, my father and mother, with the utmost consideration, made preparations of

whatever they thought would conduce to my comfort and welfare. They furnished me with such a portion of the property, as, added to my education, would equal me with what my father supposed he might leave the other children. The day in which I lost sight of the paternal roof, was a sad day to me. Who can describe the tenderness of the parting tears of such a mother as mine?—When I left the cheerful, industrious, and happy group, knowing, too, that they considered me as one for ever lost to them, my resolution would have given out, had not my established character of sticking to my purpose come to my aid. I received a great deal of excellent advice, and from the hands of my father a bible, and earnest counsel to make a diligent and good use of it. My mother and sisters had been provident in furnishing my trunk with the comforts necessary for a traveller; I received the parting blessing with indescribable emotions, and tore myself away.

CHAPTER II.

Happy the man, who has not seen the smoke ascending from the cottage of the stranger.—*Chateaubriand*.

I COMMENCED at Boston the route which we are now travelling. Until I began to ascend the Alleghany hills, I did not feel all the ties of kindred and country completely severed. I could connect, by the chain of association, points that were distant, indeed, but not sundered by mountains, and which were washed in their whole extent by the same sea, and inhabited by men substantially of the same character and pursuits. But when the Ohio valley opened upon my view from the summits of these mountains; when such a wide barrier, and so difficult as it then was to be passed, was interposed between me and "fader land;" when I began to descend among a people of a different character and foreign pursuits, connected with New England's element by an almost interminable river, then I began to experience misgiving of mind, and the dismal feeling of home-sickness. Then the image of my mother visited my dreams, and it was a dreary feeling to awake and find that the visit was but a dream. These feelings were not at all alleviated by my reception at the first town to which I came on the Ohio. A keel-boat was on the eve of starting for Alexandria on Red River. I took passage in it, and was immediately introduced to a new mode of existence, and not a little different, as you are aware, from the seclusion and meditation of my studies at the University.

The degree of water did not admit the descent of steam-boats. In fact there were but few on these wa-

ters at that time, and I was compelled to take this conveyance, or wait the rising of the river. At first the novelty of this singular way of life, the freshness of the scenery on this beautiful river, and the whimsical character of the boatmen amused me. Their strange curses, it is true, grated on my ear. It was an order of beings as different from any with which I had yet been acquainted, as though they had descended from another planet.—Whenever we ran aground, which happened very often, the difficulty of apportioning the labor and exposure generally occasioned disputes, which terminated in a fist fight. Their dialect, too, made up in equal proportions of an appropriate and peculiar slang and profanity, is at the same time both ludicrous and appalling. The motto with this singular and original race is well known to be a 'short life and a merry one.' The reckless indifference with which they expose their lives by throwing themselves, in places of difficulty, into the furious and whirling current, or swimming amidst the boiling foam among the sawyers, or exposing themselves for weeks together to the damp and sultry atmosphere, and the musquitoes of the night, makes their career generally short, and their death sudden. Their discourse with each other, like their dialect, strangely mixes a kind of coarse wit, ridicule, irreverence, and impiety together. They talk of death with the utmost indifference, and generally encounter it as they talk of it. A thrill of horror mixes with the involuntary smile, as you hear the strange phrase in which they discuss this subject.

The public has heard of some of the broad traits of this curious race, who affirm themselves to be a mixture of the horse and alligator. But the individuality, the slight peculiarities that mark this race from all others, are as yet indistinctly and but little known by any but those who have actually been on these waters. At the time of my descent, they constituted a distinct community of many thousands, who would fight for each other, as well as

with each other, to the death. They had, in fact, more of the *esprit du corps*, than even sailors. Death and the steam-boats are daily diminishing this peculiar race.— Many of them pass indeed on board the steam-boats; but the position and the duties are so entirely different, that their characters receive a new modification, and in this new order of things the distinctness and peculiarity of this race will soon utterly disappear.

At the time when I descended the river, the inhabitants of the Ganges were scarcely more different from the watermen of the Mississippi, than these were from the sailors of the Atlantic, or indeed from any class of people that I had seen. They had, too, an acquired dexterity, a cleverness in the discharge of their hard and diversified duties, a generous intrepidity, and an unbounded kindness towards each other, when they were in good temper, which threw a moral interest over their character. The long voyages on these rivers have their daily incidents, dangers, and escapes from storms, and sawyers, and falling-in banks and trees, and dangers too numerous and anomalous to be classed. These incidents, however little they might figure in comparison with the records of a log-book at sea, furnish no inconsiderable occasion for exultation and discussion, as the boat ties up to the willow, and the hands kindle a bright fire among the huge piles of drift wood, which blazes high, and illumines the deep forest, and drives away the wolves and the owls, and the men seat themselves round the fire for their “filley” of whiskey. Then commence the long and marvellous stories of what they have seen and adventured; and then follows a sleep under the blue canopy, as profound as that of the grave.

We had much fatigue, and encountered many dangers, and there were many quarrels and reconciliations, before we reached the mouth of Red River. That river discharges its waters into the Mississippi by a broad and creeping stream, through a vast and profound swamp.—

It seems a deep canal, its dark surface ruffled only by the darting of huge and strange fishes through its sluggish waters; the foaming path of the monstrous alligator gar, the shark of rivers, a thousand little silver fishes leaping from the water, and sparkling like diamonds; numberless alligators traversing the waters in every direction, and seeming to be logs possessing the power of self direction; or occasionally these logs sinking one end in the water, and raising the other in the air, and making a deep and frightful bellow, between the hiss of a serpent and the roaring of a bull; the lazy and droning flight of monstrous birds, slowly flapping their wings, and carelessly sailing along just over the surface of these dark and mephitic waters, with a savage and outlandish scream, apparently all neck, legs, and feathers; a soil above the bank, greasy and slippery with a deposit of slime; trees marked fourteen feet high by an overflow of half the year; gullies seventy feet deep, and large enough to be the outlets of rivers, covered at the bottom with putrifying logs, and connecting the river with broad and sluggish lakes, too thickly covered with a coat of green buff to be ruffled by the winds which can scarcely find their way through the dense forests; moccasin snakes, writhing their huge and scaly backs at the bottom of these dark gullies; such was the scenery that met my eye, as I advanced through the first thirty miles of my entrance into that region, which had been so embellished by my fancy. I looked round me, and the trees, as far as I could see, were festooned with the black and funereal drapery of long moss. My eyes, my ears, and my nostrils joined to admonish me that here Fever had erected his throne. I went on board my boat at the approach of night; and when, to get rid of my thoughts, I laid me down in my narrow and sweltering berth, millions of mosquitoes raised their dismal hum, and settled on my face. Drive away the first thousand, sated with blood, and another thousand succeeds, and 'in that war there is no discharge.' A hundred owls, perch-

ed in the deep swamp, in all the tones of screaming, hooting, grunting, and in every note, from the wail of an infant to the growl of a bear, sing your requiem.

You rise from a sleep attained under such auspices, and crawl up the greasy banks to the cabins of the woodcutters. You see here inhabitants of an appearance and countenance in full keeping with the surrounding scenery. There is scarcely one of them but what has a monstrous protuberance in the stomach, sufficiently obvious to the eye, vulgarly called an 'ague cake,' a yellowish white complexion, finely described in the language of the country, by the term 'tallow face.' There is an indescribable transparency of the skin, which seems to indicate water between the cuticle and the flesh. Eyes, preternaturally rolling and brilliant, glare in the centre of a large, morbid circle, in which the hues of red, black and yellow are mixed. The small children bear all these dismal markings of the climate in miniature. Dirty and ragged, as mischievous as they are deformed, they roll about upon the slippery clay with an agility and alertness, from their appearance altogether incredible; for you would suppose them too feeble and clumsy to move. There is something unique, chilling and cadaverous in the persons of both old and young. You would suppose that the grave was dug for them. But the more slender and uncertain their hold to life, the more gaily they seem to enjoy it. They laugh and shout, and drink and blaspheme, and utter their tale of obscenity, or, it may be, of murder, with bacchanalian joyousness. Shut your eyes, and you would suppose yourself in the midst of the merriest group in the world. Open them, and look upon the laughers, and see the strange fire of their eye, and you almost believe the chilling stories of Vampyres.

The first evening of my arrival in these waters found us at the point where the Black, Red, and Tensas rivers mingle their waters in an immense swamp, cheered by the note of no bird of song, unenlivened by the flocks of

healthful and edible fowls, as the geese, ducks, and swans, and only vocal with the shrill notes of the jay, the cawing of crows, and the wheeling flight of numberless carrion vultures, that prey on the dead fish that float to the shores. On the verge of the bank above where we lay, and with a little opening in the dead forest, was a family such as I have described. An inhabitant of such a cabin who lasts two years, may be thought fortunate and long-lived. They gave me thrilling anecdotes, if such they may be called, of the tenants of two fresh graves that I noticed in the little melon garden by the cabin. They were of that class of out-lawed and homeless strangers, of which there are thousands up and down the course of the Mississippi. The owner of the cabin was a wood-cutter for the steam boats, and had employed these men to aid him. They had cut wood, drunk whiskey, gambled, and fought, and gouged; and the woman told us they had been 'charming funny men.' But, I use her words, "they took the ague, had the fever, and the ague-cake, and grew sullen, and would not eat, and did not care for their whiskey. We sent for an old French hunter to bring them some good herbs, but before he came, they would not live any longer, and so they died."

The wife and the mother in this family had once, I dare say, been pretty. She had had the ague four years in succession, and now had the swelling, the filthiness, the brilliant eye, the flippant tongue, and ran on from story to story with more than the garrulity of an old French woman. On an emergency, I presume, she could have handled the dirk with dexterity. She informed me, that for a month in the preceding spring they had been overflowed, and she was in the midst of a flooded swamp, thirty miles in diameter. They built a house on a raft of logs fastened together, and secured from floating away with grape vines. On this raft was stationed the family, oxen, pigs, dogs, chickens, and all. They had a barrel of whiskey, to keep up their spirits. Each of these logs was cov-

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ered with red slime, and as slippery as if greased. And she told us that the logs often brought up the big-stomachs of her clumsy children, and that it was hard to keep their shirts clean, as they were the only article of dress they wore. She took me for a cotton-planter, and said, "Now you planters have but one house, and we wood-cutters have two. We have our floating house on the raft, and when the river falls, and that grounds, we build us another on the bank. Look you there, only three paces from my door used to lie of a sunny morning a couple of thundering alligators, and my Franky there," pointing to a boy, who seemed about four years, who had the customary prominence in front, and was otherwise as mischievous and as ugly an urchin as you would wish to see, "that there boy with half a shirt, would needs be playing some of his 'rusty shines,' the funny dog, and so he crawled out, and gave one of them a rap on the snout with the broomstick. The monstrous devil curled his tail, and gave Franky a slap, which tossed him in the air like a bat-ball; and the beast would have had the eating of Franky in a trice. But I heard Franky scream, as the alligator struck him. I seized a kettle of boiling water, and threw it on the horrid creature, just as he showed his white teeth to eat Franky, and this drove my gentleman into the water."

The well remembered song of my infancy rung in my ears,

"No more shall the horn call me out in the morn."

and a chill, as of death, came over me, when I thought that this was the reality of that picture, which to my imagination had been so delightful. I felt, too, the truth and application of the trite New England proverb, "that one half the world does not know how the other half lives." The comforting prediction of my friends rung in my ears, "in that savage country you will lay your bones." Certainly, thought I, the assignment of your bounds must be the sport of a blind destiny. There are

hills, and dales, and mountain streams, and healthful breezes, and cheerful scenery, and millions of unoccupied acres of fertile country, where the means of subsistence even are at least as easy as here. How could voluntary agents, with the power of locomotion, ever have fixed themselves from choice, in these dire abodes? And yet there are always people enough found ready to occupy these positions. The philosophy of a boatman is quick, and near the surface. The boatmen accounted for their choice of such places by saying, that it required every sort of people to make a world. For my part, I almost fancied, that I could feel the first pains of a commencing ague-cake. At night I actually caught myself making a search, if nothing of the kind was to be felt. Had there been a good boat returning to Pittsburgh, and had I not been so proud of possessing at home that high reputation for perseverance, I should, probably, have whistled back again. But I imagined the salutation, with which, I was aware, I should be greeted in my native village on my return, "I told you so." It is hard for a young man to be cheered home in this way. Pride came in aid of my sinking courage and perseverance; and with a heavy heart I continued to mount against the stream.

I made my first residence in these regions, and my first acquaintance with southern men, manners, and things, at Alexander, on Red river. It may be supposed from my peculiar character and propensities, that I studied the country and the men with an intense interest. I had many things to unlearn, to prepare me for this study, and many things to learn anew. I was at once aware, that much of what had been said of the country abroad, was founded either in ignorance or misrepresentation. This town is the centre of a new and rich cotton-planting country, where small fortunes, and in some instances large ones have been very rapidly acquired. The planters are, with few exceptions, honorable and high-minded men, with very peculiar ideas and manners, indeed, naturally resulting from their peculiar situation and condition in

life. They are all in the highest degree hospitable. Acquiring their money easily, they spend it with reckless profusion. I was invited with great courteousness to their balls, of which they are extremely fond, shared their amusements, as far as my habits of life would allow me, and more than all I joined them in their hunting parties, of which I was almost as fond as they were themselves. Their favorite chase, and I may add, mine too, is fire hunting, or hunting by night. They have leashes of hounds tethered together, and one of these hounds, an old and experienced one, the patriarch of the establishment, carries a bell. When they want sure information where the game is, they let him loose, and by the tinkling of his bell, they know where he is. Some black people carry fire-pans, in which they put fat and blazing torches of pine, which create a brilliant and dazzling glare. When they come upon the deer, lying peaceably in his nightly covert, he raises himself to contemplate all this brilliance, and his eyes dilated with his intense curiosity, glare like little balls of fire. These become most striking marks for the aim of the rifle. The huntsman takes aim between these two balls of fire, and the stupid animal stands still in gazing astonishment to receive the shot. The whole group of huntsmen in their hunting-shirts, the blacks with their fire-pans and white eyes, the yelping hounds, all eager for the chase, the very horses, snorting and pawing the ground with impatience to start, make, all taken together, a striking picture. It becomes still more striking as you observe the procession moving along the deep forests, the glaring lights casting their peculiar and shadowy brilliance upon the trees. But amidst these sports and pursuits, and in my earnest and delighted study of southern men and manners, an evil was impending over my head, one of the terrible things, which my dear mother had most often rung in my ears, as my probable lot in a sickly and strange land. I had inhaled sufficient miasma to give me the fever of the country. I was seized so suddenly and vio-

lently, as to become unconscious for some hours. When I regained consciousness, I found myself in bed, surrounded with strange faces, and so extremely weak, as to be unable to turn myself in bed. The people were as kind to me as I had any right to expect. But a great many unfriended strangers come here, sicken and die; many of them bringing their diseases upon themselves by their own imprudence and intemperance. The people, accustomed to see many cases of the kind, and not used to make much discrimination, consider all cases as one thing. They are too much in the habit of regarding death as Peter Pindar says the king did, who asked, "what's death? what's death? nothing but a little loss of breath." A frightful ringing was in my ears. The continued uproar of the place where I was, became confounded in my head with this ringing, the effect of disease. From the united influence of these things added to the progress of my disease, I fell into the wildest delirium. Frightful circles of light glared before my eyes, especially in the night. At one time I imagined myself an inhabitant of the infernal regions. I saw the fiends about me, heard their exulting shouts, and felt them pouring baskets of burning coals upon my head. Then, in a moment, I was transported to the church-yard, back of the church in my native village, and I was laboriously engaged there in digging up skulls. Then the scene would shift, and become pleasant to a certain degree. The view would present the beautiful meadow in front of my father's house, and my father and the family moving to church, as they had been wont in times past, and chiding me for lingering behind. In these paroxysms, one thought was always uppermost, that I was away from home, and struggling to disengage myself from something, that detained me, that I might escape, and get home. Unknown to the people of the house, I had my lucid intervals, in which I lay in a state of infantine weakness, but of perfect consciousness and repose. Sick as I was, and appa-

rently on the verge of death, and "given out," as the phrase of the country is, by the people, I yet felt a kind of strange pleasure in hearing them discuss the subject of my death and burial. If any body wishes to know exactly of how much consequence he is in the eyes of people, who have no concern in him, and no motive to induce them to manifest what they have not, let that person be sick apparently unto death, in a strange place, and hear the people discuss his case with all the recklessness of persons, who think that they are neither heard nor understood. We should then discover at once that there are many people in the world, who deem that it will go on very well without us. We might then have striking foretastes how little they will disturb themselves about our exit, after we are actually gone. There were other times, in which I felt keenly and bitterly the dread of death, the unwillingness to leave "the precincts of this cheerful clay," and earnest desires, that I might recover. I have reason to think, that I received great and uncommon attention; for although they were people, who subsisted by such cases as mine, they appeared to take great care of me. I lay long sick, and even after my fever had formed a salutary crisis, it was not expected for many days, that I should recover. But, as it happened, the event disappointed all their calculations with respect to me. The Author of my being had more for me to do and to suffer on the earth. I regained perfect consciousness, though in such extreme weakness, as not to be able to turn myself in bed. My first feelings were those of devout thankfulness. My first lucid thoughts expressed themselves in a question from the Bible, "what doest thou here, Elijah?" Why had I wandered away from a peaceful and religious home, and from tender and endeared relatives to a place like this? The anxiety the tenderness, the maternal nursing of my mother in a fever, which I had had at home, visited my remembrance. Oh! I thought all their evil omens fell far short of the actual state of things, that I had experienced. I earnestly wish-

ed, that all those unfortunates that had the wandering bump in their skulls, could know what I did, without knowing it at the same expense; that they could be taken up and carried through mid-air, and see and comprehend all that a sick and unfriended stranger has to hope under such circumstances. How quietly afterward would they set themselves down to any honest pursuit, that would preclude the necessity of wandering. I much fear that the close of my adventures, if you have patience to listen to the close, may inculcate different feelings. But be it remembered, that to one fortunate termination, like mine, there are fifty, whose uniform color is the same with that of the beginning of my adventures.

But I perceive I am digressing, and drawing too largely on your patience. I have been deeply affected, and my heart has bled to witness the end of so many of my compatriots in this extreme desertion and misery, and with the evils of wandering in new and wild countries.— My feelings and my recollections have betrayed me into these details, which, I would hope, however, will not be without their use. I resume the thread of events.— About the time that I regained my strength, a party of young men were establishing a partnership to travel into the Spanish country, to traffic with the Spanish and Indians for mules. Their project was such as would gratify my favorite propensity to travel into that region.— They appeared to be young men of standing, and had the appearance and manners of gentlemen. I joined myself to them as a partner. There were eight of us in all, well armed and equipped, and furnished with as much merchandise as our means and funds would enable us to purchase. They laughed heartily at one part of my outfit, which was a small, but choice collection of books. We packed our merchandise, provisions, tents, ammunition, and our outfits generally, on sumpter mules, and started with gay hearts to enter the Spanish country by the sources of the Arkansas.

We closed our arrangements at Natchitoches, the last

village in Louisiana towards the Spanish frontier. I had occasion to experiment the truth of the remark, that in travelling towards the frontier, the decreasing scale of civilization and improvement exhibits an accurate illustration of inverted history. Improvements decrease in the order of distance, as they have increased in the order of time. We travelled down six centuries in as many days. First, we lost sight of handsome and commodious houses, residences of builders, who often saw good models. We gradually lost sight of the mansions of the opulent cotton-planters, who are noted for their hospitality. We lost sight of men dressed in articles of imported fabric. Then we traversed the belt of *vachers* and shepherds, with their blanket-capotes and their comfortable, but rustic log establishments. Then we traversed the region of the half savage white inhabitants, the intermediate race between savage and civilized man. On the Kiamesia we passed the American garrison, and saw the cheering sight of the spirit-stirring stars and stripes, waving above the rude fortress and the comfortable quarters, three hundred leagues from the compact population of the country. We joined to admire the genius of a country yet so young, and which has thus early learned to stretch her maternal arms to these remote deserts, in token of efficient protection to the frontier people from the terrors of the ruthless savages.

It was not far from this garrison that my eye dilated, and my heart expanded, as we opened upon one of those boundless grassy plains that stretch beyond the horizon, and almost beyond the imagination. Such a view presents to me the image of infinitude and eternity still more strongly, than a distant view of the ocean. We entered with the rising sun. One part of the disk of that glorious orb seemed to touch the verdure, and the other the sky. Here we met a company of Spanish muleteers descending with a drove of horses and mules to Louisiana. They were a new and striking variety of the species.— They inhabit an arid soil, a dry climate, elevated table

land, a plain, which is ventilated in its southern extremity by the unchangeable gales of the tropical sea, and on the north by breezes brought down from snow-capped mountains. They subsist on flesh and milk, and unfortunately of late, from their connexion with our country, they have added whiskey to their beverage. They almost live on horseback. The training and managing of horses and mules, and the noosing of them and of cattle by throwing the noosed rope, at which they acquire an incredible dexterity, constitute their employment. In this dry atmosphere, and under this burning sun, their skin almost dries to the consistency of parchment. They have little flesh or fat to become the seat of disease. Living, as they do, there seems to be no vulnerable point upon which death may assail them. Of course they generally live to extreme old age, and die the death of nature. They are simple and timid, and seem less capable of combination of thought than the savages. Their most definite directions of places to us were towards the rising or the setting sun; and their most accurate measures of distance were *grande distancia*, or *poca distancia*, a great or a little distance.—

They have a peculiar physiognomy, repulsive at first sight, but on closer inspection amiable. I found them in fact, in the general, an extremely affectionate and amiable people. They are dressed in the tanned skins of their cattle and game, and their costume differs considerably in appearance from that of their neighbors, the French and the savages. For boots they wear a kind of leather leggings, which they call "buccarees," with huge silver spurs. They have a singular-shaped wooden saddle, covered with some kind of skins, with a circular and painted elevation of wood in front, and very large wooden stirrups. The hat is of great weight, and tapers in the crown like the apex of a cone. About the horse's neck they carry a great length of coiled rope of buffaloe's hair, ready for the operation of noosing any animal that shall come in their way. They have also

appended to the horse's neck a gourd or bottle, ready to drop into the stream, or branch, through the channel of which they may pass, and dip up their water for drinking. When the carbine and spear are added to these equipments, and laid across the saddle at right angles to the horse's path, the rider, the horse, and the furnishing, taken together, afford a most uncouth and ludicrous figure. These cavaliers of parchment, with lantern jaws, and nose and chin almost touching, reminded us strongly of the ancient Spanish plates of Don Quixote astride of Rosinante. The women, on the contrary, seemed generally *en bon point*, short, plump, and full fed, and, for the most part, with eyes of great brilliancy and blackness. In preparing the bread, called *tortillas*, the preparation of which seemed their chief employment, they have a couple of oblong stones, the one concave, and the other convex, to match it. With these stones the women grind the maize, after it has been prepared by lye, to an impalpable paste, which they made into cakes by patting in the palms of their hands, keeping time as they do it, to a brisk and not unpleasant tune. They carried their hospitality to extremes, sharing their *tortillas*, *tasojo*, bear's oil, and coffee, with us to the last point of division.

On these level plains some of my dreams of the pleasures of wandering were realized. We were all in the morning of life, full of health and spirits, on horseback, and breathing a most salubrious air, with a boundless horizon open before us, and shaping our future fortune and success in the elastic mould of youthful hope and imagination, we could hardly be other than happy.— Sometimes we saw, scouring away from our path, horses, asses, mules, buffaloes and wolves, in countless multitudes; and we took, almost with too much ease to give pleasure in the chase, whatever we needed for luxurious subsistence. The passage of creeks and brooks across the prairies is marked, to the utmost extent of vision, by a fringe of wood and countless flowering shrubs. Some-

times we ascend an elevation of some height, swelling gently from the plain. Here the eye traces, as on an immense map, the formation and gradual enlargement of these rivulets, and sees them curving their meandering lines to a point of union with another of the same kind. The broadened fringe of wood indicates the enlargement of the stream, and the eye takes in at one glance the gradual formation of rivers. The night brought us up on the edge of one of these streams. Our beasts are turned loose to stretch themselves on the short and tender grass, to feed and repose. The riders collect round a fire in the centre. Supper is prepared with bread, coffee, and the tenderest parts of the buffalo, venison, and other game. The appetite, sharpened by exercise on horseback, and by the salubrious air, is devouring. The story circulates. Past adventures are recounted, and if they receive something of the coloring of romance, it may be traced to feelings that grow out of the occasion. The projects and the mode of journeying on the morrow are discussed and settled. The fire flickers in the midst. The wild horses neigh, and the prairie wolves howl, in the distance. Except the weather threatens storm, the tents are not pitched. The temperature of the night air is both salutary and delightful. The blankets are spread upon the tender grass, and under a canopy of the softest blue, decked with all the visible lights of the sky. The party sink to a repose, which the exercise of the preceding day renders as unbroken and dreamless as that of the grave. I awoke more than once unconscious that a moment had elapsed between the time of my lying down and my rising.

The day before we came in view of the Rocky mountains, I saw in the greatest perfection that impressive and, to me, almost sublime spectacle, an immense drove of wild horses, for a long time, hovering round our path across the prairie. I had often seen great numbers of them before, mixed with other animals, apparently quiet,

and grazing like the rest. Here there were thousands unmixed, unemployed; their motions, if such a comparison might be allowed, as darting and as wild as those of humming-birds on the flowers. The tremendous snorts with which the front columns of the phalanx made known their approach to us, seemed to be their wild and energetic way of expressing their pity and disdain for the servile lot of our horses, of which they appeared to be taking a survey. They were of all colors, mixed, spotted, and diversified with every hue, from the brightest white to clear and shining black; and of every form and structure, from the long and slender racer, to those of firmer limbs and heavier mould; and of all ages, from the curvetting colt to the range of patriarchal steeds, drawn up in a line, and holding their high heads for a survey of us, in the rear. Sometimes they curved their necks, and made no more progress than just enough to keep pace with our advance. Then there was a kind of slow and walking minuet, in which they performed various evolutions with the precision of the figures of a country dance. Then a rapid movement shifted the front to the rear. But still, in all their evolutions and movements, like the flight of sea-fowl, their lines were regular, and free from all indications of confusion. At times a spontaneous and sudden movement towards us, almost inspired the apprehension of an united attack upon us. After a moment's advance, a snort and a rapid retrograde movement seemed to testify their proud estimate of their wild independence. The infinite variety of their rapid movements, their tamperings, and manœuvres were of such a wild and almost terrific character, that it required but a moderate stretch of fancy to suppose them the genii of these grassy plains. At one period they were formed for an immense depth in front of us. A wheel, executed almost with the rapidity of thought, presented them hovering on our flanks. Then, again, the cloud of dust that enveloped their movements, cleared away, and present-

ed them in our rear. They evidently operated as a great annoyance to the horses and mules of our cavalcade. The frightened movements, the increased indications of fatigue, sufficiently evidenced, with their frequent neighings what unpleasant neighbors they considered their wild compatriots to be. So much did our horses appear to suffer from fatigue and terror in consequence of their vicinity, that we were thinking of some way in which to drive them off; when on a sudden a patient and laborious donkey of the establishment, who appeared to have regarded all their movements with philosophic indifference, pricked up his long ears, and gave a loud and most sonorous bray from his vocal shells. Instantly this prodigious multitude, and there were thousands of them, took what the Spanish call the "stompada." With a trampling like the noise of thunder, or still more like that of an earthquake, a noise that was absolutely appalling, they took to their heels, and were all in a few moments invisible in the verdant depths of the plains, and we saw them no more.

It was in the first opening of spring, after a slow and easy journey of five weeks from Natchitoches, that we arrived at last in view of that immense chain of mountains, commonly denominated the "Rocky Mountains," at the point where the Arkansas finds its way from among them to the plain. No time will erase from my mind the impressions of awe and grandeur, excited by the distant view and the gradual approach to this sublime chain of mountains. We had been prepared for this impression by an approach of two hundred leagues, through a level plain of short and soft grass, seldom able to discover in our whole horizon, a tree, a shrub, an eminence, or any other object but herds of animals, to diversify the scene. The soil itself is a fine and reddish-colored sand, and the whole landscape has an appearance of monotonous amenity.

Amidst snowy mountains the Arkansas collects a cold,

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broad and rushing stream, which seems to pour itself with the joy of emancipation upon the thirsty and absorbent plain, which, in the passage of a few leagues, seems to have swallowed up these abundant waters, and the river chafes upon the sand and pebbles a shallow and fordable stream. The soft and level nature of the landscape continues quite up to the point, where the earth is covered with the massive fragments of the mountain disengaged by the rush of cascades, by earthquakes, and time. With such contrast, and from such a pedestal, rises Mount Pike into mid air. His blackening sides, and hoary summit, are a kind of sea-mark at immense distances over the plain. He elevates his gigantic head, and frowns upon the sea of verdure below him, taking his everlasting repose, solitary and detached from the hundred mountains, apparently younger members of the family, which shrink with filial awe at a distance from him. Clouds and storms hang their drapery round his sides. The rains pour, and the cascades dash far below his conical head, which reflects the sun-beams from the snow of ages.

CHAPTER III.

And thou, sweet flower,
Once more shalt flourish in thy parent soil.

La primera
Flor, que ha osado fiar de los colores
Recien nacidas hojas y colores,
Aventurando el precio a la ribera.—*Quevedo.*

At the foot of Mount Pike it was arranged that each one of the party should proceed to a different point among the Indians, to purchase horses and mules, and that we should reunite with our acquisitions at Santa Fe. For my part, I now began to exercise self-scrutiny, and to feel myself disqualified in every point of view for this kind of traffic. A certain per centage was ultimately to be awarded me, according to the profits and losses, and in proportion to my contribution to the common stock. As I frankly confessed my disinclination to the active labors of the partnership, it was stipulated that on these conditions I should be a kind of sleeping partner, and might find my way as I chose to the common point of meeting, at an assigned time in Santa Fe. I was thus left at liberty to gratify my curiosity in my own way, and was esteemed a kind of good-natured scholar, with my head too much turned by books to understand the value or use of money, or to enter into the pleasure of making it.— One of the company, a young man from New York, had been educated in a considerable degree, and was in other respects a man of a different order of thought and manners from the rest. Between him and me there existed a certain kind of companionship. He understood a smattering of French, and enough of the language of the Com-

manches to converse with them. To him, as one of the most important personages of the expedition, was assigned a central village of the Comanches among the mountains, as the place where he was to commence his traffic. He represented his place as being singularly romantic and beautiful, for he had been there before, and the Indians as the most noble and interesting people of all that region. He requested me to accompany him, holding forth all the usual inducements which operate with most force upon such adventurers. From very different motives from those which he held out, I consented to follow him.

The morning after our arrival at the mountains, we made our final arrangements, and each member of the partnership separated to his assigned place. My companion and myself began to scramble up the rocky and precipitous banks of the Arkansas, as it foams along from cliff to cliff in its descent to the plains. The progress was both laborious and dangerous. After climbing this way for two days, we left the course of the Arkansas, and made our way towards the waters of the Rio del Norte. We were often obliged to dismount, and lead our horses through the defiles, and we found great difficulty in getting them along, although we were on the track by which the savages come down to the plains. We came to the bank of a torrent, and wound along in a trace, barely wide enough for one horse to pass, and with perpendicular points of the mountains often hanging a thousand feet above our heads. On the evening of the third day, a moment before sunset, we entered a long and very narrow *gorge* between two stupendous elevations, with a narrow path of smooth blue limestone, washed on the edge by the foaming waters of this torrent, which was a considerable branch of the Rio del Norte. We threaded this gorge, perhaps two miles, and just as twilight was fading, we entered the most beautiful valley, that I have seen before or since. Dusky as

it was in the depths of the valley, the last rays of the sun still glittered on the eternal ices of the summits of the mountains. The bells of cattle and horses tinkled. Dogs bayed. The chanticleers were crowing a parting salute to the day. A compact village of Indian cabins, like an extended cluster of beehives, dotted the opposite extremity of the valley. The smoke streamed aloft in perpendicular columns to the sky. The dun mist of Indian summer conspired with the fading light to give a shadowy form to every object. The squaws were crossing each other's path, carrying water on their heads, and performing the other kitchen duties in the open air. Naked boys were shooting arrows at a mark, or evincing the incipient cockatrice spirit of fondness for battles, by mimic quarrels of scratching and biting. My companion, who knew the village, walked forward with the confidence of an acquaintance. He approached the sentinels, two of whom always guarded the point, where the gorge opened into the valley. Kowing their customs, my companion approached them with a firm step and a fearless countenance, and offered them his hand. They gave a sharp cry of recognition, followed by a gentle grunt, and a cordial shake of his hand in return. A phrase introduced me to them, and, I too, received my shake of the hand. One of them went with us to introduce us to the village. The chiefs and warriors thronged around us. My companion explained his object and mine in this visit. As far as I could judge, our reception was cordial, and we were welcome. A vacant cabin, fitted up with Indian magnificence, and its floor spread with skins, was assigned us. There seemed to be almost a contest among them, who should be the first to entertain us. I did not much admire Indian viands and cookery, which consisted principally of venison and boiled corn, seasoned with native spices, and cooked with bear's grease. The rough but obvious kindness of the entertainers, however, made amends for the unsavory

character of the feast. Extreme fatigue made us welcome that early repose to which we were invited.

I arose early in the morning to make the circuit of this lovely vale. At the extremity of the village, the torrent, whose sources were in the mountains, poured down, from a prodigious elevation, a white and perpendicular cascade, which seemed a sheet suspended in the air. It falls into a circular basin, paved with blue limestone of some rods in circuit. The dash near at hand has a startling effect upon the ear. But at a little distance, it is just the murmur to inspire repose, and it spreads a delicious coolness all around the place. From the basin the stream seems to partake of the repose of the valley; for it broadens into a transparent and quiet water, whose banks are fringed with pawpaws, persimon, laurel, and catalpa, shrubs and trees, interlaced with vines, under which the green carpet is rendered gay with flowers of every scent and hue. The soil is black, tender and exuberantly fertile. The coolness of the vale and the shade together with the irrigation of the stream cover the whole valley with a vivid verdure. The beautiful red-bird with its crimson tufted crest, and the nightingale sparrow, pouring from a body scarcely larger than an acorn, a continued stream of sound, a prolonged, plaintive, and sweetly modulated harmony, that might be heard at the distance of half a mile, had commenced their morning voluntary. The mocking bird, the buffoon of songsters, was parodying the songs of all the rest. Its short and jerking notes, at times; imitated bursts of laughter. Sometimes, laying aside its habitual levity, it shows that it knows the notes of seriousness, and trills a sweetly melancholy-strain. Above the summit of these frowning mountains, that mortal foot had never yet trodden, soared the mountain eagle, drinking the sunbeam in the pride of his native independence. Other birds of prey, apparently poised on their wings, swam slowly round in easy curves, and seemed to look with delight upon the green spot embosomed in the mountains. They sailed back

and forwards, as though they could not tire of the view. The sun, which had burnished all the tops of the mountains with gold, and here and there glistened on banks of snow, would not shine into the valley, until he had almost gained his meridian height. The natives, fleet as the deer when on expeditions abroad, and at home lazy and yawning, were just issuing from their cabins, and stretching their limbs supinely in the cool of the morning. The smoke of their cabin fires had begun to undulate and whiten in horizontal pillars athwart the valley. The distant roar of the cascade, like the gong in Chinese music, seemed to mingle and harmonize all other sounds in the valley. It was a charming assemblage of strong contrasts, rocky and inaccessible mountains, the deep and incessant roar of the stream, a valley that seemed to sleep between these impregnable ramparts of nature, a little region of landscape surrounded by black and ragged cliffs, on every side dotted thick with brilliant and beautiful vegetation, and fragrant with hundreds of acacias and catalpas in full flower, a spot sequestered like a lonely isle in the midst of the ocean; in the midst of it a busy, simple, and undescribed people, whose forefathers had been born and had died here for uncounted generations: a people, who could record wars, loves, and all the changes of fortune, if they had had their historian. Such was the valley of the Comanches.

There are places where I am at once at home with nature, and where she seems to take me to her bosom with all the fondness of a mother. I forget at once that I am a stranger in a strange land; and this was one of those places. I cannot describe the soothing sensations that I felt. I listened to the mingled sounds of a hundred birds, the barking of the dogs on the acclivities of the hills, the cheerful sounds of the domestic animals, and the busy hum of the savages. The morning was fresh and balmy. The sublime nature above me, and the quiet and happy animated nature on my own level, seemed to be occupied in morning orisons to the Creator. I, too, felt the

glad thrill of devotion come over my mind. "These are thy works, Parent of good." Here, thought I, in this delightful vale, with a few friends, is the place where one would choose to dream away his short day and night, forgetting and forgotten.

"Here would I live, unnotic'd and unknown,
Here unlamented would I die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie."

Having sauntered about in different parts of the valley for an hour, one spot struck me as peculiarly inviting to meditation, study, and repose. It was a peninsula made by a bend in the stream, which almost curved back upon its path, leaving an entrance scarcely three paces across, and the islet including an area of two acres.— Even the Indians had taste to feel the pleasantness of this place, for their devious paths had chequered out walks worn smooth in the living turf. Even the Indian girls felt that here was the place to own their 'dusky loves.' Weeping willows and magnolias rendered it a perfect alcove. In the midst of the verdure above were seen the brilliant wings of the parroquet and the red-bird, as they darted from branch to branch. Here, thought I, shall be my study, while I reside in this sweet place. When I cast my eye around, I applauded that forecast, which had drawn so much ridicule from my companions, in having brought along with our supply of provisions for the body, so select a supply of food for the mind. Here I proposed to take up my residence through the day, and read, and meditate, and botanize, and study the natives; and here, I thought, in this balmy air, if I were not exiled from every thing but the copper-colored daughters of the savages, one might learn to love. I had a kind of inkling for the muse, and it would be easy to imagine a Laura to my mind. In this pleasantest spot of the earth, a couple of months could not but pass cheerfully, as well as usefully.

After breakfast a council-fire was kindled in the public wigwam. The council chiefs, the warriors, the women and children assembled round the council-fire, to welcome us to the village with the customary solemnities.—The calumet went round. The savages all smoked, and passed it to us to smoke. A speech of welcome to us, and of invitation to our partners to visit them, was uttered by the most aged council chief. The elocution was strong, significant, and emphatic; and at the close of every sentence the interpreter, a half-blood Frenchman, translated it into French, a language which my companion and myself both understood. I felt thankful that, among some useful acquirements at college, I had gained the mastery of this language, so generally understood abroad. I entered into the speech with intense interest for I had heard much of Indian eloquence. The gesture was vehement. An arm, which had once been muscular and brawny, waved with graceful motion from under a buffaloe robe, thrown half across the shoulder. To give emphasis to the close of every sentence, the speaker raised himself, and poised the weight of his body on his toes. It was garnished with the usual figures of the clouds, the winds, thunder, and generally images drawn from the most striking phenomena of nature. In the name of the tribe the usual promises of hospitality and protection were given, in return for which we were to furnish them with a suitable portion of beads, knives, looking-glasses, and, more than all, vermilion. On these terms I was to be considered as under the special protection of the tribe for two months, and my companion was to have every facility for purchasing and noosing horses and mules.

The sitting terminated with a religious ceremony.—The chief actor in that part of the welcome was a tall, meagre savage in extreme old age, and his eyes, sunk in his head, rolled their grey orbs with all the earnestness of the assumed spirit of divination. He had on the centre

of his crown a single lock of dirty grey hair. The rest of his bald head was painted high with vermilion. Both his long and sunken cheeks were painted black.—About the waist he wore a bandage of scarlet cloth, and the tails of two panthers flourished behind. The rest of his body was naked, and on his back were painted, with sufficient accuracy, alligators and rattlesnakes. This personage was one of the first importance in the village, uniting the functions of priest, physician, and conjurer.—There was something in his person, which united the ludicrous and the terrible in a strange degree. His prayer was a long monotonous note, occasionally dropping, by a number of tones at once, to a low and unearthly murmur. The being invoked in this prayer in their behalf and ours, was denominated “master of life.” It was understood that this prayer was to be paid for in whiskey and tobacco.

Then came the dancing. Two old chiefs held a parchment drum, and two aged squaws shook with great gravity and labor a couple of gourds which were hollow, and contained a number of pebbles. The chiefs just murmured a deep note, and beat with great solemnity upon the little drums, and the squaws kept time by shaking the pebbles. Six young warriors, highly painted, bent forward, so that their noses almost touched. They began to dance slowly, and to sing the accustomed and universal song of the savages from Mexico to the St. Lawrence; “He-aw-aw. He-aw-aw. He-aw-hum.” Their eyes kindled in the progress of the dance. They wagged their heads, and increased the vigor of their movements, and the song grew louder, until they sprang from the ground, and stamped their feet furiously upon the earth. The sweat trickled down their naked backs, marking devious channels through a thick coating of black and red paint. After this dance it was understood that we were medicined, charmed, or under the pledged protection of their household divinities.

The tribe of the Comanches, of which this was the

chief town, inhabited the valleys at the sources of Red, Arkansas, and the Rio del Norte rivers, which all rise near each other. These were their winter and permanent habitations. In the summer they encamped, and hunted the buffalo and other game, on the subjacent plains. To diversify their mode of life a little, they often made incursions into New Spain, sometimes for a kind of forced traffic in horses, mules, and pelts, but much oftener with the avowed purpose of war and plunder.— They kept up in this way a kind of border warfare with the Spaniards, sometimes practising open hostilities, but generally maintaining a kind of armed neutrality, throwing their weight into the scale of the Appaches, a neighboring tribe of savages, with whom the Spaniards maintained continual war, or of the Spaniards themselves, as their interest, their policy, or their ambition dictated. Their present relation with the Spaniards was a kind of hollow truce, which had not, however, prevented a recent excursion to Santa Fe with a select force of the young warriors, in which they had brought off a rich plunder, a number of captives of the lower orders, and with them the only daughter and child of the Conde Alvaro, governor of Durango, and superintendent general of the Mexican mines. A deputation from the tribe was now at Santa Fe, to treat with the governor for the ransom of his daughter, which they put at an exorbitant sum of money, proportioned to the vast wealth of the father, and his known affection for his daughter. This circumstance showed, more than any other, that they held the Spaniards at entire defiance. Circumstances, that will explain themselves as I proceed, will show why they felt such a peculiar confidence at this point of time. The governor, with all his resources, power, and thousands of tenants, appeared to think of no other resource for regaining this daughter, but a ransom. The savages spoke of her with a kind of mysterious reverence, remarking, that she was never seen abroad, sometimes designating

her with the sacred name of "medicine," and at other times by the name of a flower, which is the garnish of Indian figure for whatever they deem most beautiful.— This valley, that contained the chief town and the central position of the tribe, evinced no little wisdom in those who selected it as a place of residence. The fortifications of Vauban were works of mere ginger-bread, compared with these inaccessible and everlasting battlements of nature. A gorge, or defile of two miles in length, just wide enough to admit a single horse, and walled in by hanging mountains of slate and granite, barred all approach, except of a single person at a time. A cabin, constructed rudely, but with great strength of massive rocks, and inhabited by select warriors, the most trustworthy of the tribe, was built at the point where the gorge opened into the valley, and every one who entered must pass through this cabin, and by these warriors. So situated, and so guarded, it might be considered, as they considered it, impregnable to any force which, in the present fermenting and distracted state of the Spanish provinces, they could bring against it.

The Comanches bear a general resemblance to the rest of the North American Indians. Inhabiting a healthful and temperate climate, living in constant abundance from their inexhaustible supplies of game, and having vast herds of cattle, horses, and mules, and constantly exercising in the open air, they attain the most perfect and entire development of the human form. They are of fine persons, large, muscular, and athletic. They are courageous, fierce, and independent, knowing no law, but their own proud wills. I saw manifest proofs of their having put the Spaniards under frequent and heavy contributions. For, besides that their trade with the Americans supplied them with rifles and yagers, they had levied from the Spaniards carabines, powder, and lead; and quantities of bullion, silver, gold, and massive plate appeared in the cabins of the principal war chiefs. There were

also cumbrous articles of mahogany furniture, splendid dresses and trappings, and crosses of gold, decked with gems, among them. The Creole captives from the Spaniards were retained as slaves, and performed menial drudgery. Some of them were intermarried among the savages, and there were numbers of children of this mixed race.

I had every chance to study this singular people, for my companion was so constantly and laboriously employed in collecting horses, mules, pelts, and silver, that he left me almost continually alone among a people of whose language I knew not a word. The stranger's cabin, which I inhabited, was superintended, by the appointment of the tribe, by Arci, or the Red Heifer, a young, stout, and finely formed squaw. She was active, assiduous, and shrewd. She knew every thing that was passing in the village, especially as regarded the concerns of the younger members of it. From the rapid advancement which I made in her good graces, I drew presages of the havoc which I was afterwards to make among hearts in this region. She was of course often with me, for she was cook, steward, and manager-general for the cabin in which I dwelt. She delighted to teach me her language, and she made at least as rapid progress in learning mine. It was sometime before my vanity had made the discovery, that I was in the progress of subduing the heart of this fierce damsel. I was at first rather astonished at the assiduity with which she waited on me, and the rapidity with which she mastered words and sentences in my language. She did not long leave me in doubt about the real motive of her diligence. It became palpable to me, and, notwithstanding she practised some awkward attempts at concealment, to all the tribe, that she viewed me with eyes of partiality. I soon found myself involved in difficulties from this quarter. If I could manage this regard without either affront or too much encouragement, it would insure me much

attention, an excellent teacher, and the most accurate intelligence. If I affronted her by a direct rejection of her kindnesses, she was the daughter of the second council chief, and of so much importance, as to have been recently on the brink of marriage with Menko, or The Torrent, the young, fierce, and principal war-chief of the tribe. The marriage had been recently broken off by that chief, without assigning any reason. It was clear that she entertained deadly revenge towards him, and no little jealousy of the young and beautiful Spanish captive in his keeping. She attributed the breaking off her marriage with Menko to his growing love for his fair charge, and had no backwardness to do an ill office for both, if occasion offered.

I saw at once that it would require no little management to preserve the right medium in my intercourse with this tender virago, so as to commit myself with no party. It was but a few days before this apt pupil and myself had words enough in common in our two languages, in which to bring me acquainted with much of the secret and interior history of the tribe. I began with great caution to hint some curiosity about the Spanish captive, for whom I began to feel rather a vexatious interest. However indirectly I approached that subject, The Red Heifer instantly proved, against all gainsayers of our common origin, that she was a lineal descendant from Eve. She drew up at once, manifested temper, and only let me know that this proud daughter of the white people was a "medicine," and was then sullenly silent upon the subject.

In other respects I was delighted with my abode.— Here was the very spot so sweetly described by the Mantuan; "*Muscosi fontes, et somno mollior herba.*" I botanized, and read, and walked; and inhaled the ambrosial atmosphere, and studied the natives, and began the first lines of a sonnet to the locks of "Laura;" but found my easily besetting sin, of dreaming with my eyes open,

carrying it over all other inclinations. I spent the greater part of every fine day in the cool peninsula under the shade of the catalpas. Here were my books, and my materials for writing and drawing. I had erected a sod seat, and rude shelves, and a table, and gave into my dreaming existence in ample style. I made daily progress in becoming acquainted with the people, and my way of amusing myself, so entirely different from theirs, seemed rather to render me an object of curiosity, and to propitiate their good will. The only unpleasant circumstances of my condition were the inability to learn any thing about the captive, who dwelt within a hundred paces of me, except enough to stimulate a vexations curiosity, and the difficulty of sustaining, without either encouragement or offence, the purrings of my enamored panther. The captive was retained in studied seclusion in the cabin of the mother of Monko, and was seen by no other man, and by him only by day, and in presence of his mother. I was sufficiently warned, that for me to attempt to enter that cabin, would have given mortal offence. Apart from the restraint which savage customs generally impose upon intercourse with women, the high rank, and probably the personal beauty, and, more than all, the exorbitant ransom demanded for her, dictated this mystery and forbearance in relation to this captive.

In this way elapsed my first week, and I was beginning to feel myself domesticated in the valley. On the seventh morning of my residence there, I repaired to my accustomed haunt, and was both surprised and delighted to see it occupied by a very young and beautiful lady. The first glance showed me, that here all my fairy dreams were out; and all my imaginings of the *beau ideal* were here actually before me. To exempt me from the charge of enthusiasm and extravagance, it will be only necessary to consider the circumstances of this meeting. An ordinary young woman, so situated, would probably have seemed an approach towards angelic beauty and excellence.

I had seen all women in my own country with equal indifference, but one. That one was the youngest daughter of our minister. I confess that her black eyes, rudy cheeks, and curling locks, had given me a few transient pangs, which I passed off at the time as attacks of heart-burn, and for which chalk and magnesia had been prescribed. Judge, then, what passed within me, when I saw my seat occupied by a vision, as fair as the poet's dream; a very young lady, whom my imagination had pictured as dishevelled, subdued, the image of terror and despair, sitting rather stately and erect, with buoyant hope and spirit in her eye, and self-estimation and command impressed upon her whole person. I am naturally awkward at descriptions of this sort, but I will attempt to convey some idea of my first impressions. She seemed not more than fourteen, but tall, finely formed, with an Italian face, an almost imperceptible shade of olive softening the glow of health and freshness in her cheek; eyes of that black and lustrous brilliancy, that so struck Lord Byron, as the peculiar trait of a fine Spanish woman.—Raven tresses curled luxuriantly upon a head, moulded in the finest form for intelligence. The effect of her condition seemed to have produced a cast of melancholy, with which native dignity and youthful vivacity maintained a constant struggle. Her costume was, according to my impressions from reading, European Spanish—the most striking part of it a velvet mantilla, with a belt sparkling with gems,—and for the rest, it appeared a riding dress; the whole wearing an air of splendor and fete unaccountable in her condition, upon any other supposition than, what I afterwards learned was the fact, that it was the very dress in which she was taken on horseback, and conveyed here as a prisoner.

So complete was the screen of verdure in my alcove, that I was within four paces of her, before I saw that my seat was occupied. Astonishment arrested my steps, and I must have looked particularly foolish. I bowed low;

my cheeks burned, I was awkwardly retiring. She partly arose, slightly inclined her head, and, in a manner in which *naivete* pride and confusion contended, asked me in French, "Pourquoi fuyiez-vous?" I turned, and stammered something in the same language about my unwillingness to interrupt or disturb her. "But," she answered, "you do not interrupt me. I came here expressly to meet you. Stranger! I have but a moment with you. The rules of my captivity, and the cruel circumstances of my confinement, allow me very seldom to go abroad. This is one of the times allowed. It is precious, and I must make the most of it. I have done you the justice to suppose that you could enter into my situation, and that you would at once comprehend that it excludes observance, and the forms of society, which should be so inviolable under other circumstances. Your honor and your pity will alike prevent you from thinking me forward, or acting unworthily, when I tell you, that I have inquired about you and sought this meeting. Your companion is generally away, and you are the only being in this valley to whom I could have a thought of appealing under my deplorable circumstances, for protection.— Upon inquiry of Arci about you, I made so much from her information, as to assure myself that you were not a man of the rough and common mould. I am an unhappy captive, torn from a father and mother inexpressibly dear, and who have no other child. I had been on an invited party to the house of a friend of my father, who resided two leagues from Santa Fe. I was returning in the evening in the midst of my servants. In a moment we were surrounded by these ruthless savages. A few shots were fired upon us, and my servants, and the gentleman that accompanied me, dispersed in different directions. They seized the bridle of my horse, and surrounded me with their warriors. Resistance and cries were equally unavailing. They brought me to this valley. I have already been confined in this prison, which, under

other circumstances, would be so delightful, six weeks. The chief, who headed the party that took me, is called Menko. The tribe understood the value of their prize. They placed me under the protection of his mother, and I have been treated with consideration. A few days since I made an effort to escape, was apprehended and brought back. Since that, the visits of Menko have been more frequent, and his manner less restrained. There is something terrible to me in his regards, and in his whole deportment. Think, sir, that this fierce and horrible being expresses to me, in his way, that he loves me." As she said this she crossed herself, half kneeled, and looked towards the sky for a few moments, seemingly engaged in intense devotion. Her flashing eyes were dimmed with tears. She slowly regained her composure, and resumed, as follows. "My only comfort now is, that you are here, and that this dreaded being is absent. He went with a deputation from the tribe to Santa Fe, to treat with my father concerning my ransom. The deputation should have arrived two days since. I should have trusted to this mode of deliverance, and should not have troubled you with my story; but from the frequent visits of Menko before he started, from his mother, my keeper, and, more than all, from Arci, I gather that something secret and terrible is about to befall me. Sleep flies from me. I sit at the little opening in the place where I sleep, and strain my vision in the direction in which the deputation should arrive. And yet I have a horrible presentiment, that if it should arrive with the price of my ransom, I am not to be liberated. Dear, dear parents! Pitying mother of Jesus! And you, compassionate stranger, aid me in this extreme distress." A burst of irrepressible grief here cut short her communication for some moments.

After this pause she seemed to struggle for composure, as she brushed away the fresh starting tears.— "Stranger! you are of our race. You are instructed,

and must be a man of humanity. Surely my confidence in you cannot be misplaced. Should it appear, after the arrival of the deputation, that I am not to be set at liberty, or in any event, if I am to be persecuted by that being, I put every thing dear into your hands, and appeal to you to aid me to escape to my parents. Whatever motives detain one of your pursuits in this place, they could not but operate to induce you to such an act of honor and humanity; and there is nothing of reward, or gratitude, that such an act would not claim from my parents."

She paused, as if for my reply. You cannot doubt what reply I would have made, to any woman under such circumstances. Add, that this was the very scene for the visions of romance, and that this lovely girl, in such extreme distress, seemed more interesting, the more closely I considered her; that she threw herself with such a simple and dignified confidence, which circumstances seemed so well to justify, upon my honor and my protection; and I must have been stupid and unfeeling, not to have been ample in protestations of aid and protection to the utmost extent of my power. I have a surmise, that I was rather eager and eloquent in advancing these pledges; for, as I made them, a transient blush succeeded to the paleness of her previous distress.

There was earnestness and sweetness in her mode of thanking me. "And now," she continued, "to the manner of aiding me. I take you at your word. You will place it to anxiety about inventing the means of this escape, that I have learned that Arci, so influential among the young warriors, loves you; and we are both pursued by these savage fires. I will not trifle with you, by supposing that such a regard from such a person could have any influence with you. She, in her turn, is beloved by the warrior who commands the entrance to this valley, and who arrested me in my attempt to escape. You will easily account for the interest with which I have studied into this secret history. Calculate, and manage

rightly your influence upon these two persons, and you may furnish me, through that influence, the means of escape. Through the warrior, the egress from this valley may be left unguarded. Through Arci this may be obtained of him, and horses may be in readiness, and we may fly, I, from a condition worse than death, and to a family, of which I am the only hope; and you, to a compensation exceeding my ransom, if wealth be your object here; and, if I have rightly interpreted your character, to the applauses of your own heart, a still higher compensation."

You may be sure that I disavowed mercenary views, for, in fact, I had none. Motives of another sort thrilled through me, and I was again voluble, if not eloquent, even in French. Having exhausted all that I had to say on the score of promise, I entreated that she would so far confide in me, as to meet me often, until the means of escape could be devised. To this she returned, "that nothing but the emergency of the case could have justified advances like the present. Future interviews could not further the means of escape. Were they proper in themselves, they would only be observed, and excite jealousy, and retard the object in view." She earnestly conjured me to think of her case with compassion, and that if any chance offered to aid her, Arci would inform her; for, that she suspected, that Arci was jealous of her supposed influence with Menko, her former lover, and that very circumstance, she hoped, would induce her to communicate any intelligence, or aid any plan, that would facilitate her escape. But she closed, "you will see, stranger, that I can have no object in future interviews, except so far as they might aid our escape. They would be useless to you, and unfitting to me. Upon this point I have deliberated and resolved. Remember me. All is confided to your prudence." Saying this, she arose and retired, and I followed her with my eyes, until the cabin excluded her from my sight.

I had now matter enough for rumination, and no further need of an imaginary Laura. One simple thought took possession of my whole mind, and that was, to meditate through the day, and dream through the night, upon the means by which this interesting captive might fly from her savage prisoners. I went this day more than once to the bower, to see if she had not altered her resolution, and come there to meet me again. I am not sure, that I did not give so far into the illusions of my imagination, as to suppose her present, and to make a suitable speech upon that supposition. In the evening I had an interview of a very different character and interest.—The Red Heifer lingered after supper, and I saw clearly that I must prepare myself for an explanation. In fact, she let me know, without circumlocution, that the honor she intended me was no other, than to offer me all her wealth, consisting in a large quantity of vermilion, a complete assortment of Indian finery, a rifle, a yager, dogs, mules, horses, cows, and that, upon which she seemed to have affixed the least value, some ingots of silver; and all this, only with the incumbrance of a fine athletic squaw, six feet and an inch in height, and with broad copper-colored cheeks, painted as red as vermilion could make them. She gave me to understand that her husband would, by the customs of the tribe, be entitled to the same rank with her father. Her offer of her substantial person was in English, and was a curiosity in its kind, and ran nearly in this form. “You silly. You weak. You baby-l ands. No catch horse. No kill buffalo. No good, but for sit still—read book. Never mind. Me like. Me make rich. Me make big man. Me your squaw.” The caution of the fair captive, to turn the affection of this tender heroine to account, struck me with great force. I knew too little of the workings of the savage heart, to judge exactly of the medium I ought to pursue. I made up my reply, however, on the presumption of her descent from our common mother, and said

every civil thing that I could, particularly thanking her for her good opinion of me, and my sense of my unworthiness of such a prize. I begged her to wait on me, until I should have learned something more of their ways, and rendered myself more worthy of the honor, by performing some exploit. The idea of waiting struck her unpleasantly, but the unction of soothing words anointed that sore. She continued to hang round me, and to deal out to me the little stories and slanders of the tribe. I endeavored, with as much address as I could command to turn the conversation upon the subject of the Spanish captive, and to draw from her what she knew about the final views of Menko, in regard to her ransom and liberation. A flash of indignation and fierceness kindled in her eye, and she eagerly replied, "you bad. You same, like Menko. She white. You love. Never mind. She no love back. Her father big man, rich, no like your people. You no believe Great Spirit. Never mind. Me hate Menko bad. Me glad she go away. Nobody love Arci. She here." This was just the string I wished to harp. I told her, as well as I could explain myself, that I pitied the poor captive greatly; that like her I wished to see her away, and to know that she was among her friends; that, in wishing this, I was influenced by no other motive, than compassion, and that she could do nothing for me for which I should be so thankful, as to give me any information about her, or any assistance in attempting to enable her to escape. I imperceptibly approached my wishes with respect to her interference with the warrior, who commanded the approach to the valley; that through her he might be gained to allow the captive to escape. I told her, that of course I expected all this to be a profound secret. "Yes. Me love," she replied; "me no tell. Me tell—Menko kill you." But her notions of fidelity to the tribe were of the most trusty and high-minded cast. She could not contemplate the idea of tempting the sentinel to desert, though she

took care to let me know, that she did not doubt her influence with him to that point. I then informed her, that I had seen and conversed with the captive, and that she had apprehensions that Menko was not in good faith in regard to her ransom. She answered, as it appeared, with entire confidence, that Menko was a bad man, with great power, but that he would not dare to injure a person under the sacred protection of the tribe; and that all the members had too great an interest in their share of the ransom, to allow him to think of any dangerous practices upon her. She promised, however, that she would watch every motion of Menko, and give me certain and timely intelligence, if there should be any real ground of apprehension.

Though disappointed in my attempts to influence Arci to furnish the direct means of escape, I flattered myself that another time her heart or her passions might be so moved, as to bring it about. I spent the remainder of the day in painful efforts to imagine some other means of her escape. All my inventions were heavy, or attended with some insuperable difficulties. I wandered to the pass, and conversed with the sentinel, using all the words that I knew, and striving to win his confidence. I gained all the information that I could glean from him, respecting the road from that point to Santa Fe. I returned and sauntered round the cabin, where the captive, who occupied all my thoughts, was concealed. Access was forbidden; but there are no barriers to the imagination, and I busied myself in supposing her position, and her thoughts, under the covert of the rude tenement, and I made most fervent vows, that no effort should be wanting to free this mistress of my thoughts.

As the sun began to decline, I heard a shout, apparently of joy, in the direction of the pass. It was echoed back again by the whole tribe. The old men, the warriors, the women and children, set up such piercing yells of joy, as none can imagine but those that have heard.—

Thirty warriors, with Menko at their head accompanied by a Spanish officer and six soldiers, came riding up the valley towards the village. Arci told me it was the return of the deputation from Santa Fe; that they had stipulated the ransom of the captive, and that she was to depart the next morning, under the guard of the Spanish officer and soldiers.

I had been painfully engaged in straining my thoughts to devise the means of her liberation. It appeared, that she was now like to be liberated without any effort of mine. I confess that I felt a selfish feeling of regret, that there was no chance of my having any agency in the business. The Spanish officer spoke French. I introduced myself to him, and he courteously detailed to me all the circumstances of the ransom. From him I learned the name of the captive. She was called Dona Martha Miguela d'Alvaro. Her father had been on a visit to Santa Fe, to quell the dawning spirit of insurrection in the province, of which that place was the capital. He spoke with great feeling of the beauty and accomplishments of the lovely captive, and the desolation of her parents at her loss, adding, that immediately on regaining the daughter, having succeeded in the objects of his visit, he should set out with her for her father's residence at Durango.

Here, then, was the vanishing of all my fairy visions. A single interview, extorted only by the extreme pressure of her condition, was no ground on which to seek an introduction to her father, even if I accompanied the escort on its return with her, as the Spanish officer invited me to do. None but voluntary engagements detained me here, and I painfully felt that when she should be gone my interest in the valley would be at an end. The pleasure of contemplating beautiful scenery is soothing, without much excitement, and fades at once before the higher excitements of the feelings and the heart. But on what pretext could I follow her? Certainly not on

the slight ground of one casual meeting, where circumstances compelled her to make me a confidant, in want of all others. The thought of never seeing the fair prisoner again was a bitter one. While I was thus "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies," my cabin door opened, and the tall and fierce figure of The Red Heifer was before me. It was not the time for her coming to discharge her usual functions. I was aware that she must have communications which she deemed important, and I waited in breathless impatience to hear what she had to say. She first made a motion to enjoin secrecy; adding the emphatic word, "Hush! You tell,—me die, you die." I promised to be hush, as death. In her laconic dialect, which only gave the leading words, and left all the rest to be supplied by looks and gestures, she informed me, that the warrior, who guarded the pass, her lover, had just been telling her, that Menko was a bad and treacherous warrior, who meditated the basest treason against the tribe; which was no other, than to run away with all the money which was the ransom of the captive, and which had been entrusted to his care, and to carry her off with it, that night, and fly to the Appaches, a numerous and fierce tribe of savages, then at open war with the Spaniards. He proposed to offer himself as a warrior, who forever renounced the Comanches, and wished to join himself to them. Such elopements from one tribe to another were common; and a warrior, of such high fame as Menko, with so much money in his hands, could have no doubt of his reception among them. Menko proposed to her lover to leave the pass unoccupied, and to accompany his flight, with the promise of one half of the ransom as a bribe. The sum was thirty thousand *pesos* in gold, an immense bribe. "But," said she, "he no white, like you. But he good. He no run off to Appaches." He had not, however, been blind to a motive among savages the most powerful of all, that if Menko were away, himself would of course become the head war

chief of the tribe. All chances too that he would renew his claims upon The Red Heifer, on which score her lover had jealous fears, would be obviated. With these views, although he would not consent to fly to the Appaches, for half the ransom, he had stipulated to allow Menko to escape with the captive, and had invented a plausible story, which would account for the escape without implicating himself. She closed by saying, "Me glad white woman go. Glad Menko go. Me good.— Me tell all. Me your squaw now."

The moment I received this intelligence, it confirmed the ground of the apprehensions of the captive. I was impatient to get rid of Arci, who still lingered about me, expecting some marks of regard, proportioned to the importance of her communications. I imagined a pretext and sent her away on it. As soon as I was alone, a confusion of thoughts came over my mind. What was to be done? I could make no communications to the Spanish officer, nor to the chiefs without committing Arci, and violating the most solemn promise of secrecy. Besides, her deliverance, on which I was determined, was a thing in which I wished for no coadjutors. I wished to achieve the exploit unaided and alone. My resolutions and my plan were quickly formed. I had been simply a student, and all my pursuits and habits had disqualified me for enterprises of the sort I meditated. But I had never felt the least lack of personal courage. I was muscular and nimble, in an unusual degree. I was in perfect health, and had at command a spirited horse, and a complete equipment of arms, and my recent undertaking had put me in daily training for the use of them. I placed this lovely girl, in all the beauty of her interview with me, full before my eyes. I imagined the agony and despair of the helpless victim completely in the power of the lawless and brutal savage. His powers were indeed gigantic, but I much excelled him in agility. I felt myself nerved to any point of daring, and there was not a parti-

cle of apprehension in my mind. As soon as the twilight disappeared, I stole out to the little stable, where my horse was penned every night. I saddled him unobserved, and carried out my holster of pistols. I then returned, took my supper as usual, and despatched Arci from the cabin, complaining that I was ill, and wished to retire early to rest. The moment she was gone, I was out and mounted, and riding under the covert of the trees and shrubs to the entrance of the valley. Fortunately, it was a night peculiarly favorable to my purpose. It was sultry and thick with smoky mist. Fleecy pillars of clouds were spread over the sky, that emitted frequent and brilliant flashes of lightning. I was stationed under a thick shade, that entirely concealed both me and my horse, and yet so near the pass, that, when the sentinel moved, I could see his whole figure by the lightning, and even its gleams upon his tomahawk. I waited in this position until nearly midnight, when I saw the sentinel move off in the direction of the village. Shortly after I heard the trample of two horses, rapidly approaching the pass.—The lightning still gleamed in the distance, and my heart palpitated so loudly, that other sounds became indistinct to my ear. It was only a moment before I saw, by the lightning, the gigantic and terrible figure of Menko, and a female figure, apparently bound fast to her horse, and seemingly struggling to disengage herself, and to speak. He had the bridle of her horse in his hand, and both horses disappeared beyond the cabin of the pass. My blood boiled, and the glow at my heart seemed to endow me with gigantic prowess. It occurred to me, that it was prudent to follow them at such a distance, as neither to be seen nor heard. Accordingly I waited until I supposed they were half a mile in advance of me. I then followed them, not meaning to overtake them, until both they and myself were beyond the apprehension of any interference from any of the inmates of the valley. I continued to ride on behind them, sometimes so near, that,

by the diminishing flashes of lightning, I could barely distinguish their figures in the obscurity, and then falling back, through fear of being myself observed, until I judged that we were ten miles from the valley. I there came upon a prairie, a level table plain, a little distance from the commencement of which I had learned, by previous information, that the roads parted, the one leading in the direction of Santa Fe, and the other towards the country of the Appaches. Here I put my horse to his full speed, and soon was near enough to be heard by Menko. He stopped, and though the moon, struggling through clouds, threw an uncertain light upon objects, I observed him fasten his own horse, and that which he led, to a small tree. I did the same thing. We both dismounted and cautiously approached each other in the darkness. At the distance of ten paces, he uttered a sharp and fierce cry of interrogation in Commanche and Spanish, asking who I was and what I wanted? I had studied my reply, and I made it in Commanche. "Leave your prisoner and be off." I had scarcely pronounced the words, before I received the shot of his carabine through my clothes, slightly grazing my shoulder, and in an instant his tomahawk whistled past my head. I made an unavailing shot in return with my yager. Before I could disengage my pistols from the holster, we were struggling together in deadly grasp, each aiming to despatch the other with the dirk. I had once been the champion of the ring, but he lifted me from the ground, and threw me to the earth. Though under him, I had the command of his arms and held them fast. I comprehended that he was so much my superior in strength, that unless I availed myself of superior coolness and dexterity, he would be sure to destroy me. His was the struggling of an infuriated demon, and my policy was to entangle his arms, and parry his efforts to draw his dirk, until he should exhaust himself in putting forth his brute strength. I received severe bruises, and felt his horrid teeth fixed in

my arms and elsewhere, but I still held to the defensive, and let him struggle on. He some how contrived to disengage his dirk from his bosom, and gave me a cut in the arm; but I had soon the satisfaction to discover that his strength was sinking in exhaustion, and that his efforts were growing more feeble. I availed myself of a momentary slackening of his hold of me, and summoning my yet unwasted powers, I threw him off me, and was uppermost in my turn. In a moment he received my dirk in his bosom. He uttered the yell of a fury, and disengaged himself from me, as though I had been but an infant. He made a deadly thrust, which, had I not parried, would have been mortal. As it was, I was severely wounded in the arm by which I warded off the thrust. This was his expiring effort. He fell with a convulsive sob, and was still.

I was covered with blood, both his and my own. I felt it trickling from my wounds, but equally felt that they were not mortal. I ran to the captive, who sat on her horse at a little distance from the combat. A handkerchief was so passed over her face, that she was only able to utter the hoarse and scarcely audible sounds of distress. I tore away the handkerchief, unbound her pinioned arms, cut away the rope by which she was bound to the horse, and made myself known to her. Her terror and the agony of her situation took from her for some moments the power of reply. I placed her gently on the grass, and made all the efforts that the case admitted, to calm her terrors and her agitation; and I made her comprehend the danger of pursuit from the valley, and that no time was to be lost. Her first words were scarcely articulate thanks to the Virgin for her deliverance, and her next were inquiries if I had received wounds in the affray. I answered that I was slightly wounded, but begged her to think of nothing but escape; and as soon as she was able, to mount her horse and fly towards Santa Fe. To be in preparation for this flight, I took the horse

of the savage that I had slain, and brought him to mine. The horse was literally loaded with the money of the ransom, and with bars of bullion. I apportioned this among the three horses, and encouraged the young lady to mount her horse again. She uttered earnest and vehement exclamations, indicating mingled terror and thankfulness, and promised to exert her best strength to fly. To mount and be off was but the work of a moment, and I felt no compunction to leave the wretch that I had slain, to the burial of the carrion vultures.

It was not long before my fair companion regained her powers, the use of words, and a sufficient degree of composure to talk of her wonderful escape, and to find those artless, but powerful expressions of gratitude, which indicated at once strong feeling and a quick sense of delicacy and propriety. "I shudder to think of the condition," said she, "from which you have rescued me. Death were but a trifle, in comparison of what I had to apprehend. Oh! what words could describe what I felt, while you were engaged in the mortal struggle. I cannot imagine how you could have triumphed over such a terrible and gigantic enemy. Your voice is faint, and I much fear that you have deceived me as to the severity of your wounds." I endeavored to quiet her apprehensions by assuring her that my exertions and powers of horsemanship would show her that I was not dangerously wounded; that for the rest, I waived all thanks, if so that she would put her horse to his utmost speed, and render the deliverance effectual, by getting too far in advance of pursuit to be overtaken.

But, in truth, I felt myself weak and exhausted. I had, indeed, achieved a considerable victory, had won back an immense booty, had shown some daring, and had delivered a distressed damsel of exquisite beauty, and under circumstances which must call forth grateful feelings, and render me something of a hero in her eye. All

these invigorating motives did not hinder nature from asserting her claims. I felt my exhaustion increase with every mile of advance. I frequently and anxiously looked back towards the regions of the morning. But it seemed, in my weakness and impatience, as though the sun had forgotten to rise. I trembled from the chill of the morning air, the pain of my wounds, and the apprehension of pursuit; and my companion discovered increasing fears about my wounds. Her apprehension rose to terror, as the increasing twilight disclosed my whole dress covered with blood, and the paleness of my countenance.

At length the sun arose, and in his glory, from the rolling mists which curled above the snowy mountains, down the green slopes of which we had been winding. At the distance of half a league below us on the plain, appeared a village, inhabited partly by Spanish, and partly by civilized Indians. Their flat-roofed and white-washed dwellings resembled, in the distance, little square towers, and the smokes of their fires streamed aloft from the peaceful hamlet. I welcomed the prospect as the omen of repose and protection. Weak as I was, my heart exulted. Elysian prospects danced before my imagination. I had fabricated in fancy the last act of my drama, and the catastrophe was most delightful. I turned to my fair companion. "Courage!" said I, "we are free. This is the first prospect that guarantees us against the danger of your being recaptured, and carried back again. I have not dared to believe in the reality of your deliverance until now. She surveyed me as I was, all stained with blood, and tears of tenderness and joy started into her eyes. "How much I fear," she replied, "that I have purchased this deliverance by suffering, and sickness, and danger to you! I tremble to see how pale you are."

We entered the village, and were soon surrounded by a crowd of villagers, proposing to me and the young lady a thousand questions. She waved them to retire and

to send for the village surgeon. I did not understand what she said, for she addressed them in Spanish. But I saw their grateful and glistening eyes turned upon me, and comprehended that they could not retire satisfied, until she had given them the substance of our story. The authorities of the village attended us directly, and we were conducted with homage and observance to the little *meson*, and to the best apartment in it. Nothing could have been more opportune than this repose. I was almost fainting, before a mattress could be prepared. But I retained consciousness enough to observe that my fair companion discovered as much alarm and sensibility, as vanity itself could have desired. When the sapient personage came, who operated both as surgeon and physician of the village, he pronounced that we were both equally faint and in danger; but that as the life of the Dona d'Alvaro was of course much more important than mine, he proposed to commence his operations upon her. This observation brought back the color to her cheek, and protesting that she was quite well, she insisted that he should immediately examine and dress my wounds. When he found that nothing could be done with her, this disciple of Galen fell on me. My wounds were examined, and the stains of blood washed away. He pronounced in a deep and oracular tone, and my companion interpreted to me, that if I were very careful and abstemious, and observed proper precaution, and took the necessary repose, I might probably do well; that my wounds were severe, if not dangerous; and that I could not, with any safety, depart from under his hands for a considerable time.

Here commenced between me and the young lady a kind of contest, whose interests of the two should yield to the other's. It was evidently dangerous for her to remain. This village was near the Comanches, and they could easily send such a force against it, as would enable them to regain their captive, and at least the price of

her ransom would be demanded. She must certainly dread the thought of being in any way in their power again. This was an unanswerable argument, why she at least ought to go on without delay. I, on my part, insisted on this, and assured her that all I wanted was breakfast and a glass of wine to be able to follow her. She, on the contrary, insisted that the physician must know best, whether it was safe for me to proceed; that she apprehended no other danger from being pursued by the savages, than being obliged to refund the ransom—a matter to which she attached no consequence; that, however anxious to return to her parents, no consideration could induce her to leave me in such a miserable place, and with such attendants, as long as there was any danger in the case; peremptorily affirming, that she should not depart until it was deemed safe for me to accompany her. I believe that the first gallant remark which I had ever made to any one, was, that she was placing temptations before me in such case, to affect to be sick, and thus prolong my stay. To this she replied, slightly blushing, that there was no call for remarks of that sort; that she proffered no more than the simplest offices of humanity; that my paleness sufficiently confirmed all that the physician said; and that she better knew her duties, than to leave one who had so nobly exposed himself, and so severely suffered for her sake, from selfish considerations.

“Well, then,” I replied, “if you are peremptory, so also will I be. I will have breakfast, and I will take a glass of wine, and then, if my strength admits, I will proceed on my way towards Santa Fe alone, if you will not accompany me. For I am perfectly aware that this doctor is a blockhead, and that all I need is refreshment. If I have exposed myself, and suffered, I will not consent that it shall all be unavailing, by allowing you to remain here until you are overtaken, and carried back to the valley.” So saying, I made signs to the host that I wanted wine and breakfast. A fowl and venison were soon

placed before us, and a bottle of exquisite Parso. I had to encounter the tender remonstrances of my companion, and the grave assurances of the physician, that this conduct would prove my death. I ate, and drank, and was refreshed, and felt no other inconvenience than a certain degree of stiffness and soreness in my wounds, and weakness from the loss of blood. When she saw it was of no further use to remonstrate, the young lady took refreshment too. Our bills were discharged, and I assisted her on horseback, and mounted myself. The Alcalde of the village was in attendance, offering any escort that the village could furnish for guarding to her home so considerable a personage, as the only daughter of the Conde Alvaro. For my part, I felt happier, if not safer, to be alone, and felt glad to hear her decline the proffered aid, wisely remarking, that whatever force the savages should send against us, would pass by the village, and that he could make a more efficient resistance there, than with us. The force that was offered us, had actually been collected and put in array, in less than two hours that we staid in the village. It was sufficiently formidable in numbers, and in appearance not unlike the regiment of Falstaff. I did not doubt that they would all have scampered away in view of twenty Comanches. As it was, they accompanied us with great parade a league on our way.

I was refreshed and invigorated by the food and wine that I had taken. Once more on horseback, and alone with my fair *protegee*, my wounds, my recent peril, and all the past were forgotten, and the future opened upon me in all the rich coloring of hope. I contemplated nearer and with a more intense interest my companion, on whose fine countenance the buoyancy of youth, intelligence, and spirit were gleaming again. She admitted that the physician must have mistook my case, for that I had regained the same countenance in which she had seen me at first. Her apprehensions on this score relieved, and her native flow of spirits returning, her conversation became frank

and delightful. I was astonished at a display of talent and acquirements, premature in any place for a lady apparently so young, and particularly unexpected from a young lady of that country, whose inhabitants in general we have been taught to consider so uneducated. The prematurity of attainment might be accounted for by the well known fact, that the mind, as well as the form of females is developed earlier in southern, than in northern countries. She informed me that she had been educated with great care at a convent in Seville, in Old Spain, of which city her father was an ancient grandee. He had served with distinction in his early years on the coast of Morocco against the Moors, and had sustained various offices and honors there. Just before the invasion of his country by Napoleon, he had been appointed to the high and lucrative trust which he now held in New Spain.— Wisely foreseeing in the distance the approaching distractions of the mother country, he had in his own mind renounced it forever as a home, and had, on receiving the appointment in question, transferred the proceeds of his immense estates to the new world. He lived in dignified and princely retirement near the seat of his government, Durango, in New Spain. It was not long since he had sent for his daughter.

At this part of her history her voice faltered. Her countenance was suffused with the crimson of consciousness, and she seemed to hesitate about proceeding any farther in her narrative. But, apparently the *naivete* of youth, perhaps a wish to prepare me for an acquaintance with her father's family by some previous knowledge of its situation and members, possibly some little interest in a young man, who might be supposed to have some estimation in her mind, seemed to urge her on. She went on to observe, that on arriving at her father's house, she was introduced to a young gentleman, called Don Pedro Gutierrez, son of a nobleman of Old Spain, who had been a compatriot and fellow-soldier with her father, and

who now discharged a lucrative and important trust at Mexico. She instantly perceived that there were particular views in his being there at the juncture of her arrival; that, for her part, she was ready to admit his prospects, rank, and dignity, but that he had always been unamiable in her view; that she might possibly come in time to esteem him as a friend, or a relative, but in any nearer connexion never; that she had expressed as much to her father, when he intimated a wish that she might look at him with other feelings; that events were proceeding in this train at her father's house, until the preceding winter; that then her father had been compelled, by the duties of his office, to visit the frontier provinces, to quell the spirit of insurrection against the existing government; that she had accompanied her father, his family, and Don Pedro in their journey to Santa Fe; that, after having resided there for some time, she had been invited to the fatal party of her father's friend; and that, in returning from it, as has been related, she was captured by the Comanches. She recurred to the forebodings, of which she had spoken to me in the valley. She perceived that Menko entertained for her sentiments, for which she had no other name, than love; that he had insinuated in his way, how much more independent and happy the wife of a Comanche chief would be, than the wife of a feeble and cowardly Spaniard; that his mother often talked in the same strain, and began finally to intimate to her the necessity of making up her mind to receive Menko as a husband, and to be adopted into the tribe, as so many other captives were. To all this she had considered it the part of policy to make no reply. Up to this time she had trembled, indeed, to find herself a captive among them; but it was a case that had frequently happened, to be carried captive among them. Such stories were familiar to her ear. She had never supposed, for a moment, that any thing worse was likely to come of it, than a heavy ransom, which she well knew would be no

consideration with her father. For they made no secret, that they detained her simply with a view to her ransom; that after Menko had arrived the preceding day with the Spanish guard, her suspicions of his intended treachery were first excited, by finding that the Spanish guard, was not allowed to visit her, Menko pretending that all the preliminaries of the ransom were not yet settled; that as soon as the evening came, she found herself watched, and not permitted to leave her cabin; that Menko then came in, and told her that he was a much greater man than her father; that the Spaniards were no better than squaws; that he was determined to make her his squaw, as many of the tribe had Spanish squaws; that he knew how to love better than a pitiful white man; and that she should have plenty of servants, horses, money, and vermilion, and want nothing, if she would go willingly with him among the Appaches. But that, if she made any difficulty, he was not, like a white skin, to be turned from his purpose, and that he would bind her fast, and carry her off by force. He then insisted upon a direct answer. She watched an opportunity, and made an effort to get abroad, and reveal his intended treachery, and claim the protection of the tribe; that Menko and his mother brought her back by force, and bound her, and placed a handkerchief over her face, as has been related; and that not far from midnight they had placed her on horseback, and bound her so firmly, that all her struggles to disengage herself had been unavailing.

Such was the brief story of her captivity. From this story she digressed to the history of her father's family. It was sufficiently obvious, amidst all the delicacy and circumspection of these details, that she counted upon me for a while at least, as likely to become a member of her father's family, and that she wished me to have a full view of the ground before me, with the benevolent wish, that understanding the different characters, I might calculate best how to propitiate them. She spoke

of her father as honorable, high minded, ambitious, loving her more than any thing, except power; but flexible and unsteady in his purpose. In her eulogy of her mother, she was unsparing and unqualified. She represented her as educated, gifted, gentle, and affectionate in the extreme, and receiving from her the entireness of filial affection. In speaking of the father confessor, her views of the sanctity of his office forbade her from describing him in terms of reprehension. But I could perceive that she wished to put me on my guard against him. It was clear, too, that in her account of her admirer, whom she expected to find with her father, more was meant than met the ear, and that she wished me to see that it was out of the question for me to think of any thing beyond the claims of simple gratitude; and to caution me against entertaining any aspiring views in my own case. At least she wished me to take a full and entire survey of the premises, and of all the rocks and quicksands, that I might know how to steer my little skiff among them. For the rest, with a great deal of spirit and vivacity, she was all truth and simplicity. There was a laconic force in her expressions, and a delightful Spanish accent in her French, which rendered her conversation singularly interesting. I was flattered by the pains which she took to enable me to understand the bearings of things in her father's family, and notwithstanding I had requested her to recur no more to the subject of her obligations to me, and though she seemed to wish to avoid the theme, artless expressions of grateful feeling, and anxiety that I might find it consistent to fix myself in her father's family, escaped her in spite of herself. I will fairly confess to you, that I did not at all regret my loss of blood, nor the anguish of wounds, which received such amiable and considerate sympathy. I was a young man, and, to avail myself of the old Latin saw, you could expect nothing of me foreign to my age and feelings. It was to me a most delightful journey, and, from the kind

ling brightness of her eye, and the growing frankness of her conversation, I had reason to believe not unpleasant to her. She listened with the most flattering attention to my short recital of the passages of my history up to the present, and seemed as much astonished at the possibility of such an education as mine being obtained in the States, as I had been that she should have been so well instructed in New Spain. She informed me, that a thought occurred to her of an employment, as she judged, suited to my character and pursuits, that would offer in her father's family, which she hoped might induce me to settle there. She did not, indeed, name it, but stated that she would suggest it to her father, and hoped that through him it would be offered and made acceptable to me.

In these conversations, and in occasional stops at the *haciendas* and *mesons*, the time passed rapidly. As soon as we were free from the fear of pursuit, I could have wished the distance to Santa Fe twice as great as it was. The country was delightfully interesting, and every prospect brightened in my eye. The people all seemed good, obliging, and happy. I had not been much used to the society of ladies, and, with one slight exception, had seen all hitherto with the same indifference. But I used every effort in this case, to stand on my best. Either joy exalted my imagination, or the country was more beautiful, and the scenery more inspiring than any I had seen, or the slight fever of my wounds created a fermenting excitement in my brain. Be the cause what it might, I felt myself a new man in point of eloquence. I smiled internally at my own volubility. Every thing seemed to suggest thoughts and words to me. I was thorough in my French, but had never been in habits of speaking it.—But it appeared as if the occasion had transformed me into a Parisian. I remarked, more than once, that my energy of language and fluency of expression brought a smile into her face, in which there seemed to be a kind of arch consciousness.

Every thing on the earth, both joy and sorrow, have their term, and this journey was too pleasant to last long. The evening of the second day was drawing on, when, in the direction of the setting sun, we saw the glittering of the towers of Santa Fe. A peasant had been sent in advance to advertise the Conde of the approach of his daughter. "Yonder," said she, turning her melting and thankful eye to Heaven, "is the house where reside my dear parents. What words could convey the emotions of my heart, as I return to them? And what do not I and they owe to you, generous deliverer? The chill of death must be on this heart, before it forgets its obligations." Saying this, her folded hands were clasped, and she appeared to be devoutly occupied in thanksgiving, until we entered the town. We were admonished that the news of her deliverance and return had been spread, for we entered amidst the ringing of bells, the discharge of cannon, and an universal illumination of the town. The whole population poured into the streets, and the welkin rung with *vivas*, and acclamations. The *canaille* of the streets thronged around us, and she was nearly stifled with kisses and embraces; and I also had my share. For immediately on entering the town, she admonished me that it would be necessary for us both to dismount. Our horses were led, and we conducted amidst these acclamations to the public square, the place of the palace, which the Conde occupied as his temporary residence. Around this square was paraded all the military of the town and vicinity, in sufficient numbers, it seemed, to have blotted out the nation of the Comanches, and to have obtained the release of the returned captive by force.

At the gate that opened into the public square appeared the Conde surrounded by his officers. He was a stout and venerable looking man, enveloped in a flowing Spanish cloak, a broad drooping hat with white plumes, and armed with a sword of portentous length and size. His

countenance was noble, but stern and inflexible. The *tout ensemble*, with his air and manner, strongly called up the remembrance of the prints of the Spanish, in the times of Charles V. As soon as the father and daughter saw each other, the state of the grandee gave place to the tenderness of the father. Nature asserted all her claims. It was one of those meetings which the imagination only can paint. At the entrance of the great stair-case of the palace, the daughter exchanged the arms of the father for those of the mother, and the rapturous tears and sobbings were from a motive the direct opposite of that which caused the lamentations heard in Ramah. I had never witnessed such a scene, nor such a cause for rejoicing. The dogs barked for joy. Domestic, Indians, negroes, mestizos, samboes, male and female, old and young, crowded round the restored daughter. Clapping of hands, kisses and embraces, tears and exclamations, were seen and heard on every side. No language has so many terms of fondness as the Spanish, and this occasion seemed to exhaust them. Never did I see a more affectionate, and apparently a more happy family. After the salutations of the family, she received those of the tall, whiskered, and stately Don Pedro, who appeared to eye me from the first moment with the lowering looks of distrust. Then she was welcomed home by the Duena, and last of all by the father confessor.

Some minutes elapsed before there was sufficient composure for my introduction. I was then introduced by the daughter to her parents, with a concise, but energetic statement of what I had done, and of her obligations, in French. In the joyous burst of the feelings called forth by the occasion, I went through this formidable introduction with more confidence and composure than I had expected. The speaking and encouraging countenance of the daughter followed me through it; and it was sufficiently visible to me, that she wished me to make a favorable impression. The Spanish are known ✓

✓ for the strength and earnestness of their feelings, when a great occasion excites them. I could not have wished more ardent expressions of admiration and gratitude, than I received from all. I was the hero of the hour. Deep and unaffected concern was manifested about my wounds and visible paleness. My country, my religion, every thing was overlooked, in contemplating my exposure, and its joyous termination. It was a full hour before the restored daughter had told enough of her story, and endured enough of caresses, to be allowed to sit down in quiet. We were then seated to chocolate, a supper, a gisado, and confectionary. The daughter was seated between the father and the mother, with a hand in the hand of each. On one side was the father confessor, and on the other Don Pedro. So seated she gave a brief narrative of her captivity and release in Spanish, and so loud and distinct, that the assembled family could hear. At every pause in her story, although I could not comprehend the language, I could easily discern, by the grateful and glistening eyes of the hearers turned upon me, that I had my full meed of praise. If I ever saw cause for envy, it was the feelings of the parents and the child on this joyous occasion. From the supper table we were ushered into the chapel. It was hung with black, decorated with religious paintings, and lighted with waxen tapers. The daughter turned upon me an imploring look, the purport of which I understood to be, to go as far as I could in imitating the observance of the rest. High mass was celebrated by the father confessor with great solemnity, and a Te Deum performed on the organ. My views of religious obligation, and my principles, allowed me to go certain, but not all lengths, in joining in the ceremonies of their church. A single look from the daughter, as I came from the chapel, told me that in her judgment, I had kept the right medium in this observance.

I retired for rest, but, much as I needed repose, not to

sleep. The adventures of the three last days had crowded upon me too rapidly, to allow my mind easily to return to its natural level of repose. Its agitation was that of the waves, just after the fury of the storm has been suspended. I threw myself on the stately and downy couch assigned me, and wished the calm which sleep gives, before I took a view of my actual position, and attempted to arrange my plans for the future. But the more I courted sleep, the more tumultuously thoughts crowded upon me. The old question returned, what doest thou, and what wilt thou do here? A youth, from the land of undeviating industry and regular pursuits, in the wild regions west of the Mississippi, then among savages, and soon after his hands red with the blood of a fellow creature stretched at his feet, a knight-errant, a deliverer of a beautiful and distressed damsel; and finally in the palace of a grandee of Spain, among Catholics, a people of other manners, another language, and another religion. What have I to do here? On what proper pretext stay? Shall I accept a compensation which I have fairly won with my sword? I came to this country with mixed motives, not distinctly known to myself; but to acquire a fair and honest fortune was, undoubtedly, one of my hopes. Should I accept this compensation, and take my leave, will not a certain image be painfully present to my remembrance? At least there appears at present no assignable ground for my remaining here. Because I have delivered the daughter, shall I fix myself on her family? What was the employment of which she spake? And then, had she manifested no symptoms of flattering partiality for me? None at all. That she had, was the dictate of mere inexperienced vanity. She had been simply grateful, and had taken pains to put an extinguisher upon any such idle notions, by letting me know that, by the family, all the elements of such a calculation had been previously arranged and settled. To look upon all sides of all these subjects

was employment enough for one night. I probably turned in my bed at least a hundred times, and revolved as many projects. I came in the end to no fixed resolution, but this; I will follow the leading of circumstances. They shall see that a well principled, and well educated young man will never swerve, for a moment, from the conduct prompted by integrity and self-respect. If these will not allow me to remain here, I will join my company when they come to this place of our union, and return to my own country. On this resolution I fell asleep. I am not sure of my dreams; but I think that I fancied ✓ Dona Martha telling her parents that I was much to be preferred to Don Pedro.

CHAPTER IV.

Todo paxaro en su nido
Natural canto mantiene.

Lope de Vega.

As soon as I was placed in a state of complete repose, I began to feel all my weakness and exhaustion. The next morning I found that my wounds were inflamed, and that I was laboring with fever. I arose and went below, but I painfully felt that I must remain here for some time at least, for the healing of my wounds, and the restoration of my exhausted strength. My increased paleness and indisposition drew from the family assembled in the morning for breakfast, expressions of apprehension and concern. It was insisted that I should put myself under the care of the family physician. The Condesa manifested a maternal interest in my case, and they drew from me a promise that I would confine myself, for the present, to the house. Every member of the family, and all the strangers who had come in to congratulate the Conde on the arrival of his daughter, vied with each other in demonstrations of the most flattering regard and concern. The family physician prescribed. My wounds were dressed anew. The chamber of my confinement was contiguous to the library, and connected with it. In it was a very considerable collection of books, and no small portion of them in French. The Conde, his lady, Don Pedro, occasionally distinguished guests that were on terms of intimacy with the family, and the daughter, whom I shall designate, as she was called in the family, Dona Martha, were frequently with me, that I might not suffer, as they kindly said, from loneliness; and as all

these spoke French, I could enter at once into the pleasures of conversation. I was allowed every day to descend to the parlor, and then Dona Martha, and sometimes other young ladies, her visitants, amused us with songs, of which they seemed to possess an inexhaustible variety, accompanied generally by the guitar, and sometimes by the piano-forte. I sometimes saw one person among them looking upon me, as if by stealth, with an anxiety more flattering, than all the rest. The only unpleasant circumstance of the case was, that I felt myself completely trammelled by the positive and pedantic rules of the physician, and had to swallow ptisans, and teas, and vulnerary balsams in somewhat greater profusion than I could have wished; but Dona Martha said it was necessary, and I shut my eyes, and hardened my heart, and swallowed according to the prescription.

The conversations often turned upon the geography and history of Old Spain, and the revolution, which was then raging in all its fury. It was a natural transition from that to the physical and moral resources of the Spanish colonies in the new world, countries so vast and diversified, and of such magnificent and sublime features of natural grandeur, that the very description of them was poetry. The Mexican empire they represented as richer in natural and moral resources, than any other country; and they dwelt with gloomy forebodings upon its ulterior prospects. They asserted that the seeds of disorganization and rebellion were thickly sown over its whole surface, and they anticipated a terrible harvest, similar to that which was reaping in Old Spain, and in Spanish South America. It was obvious that they were all, and Martha among the rest, staunch royalists, thorough Gaucha pines, instinctive enemies to every form of republican government, and contemplating with horror and disgust the development of republican principles. It may well be supposed, that they could not be so ignorant of my country, its institutions, the spirit of its government,

and its present condition, as not to view it with no small portion of jealousy. They rightly appreciated its growing greatness, resources, and power, and had a suitable respect for its prowess, and its capacity either for offence or defence. But they evidently had more dread of our disposition to spread our principles among their people, than the case warranted. For the rest, they had been accustomed to consider us as a nation of pedlars and sharpers, immoderately addicted to gain, and sordid in the last degree; that we were a kind of atheistic *canaille*, on an entire level, without models of noble and chivalrous feeling; in short, a kind of fierce and polished savages, whose laws and institutions were graduated solely with a view to gain. They were pleased to consider me as one of those anomalous exceptions from general rules, which sometimes occur every where. In short, they contemplated me as a kind of *lusus nature*, a tamed Orson.— They expressed an earnest hope that a man who could have been reared, as they supposed, with no settled principles in morals, politics, or religion, might, without abandoning preconceived opinions, be imbued with the dogmas of the Spanish regime and the Catholic church, and become an adopted son of the country.

For a man to know the force of his patriotism, it is necessary that he should be in a foreign country, and hear his own villified. I felt the rising warmth, and was obliged to repress it, in order to answer with moderation and decorum. I said to them, that the less informed classes in our country thought of the Spanish in the old and new world, not precisely as they appeared to think of us, but, if possible, with more and deeper contempt; but that all the informed classes felt and appreciated the Spanish character. I was sorry to see the same prejudices here, which, in our country, only existed among the lowest of the people. "I am not going," I observed, "to answer and refute in detail all the charges which you have brought against us. It is true, in reply to the

sweeping charge of avarice, that we are a money-getting people; and, unfortunately, your country has taken, as samples of ours, only the people whose sole business abroad is to make money. These men, perhaps, carry the desire of acquisition to avarice and a passion. But it is by no means, as you suppose, an universal trait. No country, according to its wealth, much less according to its age, has so many noble public and private charities.—There is no country in which so much indulgence is shown to beggars, in which the poor have so much consideration, and whose regulations furnish them with so much comfort. Acts of private generosity are not so apt to be blazoned there, for the very reason that they are common, and that they who perform them feel that they are only acting in common with a multitude of others, and shrink from public applause. If you would know whether we have the spirit of public munificence among us, you must see, as I have seen, our public buildings, and our works of public utility and comfort in our cities. To know if we have public enterprise, you must see those canals that wed the lakes with the ocean, and the commencement of those projects that are to unite the long courses of the western streams with the Atlantic waters. To judge if we are a happy people, you must traverse, as I have done, the Union from one extreme to the other, and see every where the increasing comfort, knowledge, and opulence of ten millions of people, among whom property, equal rights, comfortable existence, contentment, cheerfulness, and hope are, as I believe, more generally and plentifully diffused, than among any other people of the same numbers on our globe. You suppose that there are among us no pursuits, but those dictated by avarice. If my books were here from the Commanche valley, I would read to you a thousand manifest proofs from our history to the contrary. I would refer you to the great mass of that very class of people that has given you such impressions of our sordidness and av-

arice, the sailors. The annals of no age or country, I dare affirm, can furnish a more general and striking contempt of money, and of every thing but glory, a more entire disregard of every mean and sordid motive, and even of life itself, than the history of our marine in our late war with Great Britain. In the history of what other country will you find authenticated reports of wounded sailors voluntarily dropping into the sea after battle, and alleging as a reason for doing so, that they were wounded past the hope of cure, and could do nothing more for their country? There is, I believe, no country where a miser is regarded with more contempt, and a rich man, merely as such, with less respect. Nothing blasts the reputation sooner, than to be reputed the slave of avarice. We are reputed, beyond the seas, and by many of the bigoted and prejudiced of the parent country, to be destitute of all taste for the fine arts and for literature, and even the dawning of patronage and literary munificence. As it regards the first, I say nothing of the models in the fine arts, which are already collected in Philadelphia and the other cities. That we produce our full share of the materials of excellence in the fine arts, let the fact attest, that more than an equal proportion of the distinguished British painters of the last age, and the promising geniuses of the present, were, and are natives of the United States. Literature receives in our country a more ample patronage, than it did in the parent country half a century ago. As it regards our growing improvement in another point of view, the facilities of travel and communication, it would be invidious to compare our country with yours. But in this respect, even in our incipient existence we may boldly challenge comparison with any country on the globe. Steam-boats connect in easy, rapid, and pleasant communication, a thousand leagues of our western waters. There are more than a hundred that traverse them in every direction. The lateral streams, the lakes, the arms of the sea, the

different points along the Atlantic shore are all traversed by steam-boats. These boats, the canals, the public roads, the places of resort for amusement or health, present a moving mass of well-dressed, civil, and apparently happy travellers. You deem us all *canaille*. On the contrary, compared with the *leperos* and the rabble of your cities, as all agree in describing them, the whole population of the cities and the country with us, would be deemed of the higher orders. It is true, we have no nobility, no titled and privileged class. These things rest with us upon the base, where nature, reason, common sense, and wise arrangement have placed them, upon personal merit. But if you imagine we have no scale by which to estimate the difference between the wise and good, and the ignorant and vile, you deeply mistake. The homage which we pay to talents, virtue, and public services is heart-felt, and paid so much the more cheerfully, as it is not levied as a tax, and is very different from the forced observance which is awarded to titled rank on the claims of prescription. In presence of the father confessor it would, perhaps, be considered indecorous to compare our worship with yours. I will only remark, that in that region where I was bred, it has been generally conceded, that a greater proportion of the people attend public worship, as a habit, than in any other country. Religion has a more general influence upon morals and sentiments. Of consequence, fewer crimes are committed, and there are fewer public executions than elsewhere. In short, the whole country, with some very limited regions excepted, presents such a spectacle of order, quiet, and peaceable industry, and regular advancement in comfort and improvement of every kind, as, I firmly believe, is not to be seen in an equal degree in any other country. You should see, before you condemn us. I regret to find among the highest and the most intelligent here, the same prejudices and unfounded impressions, which only exist with us among the lower orders of the people."

The boldness and hardihood of my harangue, if not its eloquence and truth, astonished them. If it did not produce conviction, and a higher estimation of my country, I remarked, that it did not seem to diminish their respect for one, who had dared so frankly to compare it with others. I thought I had produced an effect with the mother and the daughter. The Conde only remarked, that of the few inhabitants of the States that he had seen, they were all in the same habit of vaunting their own country. The father confessor mused, made the sign of the cross, and left the apartment. The expression of Don Pedro was more unequivocal. It was evidently the sneering and supercilious look of a man, who regarded the speaker with disdain.

Remember, if I have seemed a tiresome egotist long ere this, you must thank yourself for your curiosity to hear my adventures, and that you were fairly forewarned what you had to expect. Nothing material occurred in my history for some days. My wounds were healing. My color and strength returned. I foresaw that ill health would soon serve me no longer as a pretext for remaining in this family. As my health returned, I saw Dona Martha less frequently, and I thought there was a visible anxiety in her countenance. I had sometimes almost dared to believe that she regarded me with partiality apart from any feelings in relation to her deliverance from captivity. But when I had almost arrived at an undoubting conviction of this, the present avoidance of me, apparently without motive, levelled the fabric of my hopes with the dust. I vexed myself with suspicions, that she even took pains to let me see that she could treat Don Pedro with kindness. He took no pains to disguise his haughtiness and dislike. As was natural, recurrence was often made in conversation to the adventure of the deliverance of Dona Martha. He invariably took occasion, speaking in Spanish, which I began however, to understand, to treat the whole affair as a

mere trivial matter, very common in the history of their intercourse with the savages; intimating always that, with such an incitement as the liberation of the lady in question, none but the most worthless poltron could have failed to do the same.

I had leisure, during this confinement, to draw portraits of the principal members of the family. All the thoughts of the Conde seemed to be engrossed in arranging the affairs of his government, and in repressing the incipient spirit of republicanism, in which he seemed to have had great success. But although every thing of that kind appeared to be repressed for the moment, and the march of the government seemed to have regained the calm and regular ascendancy of despotism, the anxious look of the governor was in perfect accordance with his declaration, that this spirit in the people was only as coals buried under ashes, and he predicted that the flames would soon burst forth again. In these moments he could not always repress exclamations of most uncourteous bitterness against the contiguity and the infectious nature of the example of my country. He incidentally manifested that he looked to Don Pedro as one of the most efficient props of his government, and his future son-in-law. But he appeared too much occupied to bestow any particular attention on his private concerns.

The Condesa still retained the traces of a beautiful person; she possessed great talents, and her conversation was rich and interesting. Her eye either flashed with intelligence, or melted with tenderness; and she appeared the mellowed and impressive original, of which the daughter was the fresh and beautiful copy. In her deportment, and in hers alone, there seemed nothing like inconstancy or caprice; and she alone constantly manifested towards me marked and unequivocal partiality, and even tenderness. The father confessor, whom they called by the name Josephus, was a priest of high

standing in the country, had been educated at Rome, and had all the external suavity and observance of a courtier, the training and adroitness of a jesuit, and a sufficiency of intrigue to have been minister of the Grand Seignior. His form was noble, his voice deep and impressive, and every function of his ministry performed with an indescribable grace. Seen at a distance, his countenance and manner inspired respect. Contemplated more nearly and intensely, there was something in it sinister and repressing to confidence and affection. He regarded the spirit of the age, the fermenting germ of republicanism, and the slightest beginnings of innovation in the Catholic hierarchy, with a deep aversion, that savored rather of a malignant nature, than of the prejudices of education. In the same proportion as his own enlightened mind had penetrated the absurdities of those points, which constitute the incredible and contradictory of the Catholic dogmas, was he bitter and strenuous, even to persecution, for retaining every jot and tittle of them in all their ancient strictness. He entertained for my powers and acquirements, such as they were, perhaps too much respect. But for the rest, he regarded me with a jealousy and distrust, for which, as I had treated him with uniform deference and consideration, I could hardly account even on the score of our difference of opinion. On the whole, he seemed to regard me as dangerous among the faithful of his flock, on the ground of my fancied learning and acuteness.

The only time in which I saw the countenance of Dona Martha wholly free from anxiety and chagrin, and her manner towards me as it had been at the first, was on an evening when she came into the library during my confinement, leading up to me, and introducing with mock gravity her duena, a character formerly so indispensable in an ancient Spanish family, and retained by the Conde out of his stern regard to the usages of the ancient *regime*. "Have you never read a translated

Spanish romance?" said she, "if you have, permit me to show you the identical character, called a duena.— This is Dona Dorothea, an ancient friend of the family, whose duty it is to keep volatile and perverse young personages, like myself, for instance, in the right way. She has the hundred eyes of Argus, and the incorruptible watchfulness of the dragon that guarded the golden fleece. She is as hard as adamant, and as little exposed to melting as platina. So you see how little danger there is that I should be allowed to act naughtily, even if I would; and how little chance there is that I should bestow my poor hand and heart unworthily." I could with difficulty restrain my laughter, when I looked upon the personage who sustained such a grave office. She was a round, short and plump figure, with a most prominent front, dressed in a short cotton jacket, which showed her fat and joyous figure to wonderful advantage. good nature laughed in her grey eyes and in her ruddy face, which was almost an exact circle. She was, in fact, an exact female Sancho Panza. It was obvious that she had availed herself as faithfully of the privileges of good eating and drinking, and that she was disposed to allow others to follow their inclinations in these and in all respects. There was something irresistibly ludicrous in supposing such a person set as a guard over such a young lady as Dona Martha. The old lady sustained the gravity of her office but a moment. She laughed and caressed her young lady, and was gay and voluble, and threw out her Spanish proverbs, like her famous predecessor. As she addressed part of her conversation to me, and spoke in Spanish, that part of it which I might not be supposed to understand, Martha translated for my use into French, with true Spanish gravity. She began by describing the mourning and desolation about the house, when her dear young lady was first carried off by the savages, how many masses were offered, and prayers said for her return; how stoutly and earnestly herself had

supplcated the Virgin on her account, and how long she had abstained from flesh and wine, under a vow for her return; that, for her part, if she had been a man, and a soldier, like Don Pedro, she would have set out alone, if none would have gone with her, to fight the savages for her rescue. You are the man, after all, for me; for you, that were not of her country, or religion, fought for her, while the Don was here at home, mourning, and talking about her. I have no doubt that he would murder you at once, if he thought you capable of looking upon her with the eyes of love. But I learned from my mother, rest her soul, that love will go where it will go. For my part, I never saw two persons look so much alike, as you two." Here, the young lady blushed deeply, and ceased to translate. But I understood almost every word; and what I did not understand, her laughing eyes and significant gestures supplied. She turned to the young lady, "see now," said she, "how he blushes! In truth, he looks as grave and simple as a young girl. One would think he did not know a pretty woman from a *guava*. Who would think, that such a blushing and handsome boy could attack and conquer one of those terrible savages? I have seen these heretics before. They have the finest twinkling eyes and ruddy cheeks, and I have heard, they are but sad fellows among the ladies." At the same time she chucked me familiarly under the chin, called me *bueno mozo*, hoping that I should become *buen catalico*, and take one of the young ladies of the country for a wife.

She seemed sufficiently disposed to proceed in the same style; but her young lady interposed, and suddenly resuming her countenance of care, she appeared to make an effort in addressing me. "We have had enough of this," said she. "Now we will have, if you please, one word of seriousness. You cannot be surprised, that I think of you with some interest, and that I can readily imagine how anxious you must be to have some pursuit

and employment. I am told that all the young men of your country feel in this way. Different as our modes of thinking are, I respect such feelings. We are preparing to depart for Durango. Here we have never been, and cannot be, at home. My mother has expressed a decided wish, that you should accompany us. You will receive a visit from my father, proposing terms of honorable employment with us. Will you deem it forwardness or gratitude in me, if I add my wishes to those of my mother, that these terms may prove acceptable to you? In giving utterance to the purest and simplest of my feelings, I am sure that you are too noble, too generous, to misinterpret me. You have youth, intelligence, spirit, learning; every thing to fit you for such a theatre, as our unhappy country is just opening. My father foresees, and it is easy to foresee the murky clouds of change and rebellion, rising on all quarters of our horizon; and the times call for wise heads, strong hands, and true hearts. I am sure that our house needs them. For we have the patriots, as they call themselves, for enemies on the one hand, and my father has enemies and competitors even among the royalists; and he has found, by sad experience, that all is hollow and false on every side.—What a noble career opens for a man like you! When my mother expressed her wish that you might remain with us, she remarked, what a soothing tranquillity she should derive, from knowing that one true and determined heart would be always near us.” Much more of a similar import was said, and having thus prepared me for the visit of her father, she left me, and the fat and laughing duena waddled after her.

Soon after the Conde entered, with something more of state and gravity than usual on his brow. He began by congratulating me on my evident restoration to health. “The physician by whose judgment we are wholly guided in these cases,” he added, “assures us that your wounds are so healed, that you may safely go abroad.

I have happily completed the business that brought me from home to this distant and inconvenient sojourn. I now propose immediately to return. I know not, nor would it be proper for me to inquire, with what views you were residing among the Commanches. I have understood, that you belonged to a party from the States, whose object was traffic with the savages. You probably know in what light we here consider such expeditions, and the men who are engaged in them. But we hold you a noble exception. I will not disguise from you, that I might excite suspicion by what I am about to propose to you. You are aware in what light we view your country and religion. But we have inquired respecting you of the Commanches, and of the officer and soldiers who saw you in the valley. Even the savages do justice to your conduct in the affair with Menko, by which my daughter was liberated. They say that you only anticipated the vengeance which themselves would have inflicted upon him for his treason. They waive all claims for ransom, and admit that you did right in taking it into your own hands. That sum, the half of which was delivered into my hands with my daughter, together with the effects of Menko, is a considerable fortune. It was forever lost to me, and, in comparison of my daughter, never took up a single thought. That is fairly and decidedly yours, and I am ready to pay it over to you at this moment. But that is not all. It is impossible that I can ever think of releasing myself from the debt of obligation to you. I can show you that I wish to do what is in my power, and I will come to the point. The Condesa wishes you, if your object is to become acquainted with our country, to remain in my family, where you will have access to official information, and will have every chance to gain this acquaintance. That you may feel justified to yourself in the possession of an employment, if you will converse with the father confessor, and allow him to rectify the errors of your understanding in

regard to religion and our faith, and pledge your fealty to my government and our king, I will immediately give you the commission of captain in the regiment of Don Pedro in our army." He waited for my reply.

I thanked him for interesting himself in my welfare. I assured him that I should be pleased, if it were in my power, consistently, to accompany his family to Durango. I proceeded to observe, that I had not had very definite views in my journey to the Comanches; that I had been rather inclined to be what they called in my country, a roving youth; that so far as I was clear about my motives, a disposition to wander and see new regions was the first, and money a secondary, and very distant one; that if it came by honorable enterprise and exertion, like the rest of my countrymen, I understood the value of it; that in attempting the release of his daughter, I was conscious that my motive was unmixed with any base alloy of that sort; and that to put the thing out of doubt to myself, as well as others, that it was so, the success of that action should be its simple and single reward, and that I hoped he would not hurt my feelings by ever proposing any other; that I should be happy to converse with the father confessor, and should treat him with the deference due to his character and his office, but that my opinions in regard to religion and morals, such as they were, were probably fixed unalterably, and that it was as probable I might think of converting the father confessor to my views, as that he would bend mine to his; that to the last proposition, I could only say, that in a cause that was consonant to my feelings and principles, no profession would be so congenial as to bear arms, and that nothing would delight me so much as to be provided with any honorable pursuit in his family; but that no consideration, not even the desire to remain with him, could induce me to draw a sword in defence of the claims of Ferdinand VII. upon any part of Spanish America.

He heard me to the close with patient dignity. He

seemed rather surprised than offended, as I feared he would be, with my rejection of his offers. "There is, in truth," said he, "among your people of all classes, a Spartan stubbornness, that I, as a soldier, know how to appreciate. But your refusal of money is, indeed, utterly unlike what I expected from one of your country, and I think it is out of place in the present instance. Your republicanism I can pardon, as the prejudice of your birth and country. I love a man not the less for being true to his country. As it regards your faith, I well know that we cannot change it when we will. All I request of you with respect to the father confessor, I am sure you will grant, and that is, the deference due to his character and office. He is a wise and a learned man. I am not dissatisfied with your inflexibility of character. It effectually vindicates you from one charge, that has been brought against you. I wish to retain you in my family. The man who is true and unchanging in so many points, will be true to whatever confidence I may repose in him. I hope we shall persuade you to go with us."

"Show me any useful and honorable occupation," I replied, "and I will go with the greatest pleasure. I think, too, that you might count on my fidelity. Never, since I left my native place, have I seen the family where I would feel so happy to remain, if I might do it, and be useful, and retain self-respect." "There is one thing more," he replied, "that strikes me upon this subject. I will consider that point with my family, and converse with you again upon this matter before my departure."

I had in this family an unknown, but faithful friend, in an Irish Catholic servant, named Bryan O'Flaherty. He had been absent, it seems, and he now introduced himself to me with a box of books, which, it appeared, had been brought for me by the Spanish officer, who had been sent to escort back Dona Martha from the Comanche valley. The Red Heifer had collected these,

my drawings, and every thing that appertained to me, and, together with a letter from the captain of our party to the Spanish country, had, with considerate kindness, sent them on with the other baggage to Santa Fe, hoping that I would return, and accept of the honor she intended me. I was affected with this distinguished kindness to a recreant, who seemed so little capable of returning it. Bryan laid down the box with a low bow; and I contemplated his laughing Irish face, his brightly florid complexion, and his yellow locks, with satisfaction; for I saw that he was not Spanish, and could probably speak my native tongue. "Now," said he, "begging your honor's pardon, speak so much as one little word in the king's English. It is such a weary while since I have heard a word of it." I thanked him for his kindness in bringing my books, and expressed myself pleased to find a member of the family who could speak my mother tongue. "Ar'nt you the jewel, now?" said he. "It's many the long year that I've heard never a word of that sort before. Oh! but your honor has the true Irish face, and speaks in the right fashion. I have been in a hot fever to see you, ever since I have heard you was here. Now, may be, I don't know a thing or two about this family." He came close to me, and let his voice fall almost to a whisper. "Do you know what a bother they have been making about you down stairs?" He paused, as if waiting for me to ask him to proceed. I felt, it is true, a strong curiosity to hear on what cause I could have been the theme of conversation. Decorum forbade me to gratify that curiosity, by questioning a servant. Finding that he must go on without any request, or be silent. "Ah!" he proceeded, "your Honor has the grand way now, and I dare say your Honor is as true as steel. Well, then, I love you for your looks, and the tongue that is in your head; and, by St. Patrick, I love all that the sweet Martha loves; and if she don't love your Honor, there is no devil!" "Do you think so, my

lad?" said I. "Ay," he returned, "I thought I could bring your Honor to your tongue. The sweet Martha was in tears. The Conde was in a fret. The good kind Condesa threw in for you as much as she dared. But there is father Josephus—he is of my father's worship, to be sure. But, may be, I don't know him, for all his sanctified airs. And there was the young Don, with his grim face, and his big airs, and, devil burn their boots, no good of ye did they say. 'Well,' says I, 'this man has my mother's tongue in his head. He has shed his own blood, to kill a heathen savage, and has brought our sweet Martha home, Heaven brighten her two eyes; and by those tears, she belikes him,' says I, 'or I don't know the taste of a potatoe. The man,' says I, 'I dare say is a pretty man, though he may believe neither in the Virgin, nor St. Patrick.' So I stands your friend in my heart. I opens both my ears, and the more they told me to hush, the more I remembered every word. When I was out, round Doll, the the duena, hears the rest, and we both put what we heard together. Jesus! what a botheration they made, and all about you! They rumbled it out in Spanish; but Doll and I heard every word." Here he paused, in hopes now to have raised curiosity, to have me question him to proceed. I was determin'd to leave him to himself, to speak or be silent, though I saw no harm in hearing what he had to say. "Now, only look," said he. "Your Honor burns to hear, but says never a word.— You shall hear all. The Conde said you talked big; and that all your people are as stiff as asses. But it raised your Honor mightily in all their eyes, that you would have none of the money. The Conde stuck to it against them all, that you was no common man, and he sware his biggest Spanish oath, that he believed you was a true, rale jantleman. The father confessor, roast him! said that he thought you an orange-man, and a bad heretic, and so much the worse, that you was know-

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ing, and was handsome enough to pervert all the young girls in the region. How much has he swayed the Condesa and her daughter already! Then he commanded them in the name of their holy mother, the church, to discard you from their thoughts. They both looked so sweet in his cross face, devil roast him, and begged him not to think it a sin, that they esteemed you for your valor and truth. 'And these,' said he, in his deep voice, and looking this fashion, 'and these are just the baits by which the devil lures away the hearts of the faithful in the form of heresy.' The young Don bounced about the while, like a roasted chestnut, and said that your Honor had tried to steal away the heart of the sweet Martha. And then her eyes sparkled, as though she would have lightened upon him; and then she told him that you was all truth and honor, and as incapable of trying to do that, as she was to allow it; and that you had too much courage and generosity to abuse the absent. Then he was cross back again, and said, 'That is the way that the fellow veigles you all with his big airs,' and that he meant to call you out, and teach you the difference between fighting a christian jantleman, and a poor Indian. At this word, Martha brushed away her tears, and, may be, she did'nt give him a look! 'Very like Don Pedro,' says she, 'you think that would be the way to raise yourself in my esteem. It would be quite the pretty return to the only man, who dared expose himself to rescue me from a condition worse than death.' And then she drew up grand, this way; and she looked wild, and her eyes glistened, the jewel. And she says, 'Now hear me all. I know that my father is too great and noble, to be set against a man that has done so much for me by any of you. I have my father's spirit in me. Treat him badly, and you will make me love him. I owe my father deference and obedience, but none of you can command the heart.' Your Honor, I remember every word. And then she went on to say, that if you would

treat him with kindness, she would make any vow, never to think of your Honor. Says I to myself, 'Ay, my dear! but you 're not a thousand year old yet.' But that if you drove him away from a family that owed him so much, she should hate Don Pedro for ever, and that it would go farther to make her a heretic, than any thing else. All this while the sweet girl had been screwed up; and then she burst into an agony of tears, and I know not what happened, for they drove me out of the room. But round Doll says, that the Conde snivelled and the Condesa, and that Don Pedro and the father were glad to clear themselves, and so your Honor seems to have the day among them. And since that, I have seen the priest and the young man look in the Conde's face, and by Jesus, mum was the word; for he looks as dark as thunder. God love your Honor for speaking English, and looking like an Irishman. And what do you think the Condesa says? She says 'Bryan, I think he will go with us to Durango; and if he does, Bryan, you shall be his servant.' "

- At supper, as Bryan had related, every face was either clouded or sad. The Condesa and her daughter made efforts to seem calm, and as though nothing had happened. But the traces of the recent storm were sufficiently visible in the countenances of the rest. I have reason to think, that I seemed the most unmoved among them. After supper I was left alone with the Conde. He resumed the former conversation apparently with cordiality. "I have been thinking," said he, "of your wish to find employment, and of your expressed willingness to reside in my family. It occurs to me and to the Condesa, that there is such here, and just such as fits the case. Let me premise one thing. My daughter is young, ardent, inexperienced. She is destined for Don Pedro. We have all, her mother, my daughter, myself, an entire confidence in you. She has seemed more backward in meeting our views there, than

I could have wished. I have but this one, and she is the light of my eyes. I would be glad not to force her inclinations. Women are naturally wilful. She leads us to think, that kindness to you will be the readiest way to bring her inclinations to this union. You will understand our views, and if you cannot furthur them, we confide in your honor that you will not impede them. Thus much premised, I proceed to observe, that we some time since made inquiries for a person suitably qualified for an English instructor. My daughter is sufficiently versed in French and Italian, and has long wished to add English to her acquirements. There are some other youngladies in Durango, associates of my daughter's, who will join to form a class, and Don Pedro will be of the number. The time, the mode, the compensation shall be ✓ settled by yourself. Will you consent to take charge of such a class?" I thanked him, of course, and told him that, at first view, it seemed precisely the employment which I should have chosen, and that I wished only the succeeding night for consideration, and would give him an answer in the morning.

The evening was one of preparation, for the family proposed the next day to commence their journey for Durango. A royal regiment of troops, in fine uniform and discipline, had arrived from Durango, and had pitched their tents on the square, as an escort for the Conde on his journey. The militia of the country had been pouring into the town through the afternoon. They were fantastically fine in their array, and made more noise and display, than the regular troops. The bugle, the drum and fife, and occasionally a full band mixed their martial notes. The hum of the lounging multitudes, who were idly busy in looking upon this scene of preparation, was heard on all sides. Great numbers of the provincial officers, and of private gentlemen with their families, were in waiting to take leave of the Conde. A fete of illumination and refreshments were prepared for the occasion.

There was a public supper, at which I sat down with more than a hundred people. After supper there was a promenade in the public garden attached to the palace, and the family of the Conde enjoyed their friends and the delightful coolness of the evening in the garden. It was there that the citizens and public functionaries were to take leave of the governor. I received a card of invitation to share the walk with the family. Every walk and alley of the garden was occupied by great numbers of the nobility and gentry of the province. The garden was brilliantly illuminated. The varieties of beautiful trees and shrubs, most of them new to me, with their luxuriant and African foliage, gilded with the flickering rays from an hundred lamps, the lofty palms, that mounted into the air beyond the radiance of the illumination, that were half seen in light, and half dimly and indistinctly in shade, produced a most striking effect upon the eye.—The country has a variety of birds that sing in the night, and they seemed to enjoy the splendor of the illumination with exultation, and to swell their little throats with hilarity. Every thing conspired to produce that train of sentiments, that thrilled every nerve with delightful, but melancholy sensation. I know not why, but I thought deeply, almost painfully, of home, and of infancy, and of that circle of which I was a part, and where I was of consequence. Here circumstances had established a kind of standing for me; but I was a stranger, rather endured, than desired, at least by a part of the family. Of the numerous groups that were chatting, and walking, and enjoying themselves in all the intimacy of acquaintance, I knew not one; and of those that passed me, and made the inquiry of transient curiosity about me, it was sufficient with most of them to bound their interest, to know that I was a heretic, and an inhabitant of the States. I wandered to the farthest extremity of the garden, where a beautiful little brook chafed over the pebbles, and fell into a deep basin in the corner of the garden. In this

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basin, so smooth, that it reflected every thing like a mirror, the lights of the sky, of the garden, and the moon, over which fleecy clouds were sailing with a gentle breeze, and the acacias and catalpas, with their stems all tufted with flowers, were seen shooting into the still depths their reflected brightness and beauty. Here I seated myself on a bench to enjoy the scene, and to meditate, and fix my purpose for the morrow. My thoughts wandered. Before I could combine and arrange the elements of the calculation, my thoughts had escaped a thousand leagues from the subject in hand. To concentrate thought, and fix the mind, external nature, especially if beautiful, must be excluded. Imagination at present was too busy for reason and judgment. Nature was too enticing, and the air too full of the ambrosia of the catalpas, and the breeze too bland, for the operation of painful thinking. I fell involuntarily into my habit of reverie. The drudgery and vexation necessary to sustain the grosser elements of our existence, the contemptible, and yet impassable barriers erected between kindred minds by birth, habit, riches, country, religion, "to stay, or not to stay" in a family, where all these barriers existed between me and its members, and where, if I might flatter myself that I had some interest with some of them, I knew I was only upon sufferance with the rest, that was the question. It may be foreseen, how pride and independence would, perhaps ought, to settle the question. There was another efficient element in the calculation, which had, I doubt not, its influence at that time, unknown to myself. Vanity whispered that a certain member of the family betrayed, against herself, a strong desire that I should stay. But I reflected, how often and how bitterly would they make me feel that they considered me a heretic, poor, and an adventurer. How often must I endure the insolent haughtiness of Don Pedro, and suffer from the deeper plottings of the father confessor. Then the beauty of the evening would withdraw my thoughts from this pain-

ful subject of meditation. I heard the sparrow, the red-bird, the mocking-bird pouring their little hearts into their song. I looked up to the dome of that grand temple of nature,

"The sky,
Spread, like an ocean hung on high,
Bespangled with those isles of light,
So wildly, spiritually bright.
Who ever saw them brightly shining,
And turn'd to earth without repining;
Nor wish'd for wings to soar away,
And mix with their eternal ray?"

As I applied these beautiful lines in thought to the feelings of the moment, the Condesa and her daughter, disengaged from the company with which I had seen them walking, came round in front of the basin. I moved to resign my seat to them. "No," said the Condesa, "sit still, and allow us to share your seat, and the benefit of your lonely meditations. It appears to me, that your temperament inclines you too much to solitude. It seems wrong, that solicitude and care should anticipate the effect of years, and touch such a fresh countenance as yours." "Loneliness, Madam," I answered, "is not painful to me. But they, who should infer from seeing me much alone, that I was occupied by profound or painful thought, would look too deep for the cause. I would claim nothing more for this taste, than the simple merit that belongs to it. I am, Madam, by nature a dreamer with my eyes open. If I might be permitted to record my early habits, the first pleasures of my existence, that I remember, were, in the vernal and autumnal north-eastern storms of the Atlantic region, where I was bred, when the wind howled, and the trees were bending under the gale, and the mist and sleet poured along in sweeping columns, to repair to the shore of the sea, in the height of the storm. Here I would sit for hours, regardless of the elements, listening to the roar of the winds, and marking the dashing of the spray, as it mixed with the white mist of the sky. With what pleasure I saw the billowy mountains

roll in to the shore, and burst against the cliffs! And then, to see them retire again, and leave the deep and black caverns of the rocks exposed to view, and to watch the return of the enormous and dashing surge,—such were my earliest and most intense enjoyments. My friends, even then, used to chide me for foolish exposure, or to pity me as one addicted to gloom and melancholy. It was in vain that I told them that these were the happiest moments of my life. My tastes were not theirs, and they could not account for them. My mind at present, I would hope, has somewhat enlarged the range of its thought, and the number of its combinations. But I am now as much addicted to this dreamy existence as ever. I would not proudly say with the great ancient, ‘Never less alone, than when alone;’ for I am not sure, that this indulgence of musing and reverie is favorable to thinking. I only know, that it is favorable to enjoyment. I never flattered myself that I possessed the genius of Rousseau; and I am sure that I have always detested many of his opinions. But when he tells with so much *naivete* of his disposition to dream with his eyes open; when he speaks of committing himself to his open skiff in that sweet lake, throwing himself at his length on its bottom, raising his eyes to the sky, and floating at the will of the breeze, and losing hours with no other recollections, than the pleasurable consciousness of existence, he describes a taste, absurd as you may deem it, precisely like mine.”

— “You describe to me,” she replied, “the mind of a very romantic, but not a bad young man. I have the more indulgence for such follies, as, at your time of life, I was much addicted to them myself. Delightful days! I never tire of looking back upon my visions, when the world, existence, every thing was as a romance. We all learn the difference soon enough, between the sweet visions of youth, and the sad reality of actual existence.” I replied, that I suspected there was a sufficient leaven of romance in my composition to unfit me for the hard struggle and

the dry competition of actual existence. "I have been so often and so bitterly reprov'd for indulging these dreaming propensities, have heard the maxim so often circulated, that we are placed on the earth to act, and not to dream, that I have ended by doubting the innocence of this propensity, and have striven to conquer it. If you say, Madam, that you have felt the same propensities, you will reconcile me to myself. It was, I suspect, the indulgence of this original propensity, that brought me to this region, so remote from my native country. I was always delighted with books of voyages and travels. I sail with the voyager. I journey with the traveller. I clamber with him over his snowy mountains, or enjoy the boundless horizon of his plain. I float down the interminable river with the wanderer of the Mississippi. I have heard your daughter quote Chateaubriand. Some passages in his travels are to me of the highest order of poetry, and abundant aliment for day-dreams. Nothing can be more delightful than some of those periods, where he relates his impressions in the midst of the magnificence and boundlessness of the savage nature of our forests, when the moon arises upon them, and diffuses over them the great secret of melancholy. I might instance that passage, that even the hypercritics have admitted was so beautiful, in the *Genie du Christianisme*, 'Description d'une belle Nuit, dans les Forets du Nouveau Monde,' and many others in the romance of *Attala*. But I recur incessantly to one that scarcely has been named, but which strikes me still more. 'Pour nous, amant solitaire de la nature, et simple confesseur de la Divinite, nous nous sommes assis sur ces ruines. Voyageur sans renom, nous avons cause avec ces debris, comme nous memes ignorons. Les souvenirs confus des hommes, et les vagues reveries du desert se melaient au fond de notre ame. La nuit etait au milieu de sa course; tout etait muet, et la lune, et les bois, et les tombeaux. Seulement a longs intervalles on entendait la chute de quelque arbre que la

hache du tems abattait dans la profondeur des forets; ainsi tout tombe; tout s'aneantit.*" Dona Martha here remarked, with some earnestness, "You have proved sir, that, differently as we have been bred, there is a striking coincidence in our taste. My mother knows how much I was delighted with that very passage which you have quoted, the one to which you have referred, and another at the commencement of the chapter, entitled 'Spectacle General de l'Univers.' Indeed I was never able to discover why that eloquent book, '*Genie du Christianisme*,' was so generally condemned. To me it says much, and strongly and beautifully, for religion. He often speaks to my heart. There are in it some of the most eloquent passages, and some of the most impressive sentences of that beautiful prose poetry, which seems peculiar to the French. But I have yet, Sir, to discover the connexion between the admiration of these passages and that determination, which brought you into our country." I answered, "Such passages, particularly that, 'une belle nuit,' &c., gave me back more beautifully the image of my own thoughts. I was determined to converse with nature alone in those prairies, and those boundless deserts, that he so delightfully painted to my imagination. I could not hope to find these places, except in the western regions of my own country, and that part of yours contiguous to them. My journey from the Mississippi to this place has, thus far, more than realized my images. I worshipped in all the forms of nature, from the lonely and inaccessible swamp of the Mississippi, the abode of gloom and fever, and vocal only with the notes of the

* For me, a solitary lover of nature, and a simple confessor of the Divinity, I have sat down among these ruins. A traveller, unknown to fame, I have conversed with these mouldering monuments, as unknown as myself. Confused recollections of men, and the vague reveries of the desert, were mingled in the recesses of my soul. The night was in the midst of her course. Every thing was silent, the moon, the woods, and the tombs. Only at long intervals was heard the fall of some tree, which the axe of time had cut down in the depths of the forests. Thus every thing falls. Thus every thing returns to nothing.'

owl, and the howling of wolves, to the extended plantation, with its mansion, surrounded by the little village of hovels, and from the region of plantations, to the grassy sea of the prairies, and the sublime scenery of yonder chain of mountains, to the beautiful valley, in which dwelt the ruthless, but primitive Comanches; a place so exquisitely beautiful in its scenery, that even your daughter under all the gloom and apprehension of her residence there, felt that beauty; to this place, where all the contrasts of social and primitive life, of wealth and poverty, refinement and simplicity, are brought side by side. I have had exquisite enjoyment from these sources. Providence has opened to me sources of moral satisfaction in the chain of events, which brought me acquainted with your daughter, which I would not have exchanged for any other the world could have offered me. Come what will, I shall always rejoice that I became a wanderer, and that Providence has brought me here."

"This brings me," added the Condesa, "to the point that has been on my mind from the first. You delight to journey. You have been advertised that we depart to-morrow for Durango. It is a beautiful country between this and that place. The Conde has made a proposition to you to accompany us. You have promised him an answer in the morning. May we not hope, that you will consent to go with us? If I thought you like other young men, I should not dare to tell you how much I desire it. The people in this country are so wild, ignorant, and uneducated, and at the present moment we are surrounded by so many enemies, visible and invisible, so many dangers of every sort, rebellion, treason, discord, the savages, that you can hardly conjecture how my confidence goes out towards a young man, educated, principled, high-minded, and to use Bryan's expression, 'as true as steel.' Indeed, we hope you will go with us. I do not disguise that you will have to encounter prejudices. But I have a presentiment that you will triumph over

them all. You do not talk of returning to your own country. Ah! you must have felt, in all the pride of youth, as you are, that you need a mother. I will be as a mother to you. Could you but renounce your errors! Could you but have accepted a commission from my husband, there is nothing that you might not have hoped. But heretic and republican as you are, both the Conde and myself have the most undoubting confidence in you. Only stay with us, and you will become gradually trained to our ways, and finally become one of our people."

I replied, that if I were to consult my inclinations, I should not need the additional motive of her wishes, so affectionately expressed, to decide me. But that I felt all the obstacles of a different nation and religion, and felt their peculiar pressure under the existing circumstances of the country; that under such circumstances, it would not be honorable to me to stay, without a sufficient and respectable employment, that would furnish me a vocation, that would justify me to myself in staying; that I much feared that this proposition, to employ me to teach English in the family, was merely got up to satisfy me with myself, and as a kind of compensation for supposed services.

"Far from it," she replied. "Our relations with England and with your country are daily increasing. Notwithstanding the prejudices of religion and country, we are getting more and more in the habit of learning English. We made efforts to obtain a suitable teacher, before we became acquainted with you. It is no new fancy of my daughter's and mine."

"I perceive," said Martha, "that you need a great deal of inducement, and that we have to labor to bring it about, as they do to induce a young lady to sing. But even at the hazard of ministering to vanity, I shall not fear to add my wishes to my mother's. You have been still talking about your wish to find employment. You will not deny that this is respectable, nor that you are

qualified. Let us hope, Sir, that you will shorten the matter, and put an end to our suspense, and stay. You do not know what a diligent pupil I shall be. You will have two charming pupils, beside myself, and a third extremely rich, and Don Pedro, a royal officer, and so forth. Besides, if you will promise to be good and docile, we will teach you our language in return." All this was uttered in grave and set phrase. But there was a certain arch expression in her eye, which placed all this to the account of mock gravity. But apart from all this, there was a certain air of supplication in her appearance and countenance, that weighed still more with me to accept the proposal, than even the maternal kindness of her mother.

I remarked that I felt a strong desire to see more of a country, which was so little known in the States; that no better opportunity could ever offer me, to visit its interior under favorable circumstances. I thought I was competent to the employment in question; that I should depend much upon their indulgence to a stranger, who could know so little of their manners; that I should trust to their friendship to put me right, when I was in the way of making mistakes. "I will accept of it," said I, "and do the best that I can. I am not a little swayed to this decision by the motives which Donna Martha has suggested, that while I am teaching her my language, I shall also be learning hers. I must be a very dull pupil, not to catch the true Castilian from such an instructress." This little fetch at a compliment, escaped me almost unconsciously. I regretted it, when I saw that it drew blushes from the one, and created grave looks in the other. But after a momentary pause, the Condesa added, with the same maternal air, "We are of the old fashion, and hope that you will always dispense with compliments, and treat us with plain sincerity. In acceding to my proposition, you have removed from my mind a weight of uneasiness. We were fearful that you would

carry your feelings of independence to the point of pride, and that you would be governed by sentiments of self-respect that were impracticable. One word more; and we will drop the conversation. You can readily imagine the bearings of the relation which you will sustain among us, and that all eyes that will be upon you, will not be as mine. Only calculate at times what construction can be put upon innocent actions. For the rest, it is precisely because I have no fear that any thing will make you swerve from the right path, that I have become a kind of guaranty for you with those who have supposed that it might be hazardous to entrust such a charge to such a young man. You see that I deal with you with maternal frankness, and I have not a fear of the result. But I perceive it is too cool for us to sit still. Let us take a turn in the garden. It is not such a one as I will show you at my own house, but still it is pretty, and the evening is delightful." She accepted my arm, and we wandered round the mazes of the garden, at every turn inhaling a new perfume of flowers, or taking a new view, set off with all the mild and magic brilliance of a full and unclouded moon. All restraint was removed by the place and circumstances, and the recent understanding with each other. The conversation, flowing from the deep sources, where restraint and formality so often confine it, became cordial, frank, and exhilarating. We were mutually getting more into the tone of people of one family, when a message from a family of consequence, who wished to take leave of the Condesa, called her from us, and left me alone with the daughter. It cannot be doubted, that such a situation must have been to me a desirable one. But I found myself timid and silent, for the good reason, that nothing occurred for me to say. I had supposed, that I should be at least as fluent as I had been, when we were journeying from the Comanches, I felt, indeed, tied up by the inviolable laws of honor and confidence, and had not an idea of attempting to make

love to the beautiful Spanish girl. I had scarcely searched, whether I felt an impulse to do it. I was certain that she would have frowned upon any approaches to such a strain. But I had taken it for granted, that somehow our conversation would have assumed a confidential character. But the moment that we were alone with the moon, and amidst jessamines and roses, and she leaning on my arm, alas! I might say, with Virgil, *Vox faucibus hæsit*. My voice clung to my mouth. An extinguisher seemed to be clapped upon my thoughts, as well as words. The very arm that sustained her trembled. "This" thought I, "is a strange case. I must inquire into it, before it becomes an universal palsy." I was mortified, too, to find that she was much less afflicted in this way than I was. She now and then made a remark, to which I replied by the significant monosyllable Yes, or No. This soon ceased, and we walked back and forward among the bowers in profound silence. We saw the father confessor and Don Pedro walking together at the head of the alley. This restored speech to her. "We shall have, I hope," said she, "a pleasant journey together. Oh! that it were to be like that from the valley." Saying this, she wished me *bon soir*, and tripped away.

CHAPTER V.

The moon shines bright, and her silvery light
 Through the forest aisles is glancing;
 And with trembling beam on the rippling stream
 A thousand stars are dancing.
 No noise is heard, save the lonely bird,
 That hoots from his desert dwelling;
 Or the distant crash of some aged ash,
 Which the axe of time is felling.—*Anonymous.*

WE were awakened at three in the morning by the ringing of bells, the blowing of bugles, and the noise and bustle and preparation for the journey. Squadrons of horse, with their heavy and measured trampling, galloped backwards and forwards. I was aroused by my good friend, Bryan, who told me, how glad he was that I was to be along with them. He brought me a billet from the Conde, to whom I had notified, by the Condesa, my acceptance of his proposition, politely expressing his satisfaction on that account, and proposing different arrangements for my comfort on the journey, among other things, requesting me to avail myself of the services of Bryan. He, on his part, was in raptures, and poured out the expressions of his satisfaction with true Irish hilarity. I left a letter for my companions, intimating the new course I had taken, and making arrangement for the disposal of my proportion of the dividend of profits. I mounted the fine horse which I had taken from Menko, and Bryan rode mine. The Condesa and her daughter, Don Pedro and the father confessor, rode in the family coach. The Conde rode on his fine grey charger at the head of his troops. As we past the family, Don Pedro had just assisted the Condesa and her daughter into the carriage, and was getting in himself. Bryan rode close to

me, and said, in a low tone, "Now God bless your Honor, that is provoking. See that swarthy fellow! scorch his black whiskers! He is going to live in clover. And they just stuff the sweet Martha beside the polecat, like a pig in a bag. Ah! but if she had her own heart's content, she'd not be there. Never mind, my master. Every dog has his day."

The array was soon in marching order. The band struck up a slow and solemn march—almost a funereal strain—a Spanish martial air of parting. The trampling of horses disturbed the stillness of the night, and the impression of the music and the scene thrilled through my frame. Who can account for such a deep feeling from circumstances, which, at another time, would have produced no feeling at all? Our place was among the advanced guard. We now passed through deep and still forests; then splashed through swamps and streams.— Now we scrambled up precipitous hills; and then descended upon the interminable grassy plains. There can be nothing that stirs and animates the spirit more deeply, than a ride in the brisk and cool air of the morning, and amidst a great body of horse, swiftly moving forward to the trumpet, the bugle, and a full band. Were I a general, I should choose that my troops should make their attacks, just before Aurora was dispensing briskness and gaiety in advance of her rising throne.

The morning dawned upon us, as we came upon the Rio del Norte at the Parso. The river is here of very considerable width, but white with its furious current dashing among rocks. The scenery is most whimsically and delightfully wild and romantic. A village is never seen to so much advantage, as just when the sun is rising, and the mist uncurling its white drapery, and unshrouding the roofs, the spire, the mill, and slowly rolling to the summits of the hills. How sweetly the smoke raises its spiral curls from the humble sheds of the villagers? The clink of the blacksmith's hammer, the hum of the

mill, mixing with the hundred sounds of animals, and of peaceful and village life, at this moment are to me inexpressibly cheering. The alluvions of this noble and romantic river are covered with vines, from which is made the delicious wine of the Parso. Husbandry is here managed by irrigation. In this arid soil and burning climate, there is, in a landscape vivified by irrigation, a charm, which no language can paint. Nature furnishes us with the means to create this rich scenery, and seems to delight to put us to toil in the use of them. The freshness and luxuriance of this artificial landscape far transcends any freshness and beauty which nature produces of herself in her most indulgent mood. Each garden and patch had its own little rill of the most limpid water. The verdure, the prodigious grandeur and strength of the vegetation contrasted so much the stronger with the red, sterile, and scorched hills, by which we descended to this alluvion.

At this place we had more of the bustle of militia parade. Our morning militia escort left us here, and returned to Santa Fe, and was replaced by new troops from the vicinity of the Parso. We halted in this village for breakfast. The order of march for the remainder of the day was here reversed. We, who had been thus far in advance, were now to be in the rear. In falling back for this arrangement, the Conde's family passed us. The morning was bright and warm. The glasses of the carriage and the curtains were raised, and I had the mortification to see Donna Martha squeezed on the same bench with the tall, stern, and swarthy young Don, looking as Bryan described it, 'as grim as a death's head.' Not even the enviable place he occupied, could smooth his moody brow. This fellow had always looked on me with lowering countenance from the first. I confess I felt a singular twinge of ill feeling towards him, as I saw them pass. It was something like that bitter sensation, which is vulgarly called heartburn, or acidity, and

for which they give chalk and lime-water. "Is this," said I again to myself, "is this that terrible disorder, in its commencement, called love, and in this case, silly love, without hope, or the chance of return? Let us look to this thing. The symptoms are bad. What will the fixed disorder be? And is this the feeling of envy and jealousy?" I aroused myself, looked at the sweet landscape, and felt the bright sun. I sat down at the table, determined to make a full breakfast, and take a glass of wine. I realized that we are best capable of self-control upon a full stomach. My head swam a little, as I saw the young man of whiskers lead out the Donna Martha. The heart-burn twinged for a moment. I followed them, mounted my horse, and said, firmly, "Not guilty, upon my honor!" And I felt better for the effort.

The country between the Parso and Durango was sufficiently pleasant, though destitute of the wildness and sublimity of the country in the vicinity of the Comanches. Red and precipitous hills, extensive grassy plains, ragged villages, full of a mixed race of people, composed of Spanish, Indian, and Negro, recurred in succession. We had still in the distance the blue outline of mountains. We passed through Chihuahua, and Mont el Rey, considerable towns. We were regularly in advance in the morning, and in the rear in the evening. I as regularly caught a glimpse of Donna Martha, seated beside her silent and stern admirer. I made some acquaintance with the officers of the Spanish regiment. No one of them spoke French, but Colonel Arredondo, and of him I shall have occasion to speak hereafter. Of course my intimacy with the rest went no farther than the common forms of civility. There was a marked jealousy towards me, which I placed to the score of my country. Such a kind of cavalcade is apt to be very barren of incident, and ours was so. I regularly exchanged salutations with the Conde, who simply inquired of me, how I found the journey. I spoke but twice with

the Condesa and her daughter. I found Bryan to possess a cleverness and a fund of vivacity and amusement beyond all price.

It was high noon when we entered the city of Durango, whose spires I had seen glittering in the distance for some leagues. Before we arrived here, various circumstances reminded us, that we were in a rich mining district. At the *haciendas*, amidst mud-walled cabins, and filth, and meanness, and the squalidness of poverty, and the coarsest and clumsiest furniture, we often saw the domestic vessels and utensils of massive silver. Now and then we passed the mansion of a fortunate miner, and the luxurious arrangements, the ostentatious display, had its peculiar effect upon the eye, in the contrast with the mean cottages and the primitive and savage nature around it. The city itself presented the same striking contrast of magnificence and littleness, of splendor and meanness, of palaces and hovels. On one hand was the vast cathedral, with its dome, and columns, its silver shrine, its ornaments inlaid with gold and sparkling with gems, and its fine paintings, beside miserable daubs of St. Michael and his dragon; on the other, palaces surrounded by their orangeries, and cool with the dash of fountains, playing into basins of marble; and the gorgeous display of temples, and peristyles, and columns, and baths, all this ostentation of luxury, towering above filthy and mud-walled cabins. The rational part of the city was like the architectural. Here were men in the richest dresses, and their ladies gaily adorned and sparkling with diamonds, and a moving mass of life by their side, clad in leather jackets, and dirty red baize shirts. Such was the first aspect of the wealthy city of Durango, the centre of a very rich mining district, and of an episcopate, with a population of thirty thousand souls.

I omit the circumstances of the Conde's reception here in the central city of his government. I am not expert at the description of these things. You can ima-

gine, the *vivas*, the noise, and ringing of bells, and the firing of cannon, and the parade of large bodies of raw, country militia, who were fine, and expert in managing horses. It was sufficiently imposing, and had a kind of barbaric splendor, which brought strongly and painfully to my recollection the same kind of display in my own country. I remembered the clean, healthy, and well dressed crowds of people on such occasions, all so alike in their appearance. I recollected the long and martial lines of uniformed soldiers. And, more than all, I compared the aspect of this rabble of slaves with the lofty port and firm tread of those masses of freemen, who carry their diploma in their countenance.

Immediately upon passing the town, we entered upon the Conde's estate. A private road led us along an avenue, shaded with catalpas and China trees, and the stone cottages had a neatness and uniformity, very different from any thing I had yet seen in the country. The road itself was a curiosity in its kind, and wound round the bases of fine slopes, covered with luxuriant vines, patches of tobacco and wheat, groves of orange, fig, and other fruit trees; and the very air was perfumed with bowers of the cape jessamine. That singular and most splendid shrub, which the French call *pite*, and which is, I believe, a species of the cactus, made in some places an impenetrable wall; for no animal will brave the steely and poisonous thorns that terminate its stems.

Through such an avenue we rode five or six miles, until a sharp turn in the road cleared us of the hills, and opened to our view the columns in front of the massive and turreted stone mansion of the Conde, embowered in the shade of huge sycamores, that reared their white arms as high as the turrets. Amidst these ancient bowers it occupied the centre of a gentle eminence. A lawn of many acres, turfed with the perfect verdure of the blue grass, sloped to the bank of a small stream, which brawled along over pebbles and rocks,

and almost encircled the lawn. Domestic animals of all kinds, and domesticated animals of the wild races, as deer, buffalo, cabri, and other animals, unknown to me, were ruminating in the shade along with sheep, goats, and cows. A considerable village of the houses of tenants, and the offices of servants and retainers of the family, were built in parallel lines, with strict regard to comfort and utility, as well as pleasing effect, in the rear of the mansion. That and these appeared to be coeval, and built all of the same material, a beautiful greenish grey soap stone, which had a charming effect upon the eye. The fences, and granges, and all the appurtenances of this sort, were either of this stone, or of the imperishable mulberry or cedar, and were massive, strong, and painted white, or to imitate the stone, and all seemed to have especial regard to perpetuity as well as beauty. Smooth mountains in the form of cones, or towering and ragged points of granite, finished the distant outline. The sun was descending as we rode under the shade of the sycamores. It was a scene of comfort, amenity, repose, and grandeur, which filled the heart and the eye. At the entrance to the lawn the crowds of citizens, the rabble of the city, and the annoying cavalcade of the militia left us. A select and invited party of the ladies and gentlemen of the vicinity, and of favorite officers, to form a domestic circle, remained to welcome the return of the Conde to his mansion by a fete.

To me the joyous greeting of the servants, domestics, and retainers of the family, who amounted to some hundreds, formed a pageant a thousand times more impressive, than the stern and bannered ceremonial, with which we had been treated for some time past, even to a surfeit. This, too, was arranged with the air of a fete. But here the demonstrations were real. The head of the government and of a princely establishment had returned from a long and dangerous absence, in which his only child

had been made a captive among the savages. It was amidst troublous and dubious times, in which the people were constantly alarmed with "wars, and rumours of wars," that he had returned to a peaceful and rural retirement. A host of dependants, who identified their own security, comfort, and even consequence, with his, welcomed his return. What a different air has every thing that is done with the heart, from that which is merely *got up*? With how much sweetness and tenderness did Donna Martha receive their caresses and congratulations! I had the satisfaction of seeing the affectionate bursts of joy with which she was welcomed home. Amidst the general melting of hearts, I had the delight to receive a cordial grasp of the hand from her, and a welcome of manner and eye, which I treasured in my heart, as I was shown by her to a cushioned seat in the shade. The Condesa and the Conde, the father confessor and Don Pedro even, seemed to have relaxed from their customary gravity, and the latter especially were unwonted in their cordiality to me. I was introduced in rapid succession to the officers, and to a crowd of gentlemen and ladies. Three or four of the latter were handsome, as many tolerable, and the numerous remainder were yellow, swarthy, badly formed, and dressed in fantastic finery, and only calculated, as I could not help remarking to Donna Martha, as foils to her. To this fine compliment, a slight curtesy was all my reply.

For the rest, there was the usual ringing of bells, firing of cannon, bonfires on the hills, and illumination among the trees. Wine for the gentry, and *mezcal* and *agua ardiente* for the mob, flowed as from fountains. A most bountiful supper, of a plenty surpassing even Camacho's wedding, was spread on rustic tables on the grass, and all was festivity and joy. At table, the Conde sat on one side, Don Pedro and the father confessor and the officers were below him. On the opposite side, I sat immediately below the Condesa and her daughter. Amidst the

Babel clatter of voices, and plates, and gaiety, I was able to receive and return, without notice, a great many of those kind and affectionate remarks and welcomes, so naturally growing out of the time and place. I was positive that Martha evinced decided partiality for me; and that there was a gladness of heart in her welcome to me of which she was not conscious. Surely, I thought, vanity could not misinterpret all this.

After supper there was dancing. The Conde and his lady, the officers, and the fine ladies chimed in. The tall colonel, Don Pedro, the future son-in-law, led out the Donna Martha to head a national dance. It is one into which the Spanish enter to enthusiasm. I was, and still am, morose upon this subject of dancing. I felt my twinges of heart-burn, and was determined not to like it. But never had I witnessed any thing to compare with the grace, the elasticity, and sweetness of the dancing of Donna Martha. I had never conceived before, that there could be the highest grace, science, and even expression of the heart in dancing. She seemed to inspire her tall and grim partner with dignity and grace. Clapping of hands, and the most unbounded expressions of joy were drawn forth from the spectators. Even the elderly dancers, who were laboriously pursuing their vocation, were arrested by their admiration. The incipient feeling of heart-burn was a little mitigated by witnessing the comic distress of my friend, Bryan, who was obliged to sustain his part in this affair with the gay and plump duenna. — Extremely sensitive to the ridiculous himself, he turned upon me an eye, in which chagrin and laughter were curiously blended, as his short partner shook her castanets, and rolled round his square and erect figure. The movement called the parties to walk slowly, and solemnly, and with frequent and low bows past each other, until a certain part of the tune. At this point, the parties changed the movement, and skipped and capered as if they were mad. There was something amusing, in the per-

plexity and restraint of the tall, square Irishman, compared with the laughing gaiety of the duenna, who did her best at a bow, and waddled with her short figure like a duck, that produced an uncontrolled laugh on all sides. Martha shared in it with the highest glee. Even I could not exercise the supplicated forbearance, which the countenance of Bryan seemed to demand of me, and against myself I laughed heartily with the rest.

I might have remarked, that it is the fashion in this dance for old and young, parents and children, masters and servants, on these occasions to join in the same dance. The Conde and his lady had paid their tax to the custom, and were seated under a spreading sycamore, blazing with various-colored lights, and witnessed with calm satisfaction the joyous group of their friends and dependants, crossing each other in the mazes of the dance. Her partner led their daughter to a seat, and was engaged in conversation with an officer. Greatly to my surprise and satisfaction, Martha beckoned me to her side. After asking me how I was pleased, and questions of that sort, she regretted that I could take no part in these innocent gaieties myself, and remarked, how differently all this must seem from scenes of the same kind in my own country? "I am thinking," she continued, "how to render you popular in this region. Nothing would do it so effectually, as to conform so far to our ways, as to take a part in this dance. It is a national mania with us. You have seen me go through with the business, and I judged from your looks, that it struck you as a very ridiculous affair. I am not ashamed to say, that I enjoy it. I hold it right to countenance these people in their innocent gaieties. I am most annoyed with the insipid and flat compliments of these military heroes. Our national manners call for all this, and allow strangers privileges here, which would not be tolerated in any other place. I should think it would be conformable to your republican notions to see the rich and the poor mixing

together in the same sports, in which their ancestors mixed in the generations of the past. Will you have the goodness to walk this dance with me? With what you have seen, and with a few directions which I can give at the moment when wanted, am sure, from your walk and your figure, that we can manage the dance. It will be acceptable to my parents, and to the people. At another time and place, I might not be allowed this familiarity with one of another nation. Here it will be entirely in place." I thought philosophy was uppermost at the moment; but I now think, that I remembered the applauses bestowed upon her dancing with Don Pedro, and that the real spice of my reply was envy. "Thank you," said I, and here I added all her titles, "for your condescension, and for the care you take to remind me of it. It is as unexpected as it is grateful. I have seldom danced in my own country. The dances there seem to me sufficiently ridiculous. I confess, if you will, that yours do not seem less so. If I wished to caricature rational beings in the deepest malignity of heart, I would set them to capering, bowing, skipping, cringing, and conducting after the manner of this dance. I may as well pass for a cynic, and ill-bred at once. But I do not love to see those for whom I entertain the feelings I have had for you, engaged in this way. Besides I should not exactly choose to be the foil, to set off the dancing of your late partner. I must deny myself the honor which you propose me." She arose, and stood before me, and fixed her keen black eyes upon me with a scrutiny at once intense, modest, and yet firm, as though she would read to the bottom of my heart. "Do you not only misinterpret, Sir, but mock my purpose?" said she. "I see well that you understand how much I wished your esteem. I cannot even flatter myself that there is any lurking feeling of jealousy in all this lowering of your countenance. Your philosophy, Sir, is too hard hearted, and sees the ridiculous too keenly for me. I thought that a young

lady under my obligations, and who kept a strict guard that too much of the heart should not break out in expressing those obligations, and who had in her veins the unpolluted blood of twenty generations of noble descent, might consider what I proposed to you, as a condescension on my part. I see, Sir, that I have mistaken you. I am to be your pupil, and will show you that I am not apt to make a second mistake, when the first is clearly seen."

She arose rather in sorrow than in wrath, and calmly walked away. I was deceived if the flashing of her dark eye was not dimmed, and suffused with tears. I was disarmed of envy and jealousy, and all the legion was cast out in a moment. I never remembered to have felt worse. It was not acidity or heart-burn now, but emotions made up of mixed ingredients, but all of them more bitter than aloes. 'Despiser of dancing!' said I to myself, 'this is your pitiful philosophy. That piercing eye saw the envy and jealousy that you would fain have dubbed philosophy. And then the nobleness of her motive, her considerate and mild benevolence! Let her ask me to dance again, and I will dance, if I figure more ridiculously than even the fat duenna.'

But the evening passed away, without offering any chance to manifest either repentance or reparation. I was shown to my apartment, without being able to catch the eye of Martha for a moment. The confused hum of the parting company gradually lessened upon my ear, and I had scarce pressed my pillow, before my imagination was weaving a laborious web of dreaming. Mrs. Radcliffe's castles, and priests, and ghosts, and winding sheets, and spectres, figured in succession before my mind's eye; and the catastrophe of each scene was Donna Martha shedding tears at the thought of finding me guilty of the baseness of envy.

The next two days were days of finding my latitude and bearings at table, in the house, and in the adjoining walks. Bryan furnished my table in my own room, a charming apartment, partly lighted with painted glass, and partly

ventilated with Venetian blinds. Every thing that could be devised for the comfort of a scholar was placed in it, books, stationary, a writing desk, a lolling chair, and a few articles of sumptuous furniture. The blinds opened directly among the branches of sycamores and catalpas, and I could reach the clusters of grapes, that hung from the interlaced vines, with my hands. The first sounds of the morning were the mellow whistle of the red-bird, and the matins of the nightingale-sparrow, directly on a level with my window. I spent a good portion of those two days in wandering unheeded and alone under the ancient groves of these beautiful grounds, in the shade of gigantic and spreading trees, planted by nature, beyond all date, and in her own order. Fine swells, verdant dells, springs, brooks, and the river, of which I have spoken; innumerable flocks of beasts and birds, comprising, as it seemed, all the varieties of the ark; beautiful stone cottages, clustered with the bignonia in full flower; comfort, industry, and repose;—these were the features of the landscape. Mountains towered in the distance, and I heard frequent explosions, like thunder, or distant earthquakes, which they informed me, were the blasts of the miners in the mountains, where they were extracting silver ore. I found the intelligence and good nature of Bryan invaluable. From him I gleaned much of that small local information, which is at once so necessary, and so difficult to obtain. There was something peculiarly amiable and good about him, and I was interested in hearing his history. He was one of those ten thousand poor Catholic adventurers, who are seeking bread and employment more especially in the Catholic countries. Enthusiastically attached to every remembrance of home, the circumstance of my speaking English drew his kind heart towards me. The deep and grateful affection which he felt for the Condesa and her daughter, and something of transferred kindness to me, as her supposed deliverer, added another tie. The only failing was one of too much kindness, a disposition to

outran the limits of propriety in bringing information of what passed in the family in respect to me.

The third morning after my arrival, I was invited again to my place at table with the family. After suitable compliments, and inquiries if things were right in my apartment, and other common-place conversation, I was informed that my limited number of six pupils were waiting to have me arrange my time for giving them lessons in English. I of course proposed commencing immediately. Bryan received directions with respect to the horses and a carriage or *volante*, whenever I chose to ride, and I was invited, with great urbanity, in all respects to consider myself as a member of the family, and dispose of my time and amusements at my own discretion. The eye of the Conde, I remarked, constantly wandered, as though he struggled with the internal apprehension of rebellion and civil discord. The father and Don Pedro had returned to their usual stern reserve towards me. The Condesa and her daughter, were rather formal than otherwise. There were a few officers, beside the family, at table. For myself, I was treated with civility enough, but I had the uncomfortable sensation of seeming to impose restraint upon the whole circle. It was arranged, that I should give my lessons between three and five in the evening, commencing with that day.

At the assigned hour, my grammars and dictionaries were selected, and my pupils introduced to me, in the place where I preferred to receive them, in my own apartment. With two of them, Donna Martha and Don Pedro you are already acquainted. A master's comfort in the discharge of his thankless, and yet responsible duties, depends much, as every one knows, upon the disposition and character of his pupils. You have passed through that bitter discipline, and have served in that hard warfare, and you will sympathize with me, while I give you the outlines of the rest of my pupils in this, my

II*

new charge. I comprehended in a moment, that in Don Pedro, I had an arrogant observer, and a vigilant spy; whose least concern was to learn the language, and who would yet find fault with his instructor, for his want of progress. The elder of the four strangers I should have supposed turned of nineteen. She too was noble, was called Gauchupine, and had been born in Old Spain, and had half a dozen long names, terminating in *a*, and was, like Martha, an only daughter, and heiress of a long string of titles, and what imported much more, even there, an immense fortune. She had a fine figure, an air rather haughty, a brownish complexion, and the usual black locks and eyes. She was much more gaudily dressed than Martha, and the general expression was pride of wealth and uncontrolled feeling. To avoid the incumbrance of her names and titles, I shall call her by ✓ her first name, Dorothea. The other three, were of the ✓ name of Benvelt, daughters of a miner of Saxon descent, who had accumulated vast wealth in his profession, had been ennobled, and now held the office of essayer of the mines. These daughters were from eighteen to fourteen, beautiful girls, with round faces of the purest and the most brilliant red and white, with flowing flaxen curls on their alabaster necks, and mild and melting blue eyes. They struck me, as most amiable, untamed romps, with the kindest sensibilities, and whose good dispositions were so unchangeable, as to have survived the extreme indulgence, with which they had been managed, or rather mismanaged by their widowed father, who loved them with such a doting fondness, as would be as apt to cherish their faults as their virtues.

Few situations can be imagined more embarrassing and awkward than mine; a stranger, of a different nation and religion, thus commencing a task, hard and unthankful at the best, under every advantage, and here undertaken with pupils, who, except Martha, spoke very indifferent French, the only language in which I could com-

municate with them, and thus beginning upon a language, which foreigners generally suppose extremely difficult to learn. I made a few remarks, by way of explaining my plan, and the mutual diligence, necessary for our reciprocal duties, and I assigned them their lessons. Martha evidently remembered what had occurred at the fete, but she seated herself to her task, with the unaffected docility and earnestness of one who meant to learn. The only time, in which I had ever seen a smile in the grim face of Don Pedro, was when I gave him his task. There was on his face an ironical semblance of submission, which became him as the capers do an elephant. Dorothea, instead of looking at the lesson, eyed me from head to foot. The Misses Benvelt, in a language neither French, German, nor Spanish, but a compound of the accents of the three, eagerly proposed a great many questions, and laughed heartily at me and themselves, for not being able to understand each other. A grave smile at our mutual embarrassment, interrupted the studies of Martha, and she quietly set us right, by interpreting for us. They thanked her in Spanish, as they said for bringing them so pretty a fellow to teach them English. She bade them be quiet, for that I understood Spanish. This produced from them more laughter and romping, and it was some time before I obtained stillness. I applied myself to the Spanish, while they were engaged in their English; and we proposed it as a trial of speed, which of us should first learn the language of the other. The attention of Martha was sustained and entire. Don Pedro arose repeatedly, took out his watch, yawned and said, as plainly as manner could say it, this is a most simple business for a man of my dignity. Dorothea walked carelessly round the room, examined the paintings, and looking me full in the face, asked me, if the dress I wore was in the fashion of my country? The Saxon young ladies found inexplicable difficulties, teased me with innumerable questions, but seemed both goodnatured, and

disposed to learn. The recitations corresponded to these different degrees of attention. That of Martha comprised all, that was within the limits of the task assigned. Don Pedro strove to hide his want of his lesson, under affected indifference and disregard to the business. Dorothea answered my questions, by proposing questions in her turn, asking me the English of different words. The Misses Benvelt blushed "rosy red," attempted *badinage*, and the youngest of them shed some tears. I treated them with great gentleness, and made all possible excuses for them. To which they replied by saying, that I was a dear, kind master, and that they would do better next time. Thankful was I, to get over this first formidable business so well. Martha tarried one moment after the departure of the other pupils. I seized that moment, to make the *amende honorable*, which I had vowed to myself to make, the first opportunity, for my misbehaviour of the former evening. "Allow me," said I, "to avail myself of this chance to tell you, that I have been much dissatisfied with myself, since my rudeness of the other evening. I shall have no more peace of mind, until you have reconciled me to myself by your forgiveness. The beautiful dancing of yourself and your partner, excited envy. In the self-blindness of the moment, I baptized the bad feeling by the name of philosophy. Dance as charmingly as you will, and be as happy as you will and with whom you will, I will witness it all, and be a philosopher no more. Only say that you forgive me." She held out her hand. "Forgive you, my dear sir? That is a word utterly misapplied in this case. If you were to put it to the account of a little jealousy, it would be placing the thing in so flattering a light, that any young lady would forgive you of course. But, if it will satisfy you with yourself, know, that the frankness of this confession, places you, at least in my thoughts, on as high ground, as if you had not sinned. Go, I forgive you. Be a philosopher no more."

This may serve as a specimen of the general order of

our recitations for a considerable time. I was sometimes provoked with the insolence of Don Pedro. But he always seemed to have his cue, and not to be disposed to carry it beyond a certain point. I found him not deficient in capacity. Sometimes, to impress me that this was not the case, he would recite his lesson quite well. He once or twice undertook the puzzling me with some perplexing niceties, that he had studied out. As soon as he found me thoroughly informed upon the subject, he desisted and I was troubled from that quarter no more. My other pupils gave me no particular difficulty, and made the customary progress except one—and her progress was rapid; the task of teaching her was delightful, and reserved as a desert to carry down the bitterness of all the rest. My other amusements were walking and riding. I made frequent excursions among the mountains, and often rose early, and scaled them, that from their summits, I might contemplate the rising sun. I sometimes angled in the stream, and in this amusement I had more dexterity and success, than the inhabitants themselves. Once or twice I rode with the Conde on his hunting parties. I saw at once, that I never could acquire any thing of Spanish dexterity at throwing the noose. Besides the slaughter of such animals as deer, and buffaloes, for sport, brought to my view such agony and struggle, as were too painful to my feelings. The fire-huntings by night, had a picturesque and impressive effect, which interested me for two or three times. But my serious amusements at home, were my books, and playing the harpsicord, at which I had acquired some little previous dexterity. I am inclined to think that this latter amusement, derived its chief interest from the circumstance, that I pursued it in the same room with the Condesa and her daughter, and had the instructions of the latter to help me out with the tune. I saw her seldom alone. But I had contrived so to manage demonstrations of a change of mind in relation to

dancing, that there seemed a tacit understanding, that my silent apologies had been fully accepted.

A new source of satisfaction was opening to us both. My previous knowledge of Latin and French, together with a considerable knowledge of the philosophy of languages in general, and, let me bring out the whole truth, an earnest desire to converse with Donna Martha in a language which flowed from her lips like honey, and sounded on my ear like music, soon made me master of the Spanish. I felt it due to the talents and virtues, as well as the taste and literature of my fair and amiable pupil, to propose to be guided in my course of reading by her judgment. I perceived that it was a compliment which counted at once, and went directly to the point. She in her turn, made a surprising progress in English, so much so, that she could converse with me in that language, before either of the other pupils could comprehend a sentiment, expressed by the words. They might know a particular word, and we amused ourselves by putting them on a wrong scent, and we so often convinced them that they totally misapprehended our meaning, that we could, if we had chosen, have held a confidential conversation in their presence, and nothing but our countenances would have betrayed a sentiment. The temptation was great, and almost irresistible to this very point. ✓ We were both a little guilty in this way, but I can aver, on my conscience, that she trespassed oftener and farther in that point, than I did myself. You can imagine my delight in unfolding to such a pupil the treasures of our great master-minds. But you cannot imagine her eagerness and delight in these employments. I discovered, in fact, from the brewing gloom and ill humour in the countenance of Don Pedro, that he was fully aware of our enjoyments in these respects, and that, like the first enemy of man, he was watching to eject us from our paradise. I saw that, in order to the tranquil continuance of these enjoyments, innocent as they were, we must be more

moderate in the indulgence of them. While the countenance of the father Josephus was lengthening, and accumulating bitterness in its expression towards me, my young male pupil made little or no progress, interrupted our most impressive readings with a whistle of contempt, staring at her with an expression of pity, and at me with scorn. I felt that my happiness must soon have a crisis. In a morning conversation at table, he took occasion to express a decided dislike for the English language. He observed, that a foolish fashion had controlled him to think of learning it; but that it was a harsh, hissing, and vulgar language, fit only to be spoken, as it was, by barbarians. He thence digressed to the people of the States, and he spoke of them with increased asperity, adding, that the only difficulty in reducing the rebellious creoles to proper loyalty and submission, arose from the contiguity and the infectious example of the States. Colonel Arredondo, who had acted so efficient a part in putting down the beginnings of disaffection, was present, and echoed the observation. I thought of various replies to these rude remarks, which were evidently personal.—They were all bitter, and replies of defiance. I received, too, at the same time, a look of such earnest entreaty from a quarter, that I need not mention, as caused me to suppress the rising words. I was too content with my situation, to commit it by taking notice of remarks, which, after all, I was not bound to consider personal. The only reply that I deemed it proper to make, was, by a profound bow of apology to the family of the Conde for leaving the table, by rising, and looking Don Pedro for a moment sternly in the face, and leaving the room.

Bryan informed me that the Conde, who appeared to have been absent when the conversation commenced, and who only noticed the insulted consciousness with which I left the room, applauded my mode of noticing this rudeness, and observed, that whatever they might have thought of my language and country, his personal obli-

gations to me, forbade their using such language at his table in my presence, and requesting them to abstain from it in future. He furthermore told me, that he had, more than once, heard the father confessor cautioning the Conde against the influence which I was imperceptibly, as he said, but rapidly gaining over the minds of his wife and daughter. He had heard him warn him that such a course would render him unpopular, and suspicious among the ultra and fierce royalists, that it was dangerous to the church thus to retain a heretic of some learning and ingenuity in his family. It is true, he informed me, that the Conde always vindicated me from any sinister designs, and expressed an entire confidence in my honor and fidelity. Even the manner of the Condesa, so tender and maternal, when we were for a moment alone together, and so reserved and silent, when we were before witnesses, boded me no good.

Influenced by these united considerations, I was determined to have an explanation, at least with my fair pupil, and either propose through her a relinquishment of a charge, which seemed likely to produce only dissension and uneasiness, or at least to propose to her to shorten our readings together. A chance soon offered. I had been in the habit of going through my tasks with my other pupils first, and reserving the pleasure of hearing this pupil for the last. Don Pedro had this time made a miserable and stammering attempt at a lesson, a thing he had not attempted before, since I left the breakfast table so abruptly. He sometimes, as I remarked, attempted a lesson, that he might show his ability to do it when he pleased. The task was of blank verse, and somewhat difficult, and he wholly failed, evincing an effort to succeed. This put him in evident ill humor. Dorothea stumbled, too, and excused herself by taxing me roundly with taking more pains with Donna Martha than herself, and that for this want of equal attention, she was behind her. The two younger Misses Benvelt strove

hard to recite, and shed childish tears at their failure. The elder one, who had always before shown great sweetness of temper, caught the infectious ill temper, and was stubbornly silent. The young gentleman whistled a while, delighted with these murky indications of ill success to my function, and left the room. The other pupils went out in succession, without the usual civilities of leave. I was left alone with Martha in the midst of her recitation.

The recitation closed, and before the reading, which generally followed it, as she took up the book for the reading, I requested pardon for interrupting the customary order of our pursuits. "What mean these tears and this rudeness, Donna Martha?" said I. "I see nothing to justify it. Constructions must have been put upon these exercises, which I see nothing to justify. Where is the wrong? I begin to be afraid that I am fonder of learning Spanish, than teaching English. I have a surmise, that I am rather longer in my attention to your lesson, than the rest. It is natural to linger in pleasure, and to hurry through toil. You had made me a kind of promise to put me right, when you saw me going unconsciously in the wrong. The truth is, my conscience tells me, I am partly guilty of Dorothea's charge. I have probably involved you in an unpleasant predicament, as being, through your generous indulgence, an accessory. I have been thinking, Donna Martha, that my compatriots about this time are on their return to the United States, and that I had better restore tranquillity to all these ruffled countenances, and relieve you from all charges of too much kindness towards me, by joining them, and returning to my country."

During these remarks she manifested great agitation, and replied with a voice of deep emotion, which she endeavored to conceal under an appearance of gaiety.— "You are now partly kind, Sir, and partly unkind. You are kind, very kind, to remind me so gently of my own

fault, by calling it your's. I will be as frank as you have been. Where you have done badly in this thing, I have done worse. I have determined every day to retrench and deny myself. But it seemed so innocent an amusement, and so little liable to misconstruction, I have returned to my fault again and again. I love English, that I must confess. I am sensible that I have trespassed on your time and patience. Your language has opened to me a new world, and your beautiful poets have convinced me that I have a new heart. Will you leave me just now, in the midst of these enjoyments! You have just opened the first pages of the book of knowledge before me, and have raised the eagerness of desire, and you would now leave me, not enough instructed, unaided, to read it. We cannot spare you just now. The character which my mother has always maintained as belonging to you, is beginning to be developed, to convince the doubtful, and to confound your enemies. That you have such, I will not deny, nor that I have heard you traduced. More shame to those who do it so unjustly. Let them go on. Their palpable malice has half convinced my father. In my mother you have a firm friend. Your pupils behaved badly just now, I admit. But what of that? I dare not tell you what these young ladies think of you, for fear you should become vain. Stay, and triumph over your enemies. It is unworthy of that spirit, of which I have received, such memorable proofs, to fly, because your merit has raised you enemies. I have none too many real friends myself. Oh! if you knew what I have recently suffered!"

It is not altogether an original remark, that human nature is a very frail establishment. Those brilliant and spirited eyes, melting in the tenderness of persuasion, and fixed upon me, the frank and childlike simplicity of her confidence, and the deep expression of grief with which she made the last remark, completely vanquished my resolution, and I expressed myself in terms of un-

wonted bitterness towards those who could be so base as to cause her suffering. I was vehement, and expressed myself with an ardor, that intimated any thing, rather than the common interest which I must be supposed to feel in her condition.

She looked at me rather with surprise than displeasure, holding up her hands in astonishment. "Look you here!" said she. "This is the philosopher, the pure and dispassionate intelligence that despises dancing. Indeed, Sir, this declamation is more flattering than just. It is a truth, that a personage, just so meritorious and innocent as I am, does suffer just now, and that bitterly. Let us both lay our wrongs out of the question, and see which can suffer with most dignity and patience—the dancing philosopher, or the untaught, romping Spanish girl, that dearly loves the fandango. Your readiness to fly at the first difficulty, inclines me to think, the young lady will vanquish the philosopher at this trial." I answered, "When I know the nature of your sufferings, and from what cause they flow, I can then judge of the equality of the trial." "Oh! I must make you a confidant, then, must I? I am thinking you are rather too young, all philosopher as you are, to receive the confessions of a young lady. But I know of no impropriety in saying, that the man, who the other morning so rudely caused you to leave the table, is the cause of my suffering. Why should I stint my confidence? They have destined me for him. I have parried the proposition for a long time. Once I was indifferent to him. My feelings I know not how, have changed, and I now positively detest him. The worst is, that my friends, my father, my dear mother even, are in the conspiracy against me. They even urge me to an immediate union. They allege the disturbances and dangers of the times; the necessity of an equal-aged protector, a man of the same rank, wealth, and condition with myself. They go further. His taciturnity with them is wisdom. His bitter temper

is honorable sternness. They even sicken me with his praises. To all this, urged again and again, I have only to reply, that I feel safe; that I would neither wish to leave, or survive my mother; and that I have a fixed disinclination to any present change in my condition. I strive to gain time. The Virgin mother forgive me! I dare not tell them that I hate their favorite. Once or twice they have driven me to desperation, and then they heard all the truth. But enough of this. I know not what has led me into the folly of telling you my trifling secrets. I mean to be more moderate and discreet in allowing myself the pleasure of English reading. I mean to be patient and prudent. Do you do the same. Shorten my exercises, and prolong those of the rest. Be marked in your civilities to them. How my heart thanked you, for conducting in a manner equally forbearing and spirited towards Don Pedro the other morning! continue this course, and you will conquer them all. Oh that the Holy Virgin would touch your heart! Then, ah then—" she made a pause. "And what then?" I eagerly asked. "Then you might become to me, as a brother."

"I implore you," said I, "my dear Martha, not to put any of these bribes before me, nor to make any of these tender suppositions, which can never be. I fear, I can never change my religion. My convictions upon this point are settled. I should poorly win my claim to more confidence with a mind, that weighs character, like yours, by becoming a recreant to my principles. I beseech you not to make me swerve from my course by a kindness, which may set my wicked imagination to weaving the threads of a tie, tenderer than that of brother. I must never allow such a fancy, much less give it utterance." "You are right," she replied; "you must neither forget the latter, nor dream of the former. But remain firm to your philosophy. I pleased myself in fancying you were cold, disinterested, dispassionate, and what an excellent casuist you would be to me in cases of conscience and

the heart. In short I promised to find in you, a calm and considerate friend and brother. Above all things, I wish you to exercise forbearance towards Don Pedro, and to remain where you are. Things must change for the better. Put the most favorable construction you can upon a confidence, which departs so far from common rules. Alas! whom have I in whom to confide, but my mother? and, unhappily, she is in sentiment with my father upon this point."

It is not in man, at least it was not in me, to resist such persuasions, which, however they may seem out of the way in the relation, had, under the circumstances of the case, an air of simple and modest confidence, which, according to my notions of decorum, were in perfect keeping with her whole deportment. My own wrongs were forgotten, and regarding Don Pedro as another Menko, I was determined that I would remain, and endure all, as long as it should be endurable, and that I would devote myself to the welfare of Martha, in whom I began to admit to myself, that I felt to the full, at least a fraternal interest. And with her frank admission of claims up to that point, I determined to content myself.

I fear, sir, that I have already wearied and cloyed you, with these milky adventures. I have all along felt extremely foolish about being the hero of this my own story, and have thought often of the privileges of the renowned author of the "Commentaries," and have wished that like him, I were of sufficient consequence, to speak of myself in the third person. But, as you insist upon my proceeding, you must arm yourself with patience, and I will introduce you to matters of a little more pith and moment. I will go on to give you all the tender matter of this stage of my adventures in a mass. You may infer, as you please, my inmost thoughts, whether, or not, I am a captivating man, since you will see from my story, that I fire every thing that comes in my way.

It happened, the next day after this conversation with

Martha, that Dorothea and the Misses Benvelt came in for recitation considerably earlier than usual. The library was separated from my apartment where we recited, by a partition, which was pierced in a number of places, to admit a free circulation of the air, and was screened by Venetian blinds, a whisper in one apartment, as in a whispering gallery, was audible in the other. I had set out on my evening ride; I forget the circumstance, but something had induced me to return. I was in the library when the ladies entered my apartment. I was so situated, that I could not escape, without making it known, that I had overheard their conversation. I heard my pupils begin to make me the subject of a confidential conversation, promising that they had seen me ride out, and that I should not be back for an hour. I heard enough, before I had determined what course I ought to pursue, to hold me in "durance vile," until I might escape unperceived. I was aware that I should create a most painful surprise, if I should open my door, and interrupt them.

The conversation began by the Misses Benvelt inquiring in a half whisper, "if it were certain that I was not in my room." Dorothea affirmed that I was not, for, as she rode into the courtyard, she had seen me moving out on horseback. "Beside," she added, "I should think, he he could not hear us from the library, even if he were there. Neither do I believe, even if he heard us, that he could make out our conversation when we speak in Spanish." Elder Miss Benvelt: "There you mistake. He speaks and understands Spanish well. Love and Martha have taught him all that." Dorothea. "He learns Spanish to a miracle. That is true. And he is a charming fellow. But I vow to our lady of Lisbon, that I believe not a word of his loving Martha, though it is easy to see, poor thing, that she is dying for him. But she is sped. She is obliged to take Don Pedro, for better or worse. And I see not, why she ought not to be satisfied. He is

rather solemn and grim, to be sure. Not exactly such a man as our master, but well enough after all. I suppose you have heard the news, that there is another rising in Texas. A great many Americans have come on, and are joined with the rebels. The Conde has to go and fight them. He insists that his daughter marries before he sets out for the army. The Condesa is in heart with Martha, and against an immediate union, and there has been a great storm in the palace. I think for one, that she never will do better. Jesu! I have seen as pretty, as she is, though she gives herself such airs. The father confessor is ready to excommunicate her for her obstinacy, and Don Pedro swears, that she did formerly as good as promise him, that she was ready to go with him to the altar; and he lays all the blame of her present obstinacy upon our teacher, and he swears, that if the adventurer, as he calls him, does not leave the country, he will call him out and fight him. That's determined upon. Some say, he will fight, and some say, that these people are better to fight Indians, than they are to handle sword and pistol with a gentleman. I wish I knew, if there were any love between them. For my part, I always suspect such grave people. Martha, to be sure, seems to have fire enough, but the other, seems an insensible block of wood. I dare say, both of them have their thoughts, as well as other people. At any rate Don Pedro is determined to kill him, or drive him out of the country. They have threatened Martha every way, poor child; to send her to Spain, and to a convent, or to shut her up in the palace upon bread and water." Second Miss Benvolt. "Poor Martha! I am sorry for her! It must be a dreadful thing to marry where one does not love. We must all allow that Martha is a sweet girl, though she does happen to be prettier than any of us. As for our teacher, he is a divine young man. Certainly Martha is an exception. But leave her out, and we must allow that the Germans and the Americans are

much handsomer than the Spaniards. I was at Chihuahua, and saw those fine fellows that came with Captain Pike. I could never endure a swarthy Spaniard for a husband, after seeing such men." Dorothea, looking in the glass. "I vow, Miss Benvelt, you are very complimentary. May be, you forget that I am a full blooded Spaniard, and a Gauchupine myself. I bless the Virgin, my father allows me to do just as I please. This poor fellow of ours has no money. Now would it not be a generous thing, to take him myself. I have wealth enough for us both. I have done every thing to let him see, that I did not dislike him. But he is an astonishing block, and will not take a hint." Elder Miss Benvelt. "My father is as rich as yours; and allows me as much liberty. For the matter of that, the Saxons and Americans, are much more alike, than the Spaniards and Americans. I hate Don Pedro! The bloody-minded wretch, to drive away our master, or kill him. I hope, if they do fight, that Don Pedro will fall. Do you think he will fight, Dorothea?" Dorothea. "I dare say he will. But if he should, these Americans have an eye and a hand, as steady and true as steel. It is just as likely, as not, that he kills Don Pedro, and then I am sure he would get Martha for the prize. Now, to tell you the plain truth, I do not value English a fig, and I am sure, I shall never learn it. What's the use? he talks French, and you say, he can talk Spanish. I vow to the Virgin, I love to look at him, and that's just what I come for; and you, German romps, you are here for nothing else either. How is it, that Martha has already learned to hiss in the horrid language? Is it not surprising that the language should be so harsh, and the men so pretty?"

I heard a great deal more childish rattle of this sort. I was presented with interior views of what was passing in the recesses of the Conde's household. I gathered, that Martha was more severely pressed to an union with Don Pedro, than she had informed me; that I might ex-

pect to be treated by him with more gross rudeness, than I had yet experienced, and, more important than all the rest, that there was an insurrection in Texas. The confabulation ended by my fair pupils proposing a walk in the garden, before recitation. The moment they retired, I retreated too, and by a circuitous direction, came into my room as if from abroad, leaving them entirely ignorant what flattering secrets I had been compelled to hear.

This recitation passed off as usual, except that Don Pedro did not attend it. The young ladies apologized for their rudeness and negligence of the former day, in such a manner, as led me to see, they had been tasked by Martha for it. They attributed it to chagrin for not having learned their task. They promised better attention for the future. As we had agreed, I devoted but little time to Martha, and more than usual to the rest, and the exercise went off with apparent satisfaction upon all sides.

Next morning I had still further confirmation of what was passing at the palace respecting me. I wished to take a ride to visit a young Englishman, that was much esteemed, who had recently been dangerously wounded by the unexpected explosion of a blast, which he was superintending in the adjacent mines. He was the only son of an amiable and interesting widow, whose husband had been settled on the Conde's estate, as chief engineer in the mine. Bryan rode with me to show me the way. As soon as we had cleared the park, he addressed me in a voice, which trembled with affectionate concern.—“Now God and St. Patrick touch the heart of your Honor, and make you a true Roman.” “Why that prayer, Bryan?” I asked. “Because, your Honor, father Josephus, blast his black face! has set all the big people against you. He tells them that you are a bad heretic, as knowing as the devil; and that you will make all the people rebels. He makes you a kind of Orange-man.—

The Indians and the small folks like you all the better for it. But that is no help here. For the king's men just whip you up for nothing, and plunge you a thousand fathoms in the mines for nothing but a word. And so the Conde, to please the big folks, and the father, and the young Don, and all, has published, that unless you will turn round, and become a true Roman, and swear for the king, he will send you packing. Your land is a free one, and if you go home, unless your are pleased to beat me back, Bryan goes with you." "My good friend," said I, "I have hardly the means of taking care of myself. But if I leave here, I certainly return to my own free and happy country, where every honest man does as he pleases, and there an industrious and active lad can hardly fail of finding profitable and independent employment." "Ay," said Bryan, "that's the country for me. Here there's but a word and a blow, and the blow comes first. But it will please your Honor to hear, that Martha, God bless her bright eyes! pleaded hard for you, and said, as how an honest man could not change his religion at once, and just when he had a mind to it. The jewel and her mother had a great deal to say for you. Finally, the Conde got his blood up, and looked cross, this way; and swore, that he had done enough to please her whims, and those of her mother; that his mind was fixed, and that he meant to try another hand with you, and with them. He looked more grim and bitter than ever I saw him before, and ordered his daughter out of the room."

Bryan continued to give me details of this sort, until we arrived at a most beautiful spot at the foot of the mountains, from which burst forth great numbers of clear and beautiful springs. In a deep grove of catalpas and white walnuts, through which ran a rivulet, formed by the union of these springs, was one of those green stone cottages, of which I have spoken. Here, Bryan informed me, lived the young man, whom I came to visit. I

knocked, and was admitted immediately. On a clean mattress, and in a room neat and cool, lay the unfortunate young man, whose wounds, it was feared, would prove mortal. He had a manly face, of the finest expression. His neck and breast were scorched and blackened with gun powder. He appeared in an agony of pain, and the noble effort which he made to suppress the expression of it before his mother, gave his countenance a striking moral interest. His mother seemed between forty and fifty and her countenance bore the impress and the trace of former beauty. No language can paint the maternal affection, apprehension and suspense, with which she bent over the feverish and agonized form of her only son. I told her, in a low voice, who I was, and that having heard of her son's misfortune, and though not of his country, yet speaking the same language and entertaining for him the sympathies of a fellow countryman, I had come in the hope that he would allow me to sit with him, to watch with him, or in some way to be serviceable to him or her. I felt affected with the spectacle before me, and whenever the heart is moved, the tone and the words catch the emotion. All the mother's heart was expressed in the earnestness of her thanks. "You are thrice welcome to my poor son," said she, as he fondly grasped my hand. "It will do him good only to hear his own language spoken by one so nearly of his own age." After I had assisted her to raise him, while she arranged his dressings, and after she had informed me how he had received his wounds, she proceeded to tell her own short, but sad story. "My husband came out here from England with an hydraulic machine for throwing water from the mines. We were here entirely in a region of strangers, both to our language and religion. I heard not a word of English for two years. But the place was delightful, the scenery inspiring, and the people kind. So long as my dear husband was with me, I knew no want of society or friends. We obtained a comfortable

subsistence. We had the good opinion and the countenance of the Conde, and every thing went well with us. We had but this son. He was trained to the same employment with his father, who lived to see him able to take his place. The damp of the mines affected his health. He took the fever of the country. Oh! how my heart throbbed with apprehension, till his was still in death. Thou, O God, sawest that it was good so to be. I was stupified, reckless, almost motionless for months. Even this sweet scenery, which memory still paints as it was when my husband was with me, became tame and gloomy. I was sure, 'that the world had died to me, and I to the world.' I mourned 'in secret places;' and I now feel that it was the insane and impious grief which rises against that decree, which is as righteous as it is unchangeable. God, who is rich in mercy, bore, with his own divine forbearance, this my repining spirit. I arose from my stupefaction, and I struggled with myself, and I prayed and communed with God, and became gradually composed, and the spirit of peace revisited my bosom. This dear son began to be to me, as the husband I had lost. He came forward, considerate, virtuous, industrious, respected even by these people, so different in manners and religion. Yesterday the second blow was struck. My Heavenly Father saw that my idolatrous leaning upon the father was about to be transferred to the son. It may be, God will look upon this my extreme affliction, and will stay his hand with this solemn warning. And oh! if he will be pleased to spare this my dear son, I here promise, as soon as he shall recover, to strive not to love him more than I ought. There is nothing on earth in which to trust but God."

Nothing soothes the agony even of pain, like true sympathy and tenderness of heart. I looked on this poor widow's all. We shed tears, the mother, the son, and the stranger, together. I sat behind the young man, sustaining him half raised on his pillows, and was bathing his

head, and chafing his throbbing temples with aromatic vinegar, and the mother was fanning him, and dropping silent tears, when the door opened, and Donna Martha entered without being announced. The Conde, she said, had come out to take a look at a new mine, excavating in the side of the mountain. He had sent by Martha, who felt no disposition to pass by this scene of sorrow, the preparations of the family physician for his wounds. Her steps instinctively led her to the abode of misery. She requested that she might be set down at the foot of the hills, whence she walked up to the widow's cottage, to be called for on the return of the Conde in the evening.

The day was a holiday from the usual English exercises, and it may be supposed, that the surprise of two such persons, who seldom saw each other, except in the presence of prejudiced spies, thus to be sure of the greater part of a day together, and unsuspected was a pleasant one. Two circumstances concurred to open both our hearts. We were in a scene of sorrow, peculiarly calculated to open the heart, and we were both of us sufficiently apprised, that these interviews must be of short duration. I may add, that I knew enough of her ardent and affectionate character, to know what effect it would have upon such a nature as hers, to see me thus occupied. — And if ever beauty, united with all the adventitious circumstances of worldly estimation, is irresistible, it is when the eye first melts in sympathetic participation with pain and woe, and is suffused with the tears of unaffected pity. I discovered, by the first affectionate look of recognition, that this was not the first time Martha had been there. I saw, too, by a transient look, that she thought well of that part of my religion, which led me to spend my holiday in the abode of sickness and sorrow. She said but a few words to the poor widow, but it was the look that accompanied those words, which went to my heart. The young man next received her attention. She gave him

some cordial drops, and a balsam of the country for embrocation, and was particular in telling the mother all that the physician had said and prescribed in the case.—The drops were given immediately, and I raised him, and with the assistance of his mother, we applied to his wounds these applications, which operated almost immediately in allaying his anguish. He first showed tranquility, and the moment after drowsiness, and soon he was in a quiet and refreshing sleep, the first he had had from the time of his receiving his wounds.

It was natural that the mother's heart should open to confidence and hope, and while she spoke of the extreme forlornness and destitution in which his being taken away would leave her, Martha replied, "My dear Madam, he must, and, I trust, he will recover. Every thing that nursing and medical aid can do, we will have done. I hope there is no ground for apprehension. But even if things should go different from our hopes, as long as I am here, and have the means of aiding you, you shall have a daughter, if not a son. You know whether you may depend upon my promise." Who can trace the effect of such eyes glistening with sympathetic tears? I felt to my cost, what it was upon me. I perceived a certain swelling of my heart, and a thick palpitation there, which I was sure, from what I had read, and from the deep attention I had lately bestowed upon these feelings, I was sure was love. "This, then," said I, "is that terrible disorder, as obstinately fixed upon me, as I was supposed to be upon all my own determinations." Never had I watched a conversation with such an intense interest, as that of this blooming girl, so amply endowed with the means of kindness and aid, holding the grasped hand of this interesting widow, and both of them dissolved in tears.

The Conde was not expected to return until evening. Bryan was occupied in arranging her affairs in her barn and enclosures. The mother was in the kitchen, preparing refreshments and dinner for her guests. The patient

slept. The intense ardors of the sun were mitigated by passing clouds, and a pleasant breeze. "Why should we not walk," asked Martha, "in these beautiful groves? I wish to show you what a strength and beauty of vegetation we have here among these springs at the base of these mountains. The trees, plants, shrubs, and flowers, that are common to the mountains and the valleys, meet here, and intermingle. The fountains, that trickle from the roots of the hills, irrigate the various tribes of vegetation, the vines and copses, and give them a delicious verdure and coolness. Here are the favorite haunts of the red-bird, the mocking-bird, the paroquet, and and the myriads of birds with the most variegated and splendid plumage, with which this region abounds."—"Let us walk, and enjoy the coolness and the scenery;" and I, "nothing loath," I admit, walked with her under trees, every one of which was "prodigal of harmony." Immediately round us, every thing was beauty and repose; but heavy thunder, the clouds of which were not yet visible, rolled among the mountains. The bald eagle and the falcon raised their screams, and were soaring in the blue above their loftiest summits. My fair companion seemed to have laid aside her reserve and her distance of manner. She spoke in English in pure words and correct phrase, but with a Spanish accent, which possibly I might not have admired, had the words been uttered by the lips of age and deformity; and she quoted Shakspeare with an enunciation, not perhaps like Garrick's, but I am sure, I thought the words prettier, and the quotation more apposite, than I had deemed them before. I, too, had my quotations, and to tell you the plain truth, we both of us verged rapidly towards that confidential conversation, which both of us seemed to have a presentiment, would be our last. I cannot remember exactly how we arrived at the point, but we had imperceptibly begun to say civil things to each other, and to regret the want of opportunities to talk with a little more freedom. Mar-

tha in particular expressed herself with great energy upon the beauty of the day, the place, the occasion; and admitting that she had never enjoyed a walk so much, observed, quoting from Othello, that if I had a friend, let him desert the usual frivolous pursuits of young men, and turn aside on a holiday, to comfort and nurse a sick young man, the only son of his mother, and "she a widow,"—let me bring such a friend to such a place, and "that would woo her."

Upon the hint, the same purpose with Othello's sprung to my lips; but prudence and honor laid their imperious injunctions upon me, and suppressed the expression of it. I only observed, that when I saw such a friend standing on a precipice, with temptations almost too strong for human nature to resist, I should advise him, if honor or duty had placed a single obstacle in the way of winning the prize, not to woo it, but to fly. "In truth," said I, "Donna Martha, if I had not made an inviolable covenant with my thoughts and resolutions, it would not be safe for me to be here." A long and foolish silence ensued, each waiting for the other to begin the conversation again. She resumed first, by remarking, that she had been introduced, just before her embarkation, to the splendid court of Ferdinand VII. "I was very young, but I had the customary share of compliment and attention. But with what different sensations did my youthful imagination expatiate in that scene of splendor and dissipation, from the calm satisfaction of comforting the desolate heart of this poor widow, and walking in this sweet place, contemplating this grand and awful nature above and around us; seeing these gay birds, dressed still more gaudily than the ladies of that court; hearing that distant thunder echo in the mountains; feeling myself secure in the society of a man, who has opened to me a new and enchanting page in the book of knowledge, in having taught me his language; and finding myself here with him (both led by the same impulse to do good)

who feels on so many points in common with myself." I replied, by applauding her taste, and by saying, that although poets and philosophers had prosed upon the subject so much and so often, it was not the less true, that there was no real and healthful enjoyment, that would at once satisfy and last, but that which proceeded from truth and nature. "The real and deep satisfactions of life are cheap and common. The feverish and noxious pleasures, that cost much, and are seasoned with pride luxury and ambition, are within reach of but few. With respect to the affection, upon which you have touched in quoting from our bard, there is no doubt that luxury, and dissipation, and splendor, and courts are fatal to its pure and genuine influence. That we can be happy, let divines and poets say as they may, I know and feel. Let the past and the future be blotted from the records of memory. I can live long and happily on the remembrance of this day." "And I, too," she replied, "have been so happy, that I want words to express my sensations. I have felt before this, that certain places and scenes, and even a certain temperature of the air, must concur with the tone of our thoughts and feelings, to produce high enjoyment. What a beautiful canopy of shade! Look at that distant outline of mountains, that seem to be points from which the mind can take its departure towards the eternal throne! How grand those distant peals of thunder! And yet what repose and tranquillity about us! Scarcely a leaf trembles, to disturb the singing of the birds. This place, I should think, would almost suggest thoughts of love to a philosopher, who held himself above the joys and pursuits of the vulgar. What beautiful verses were those which you read to me the other day from Wordsworth. See if I quote them right:

Love had he learn'd in cots, where poor men lie,
His daily teachers had been woods and rills;
The silence that is in the starry sky;
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

13*

I have heard my companions often talk with a foolish cant about woods and solitudes, and love and a cottage. Nothing is to me more disgusting, than the affectation of fondness for these things, as nothing is more delightful, than the real, deep, and cordial relish for them. Instead of affecting any delight which I do not feel in these simple satisfactions, how many times have I suppressed emotions of this sort, struggling for utterance, lest I should be thought extravagant and romantic."

— While we were thus conversing, the thunder, which had been rolling at a distance in the mountains, approached nearer. The peals were more frequent, and the echoes more loud and awful. The brassy edges of clouds rolled together, and sweeping forward, like the smouldering pillars of smoke from some mighty conflagration, were seen lowering from the heights, and beginning to cover the sun. Gleams of lightning darted far into the regions of the atmosphere, that were as yet of cloudless blue. The crash that followed interrupted our conversation. "Hark," said she, "what terrible peals of thunder!" and she clung involuntarily to my arm. I asked her, if she were accustomed to be frightened at thunder. She answered, "Not with thunder storms of a common character. But I have been so happy, and have enjoyed these hours so much, that I know not why, at this moment I feel not precisely terror, but as your poet says, 'awe struck.' How grand and how awful are the forms and foldings of those clouds, 'tempest o'er tempest rolled.' Why is it, that in such perfect repose of the heart, and such delightful exercise of its best affections, images of terror and destruction should bring with them peculiar alarm? It is in these moments, when we feel in the highest degree our capabilities of enjoyment, that the idea of death, strikes me with chill and with fear. 'D'ou part l'éclair, que nous appellons existence, et dans quelle nuit va-t-il s'éteindre? L'Eternel a placé la naissance et la mort sous la forme de deux

fantomes voilés aux deux bouts de notre carrière. L'un produit l'inconcevable moment de notre vie, que l'autre s'empresse de dévorer.' ”

By this time the horizon was covered. There was a rushing sound in the air, and we were reluctantly compelled to return to the house for shelter. The thunder storms of the northern regions, seldom give an idea of the assemblage of terrific accompaniments, belonging to a severe one in the tropics. A thick mist fills all the distance between the clouds and the earth. A dim and yellowish twilight throws a frightful yellow upon the verdure of the trees and the earth. The storm was tremendous. The commencement was in the stillness of death, and the burst of the winds was as instantaneous, as the crash of the thunder. The rain did not descend in drops, or in sheets, but the terrible phenomenon of the bursting of the clouds upon the mountains took place. The roar of the new formed torrents and cascades, pouring from the mountains, mingled with that of the rain, the thunder and the winds. The atmosphere was a continued and lurid glare of lightning, which threw a portentous brilliance through the descending waters and the darkness of the storm. Many an aged tree, that had remained unscathed for ages, was stript from its summits to its roots by the descending fires of the sky. The people used as they were to thunder storms, were appalled by the fury of this. The sick young man, aroused from his sleep, rested his head upon his hand, and his pains seemed to be suspended, while he contemplated the uproar and apparent conflagration of the elements abroad. A blaze of lightning filled the room, and the thunderbolt fell upon a vast cypress, but a few feet from the house. The shock was so violent, that each one, that was sitting in the room, was thrown from his seat. As we recovered from the blow, we saw how naturally, in such moments, each one flies to the object, in which he has most confidence. The widowed mother, sprang to the arms of her

son, and Martha, at the same moment, clung to my side. The scene, so terrific to them, was to me, one of the grandest in nature. I enjoyed the commotion and the darkness of the storm. All the energies of my nature were awakened. I would have been willing, that such peals should have been repeated every moment, so that the bolt fell not on the house. The impulse, which had led Martha to fly to me in the moment of terror, was the most unequivocal proof, I had yet experienced, that I was not indifferent to her. Here the heart had spoken; but the moment of recovered self-possession, replaced the paleness of surprise and terror, with the blushes of consciousness. The entire calmness, which I felt and avowed, drew from them expressions of astonishment, almost of reproach. But it gradually communicated, as it invariably does in such cases, composure to the rest. We resumed our seats in a kind of tranquil astonishment, as the storm gradually subsided. The thunder rolled sublimely still, but at a greater distance. The blue of the atmosphere began to show itself at the zenith. The clouds rolled away towards the east, and the sun came forth in his brightness, just above the smoking summits of the hills. The scene, that was terrific in the fury of the storm, was now an indescribable mixture of beauty and grandeur. Frequent gleams of the most vivid lightning played on the passing extremities of the clouds, rolled together, pile above pile, like precipices of brass. White pillars of mist arose from the earth. The birds welcomed the return of the sun, and the renewed repose of nature, with a thousand mingled songs. Occasionally, a louder peal of thunder, made the cottage tremble to its foundation, and the hollow roar of the torrents, that the shower had formed in the mountains, sounded like the distant tones of an organ.

The young man was revived, by the cheering freshness of the atmosphere, and that balmy odour and richness of the earth and the sky, after such a shower, that every one

has felt, and that so few have described. We sat at the door of the cottage, looking abroad upon the scene, and inhaling the breeze, too full at heart, and too happy, at least two of us, for any thing, but silence and interior enjoyment. We were aroused from our pleasant reverie, by the rattling of the Conde's carriage, as it drove towards the cottage. Martha turned pale, as she discovered that we were thus recognized together. There was no retreat. The family had not known, that I was to visit there, and this meeting had but too much the appearance of having been preconcerted on both sides. This appearance was strengthened by the evident perturbation in her face. Even the countenance of the Condesa, as she came in, had an unwonted expression of severity, as she passed me into the cottage. The Conde, the priest, and Don Pedro, each reddened with undisguised resentment. The physician was with them, and while he and the Conde were examining the case of the young man, and the Condesa was engaged in conversation with the widow, Don Pedro requested me to walk abroad with him. The very manner in which he made this request, was an affront. However extraordinary the request, and the manner in which he made it, I saw no reason why I should decline. I foresaw, in fact the course which our conversation would assume. It did not contribute to his composure, to remark, that his request had been noticed by the Condesa and her daughter, and that they were both, as I went out, as pale as death.

We were scarcely cleared of the cottage, before he began in Spanish, for he was evidently in too much perturbation, to speak in a foreign language. "Sir, it is full time, that you and I have an explanation." I begged him to proceed, and tell me upon what subject. "You know too well," he replied, "the subject I mean. I have had good reason before to complain, but I have forborne, till your conduct is no longer endurable. I find you

here in company with Donna Martha. The meeting is evidently preconcerted. When a young lady of her rank and standing so degrades herself, whatever may be her share of the fault and folly, I shall consider you answerable for the whole. You are perfectly aware of my right to interfere in the case. You must be equally aware, that at this stage of your stay in a family where accident has given you claims that you seem disposed to prosecute to the utmost, seeking opportunities of private interviews with that lady, must be as unpleasant and offensive to her parents, as it is affronting to me. You seem to have imposed upon her gratitude, and subsequently, to have weakened her reason and good sense, to the point of inducing her to dishonor her noble name and family. The parents have finally seen their error in allowing themselves to be influenced by the foolish fancies of their daughter. They propose a summary way of bringing this affair to a crisis. But it is my cause, and I propose to take it into my own hands. I waive all objections to you on the score of birth, standing, and character. If you are the undoubted chevalier, which you are estimated from one fortunate adventure, you will meet me, and we will decide our pretensions to the young lady in question in the proper way. If you refuse, she will at least see the true nature of the heroism of her chivalrous and heretical champion. You understand me, sir?"

"Yes," I answered, somewhat bitterly. "Your head, heart, and language are but too easily comprehended. In the first place, sir, you have no right whatever to tax me in this way. I respect myself too much and you too little, to vindicate myself, or obviate your charges. I owe it to Donna Martha, however, still more than myself (for I would not reply to it on my own account,) to affirm on my honor, that no knowledge of her intended visit here, induced me to come, and that if I had known that she would have been here, I should not have come myself.

For the rest, sir, whether I am brave, or a coward, it becomes not me to say. It is contrary to my settled principles of right and wrong, contrary to my religious, my heretical principles, if you please, to fight a duel. No temptation shall seduce me, no provocation goad me, to violate my principles. Donna Martha, and every other person may think me chevalier, or not, as they choose. I will not meet you in that way. Even upon your calculations, in staking our lives on this issue, I do not estimate the stakes to be equal. Whatever difference fortune has made between us, I have always felt myself, I will not say so much above you, but so different from you, that all your attempts to insult me, have been, and are now utterly unavailing."

This I said firmly, and in good set Spanish. It seemed equally to rouse his confidence and his rage. He seemed to have had some modest apprehensions that I would fight him. When they were removed, his insolence knew no bounds. He poured out terms corresponding to the words, poltron, coward, scoundrel, &c., in rapid succession, and told me, that if he did not fear the interference of the family, he would chastise me with his cane on the spot. I was wholly unarmed, but in bodily strength much his superior. I advanced near him, and directly in front, eyeing him sternly, "Sir," said I, "that is another affair. Nothing will provoke me to be the aggressor, and nothing will make me swerve from my purpose not to fight you. Attempt the least personal violence, and, Sir, I have principles for that emergency. Touch me, Sir, and you will know in a moment the power of my muscles, and I have a surmise that one experiment would satisfy you forever." In his trembling hands, and in his pale face, and a kind of impulse to retreat, I saw that he was not nerved to the point of immediate contest. He retired, uttering as he went, the terms "loquacious coward," and entered the cottage, and the family soon after took their leave. I entered the cottage, and re-

peated my offers of watching and aid, received the affectionate and cordial thanks of the widow, and followed the carriage at a distance.

On my return, I learned by Bryan, that Don Pedro had been particular to have it known that he had challenged me, and that I had refused to fight him, "And," said he, "God bless your Honor, but it has turned the Conde's heart still more against you. Every tongue wags upon the subject, but Martha's, and she, the jewel, just turned her face and looked t'other way. Every body fights here, when he is asked. Ah! by St. Patrick, had it been me, your Honor, that he had been asking that way, he should have tasted my shelalah, any how. I see clearly that your Honor has to leave the family, and this business of learning them English. May be, it is not your Honor's way of doing business. Even the jewel herself would have liked you none the worse, for giving that grim whelp a basting."

Thus I saw that even the kind heart of Bryan had been carried away by their prejudices, and chilled against me, for refusing to fight. You must be perfectly aware, how strongly the current sets in the southern and western country against the young man, who refuses a challenge. It is considered not only as the touchstone of courage, but the test of all kinds of worth. An unknown young man can hardly expect to sail before the full gale of public opinion, until he has been known to have fought, or to have given a challenge. A prejudice so brutal, pervades all classes of the community. Even the few, who profess to act under the influence of the Gospel, evidently grow cool towards a person, after he has been known to have refused a challenge. The same prejudice to the same extent prevailed here. I no longer disguised from myself that I loved Martha fervently, and with all my soul. I had flattered myself that I was beloved in turn, and persons at that time of life who love, and believe themselves beloved, will con-

jure up visions of hope. Impossibilities vanish before the buoyancy of youthful hope and love. I knew her heart, and the excellence of her understanding, and the correctness of her moral feelings. But I knew, too, that the strongest minds never completely disentangle themselves from the ties of the web of early associations and impressions. It was a reflection of unmingled bitterness, that I should, after all, be banished from the palace, my pursuits, and Martha, and be stigmatized as a coward; while the only achievement that I ever fancied I had performed, would be laid to accident, and I be thought to retreat before the insults of the acknowledged admirer of Martha, and my avowed enemy from the first. I found it hard, and even impossible to tranquillize my feelings by recurring to my principles. I thought, for this ride, with the admirable, but vanquished and forsaken Brutus, "O virtue, I have worshipped thee as a real divinity, and find thee but an empty name." It was not long that I "chewed the cud of these bitter fancies," before I retracted all my infidelity as to the doctrine, that Virtue is her own divine reward. We rode on in silence, for even Bryan having given unequivocal vent to his feelings, and having said his say, rode beside me in a kind of sullen silence.

As we approached the river, near the castle, the twilight was fast fading away. The carriage might be in advance of us a third of a mile. I heard a loud and mingled shriek of terror and distress. We put spurs to our horses, and were on the banks of the river in a moment. Our arrival was at a critical period for the family. The carriage, and all that were in it, had been carried away with the horses, by the stream. The coach-door was closed, and the Conde, his lady, and their daughter were drowning, without the possibility, as it seemed, of escape. The attendant servants on horseback and the physician had crossed by swimming, and were crying for help on the opposite bank. The priest, with either a more reverend care for his health, or with earlier foresight of the danger

had cleared himself of the carriage, and hung fast to the roof. Don Pedro, too, had been in season to escape, and had floated before the furious current, until he had seized a long branch, which waved up and down, and sometimes sunk him quite under the water. He and the priest appeared to strive which should bawl most lustily for help. Bryan did not want for energy, but he seemed as one distracted. The physician and the servants, the coachman and footmen, who were all safe ashore on the opposite bank, answered to all these cries of distress by still louder shrieks, by crossing themselves, telling their beads, and making vows to Our Lady of the Pillar. I stripped myself to my pantaloons in a moment, plunged into the foaming current, and found the advantage of having been an early and an expert swimmer. The horses were already sunk and drowned, and the carriage, impeded in its downward course by swinging against a clump of small trees in the stream, just sunk the party shut up in it, up to their chins, and sometimes under water, according to the waving of the bushes. The priest on the roof begged me for the love of God and the Virgin, to give him the first deliverance. I disregarded his cries, and was obliged to dive in order to get at the opening of the door. I soon rescued the Conde, who was nearest the door and who was not so exhausted, but what he was able to swim ashore. I then drew out the Condesa and her daughter, who both clung to me at once, and I was in danger of being drowned with them. I disengaged their hands, which they clasped firmly upon each of my arms, and pushed them from me at my arms length. The Condesa and her daughter, disengaged from me, clung to each other. I grasped the robe of the mother with one hand, and with great efforts contrived to waft them, almost unconscious and half drowned, ashore. To some in my situation, it would have almost furnished amusement to hear the lusty cries of the two friends of mine still in the stream. As Don Pedro seemed in the greatest danger, I purposed

to rescue him first. I rested a moment on the bank to recover breath, and then plunged in. He had, as I have remarked, enormous black whiskers. I remembered his recent insults. I twisted my fingers in the curls of his whiskers, by which I had the finest management of him, and in this manner I fished this young limb of the Spanish nobility safely from the stream.

The father alone remained perched on the roof, and he was now apparently sinking. His cries of "Help! murder! drown!" were interrupted by loud and earnest recitations of the *pater noster*, and prayers to the Virgin. I took one end of a handkerchief, and gave him the other to hold, and in this way I brought him off safe. Horses and servants had already conveyed the father, the mother, and daughter to the house. Don Pedro, exhausted with fear and the water he had swallowed, was obliged to be aided to the house. The priest had suffered in no other way than by fright. On the road to the house I was informed that the coachman drove the carriage down the usual ford. The horses had been accustomed to pass it so frequently, that they plunged into it, not observing that by the late shower it had been swollen to a furious torrent. Just below the usual ford, a bar that reached across the channel, fell perpendicularly into a broad and deep basin. The horses were frightened with the unusual fury and foaming of the current, and plunged, and were immediately carried over the bar, and the disaster had happened in this way.

The following morning I had a visit in my own apartment from the Conde before breakfast. He saluted me gravely, and with great deference. "You are an astonishing man," said he; "and if I believed in destiny, I should be compelled to suppose that fate had some how united the influence of your star with mine. You may not have known that I have been suffering among my best, in fact, my only friends, for retaining in my family such a young man, a heretic, a republican, of the same

nation, and participating the same sentiments, no doubt, with men, who are now united with the rebellious creoles in an insurrection against my government. I have vindicated your integrity. I have indignantly repelled charges against you, as a dangerous man. I have urged obligations of such a nature, as could never be repaid. With respect to fears from another quarter, they might be excusable in Don Pedro, but I would hope, that nothing could ever influence my daughter to do violence to her standing and religion, by the thought of a mis-alliance. You have been made aware, how incompatible we have considered your nation, religion, and condition of life with mine. I feel it necessary to be perfectly frank with you. I have admired your character, at the same moment that I have entertained these views. I have suffered so much from suspicion, my government having had to encounter charges diametrically opposite, and the father and Don Pedro have had so much to say against your residence here, that I had yesterday, after seeing you with my daughter at the widow's cottage, determined to break with you, and dismiss you. I found, on inquiry of her, that this meeting was merely accidental, and without concert. Returning from that meeting, you have triumphed over us all again. We appear to be plunged into danger, only to bring you to our rescue. It was a noble return to Don Pedro for the insults of an hour before. I owe you my life, in common with the rest. Even the father admits, that he is ashamed to see you, after what you have done for him. My wife and daughter, God be praised, are quite recovered this morning. Our proverb says, 'that words are wind.' I am so peculiarly situated, that I know not how to frame words in which to thank you. If money could discharge my obligations, and you would receive it, I would soon wipe out the score. We all feel as we ought, and you should place all our distrust of you merely to circumstances, and our peculiar position. Shall I be still plainer? My

daughter probably feels too much, though, as I have said, I have had no fears that either of you would depart from the decorum expected from both. She is, as you must see, my all, the apple of my eye. There is not an alliance that fits us in all the government, but that of Don Pedro. He is noble, rich, brave, loyal, a colonel, high in the favor of this government, of the same race and religion, in short, compatible in every respect. I grant you to be worthy in the endowments of nature, but I need not contrast you with him in some of these particulars. My first object ought to be my own fame and honor. The next dearest point on earth is, to see my daughter united to Don Pedro, to continue my race and honors, when I am no more. I put it to yourself to weigh these circumstances. These evil times, upon which we are fallen, give them an invincible pressure at this time. It distresses me to tell you, that I was forewarned of the result of permitting your stay in my family. I flattered myself, that my daughter would see all these things, as I see them. I perceive that I mistook, from a blind confidence in her pride. You have been too long and too intimately known to her, for her repose. I acquit you from my heart, of every thing that is not perfectly correct and honorable in your intercourse with her. But if you were to leave us now, even after you have saved her a second time, she is a woman, and you know, *semper varium et mutabile*. Time will operate upon her, as upon the rest. The peace and honor of her and of my family are now in your hands. I have tried you sufficiently upon the score of compensation. I can offer you nothing, and you must rest satisfied with the applauses of your own noble heart. And in your own country, which I believe to be, as you represent it, great and rising, such a mind as yours cannot fail to find its place, and meet its reward. Were you a royalist and a Catholic, untitled, and without a *Pesq*, you should fight Don Pedro, for I do not believe you want courage, and you should be my son-

in-law. I can only mourn, as it is, your unchangeable perseverance, and leave you to infer my wishes."

I have observed in such cases, that the first resolution which offers, is ordinarily the right one; and that all attempts to gain time for deliberation, are poor efforts to throw dust in the eyes of conscience. The undisguised and frank admissions of the Conde placed the straight course clearly in my view. I might regret as bitterly as I would, the obstacles of prejudice, nation, birth, wealth, and religion. But these obstacles were not the less real, or unchangeable. My conscience admitted even, that they existed every where. Though I was not sharp-sighted enough to see the utility of these things in the general system, I was not repining enough to doubt that they have their advantages in the order of things. I painfully felt that I loved Martha, but I hope I might say without boasting, that I loved honor and duty more. I admitted, then, to him in reply, that I had staid too long in his family, if not for his daughter's peace, at least for my own; that I was well aware of all the obstacles of which he had been pleased to remind me, but that I was no swindling adventurer to take advantage of his confidence and of circumstances; and that I would repair my fault as fast as possible, by leaving his family, and returning to my own country, never, I hoped, to leave it again. I assured him, that my residence for even this short time in his country, had learned me one great, practical lesson, and that was, suitably to prize every thing that appertained to my own.

He politely tried to disguise his joy at this determination, and the old topic of compensation was resumed, and disposed of as formerly. I felt no unwillingness to receive, under the name of salary, a sufficient sum to enable me to return to Santa Fe, and thence, with the party that I came with, to my own country. I confess that the thought more than once flashed across my mind, of joining the patriots; but my only clear and fixed purpose was, to return home. My departure was fixed to take

place in three days from that time, and I somewhat sternly requested of the Conde, that during that interval, I might not meet the members of a family, where I seemed so dangerous, and that I might be served in my own apartment. He appeared to feel much mortified, at least he said much upon that point, that a person, who had rendered him such signal services, should seem to be driven, without compensation and almost in disgrace, from his family. The father he understood, since the affair of the last evening, had felt more earnest desires to converse with me on the subject of religion. Possibly he might present views of the subject that had never yet occurred to me, as I admitted that I was very little acquainted with the points in dispute between their church and ours. If I should yet see cause to change my religion, all his views with respect to my departure, might be reversed. He recommended to me, to receive the father with a docile mind, and a heart open to conviction. He promised to ascribe my departure to motives most honorable to me, and to notify it to my other pupils accordingly, and then left me.

In these remote regions, and in establishments like this, where the duties assigned to the different members of the family are small, news flies with a rapidity unknown in towns, where the people have important pursuits. Every person in and about the house knew in half an hour, that I was shortly to leave them. If I might estimate my standing with these humble, but amiable people, by attentions and demonstrations of sorrow and regret, which must now at least be disinterested, I had been a personage of no small consideration in the palace. These people are naturally affectionate, and there was a strife among them, who should render me most kindnesses. The affectionate Bryan had tears in his eyes, when he brought in my breakfast. "God bless your Honor," said he, "you ought to kill the swaggering young Don, and instead of that, you are going to break the heart of Martha. Satan roast them all, but her. Don't you save

their lives, once and again, and drag out the young Don by the whiskers, and the father, devil roast him! like a drowning rat there, from the top of the coach, and what do they do, but drive you out of the house, like a mad dog? By Jasus! you have only to say one mass, and scorch the whiskers of the young puppy, and you will walk cock of the roost, after all. By St. Patrick, your Honor, Martha is worth that much, and then I will serve you for ever and the day after. At any rate, if you are wilful about saying the mass, as it is like you may be, go where you will, if you will let me, I go with you, and I have told them all as much." "Certainly, Bryan," said I, "you can go with me, if you choose. But I have been used to serve myself, and have no use for a servant, and no means to maintain one; but if you choose to connect yourself with my fortunes, I will always do the best for you I can." "That is all I want," said he, "and you shall see whether I am any loss to you. As for money, Martha and her mother, the kind souls, have taken care to provide for that case. Martha says to me, 'Go with him Bryan;' and the tears fell from her eyes, like rain; 'and if you love Martha, show it by being kind to him, and taking good care of him.' And she put into my hand a bag, so heavy, and full of doubloons, and she says, 'Bryan, put it in your trunk, and apply the money to his use, for the sake of Martha and the Holy Virgin.' So your Honor sees, there is no want of money at all, at all."

After breakfast I took my accustomed walk, and in the course of it was joined by father Josephus. His manner towards me was wholly changed. The haughty distance, with which he had hitherto treated me, was converted into the most winning suavity, which he knew so well how to assume. He reverted with the politest expressions of thanks to the scene of the evening before, remarking, that he had now another motive to wish my conversion, since he understood I was about to return to the land of licentiousness and heresy, and that his sense

of right told him that the most worthy return he could render me, for having saved his life, was for him in return to attempt to save the life of my soul. "Do you feel docile, my son?" said he. "Can you listen with an unprejudiced mind?" "Certainly, holy father," I answered; "I shall only ask as much patience and teachableness from you, if I find any thing to reply to your arguments?" "Listen, then," said he, "and I will condense my views of the subject as much as possible.

It is admitted by your teachers that the holy Roman Catholic church is that form of doctrine and discipline, transmitted by Christ to his apostles. The fathers were all of this church. No other was thought of for a long succession of centuries. A few wild and transient heresies, indeed, sprung up in different ages of that period, but so wild, that they fell by their own absurdity, or were dispersed before the wholesome instructions of our church, like 'chaff before the wind.' Our church was clearly and indisputably the church universal, down to those times of ignorance, heresy, and misrule, which you call the Reformation. We have, then, the most appropriate sanction which can belong to this awful subject, antiquity in our favor. Compared with the age of our church, all your new-born heresies are but as the prophet's gourd, the birth of a night, and to die in a night. We have in our church the keys of the kingdom, and of death and hell. Christ said to us, 'On the rock of this unchangeable church will I build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.' When he thus laid the corner-stone of our edifice, he gave the keys to St. Peter, to be transmitted down through the church universal in the hands of the holy father, as the lawful successor of St. Peter. He opens, and no man shuts; and he shuts, and no man opens. We are in no danger of your heresies and wild mistakes, for we have an infallible interpretation of the scriptures, in the expoundings of an infallible church. Christ promised always

to be with this church to the end of the world, to enlighten and guide it into all truth; and the proof that this promise is always fulfilling, is, that our church is and has been one, entire, and identically the same in all ages, countries and conditions of the world. The same prayers are recited, the same doctrines taught, the same venerable rites solemnized in the Vatican, in the Indies, the interior of Africa, in the wildernesses of the new world; the same extreme unction now infuses confidence, joy, and peace into the departing soul of the obedient son of the church in this day, as it did in the times of the first Christian emperors. Thus we transmit a wholesome and unchangeable doctrine, consoling sacraments, awful mysteries, and an undivided faith from age to age. While the dying penitent is uttering *Ex profundis* here, he knows that hundreds of the faithful departing, of all languages and climes, are uttering the same words at the same moment.

“What is the fruit of your self-styled Reformation? A thousand sects of wild and gloomy fanaticism, with names too barbarous to be translated into Catholic Spanish and Italian. The very catalogue of your heresies is the most horrible vocabulary, that ever yet found its way through the organs of speech. Such are the fruits of a thousand ignorant and presumptuous founders of sects, interpreting the scriptures for themselves, the multiplication of sects upon sects, until, in the midst of doubt, wrangling and disputation, the great mass of the people end in unbelief. Look, my son, at our rites. How awful and imposing! See our priest giving the consecrated wafer, and uttering the sublime words, ‘Depart, Christian soul!’ Behold the countenance of the penitent, who feels all the tranquillity of pardoned sin, brightening with faith, hope, and love, the moment before it is rendered unchangeable in death. You object to us the worship of images. We deny the charge, and throw it back in the face of its inventors. We venerate the Redeemer, and

the mother of God, and the saints. We have preserved, by holy and primitive painters, their countenances, as they were in the flesh. Instead of reserving them for the private chamber, or the cabinet alone, we place them in our churches. We look at them, and our hearts are strongly called out towards the archetypes of these dim resemblances, that are in glory. We remember their toils and temptations along the same thorny path which we ourselves are travelling. We contemplate the visages of the holy pilgrims that have arrived at our home before us, and we bedew these images with the tears of memory and tenderness of heart. This is our worship of images. You call us persecutors, and yourselves have persecuted, as often as you have had power. Ask your Quakers. Search the records of those times, when superannuated and broken-down old women were burned as witches. Look at the church records of Geneva, and, in fact, of every place where you have had power. We grant you, it is right that the great Master of the granary should sit in it with his fan in his hand, and that the chaff should burn with unquenchable fire. The true Catholic church never did, and never could persecute. Whenever she has used a wholesome and necessary severity, it has been only to apply an energetic medicine to a desperate case, to purge away the leaven of heresy, and avail herself of that temporal sword, which has been given her, to vindicate her own glory and advantage."

I cannot follow, and it would be useless to follow him in his long and labored harangue. In the same spirit, he discussed and apologized for the decrees of the councils, the protestant charges of corruption and tyranny in the papacy, and in the religious houses, the sale of indulgencies, the doctrine of purgatory, of the real presence, and the other peculiar dogmas of the Romish church. Sometimes his arguments were ingenious, and his apologies and defences plausible. Sometimes he availed himself of the most palpable sophisms; as, for instance, he was

an assertor of infallibility in the church universal, and not alone in the Pope, the head of his church. "I do not say," said he, "that any individual, or any portion of this church is infallible. Every constituent member of the church is fallible. But the whole, taken together, is infallible, and so of the rest." He insisted most earnestly on the patronage which the Catholic church had always afforded to genius, talent, investigation, and discovery, and adverted to the great inventions, as having been universally of Catholic origin. He spoke of the unequalled advancement of the fine arts under the fostering care of Leo X. He summoned all his rhetoric, and called in aid all his insinuation, in syllogizing one grand ultimate maxim. "You cannot but admit, and your church does admit, that we may be right. You know our grand maxim, *Point de salut hors de l'église*, 'There can be no salvation out of the church.' You admit, that there may be salvation in ours. Upon your admitted principles, we are safe, and you are not. My dear son," said he, "who have yielded temporal salvation to me, Oh! allow me to be instrumental in the salvation of your soul. The Condesa and her daughter pray for you, and wrestle with the saints and the Mother of God for your conversion. No words could describe the joy, which I should carry them, could I inform them, that a wanderer, so dear to them, was reclaimed, and brought home to the fold. There is nothing, which you might not hope from their favor and mine, and that of the country. You would yet stay with us, and I should fold you to my bosom as a son, 'begotten in my bonds.'" I clearly saw, how well he understood the weak points of human nature, and the seductions, which would be most likely to seize upon any unfortified part of the heart. In addition to his own entreaties in this peroration, he availed himself, at the close, of all the trick of tears and exclamations. On the whole, I inferred, that he had, according to the proverb, "two strings to his bow." If I were dismissed, he seem

ed to feel, that he should make enemies of the Condesa and her daughter, and rivet the friendship of the Conde and Don Pedro, and that the case would be reversed by my conversion. The glory of adding an obstinate American heretic to the church, appeared to weigh down the scale in favor of desiring my conversion.

It was but right, to be grateful for such disinterested concern for my soul, and I said as much to the father.—“But,” said I, in return, “though I may not be able with so much address, as you have shown, to follow you through your whole discussion, you will allow me to suggest the thoughts, which occurred to me upon some of your positions. I shall take them up in the scriptural arrangement; the last shall be first, and I shall remark on your harangue from the end to the beginning. My understanding and my heart equally revolt against that bigoted maxim, *Point de salut hors de l’église*. If I could believe such a maxim for a moment, I should doubt at once, the wisdom, benevolence, and mercy of the Universal Father. Neither has your church alone the use of that miserable sophism, which you build on that maxim. Among those sects in our church, to which you have adverted with so little courtesy, I believe nearly the half of them have followed your church in shutting the gates of heaven against all, but the staunch and devoted of that sect.—What a humiliating spectacle, to see a few beings, so frail, so blind, so erring, as man, sitting down to scan the purpose of the Eternal in a council, laying down a few points of belief reduced to writing, and arrogating to themselves to say, that every one, who does not believe what we have here written, will be damned. A thousand pagan sects, are found to hold the same maxim.—Alas! it is but too deeply laid in the heart of man, and each one of these pagan sects could urge the same conclusion upon me and you, with the same force as your church. Your syllogism would avail your church, if you were the only church, that could make use of it. Your

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church has patronized science, arts, discoveries? Witness Galileo, compelled by the united voice of the church, declared by its infallible organ and head, the pope, to renounce on his knees the true system and philosophy of the universe, the glimpses of which had dawned upon his mind. Witness the proscribed books, now interdicted in the region, where we are, among which are the works of Locke and Newton, not to mention numberless others, the most venerable names that science records. The age of Leo X, I grant you, was the age of painting and architecture. But the march of events, the progress of the human mind, and the accumulated tax, which bigotry had extorted from ages and nations, collected at Rome, and squandered in a period, which your own writers admit to have been the most abandoned that your church had seen, would have produced the paintings of Raffaele, and the church of St. Peters, if the religion had been that of Pagan Rome.

“As it respects the persecuting spirit of your church, I dare not trust my feelings for a moment to discuss it.— If our church has imitated yours in its worst features, in the smallest degree, so much the less honor for it. But, Sir, our persecution, to yours, is but a drop to the ocean. Alas! Sir, I have read a description of an *au to-de-fe*, by a member of your own church. Do I not know, that to the most revolting hypocrisy, adding the last refinements of cruelty, when you deliver over the wretched victim to the secular power, to be roasted alive! you charge that power, ‘not to hurt him, even so much as an hair of his head.’ You cannot suppose, that I have not read the history of the wretched Albigenes and Waldenses, inhabiting the mountains and vallies of the Cevennes. Who of us has not heard the manner in which you have treated the Huguenots? Who of us has not read of the massacre of St. Bartholomew? Our very children learn their rudiments from a book, which presents in coarse but striking representation the burning of the venerable Rogers, his

wife and nine children looking on the dismal spectacle. I am willing to believe, what I hear the liberal and enlightened laity of your church affirm, that with the advancing, improved, and more merciful spirit of the age, your church has remitted something of its sternness and dogmatism. But an exclusive and arrogant spirit, seems to have been so deeply interwoven with the texture of your church, that you cannot lay it aside. You transmit it from country to country, and from age to age. I have no dread of any church, that is not in power. But I would not wish to see the renewed experiment of the universal power and influence of the Catholic church, as it was in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, lest I should see the spirit of that age return unbroken and entire. I should dread its ascendancy in any country. In its present form, I consider it a form of worship, only adapted to the meridian of an absolute despotism. We see it only displaying the properties of an exotic, in my country. For the rest, Sir, trying your dogmas on other principles, the idea of a God, existing in a morsel of pastry, offered in a thousand places at the same time,—a God, created by a priest, offered up to himself, as a daily and universal sacrifice, and expiation of sin,—is a dogma that I will not discuss, for I respect religion, and I have deep and fixed opinions of my own upon the subject. Your church, you say, is an infallible whole, made up of fallible parts, and this is an axiom worthy of the church, that proscribed Galileo, for broaching the true doctrine of the universe. Your prayers to the saints, your purgatory, your bank of merit, and other points of that class, it is unnecessary to take into the account. We may lay them aside with other unimportant points, upon which you have touched. I am ready to confess, and regret, that other churches have been corrupt, as well as yours, but in none other can you find so many dark and scandalous records, as in yours, at the time, when the sale of indulgences was authorized, and that change,

which we call the Reformation, commenced. I close, with questioning the truth of the position, with which you began, the antiquity of the Catholic church, as it is now constituted. Even were it correct, it would prove nothing or too much. Paganism is almost as old as the creation. If mere precedence in error proved any thing, your church, on this ground, would have to renounce its claims in favor of Paganism. But error and falsehood do not approximate towards truth, as they grow old. The truth of yesterday's discovery is older than creation, for it existed forever. But that enormous structure of dogmas, and rites, and pretensions, and assumptions, which was reared in the days of popes and antipopes, when kings and emperors held the stirrup of the 'one infallible,' that had succeeded in putting down the other, was, I believe, comparatively of very recent date. I have no objections to fine religious paintings in a church. One thing in your church has my unqualified praise. I admire the architecture of it, its dim religious light, its massive grandeur, as better adapted to produce religious impressions, than ours. Neither am I displeased with some of the imposing forms of your worship.—My heart subscribes to most of your forms of prayer. Your church appeals, in my judgment, too much to the senses; ours too much to the intellect. A medium ought to be adopted on this point. Could your church renounce its arrogant pretensions, some of its absurd, impossible, and contradictory dogmas, and yield something to the enlightened spirit of the age, there is much in it that I admire. Had I lived in the days of primitive Christianity, I should have belonged, without doubt, to the Catholic church, as it then was. But, as it now is, never. Gladly would I gain the good will of the Condesa and her daughter. But you would not induce me to prevaricate upon such an awful subject, could you endow me, as the inducement, with all the delights of Mahomet's fancied paradise. My motto is, 'I will hold fast

my integrity, and not let it go.' No man ever had his convictions changed by an *auto-de-fe*. It might operate to make a man profess with his lips, what his heart detested. It might operate to concentrate hypocrisy, and produce more seeming ardor in the new convert, than in an old proselyte. God can destroy or new mould the mind, but, reverently speaking, Omnipotence itself cannot make me believe against my impressions, and contrary to my convictions. All avowals, that have been extorted by torture, or fear, or avarice, or ambition, could have been only miserable prevarications. In the simple, intellectual, and scriptural forms of my own church, I have an entire confidence and respect. In the regions where I was born, if any practical scale of measurement could be instituted, I have not a doubt, that there is more regard to God, the sanctions of an invisible world, and the real and stern requirements of morality, in a single society there, than I have here seen, in this whole region. We have been mutually plain. I hope my frankness will be no more offensive to you than yours was to me. I have been bred to respect the truth more than every thing else. You see, Sir, what are my convictions, and whether I am not likely to live and die clinging to that thing, which you call heresy."

The father was, as I have said, a courtier, accustomed to control the expression of his feelings. But on this occasion he could control neither his countenance nor his words. It was obvious, that my frank reply had stirred deeply his inward depravity. His face was strongly marked with angry and vindictive feeling, assuming the form of outraged sanctity. "Satan, avoid!" muttered he. "I must relate to the Condesa and her daughter, that this case is a most hopeless one. 'Thou art in the gall of bitterness, and the bonds of iniquity.' Words and reasons on such things as thee, are thrown away." In this temper he left me. As generally happens in these profitable logomachies, each party in reporting the

result, claimed all the glory of a decisive victory, and sung a *Te Deum* over his foiled antagonist.

In the course of the day I received a kind and considerate letter from the father of the Misses Benvelt, whom I had repeatedly met at the house of the Conde. He had impressed me from the first, as an amiable, affectionate, and honest-hearted German. I had understood, that he was universally beloved in Durango.— From his letter I inferred, that he too suffered from the suspicion of being a republican, and he declared himself ready to act and suffer for the rights of man. It breathed a strain of kindness towards me, and something like indignation for the treatment which, he had understood, I had recently received in the family of the Conde. He offered me, for the present, an asylum in his noble house in Durango, and a most cordial invitation to come and stay with him there, and continue the tuition of his daughters. The letter enclosed, beside a handsome gratuity, the amount of my bill up to that time.

✓ Soon after receiving this letter, I had a visit from the father of my pupil, Dorothea, whom I had never seen before. He was called Don José Manriquez, and appeared to be a plain, bluff, soldier-like man, to whom great wealth, and the custom of habitual deference had given the habit of thinking, speaking, and acting, without the least reserve or restraint. He paid me my bill, and made his own commentaries upon the manner in which I had been reported to have been treated in the Conde's family. He took care to let me be informed, that he too was rich, noble, a Gauchupine, and accustomed to consult nobody's judgment but his own. An acquaintance of his from a neighboring town had recently converted all his estate into cash, had loaded a number of mules with bullion, and escaped to the United States. He was anxious to act in the same way, and avoid the chances and dangers of a revolution, which he anticipated.

With very little circumlocution, he let me into the

flattering secret, that his daughter had taken a particular fancy to me, so strong, in fact, that she was willing to surrender to me, on the simple condition of becoming her husband, her fair person, and the probable reversion of her immense fortune. "In short," said he, "that matter once settled, there would be no disputes about property. This daughter is my all; and whatever is mine, not only in the order of time, will be hers, but I should have nothing separate from my son-in-law, even now." I discovered that he had been many years stationary, and had become indolent and timid, and in wishing to fly to the United States with his wealth, he wanted some person, in whom he could have confidence, to go before him in the expedition. He had fixed his eye upon me, as a suitable person in this point of view, and to this motive, together with his habitual custom of being swayed by the wishes of his daughter, I owed the very extraordinary and flattering proposition, which he now made me.

In placing inducements before me, to incline me to his purpose, he took care to inform me, that his was not a solitary case; that a certain Mr. Bradburn, a fine looking young man from the States, had recently passed through the country, and that, during a temporary residence at Durango, he had engaged the affections of a wealthy young Spanish lady, who took care to have him duly apprised of the premises; that he had accepted the offer, had married the young lady, and was now living happily with his bride in an adjoining province. His daughter he remarked, was much wealthier than the young lady in question, and had property enough for us both. Whimsical and singular as were his views of things in other respects, it was clear that he had no small degree of cleverness in dressing up his proposition in a manner to render it tempting to a person much more eligibly settled than I was. Had I been a mere speculator, an adventurer, whose only object was to establish myself in the world, imagination could hardly have pic-

tured a more tempting offer. No restrictions were coupled with the proposal, such as had been in the parallel example, which he had quoted, in which the young man was obliged to turn Catholic, and remain in the country. The very proposition to me was, to carry my bride and all her wealth, to any part of the United States which I should fix on. Apart from the vast fortune of Dorothea, she was far from being unattractive, either in person or manners. She could dance the fandango, and play the guitar with the best; and under particular circumstances of feeling, complexion, and dress, she was at times even beautiful. Besides, her undisguised partiality, which she had taken no pains to conceal almost from the first of our acquaintance, was very flattering to the feelings of a young man. She was rather haughty, it is true, in her manners, but promised to be a person whom kindness would easily mould to my wishes. The vision flashed across my mind, of returning with my bride, dized with lace and jewels, to my native village. I well knew that my father's family and myself had our rivals and our enviers there. What a delightful thing it would be, to confound them with all our undisputed wealth and grandeur! But, besides that I had always had a fixed detestation of marriages merely mercenary, I was abundantly shielded from temptation, by other feelings, of sufficient energy to exclude the slightest inclination towards these proposals. But there was a very unpleasant difficulty in the way of making known my feelings to my visiter. He seemed to have taken it for granted, when he made me the offer, that it was one so entirely flattering, and of advantage so unmixed, that there was no place for hesitation. I blundered through the best apologies which I could possibly invent, while I declined his very flattering, and tempting proposals. I had the satisfaction to see, that though very much surprised, he did not seem offended. It occurred to him, he said, that different people saw things in different lights, and

that his daughter was of a character, intrinsically too frank and noble to have degraded herself by offers of the kind, although they had been refused.

To M. de Benvelt I returned thanks for his politeness, and as I had always had no small degree of fraternal regard towards his amiable daughters, and had considered him a man in feeling, intellect, and character, every way different from the rest, I informed him, that for the time during which I should sojourn in Durango, I would trespass on his his hospitality.

Early in the morning of the day before that in which I proposed to leave the family of the Conde, the Duenna brought me a written card from the Condesa, requesting me, at any hour in the afternoon that I should name, to meet her daughter and her in her chamber, to which the duenna would conduct me. I sat down to write a reply. She placed her plump and laughing figure before me in the chair, and filled every moment with incessant clatter about me and her dear mistress, harping continually upon the strain, how confidently she had hoped that the father confessor would have converted me; that if I could only have gotten from the holy Virgin a heart a little more tractable, I might have remained in spite of all, and married her dear mistress; and that she for her part, as she told her mistress, longed to see what beautiful children would be, where husband and wife were both so beautiful. She let me know, in her way, that she thought that people ought to have complexions rather brown, in order to be good Catholics, for that the Misses Benvelt who were fair, like me, were none too firm in the faith, and that she was afraid her mistress was rather too fair to be a good Christian; that had she been a young man, like me, she would have changed her religion three times in a day, to gratify the wishes of so sweet a girl as her mistress. "Now," said she, "you love her, I would swear it, by Our Lady of the Pillar. I know it, by the very turn of your eye. I have told my young lady as much.

And now, in a mere freak of wilfulness, because you will not have the advantage of a mass for your soul, you are going to part from each other, both of you to be broken-hearted."

I had never expected to meet Martha again, and had fortified my mind to this belief. I had said of the parting, with the royal sufferer, "Surely the bitterness of death is past." But the thought of parting from her, whose image was engraven on my heart, and was so intimately associated with all my day and night dreams, was so painful, that I embraced the prospect of one more interview with her, as a condemned convict receives a reprieve at the place of execution. And yet it would be only to go over all the bitterness of looking for the last time again on a countenance so dear. As I had fairly passed through the thing once, I sometimes thought it would be best to inform her, that it would be unadvised for us to meet again. But I returned an affirmative answer to the request of the Condesa. I had been flattered with possessing the philosophy of patience. I now saw how unjustly that poor virtue had been ascribed to me. My pulse bounded with fever, heat, and rapidity, and I looked at my watch every ten minutes. When at last the duenna arrived, to conduct me to them, I was obliged to moderate my joy, by saying, that it was probably for one poor half-hour, and all would be past again, and I should be just as desolate as before.

Both the mother and daughter were pale when I entered, and the solemnity of a funeral was in their countenances. "After all that you have done for us," said the Condesa, "I felt willing to indulge my daughter in this parting interview, though I fear it had been better for both, that it had not taken place at all. It would be alike useless, and contrary to my feelings, to attempt to disguise from you, who understand it all very well, the state of things here. I still cherished some latent hopes, only half indulged, that the father might give us some

hopes, that you might one day conform to our church.— That hope is not only past, but the father pronounces you inveterate and incorrigible in your opinions, and so bitter in your feelings in regard to our worship, as to be altogether dangerous to be allowed intercourse with the faithful. It is true, the force of truth extorts from him the admission, that he believes you would not violate your given word, or attempt to make proselytes, after you had pledged yourself not to do so. I regret, that you could not manage the father a little; and yet that stern independence, that fearless regard to your principles, even though wrong, is a trait that we well know how to appreciate. It seems fated, that you must leave us, and, it is probable, for ever. I feel, and the Conde feels, that we are on the summit of a volcano. He well knows, that we are surrounded by enemies on every side. How much we need some one like you, to be always with us! I am happy to see, in the decided manner in which you act on all those points, where a little forbearance or concealment might have changed the face of things here, that the pain and the regret of parting is all on our side. Had it been otherwise, you certainly might have indulged yourself innocently in courses, which would have silenced your enemies, and admitted of your staying.” I answered, that I had least of all expected from her, intimations that it was possible for an upright man to conceal or keep back any thing in a position like mine. The temptations to do this, powerful as they were, I had overcome. “I am not conscious,” I continued, “that I did not treat the father confessor respectfully. I had the same right to be plain with him in regard to his faith, as he had with me in regard to mine. I was willing to exercise mutual forbearance. I was reluctant as to the interview. You must be sensible, that I have no obligations to the father. The gracious manner which he saw fit to assume on that occasion, was as little pleasing to me, as his constant distance, I may say rudeness, has always been before. You

can never know, Madam, nor will honor allow me to reveal, what I suffer in parting from some of the members of this family. But even to gain their favor, were it not like boasting, I would say to gain heaven itself, I would neither conceal or prevaricate, on the score of my religious principles." "Well, daughter," said the Condesa, "our time is spending; if you wish, as you said, to utter your final thanks and adieus, let us not prolong the pain of this parting."

"You are right, Sir," returned Martha, "right even in your firmness, or, as the father would call it, obstinacy. I earnestly wished, that your convictions might have yielded to the arguments of the father; and yet, such are the contradictions of the heart, had you done it, my estimation of you would have been lowered. Our principles ought to be engraven on the heart. I respect a well-principled perseverance, even in the wrong. But are we sure, my mother, that the sentiments of this man are wrong? Who hath given to one party the power to make an unerring decision? If conduct be a test of principles, who devotes himself so readily? Who is it that neither considers nor spares himself in the moment of danger? The very point, upon which he has been so much abused, refusing to fight Don Pedro, and which was so readily placed to other motives, was, I doubt not, a sacrifice of feeling to principle. Oh! if the other had something of the real courage and character of this man! But I forget, Sir, that you are present. It was in kindness that you saved me from perishing in the waters. Would that I had died, for my heart is insupportably heavy, at the thought of this parting. I surely wish you all good things, and yet I am so selfish, I could wish that you had some share with me in this pain of parting." As she said this, the tears, which had been repressed by strong effort, flowed freely, and the face of the mother was covered.

After a moment's pause, and apparently a successful effort at composure, she resumed. "This, then, is the

last time I see you on the earth? But, young as I am, I have seen that it is the course of every thing below; disappointment, vexation, misery, the bitterness of parting; and it is death only, that brings repose. Be it so. I will wait patiently for that grand cure. I still flattered myself that, some how, things might be otherwise. But it is good for me early to pull down with my own hands my fairy palaces; and I submit. Go, and be elsewhere, and to others, the same excellent young man, that you have been to us. May no other luckless girl feel as I do, at parting from you. My future life will be consecrated to remembrance. Why should I wish you to retain a remembrance of me, as painful as mine of you? Go; forget me, and be happy. But I can never forget you. I will remember you, to devote myself for others, as you have done for me."

"And is this the way," I asked, "to send me away happy? Is this the way, Donna Martha, to fortify me for this parting? I had been thankful, if you had sent me away with reproaches. I might have recalled reproaches or indifference in aid of efforts to forget, when away. I intended that nothing should have wrung from me confessions, which may be harmless, as things are now, but are utterly unavailing. Why should I reveal feelings, against which I have honorably struggled, but with so little effect? It has been matter of sport with me in the case of others, the agonizing sensations which I have so long experienced, and I expiate my offence by enduring, in all its bitterness, the malady which I have often scoffed at as an unreal evil, the origin of *ennui*, or of pampered weakness. There is but one motive, for which I would wish to live. You shall hear of me again. Your father has reminded me, once and again, of my condition, and of my obscurity. You shall hear that I have gained glory, not, perhaps, in the way in which you would have chosen that I should gain it. But I will gain glory in the way of my principles, and your hearts, in the end, shall

be compelled to approve the course I take. My polestar shall be your image. My talisman shall be the word, *Martha*. That word shall excite me to daring.— That word shall give me patience for toil. Heaven avert the omen, that you should be again in danger. But it may be, that you may hear from me again, and in the time of your greatest need.”

But I ought not to tire you with these details, which after-circumstances have consecrated to delightful remembrance, but which must always be tedious to parties less interested. The silky-milky adventures of this sort ultimately led, as you will hear, to important results; and however they may seem to you in the relation, were no joke to us at that time. However that may be, it grew to be a scene, before it was over. I saw plainly enough, that the high-born and high-spirited young lady was completely subdued, and manifested her feelings without control. We parted a great many times, and had a great many last words and adieus and protestations and tears, and avowals of hatred of Don Pedro, and declarations of unalterable love, and assurances, that I should be taken at my word, that they should hear from me again. The mother dissolved the meeting by making an effort, and leading her daughter away.

It would be difficult for me to recall the remembrance, still more difficult for me to describe the desolation of heart, which I felt, when I had retired to my own solitary apartment. I looked at the books which we used to read together, and the door through which she used to enter for her recitations, and the apartment, and the whole earth, and all the future assumed to me a funereal gloom. The gloom and distress of my countenance were transferred to the honest and affectionate Bryan, who begged that he might accompany me wherever I went. I placed before him all the comforts which he was leaving, shelter, security, a bed, daily fair, and membership in a respectable family. I pointed out the uncertainty

and precariousness of my own prospects. But nothing would dissuade him from his purpose. "Besides," said he, "have not I promised the jewel, her own sweet self, and sworn by St. Patrick and my mother, that I will never leave you? And do you think, she didn't ask me to repeat to him the name of Martha sometimes. May be, your Honor, as I know the ways of the family, I can slip a little bit of a letter backwards or forwards, as occasion may serve. But as to drive me away from your Honor, I have sworn an oath upon my soul against it."

It appeared, that my departure made a great sensation in and about the house, for every servant came up to say *A Dios*, and to ask something by way of *souvenir*, as is the custom among them. Among the rest, came the duenna, apparently staggering under the weight of a trunk, covered with shagreen. I assisted her to take it from her head, and when she had set it down, even her joyous face was sad. She crossed her arms over her breast, and exclaimed, "What a terrible affair this love makes! More's the pity, that two people so made for each other, should be separated. I will swear to Our Lady of the Pillar, that if I had any voice in the business, you two should not be parted. See, I have brought you something from the young lady and her mother. I know not what it is, but they say they will consider it unkind in you not to accept it. Surely you will not hurt them by sending it back. My poor young mistress, she has done nothing but weep ever since she heard that you were to go. And when Don Pedro speaks to her, what a look she gives him! She has gone to her couch weeping, with the head-ache, poor thing. Some folks are over wilful; but I see, that if they insist upon her marrying Don Pedro, they will only kill her, after all."

I found the trunk to contain an assortment of the finest articles of a traveller's apparel, complete changes of dress of the richest texture and workmanship, neatly marked, and arranged for immediate use. At the bottom

was a small cabinet, exquisitely wrought, and inlaid with pearl. From its prodigious weight, I could calculate its contents. It was filled with gold coins; a repeating goldwatch, brilliantly set with diamond ornaments; and, what I valued far more than all the rest, a letter which I knew, from the firm and neat Italian hand, to be from Donna Martha. I give it in English, just as it was written, and perhaps no unfavorable sample of her progress in the language.

“To Senor Francis Berrian Esq., from the Anglo-American States.

“Sir,—This being the first letter which I have written to my instructor in English, you will not expect much correctness. My heart is too heavy, to allow me to think of that. My mother and I have thought it not a wrong thing, to send you, as a traveller, dear to us both, and parting from us, the little matters contained in this trunk, They may be of use to you. To us, considering the dangers of the times, and our condition, even if Providence had not given us abundance, they could be of none. Some part of each of the articles of dress was wrought with my mother’s needle and mine. The cypher on the back of the watch is my mother’s hair and mine united. She has always been your friend, and for her sake, if not for mine, you will value it. When you look at the hours, assure yourself that, however swiftly and pleasantly yours may pass, mine will be anxious, heavy, and, as your poet says,

‘Slow as the stealing progress of the year.’

The rest was dug from those mountains near us, which you have so much, and so often admired, and may remind you, when you are far away, that they still lift their heads in unalterable grandeur, and repose above our mansion, and remind me of the thunder-storm that came over

their blue summits, in the progress of which storm, I admitted for the first time, that I loved. It would be all dross to me. But in the selfish and cruel world, through which you have to make your way, they may be of use to you. You will not, surely, refuse these trifling matters from a simple and confiding young lady, whose life you have twice saved, and who would be glad of some little memorial in return. You need have no scruples, for my father not only approved, but suggested the offering. With all that you have done for me, I remember but few words of distinguished kindness that you have said. I could wish I could remember more. You will not be so cruelly proud, as to determine to have all the obligation on your side. I know not, but you may remember me as forward or foolish in my affection. I have driven away that bitter apprehension, by saying it is the last opportunity I shall have to humble myself in that way.

MARTHA."

The only token of remembrance which I was capable of returning, I made up into a package. It was composed of neat stereotype editions, in duodecimo, of our first poets, the same which I brought with me from New England. On the package, was the following letter.

"Donna Martha,

"I have none of that cruel pride, which would incline me to refuse what has been so kindly sent me. The articles derive a value from the feeling with which they were sent, superior even to their intrinsic utility and beauty. I am possessor of too little, to make you any adequate return. You have loved our poets, and I have aided you to understand them. When you look into these volumes, besides opening to you their magnificent and delightful creations, they may remind you, that before I knew you, they were all my treasure, the only thing I cared for. Much as you are used to homage, and

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much as you even merit, even you can receive but all. You say, that I have said to you 'but few words of distinguished kindness.' Surely you know, dear Martha, that strong and deep emotions are apt to be silent. Those brilliant eyes look too deeply into the heart, not to have seen what was at the bottom of mine. If I have not given utterance to my feelings, it is because words were too poor to do it, or because timidity, or respect, or honor, or all of them united forbade the use of them. While on the contrary, all your expressions of gratitude for my poor services, all the considerate kindness of your generous nature, might be uttered to me without hazarding self-respect or dignity. They were always viewed by me as the condescensions of a mind, intrinsically as elevated, as your rank and condition. What in me would have been arrogance, or violation of confidence, in you was but the expression of benevolence, that wished to satisfy me with myself. I shall look on the watch without needing the bright tress on its back, to remind me of the lovely head from which it was shorn. I am sure, too, that I shall be sufficiently aware of the heaviness of the hours, without watching the progress of the second-hand. But it shall impress one useful lesson. I will ask, how would Martha wish me to employ the hours? Time in this view, will become a consecrated thing. You will be beneficent from your own nature, and you will be beneficent in exalting my aims, and causing me to be so. The continual, tender, and mournful remembrance of you, will be to me, as an invisible and guardian spirit, ever present to render me such as I should be."

I sent the letter and package, made my little arrangements for the morrow's journey, threw myself on my couch, and would gladly have quieted the tumultuous tide of my feelings, and the feverish throbbings of my heart, in repose, as deep as that of the honest Bryan, who snored on a mattress at my side, in tones that would not

have discredited a bassoon. But the pensive Young, knew the character of the "sweet restorer," and how readily on her "downy pinions, she flies from wo." I made a painful effort to detach my mind from present objects. I applied a remedy, which I had seldom found to fail. I took up a dull book, and began to read. I repeated the *pater noster*, again and again. But my ear still caught the heavy palpitations of my own heart. I arose and dressed myself, determined to spend the night in wakefulness, since sleep fled from me. The madness, if not the inspiration of the muse, came over me. The following copy of verses, which had at least the advantage of being beautifully transcribed, were the fruit of my vigils, and were left with the duenna for her mistress. Many a young lady in love, I dare say, has admired poorer verses.

TO MARTHA.

'Tis in vain that the stoic has taught,
That to triumph o'er passion is wise;
Could we learn how to fetter the thought,
We might come even love to despise.

But alas! I have studied in vain,
And I find, though I find it too late,
That to yield for a moment the rein,
Is to yield ourselves up to our fate.

I was blithe, as the shepherd in May;
But the smile on my cheek is no more.
With the cheerful I strive to look gay,
But I feel that the season is o'er.

I have heard the fond lover complain,
And have scoff'd at his doubts and his fears;
But, methinks, could I meet him again,
We should mingle our sighs and our tears.

It was folly too fondly to dwell
On a moment I ne'er can forget;
But alas! I have treasur'd too well
The fond look that o'er-cancell'd the debt.

And again I would rush to the strife,
Could I hope for another so sweet;

Again I would offer my life,
 Could I pour that life forth at her feet.

Let me fly from the charm of her eye,
 Too long it has lur'd me too stay;
 Shall I linger, a victim to die,
 When 'tis Honor that beckons away?

Forbid it, my manhood and pride!
 Forbid it, my love and despair!
 All the rest I might learn to deride;
 But her scorn I never could bear.

May the saints she is wont to implore,
 For her sorrows still furnish the cure;
 May the Virgin she kneels to adore,
 Sweetly smile on a being so pure!

And perhaps she may think, with a sigh,
 When this heart from its throbbings shall cease,
 That I knew how to love and to die,
 To find the sole refuge for peace.

A cart had been ordered by the Conde, to carry my little baggage to Durango. I had arranged with Bryan to have my own horse, and that which I had won from the young savage, saddled, and my portmanteau ready, before the stars should have disappeared from the sky in the morning. I had taken a civil *conge* of the Conde the preceeding night. I hoped to be off in the morning, without being seen by any of the family. The cool and invigorating air of the early morning, counsels decision and firmness of heart. It is the time for a lover to take his flight. I would be away before the matin-song of the red-bird, and the nightingale-sparrow uttered notes in accordance with my feelings, and breathed the melting strains of tenderness and love. We were not as early as we hoped to be, and as I descended amidst the dews, under the shade of those noble sycamores, where I had so often seen the light figure of Martha in her morning promenades, the birds were already twittering on every branch. I looked up to the open windows of my peaceful apartment, and sighed my adieu. We rode slowly and silently down the lawn, and the ruddy streak of ad-

vancing morning was broadening towards the zenith. I was just beginning to congratulate myself, that we were likely to clear the vicinity, without any of those last words and parting recognitions, that in such cases are to me exquisitely painful. Another pang was still in reserve for me. Just on the margin of the stream at the ford, and precisely at the point where I had rescued them both from the water, I saw the Condesa leaning on her daughter's arm. I was obliged to pass them, and of course could not do it without a salutation. I gave my horse to Bryan, and went to meet them. Martha was dressed with more richness and brilliance than I had ever seen her affect before. A blaze of diamonds in her head-dress, only served to render the contrast of unwonted paleness and anxiety spread over her countenance more striking. The general spirit of her eye, amounting as I have remarked, almost to haughtiness, had given place to languor, almost resembling disease. The usual salutations on all sides were heavy and embarrassing, and Martha seemed to have slept the preceeding night, no more than myself. The Condesa regretted, that any circumstances should have rendered it expedient that we should take so early a start; "but," she said, "Bryan had told us, that you intended to be off by the light of the stars. Martha took a severe cold, when you rescued us from the water here, and has been ill from that time. Having been restless through the past night, she thought the cool air of the morning might refresh her, and our morning walk naturally brought us to this place, so associated with the remembrance of you; and we are here to witness your final departure from us."

I observed, in reply, that my eagerness to be off so early, could not be construed to arise from any wish to leave friends so dear, and that she must put it to the right motive, a desire to avoid the pain of another parting. "It is wrong now," interrupted Martha, "that two good persons, who feel towards each other as you do,

should occupy this sad moment, and in this place too, with mere words of cold ceremony, that mean nothing. I wish to detain you, Sir, but one moment, with a simple question. Affirm, or deny, and I will believe all you say, as though it came straight from Heaven. I blush to admit, that I listen to the idle prattle of servants. But it is circulated in our family, that in resentment to my father, or from other motives, you are going to reside in Durango, and are to marry either Dorothea or the elder Miss Benvelt. I have already sufficiently the credit of being love-lorn and woe-begone. I am weak, or selfish, or whatever you please to call it, to such a degree, as to hope it may not be so. Just say is it so, or not, and I will not detain you another moment?" "Certainly, I have no such thought," answered I. "I should have supposed, that Donna Martha would have done more justice to the efforts, which she must have seen me making to suppress my feelings, than to suppose me capable of such a rapid transition, as either of these suppositions must take for granted. I have thought of staying a couple of days in Durango, in the house, and at the invitation of M. de Benvelt, in order, if possible, to obtain a little more tranquillity, and to arrange my plans for the future. The thought has not occurred to me of marrying either of the parties, even if their own consent were first obtained. "See now," said she; "that slanderer, Don Pedro affirmed that you were offered the hand and fortune of Dorothea; that you had, as a mere fortune-hunter, accepted it; that no young man from your country would ever suffer such an opportunity to make a fortune escape him. Besides, it was confidently reported by all the domestics. I thank you. You have removed a weight from my mind." As she said these words, I remarked, that her voice became faint, and that her lips and her cheek were blanched to the whiteness of her muslin robe. She leaned on her mother's arm, and I involuntarily advanced towards her. She put her hand to

her head, as if for recollection, and feebly added, "I had a word more to say to you, but, mother, I must sit." I saw that she was fainting, and I received her unconscious in my arms. I instantly bore her to the stream, filled the crown of my hat with its limpid and cold water, and poured it on her face. My first efforts to recover her produced only spasms, and not restoration. The shrieks of her mother soon summoned a host of the Conde's people, and among them himself and Don Pedro, to the spot. The daughter had begun to recover, and was sitting on the sward, smelling to the volatile salts, which her mother was holding to her, and I was rubbing her temples.

The Conde approached me, and with a voice of furious sternness, bade me be gone, while he ordered the servants to convey his daughter to the house. "This is too much, Sir," said he, turning to me. "You are determined to make a scene of every thing. My weak wife, and weaker daughter, may have consented to this interview, after you had taken a formal leave of us all. But you are watching your chances to kill my daughter, forsooth, because you have saved her life. You seem to wish, that your triumph over her understanding may become conspicuous to every member of my establishment. Go, Sir, and know, that by this deportment, you have relieved me from the load of obligation, and cancelled the debt. We learn, that you have an appointment with M. de Benvelt. Know, Sir, that he is proscribed as a traitor. A traitor he has been all along. For we learn, that he has long since transferred his property to Great Britain, and thus he has avoided confiscation. He escaped yesterday, to join the rebels in their den of treason on Mixtpal mountain. If he should be overtaken, he dies an honorable, but immediate death, by the spear. Certain considerations prevent your arrest, and had you left me without this last interview with my wife and daughter, I might still have retained confidence in you. But it is too evi-

dent, that you seek these opportunities. He who can be treacherous in one instance, can in another. I am now perfectly aware, that I have been the dupe of your artifices too long."

"And I, too," cried Don Pedro, "have my grievances, and I would cancel all my obligations to you on the spot. But it is more humane, to allow you to fly. The Conde allows you twenty days, within which to escape from the *provincias internas*. If you are afterwards found in them, you will be considered as any other traitor and rebel, and be treated accordingly." "Go," added the Conde, catching the rage of the furious young man. "Your associates from the Comanches have joined the rebels. A horde of assassins from your country is pouring in upon the frontiers. It is fitting that you should be among them. Treason is the sport of the people from the States. You ought to be among them. But warn them, Sir, that they will have a reckoning with me and Colonel Arredondo. I will promulgate the law for rebels and traitors at the point of the spear. I will read them lectures upon their newfangled patriotism in letters of blood." I waited until he had come to a stop, in perfect coolness. The foolish transports of these two men, who seemed willing to avenge in me the crimes of the insurgents, restored to me perfect self-possession. Said I, "Gentlemen, it is the business of soldiers to fight, and not to fret, and scold, and call names, like old women. I feel somewhat superior to you both. I explained to you one meeting with the Donna Martha, when I fished you out of the water. I saw her yesterday, in consequence of a special invitation from the Condesa. I have the card yet. Here it is, Sir. Madam will inform you, that I started very early this morning, in order to preclude, if possible, any chance of meeting any member of your family. The meeting was accidental, unexpected, undesired. Your daughter fainted. I aided her, and should do it again in the same case. I have thought of the cause of the Patriots before.

The only impression that has hindered me from studying their motives, and if I found them pure, from joining them, has been, that I was unwilling to be in arms against the government of Donna Martha's father. Your outrages have severed that tie. I am a patriot from principle. If there be such a rising as you describe, and headed by honest men, I will join it. Should I ever meet with you in hostile array, my hand would only be raised to defend you. But for you, Don Pedro, nothing would please me more, than to meet you face to face in the high places of the field, and where no compunctious visitings would hold back my arm. I hope we shall meet again. *A Lios*, to you both." I mounted, and Bryan moved to do the same. "Stop, there," cried the Conde. "Go back, sir. You belong to me. There is no reason why I should send another traitor to the rebels. Dismount, and go back to the house. And you, Sir," added he, turning to me, "would be arrested, and in the mines, without a passport. There is one, made out for you in full form. It will last you to the frontier, and for twenty days, and no more. Within that time you can join the rebels at Mixtpal, or leave the country, as you please. There is your other horse, Sir; the time is precious, and I wish you a good day."

CHAPTER VI.

"Paulo grandiora canamus."

"Que grandes poblaciones, Que inmensos chapiteles
Fabricamos de suenos, Sobre esperanzas breves!"

"What brilliant towers, what airy spires of hope,
We rear with the material of a dream!"

I have been thus far the hero of my own story. However insipid my adventures may have been to you, they are material to preserve the thread of my story. You will find for the time to come, my fortunes in some sense identified with the patriots, to whose cause I joined myself in their incipient efforts at emancipating the great Mexican republic. You will find them consummated in the ultimate and successful accomplishment of a revolution, which has wrested this great and fair portion of the American hemisphere from a miserable and blighting despotism, exercised over it by the most bigoted, ignorant, and unprincipled tyrant, that perhaps ever swayed the Spanish sceptre. Before I take that brief retrospect, which the order of events will compel me to take, that I may give some little idea of the rise and termination of this great revolution, so far as I am connected with it, I shall first give you an outline of my course, up to the time when I joined myself with the patriots.

As I went on to Durango, driving my ledhorse before me, grossly insulted and browbeaten, as I had been by Don Pedro, and driven away by the Conde, it may naturally be supposed, that my reflections were not of the pleasantest kind. I had been deemed of a mild temper.

I had proposed to myself the highest possible model of forbearance and forgiveness. No curses, "neither loud, nor deep," came to my lips. But I amused myself, as I could, in thinking, what I would do in the cause, to which I was determined to join myself, and what a drubbing I would give Don Pedro. I then painfully adverted to the condition, in which I last saw Donna Martha. I then meditated the depth and bitterness of love without hope. I could say with Sterne, that "the iron then entered my soul." I saw the necessity of an effort, and I made it. 'I will shake myself,' said I, 'from the dust. I will not sink, a whining lover into the depths of despondency. Had Martha thus deemed of me, that this was all my nerve and purpose, she had never bestowed on me a second thought. I love, and at this moment see not a ray of hope. What then? Shall the future be obscured before me in impenetrable gloom? There is duty. There is a glorious career. What have such wretches, as Don Pedro, sent across the ocean, to do with their iron scourge, shaken over this oppressed and beautiful country? I have seen, myself, that the despotism is most detestable. A noble country, and a people naturally amiable in the highest degree, and regarded with sovereign contempt by the ignorant nobles, who govern them, and are trampled into the dust. Added to this, there is the still more wretched despotism of the priests, whose object it is to fetter the mind, as the others do the body; and who regard every ray of light, let in upon the minds of this people, as so much subtracted from their kingdom of darkness. My principles and my feelings both call me to this cause. I will gain glory. I will triumph over envy. I will humble that arrogant intended son-in-law. What do I know? May not the patriots triumph, and may I not again be of service to Martha, and her mother? But how will Martha, who feels the ties of kindred so strongly, regard me in arms against her father; in arms against a despotism, and hierarchy, both of which

all her associations and habits have taught her to consider as sacred? Such were the points on which I soliloquized with my heart, and my conscience, as I rode along. I settled the matter with myself, by recurring to my old college saw, "Fiat justitia, ruat cœlum." I will do my duty. I will act out my principles, come what will. Even if the Patriots pursue wrong ends, or use bad means, I will renounce the cause. If Martha hears, and approves, it is well. But if she should not eventually subscribe to the right, I have loved an illusion. Did she not generously defend me in my adherence to my faith? And will she think the less of me for consistency here? My thoughts ended, as they began, by mingling bitterness towards the Conde and Don Pedro with my purposes. I thought over their obligations, and the contumely and contempt, with which they had answered them. Armed with such views, I made my inward vows to the cause of liberty in New Spain. Who knows, how often even the best of men act from mixed motives, in which bad, unknown to the agent, is blended with good?

I found every thing in Durango in uproar. The public ear was filled with rumors. One brood of monstrous fabrications had scarcely perished, before another was hatched. The lower classes in general appeared in favor of a revolution. The greater part of the European Spanish, or Gauchupines, and the higher priests were unrelenting enemies of change. Suspicions, jealousies, and rumors of every sort were afloat, and the terrible reaction of fostered ignorance and bigotry began to show itself. The government vibrated from trembling and contemptible forbearance to wanton tyranny and unnecessary cruelty. The objects of suspicion were seized, and without being confronted with their accusers, often without knowing the charges brought against them, were plunged in the mines, or were assassinated or speared by the soldiery. A number of Americans, who were casually found in the country, shared the former fate. The

natural character of the Conde had inclined him to lenient measures. But he had been obnoxious to another faction, who advocated opposite principles. To support himself, and to remove the charges of guilty forbearance, he had sometimes assumed a severity, foreign to his general character. In this unequal march of the government, the one course prepared the way for the other, and proscription, banishment, and massacre were the order of the day. The people, who had been guided by a standing system of falsehood, and were excessively ignorant, were, as a matter of course, timid and suspicious. The different races of which the population was composed, and their mutual hatreds and jealousies towards each other, naturally came in with abundance of fuel for this flame.

In the corners of the streets, and in all the places of public meeting in the city were seen groups of ragged, and mean looking people, with lowering brows, and with jealousy and apprehension in their faces, conversing together. Patrols of armed men were seen scouring the streets. I quickly found the advantage of my passport. I was obliged to produce my papers at every turn. I found it necessary to use caution in my inquiries for M. de Benvelt. By good fortune, I chanced upon the acquaintance of a surgeon from the United States, who had been settled for some years in this city. I found him, as might be expected, a republican in principle; but having married a Spanish wife, and having gained a considerable property, of which he could not now dispose, he was reluctantly compelled to remain on his guard, and watch the current of events. With him I could converse without suspicion. I found him honest, hospitable, and intelligent. From him I learned that M. de Benvelt had indeed been proscribed, and had fled with his family to the patriot gathering at the mountain Mixt-pal. — He gave me the most accurate directions to that place. — The encampment of the patriots was on the side

of this mountain, which was about seventy miles from Durango, in the direction of St. Antonio. He informed me, that at the latter place, there was another patriot encampment, in which a number of adventurers from the United States were enlisted under the same standard with the Creoles, and engaged in actual hostilities with the royal government. I gained from him much important local information, respecting the relative strength and bearing of the parties. Through him I made all the necessary preparations for my journey. I sold, through him, my ledhorse, and purchased and equipped a sumpter mule, with my baggage, which the Conde had caused to be safely deposited at the principal *meson* in the city. I made the most prudent arrangements, which the case admitted, for securing against accident my precious trunk, furnished myself with the proper arms for my intended warfare, and provided myself with a sufficient supply of wine and provisions. In short, I packed my mule to the extent of his travelling powers, and disposed of the remainder of my baggage in an immense valise for my own horse. I spent one night with my host, who evinced himself in all respects a true American, and early the next morning, with mutual expressions of good will, I set my face towards the mountain Mixtupal, and the union of the patriots.

My journey led me, as usual in this country, on a great and beaten road over red hills succeeded by grassy plains. I saw little to interest me. The impress of terror and apprehension was marked even upon the passing on the roads. From the prevalence of mutual suspicions, the people travelled in large and select companies, and those completely armed; so that every group of passengers had the appearance of a band of guerillas. The greater portion of them could not read, and for those who could, my passport was an unanswerable document. I met with no adventure, until a little after noon. My agitation and anxiety, for the three last days had proven-

ted my thinking much about food, but nature, after all, will have her way. I began to feel faint, and to bethink myself of the provisions, with which the provident surgeon had furnished me. A clump of shrubs and catalpas indicated a spring at a little distance from the road. Thither I was turning my steps, to make my dinner in the shade, when I saw a solitary horseman descending the hill, just behind me. As he neared me, I began to fancy myself acquainted with his form. In fact, it proved to be no other, than Bryan himself. Place any one in my situation, an utter stranger in a strange country, and you may fancy something of my joy at meeting him again. He sprang from his horse, and embraced me, shedding tears of joy. "Now," said he, "Satan roast them all, if they ever separate me from your Honor again. Bryan has nicked them all, and cleared himself, though they barred him up like a runaway dog. Don't you see, too, I have brought your Honor's horse. Who should I light on in Durango, but the yankee surgeon? I plumped upon him, as though he had fallen in my porridge, and he told me all, where your Honor was gone, and showed me the horse you had sold. When I had once set eyes on him, no other beast would serve my turn. So, your Honor, out of the cash, that Martha, the jewel, has furnished me, I bought him back, and mounted him, and here I am, safe and sound, to follow your Honor to the world's end to fight royalist, devil, or dobbie, just as your Honor chooses." "But you have not told me how you escaped?" asked I. "Well I will tell you that too. After you was off, the Conde he orders me to the palace before him. But Bryan is much of a mule, when the gait does not please him. So I asks him, as his own self had bid me be your servant, why he stops me now? So he looks big, this way, curses me, and shuts me up in that infernal calabooza, with steel bars, that they have near the palace, and telis me to cool my fingers, and learn patience there. There I sets me down on the straw to a

comfortable little turn of thinking of my ways, and the fleas, your honor, boring my tender skin in a thousand places at once. All the while, I was as surly and as cross as a bull. At night they put in some bread, a cup of the element, and a shank-bone of tough beef in a platter, and I, your honor, in pure ill nature, kicked it all over, like a gentleman. The night and the day in that horrid hole, are all one thing. I guess it was not much wide of midnight, when down comes the plump old duenna. Ay, does your honor remember the capers we cut together, when we first came home, and your Honor grinned this way? I sees her wadling up to the grates with her dark lantern, and she says, 'Bryan, O Bryan, are you here, honey?' 'Ay,' says I, 'and no thanks to them that put me here neither. What would you with Bryan?' She says, 'Bryan, you are as cross as a rattlesnake, and you always liked Anna, the *quarteroon*, better than me. But you are pretty boy, Bryan, and I bears no malice. So, you see, Mistress and Martha waited, till the Conde had cooled a little, and then they gives me the keys of this here calabooza, and bid me un-bung this jug of yours, and bid you clear yourself, and join Mr. Berrian, as fast as you can.' Be sure, your Honor, I needed no spur for that gait; and then, while I was yawning, and getting a little out of the kinks, she tells me all in a whisper, 'Bryan, you can't guess, what a fuss we have had. They have done all, but raise the real devil himself. The Conde has quarrelled with madam, his wife, which is more than I ever knew him to do before, and he swore by all the saints, that he had almost a mind to bring the father confessor, and marry his daughter to Don Pedro on the spot, and Martha looked grand, this way, and a little wild, and said a big speech, as how she should mind her father in all right things. But devil burn Don Pedro, if ever he lays the fingers of a husband on me.'" "I suspect," said I, "Bryan, that this last part of the speech, is an interpolation of your own."

"No, please your Honor, it is neither pole nor hoop of mine in the least, but just the meaning of what the duenna told about Martha. Oh! I could n't tell your Honor all about it in an hour. The Conde is fretted to death, about the new business on the mountain, and another rising away there in the countries near your Honor's country. But he swears, it is harder to manage a wife, and a giddy girl, than a whole government of rebels, but that he will see the girl safely married, before he goes out to fight the publicans. The young Don, all the while puts the Conde up to this, and stands by, like a dog, waiting for a bone, and devil roast him, he looks big, this way, and is going to put on his regimentals, and then he swears, how he will spit the publicans, and whip your honor, and the like of that. But the best is to come. Here's a sweetmeat for your Honor," and he took a billet from his bosom. It was from Martha and contained these words.

"I cannot but but believe that you will be glad to hear that I am better. It was but a bad cold. Bryan will tell you, that I suffer on account of our common enemy, Don Pedro. They have used some indignities towards me, and I am glad of it. My heart has been so heavy of late, that I feared my spirits would be broken down. But they will find, to their cost, that they have roused the blood of my ancestors, and that they cannot bring me to their purposes that way. I have no authority to counsel you, and yet my heart is still prompting me to say something. Whatever course you take, I am sure you think it the path of honor. You will not take it amiss, if I say one word to you about the mountain. You will go there, I am told. I wish you may not take arms against my father. But I foresee that you will be much with the Misses Benvelt. They are good, I hope, and pretty; much fairer, I confess, than the Spanish ladies. I am far enough from being happy myself, but surely I am not so base, as not to wish you happy, and

you will be; for you will walk together, and look at the mountains, and watch the setting sun, and the rising moon, and have none to disturb you. Well, they may as well be happy as any body. I hope you will not wholly forget me, when you teach them English. They will learn fast, I dare say, now that you have no other pupils. Could you not find time to write to me, now and then? It would teach me to correspond in English; and I think your verses are pretty though they are on so poor a subject. Bryan has promised that he will find some way in which to forward your letters. May be, I shall trouble you now and then with a line. It will be a hard thing for me, to imagine you in the ranks against my father, and I know well, if you were to meet, as enemies, you would spare him for my sake. But for the other, he has used us both with the basest indignity, and uses names in reference to you, in my presence, that I will not trace with my pen. I nightly, and fervently implore the mother of God, and all the saints, to guide you, and keep you from all harm. If I could believe that there were more energetic forms of prayer in your church, I would use them too."

Nothing could exceed the delight of the honest Irish lad to rejoin me, and I felt as if, in this humble friend, I had found a brother. The spring was limpid and cool, the shade of the catalpas delightful, and maugre love and insurrection, we eat heartily, and drank a reasonable quantity of the heart-cheering *Passo* with entire gust. "And now," said, Bryan, "your Honor, I feel like a lion. I am ready to march to the ends of the earth, and as much farther as your Honor pleases, and if the publicans don't find me up to hard knocks, let them say, 'Bryan's a coward.'" We were soon jogging along the dusty highway, towards the mountain. Our horses, when brought together, almost manifested the joyful recognition of Dapple and Rozinante.

We arrived, as the twilight was fading, at the foot of a

mountain, the first of a chain, which stretched, hill beyond hill, to the gulf of Mexico. Its summit was still bright, and illumined with the last rays of the sun, while its sides, and its base were enveloped in the dusk of evening. We had overtaken, in the last half hour, a number of solitary horsemen, who were hastening to the same point of union. At an elevation of some hundred feet, on the side of the mountain, on a table plain of no great extent, we saw the white tents, the fires and torches, and the camp of the Patriots. A pass, barely wide enough for the ascent of a horse, wound up the sides of the mountain, among huge fragments of rocks. We were hailed with the question *Adonde va?* by a couple of tall and fierce-looking Spaniards, armed with all sorts of weapons. Those, whom we had joined, produced documents, which procured them immediate admittance. I was aware, that my passport from the Conde would be of sinister omen in this place. I enquired, anxiously, if M. de Benvelt were there. I was answered in the affirmative, and that any friend of his would be admitted. We were, however, most carefully scrutinized. Having advanced a few rods further up the mountain, to a small plain, we were joined by a file of soldiers. We next came upon a pass barred up with fallen trees, except a narrow gateway, through which but one man could pass at a time. Here were temporary stables, and here we were compelled to leave our horses. A couple of *cargadores*, or porters, came, who with Bryan made shift to carry our baggage. The story which Bryan told with great fluency, of our having been driven from the Conde's palace, as patriots, obtained for us undoubting confidence, and a cordial reception, and we were hailed as masonic brothers of the cause. We continued, with increasing difficulty, to clamber up the rocks, and to wind round the sides of the mountain, with a half hour's most laborious ascent. Then we opened upon a plain of some acres in extent. In the centre, was a smooth, level, and verdant little prairie, on one side

skirted with lofty trees, whose shadowy verdure showed delightfully by the hundred fires of the camp. The watch-word was given by the leader of our file, and repeated from sentinel to sentinel, until the sounds died away in the distance. We were immediately ushered into the camp, and brought to the marquise of the commander in chief. Here our documents were examined anew, and as mine was the most suspicious case, M. de Benvelt was sent for, to answer to my being a true man, and no spy. While I was awaiting the issue of this message, I had time to look round the camp. From the little I had seen, and read upon the subject, I judged, that the tents were arranged in military order, and the tall, whiskered, and fierce-looking men, seen partly in light, and partly in shade, made a formidable appearance. There was no uniform. Some were dressed, *capa y espada*, and some had little more, than a *chemise* and *culottes*. Most of them were arrayed in a costume of motley, and shaggy character, and the whole had more the aspect of banditti, than the array of a regular military force.

In a few minutes the soldier came back, accompanied by M. de Benvelt. He had seen me, twice or three times only at the palace, but he knew my estimation there, and especially for the confidence which his daughters reposed in me, he pronounced me a true man, as honest as a German. "I give mein Gott," said he, "a thousand tanks, that you are come. You shall stay with me, and my dear girls will be so happy. This man," said he, "is one very good American, and has been treated very bad by de Conde himself; and he has come, as he says, to join the good cause, and fight for de liberties." I was welcomed by Morelos, the commander in chief, with great courtesy. After conversing with me a few moments, and giving me some outlines of the present state of things, he assigned a time, in which we would deliberate together, what position and rank I should fill in the army, and I went on with M. de Benvelt. As we proceeded, he gave me

some of the details of his proscription, which seemed to have been ill advised, and to have precipitated his purpose. I inferred from his account of the matter, that in the warmth of his frank and honest heart, he had dropt some expressions, intimating good wishes to the Patriots. They reached the ears of Colonel Arredondo and Don Pedro, and he was at once proscribed. "But," said he, "I tank mein Gott, I have been in Old England, and learned to speak English almost so good, as a native, and I got the start of the tanned Dons, for I had sent all my monies there, as soon as I saw these tanned times coming. And now, my poy, my son, we will pay them back in their own coin. We'll punish those vile hypocrites, the priests too, and will have the settling of the land. Not that I want their tanned mines, neider. I have monies enough, I tank mein Gott. But, it's the liberties, my prave poy, it's the liberties we want. There's never a true Tuchman on the globe but what loves de liberties, ay, better than sour krout. Come on, my poy, we'll at them togeder. How I shall make my girls hearts leap mit dis sight of you. 'Tis a tanned tark hole under de side of the mountain, where we stay. But never mind. We'll beat them, and then have just such housen as we like."

He led the way, and I followed, through the tents, advancing towards a perpendicular wall of native lime-stone, which towered from one extremity of the prairie, a thousand feet into the air. Under this wall there was a capacious cavern, whose front opened with an elevation, just sufficient to admit us without stooping. Having entered, I found myself in a vast vaulted apartment, scooped out by the hand of nature, of many hundred yards in extent, and the dome springing up to such a height, as only to be faintly illumined by the candles, and torches within. Huge natural columns, and colossal pillars of solid blue limestone, sprung up in different points to the roof. The whole had the appearance, thus dimly lighted, of a vast

Gothic interior of a temple, of such a grandeur as no words could reach. It answered a great many purposes at once. It was immense, and sufficient to furnish shelter to an army. The air was at once cool and dry. Here were the head quarters of the Patriot officers. Here were lodged all the female parts of their establishment. The lines of demarcation, between the ladies and *suites* of different families, were blankets, or silken curtains, or verdant branches, or palmetto stalks. As far as the eye could penetrate, in the rear of the cavern, were natural apertures, through the cliffs of the mountains, and here in blazing lines were the cooking fires of the camp. The range of nature could not have presented, a place more favorable to every thing, that could be sought under such circumstances. There was perfect shelter from the elements, and impregnable security; and as though nothing, that the bounty of nature could furnish, should be wanting, in one corner of this immense grotto, trickled along, a spring of pure, and cool water, amply sufficient for all the exigencies of the whole camp. There were children, servants, negroes, mulattoes, samboes, Indians, domestics, and wives, of all nations and colors. In one point leaned the stately Spanish dame, glittering with gems, and invested with the rich and splendid mantilla, and beside her glared the white eyes of a fat negro wench. In one compartment, the Patriot officer, with his immense hat and feathers, was snatching his repast from a table rudely made of planks. In another, there was a family group, with children of all ages, taking their chocolate together. The clatter of plates, chimed in with the roasting of beef, and the hissing of boiling vessels in the rear. The united sound of voices through the whole establishment, was not unlike that of a numerous flock of blackbirds at the North, when perching on a tree. Some were singing canzonettes, not unlike our catches. Others were roaring patriotic songs, many of which were produced in the camp

every day. Some were scraping the violin, others were thrumming the guitar. But the whole medley of sounds was that, in which reckless gaiety was the key note. Between the parlor and kitchen sub-divisions, there was an open promenade, from one end to the other, and along this walk were seen moving slowly, backward and forward, as if in deep meditation, the tall, dark, and whiskered Solons and Solomons of the rising, revolving the fate of empires in their bosoms, and, perhaps, regarding with complacency the gigantic shadows, and the immense feathers, and long swords, which the tapers gave them, on the huge rampart, as they moved along.

Nothing could be more cheerful or affectionate, than the welcome which the Misses Benvelt gave me. They gaily told me, that, as any hope of making any deeper impression upon a heart, so preoccupied, was out of the question, they would content themselves with calling me brother, and claiming only the attention and affection due to sisters. I found them with the same round faces, and bright complexions, and happy countenances, that they had at the palace. There was never a more striking contrast, than that of these happy and beautiful faces, vying with the lily and the rose, these mantillas of the richest silks, and crapes clasped with diamonds, and sparkling with gems, with the shapeless and awful grandeur of the cavern, under the superincumbent piles of snow-topt mountains, and the moving groups of ugly servants, fat wenches with their white and saucy eyes; and all the singular gradations of tinged skin, from the copper color of the native Indian, to the jet black of the Congo African.

“Now, mein dear girls,” said M. de Benvelt, “I hope you will scold mit me no more, for bringing you to this tanned tark place. Here is your yankee master, come to stay mit you, and to teach you de English, and fight de Dons mit me.” “Thank you father,” said the elder, “thank you,” added the younger, and they cordially

shook me by the hand, bidding me call them sisters, and that they would call me nothing but brother. "We told father," said the elder, (her name was Wilhelmina) "that what with the smoke, and the horrid ugly faces here, we were all losing our eyesight. Even the young fellows of Durango were not so superlatively ugly, as these officers. Virgin Mary! I had no idea, that all the Patriots were such ugly fellows, or they never would have made a Patriot of me." Sophia, the second Miss Benvelt, was called by the family, Sophy the Sage, as the youngest was, Annette the Meek. Sophy eagerly questioned me, if it was a fact, that all the Yankees were handsome to a man, for, she whispered, it was confidently reported in the camp, that the Yankees at St. Antonio, were marching to join them here. "Oh! how sad and grave you look. I pity you, indeed, and so we do Martha; but since it cannot be helped, we must try to cheer you." "Never mind," said Annette. "The want of a heart does not show upon the face. At any rate, we have a likely fellow to walk about with us, and keep off the dogs. And what is more, we confide in our brother as honest, and this, among this bandit-looking people, is no small matter. When you want to read, and sit still, you shall shake your head, as you used to do at the palace, and we will all run to our books, and be as quiet as kittens."

Every thing with this amiable group wore the air of being *en famille*. Their father represented them to have been gloomy. My coming among them seemed to be the signal for the renewal of their innocent and uncontrolled gaiety. Bryan, too, received from the father a proper welcome, and to the duties of a servant was to add those of a soldier. The omen attending my introduction among the patriots thus far seemed auspicious. In a little while, we were seated at a smoking sirloin, sweet potatoes, *tortillas*, or Spanish corn cakes, a *gisado*, coffee and chocolate, bananas, melons, and fruits of all sorts, the plunder of the fields in the vallies below.

There was no want of *Parso* for me, and the squeezing of the native, as Bryan called it, that is to say, *aqua ardiente*, for him. For the rest, they made liberal use of an intoxicating drink, called *vino mezcal*. With these appliances of natural and artificial gaiety, there was no want of merriment among us.

After supper, the father remarked to his daughters, that they must cease their clatter for a while, and give us time to discuss the graver matters in hand. He drew me apart, and communicated the present state of things, the plans and prospects of the leaders of the insurrection, and the omens of ultimate success. He was himself rather a cabinet agent, than a general. Nevertheless he declared, that whenever an opportunity offered, he intended to fight. "They shall hear of their tanned proscription of me," said he. "They shall repent driving me and my sweet girls into this tanned hole." There was one point of his information, in which I felt a lively interest. There was an actual rising in Texas, and many young men of respectability and standing from the United States were actually united with them in the ranks. This position was admirably chosen for defence, and for levying contributions on the adjacent country. It was, also, nearly midway between Mexico, the capital, and St. Antonio, where the other rising was. Many of the Patriot chiefs advised to remain here, and erect impregnable fortifications, institute a press for a gazette, and open a point of union for all in the *provincias internas*, who were disaffected with the royal cause. Others advised, to descend from this mountain, and force their way to St. Antonio, and form a junction with the forces there, making much calculation on aid from the United States. A single glance at things was sufficient to show me the disadvantages, under which the cause labored here. Very few of the leaders had any system, or matured plan. Very few of them were acquainted with history, or politics, and the leaders were generally

much better instructed to noose a wild horse, than to manage such ignorant, timid, and yet ferocious people, as made up the mass of the party. Their plans were short-sighted, having respect rather to momentary advantages, than to distant, matured, and ultimate success. Even the question, whether to remain, and strengthen themselves here, and wait for accessions to the cause, or sally from the mountain, and march to St. Antonio, became the watchword of party. The question proposed to me, as soon as I was domesticated among them, was, Are you for staying, or going? My associates would assort with me according to my answer. And as happens in such cases, the more trifling the difference was between us, the more bitter was the spirit of difference. What the advocates wanted in wisdom and capacity to deliberate, they made up in long winded speeches, in zeal and fierceness.

I could see, too, that the motives that brought them here, were as various as the appearance of the individuals. The very same cause which thickened adherents round the standard of King David, had its influence here also. There were people in debt, spendthrifts, outlaws, people, who came here through envy, and wishing for plunder and revenge, people, who held nothing to lose, and who might find booty during the general conflagration. Every sordid, every base principle, every malignant passion had had its recruiting efficacy, and had brought over more than one partizan to the Patriot standard. Among the servants, who wanted to be rid of masters, among the bankrupts, who wanted in this way to liquidate their debts, among the profligate, who wished to plunder the rich, among the ignoble, whose envy induced them to wish to set their foot on the neck of the great men of the country, among the many, who had congregated here from base and sinister motives, there were no doubt not a few of those pure and noble minds, that appear from time to time in small numbers on our orb, who

calmly look down the current of the future, and with singleness of heart, and that sublime benevolence, which contemplates no selfish ends, arrange their plans, with a kind of abstract and angelic calculus, for the good of the generations to come. No doubt, but we had our miniature Washingtons and Bolivars. There were a few fine young men, whose eye kindled, as they dilated upon the indescribable grandeur of their great country, written great by the finger of Nature, its inexhaustible natural and moral resources, the intrinsically generous character of its simple and oppressed people, and the abomination of the thought that such a vast and beautiful country should continue to be the plaything bauble of a stupid tyrant, embroidering petticoats for the Virgin, and living at the distance of two thousand leagues.

Among those, who had joined, the cause without any alloy of sinister, or selfish feeling was M. de Benvelt. He was a man of amiable, simple, and unsuspecting character, who had accumulated an immense fortune by a continued succession of fortunate events, which seems to crown the efforts of some favored individuals with success, whether they seek for it, or not. He had had the forecast to convert his fortune into cash, and deposit it in the British funds. But he had committed his own personal ease and safety, and that of his three beautiful, and inexperienced daughters, on the issue of this dubious stake, merely from a philosophic regard to the great and sacred cause of genuine freedom. Too amiable, and too little ambitious to be stirred up to the contest by envy or aspiring thoughts, he had come to the cause in the simple feeling of well-wishing to mankind. He remarked himself, that no one could suspect him of calculating upon more ease, honor, or wealth, by any change, that a revolution could bring. His honest and unsuspecting mind had led him to think well of me from the first, because his daughters did; and he had become attached to me in the same proportion, as they had. He had seen enough

of the ignorance and presumption of most of the leaders here, already to have become disgusted with them. My adhesion to the cause inspired him with renewed confidence. His vast wealth, and his established character gave him no small influence among the Patriot leaders. In fact, though nominally subordinate, he had more real influence than any other man. He would not hear of my having a commission under that of Colonel. As it respected the question at issue, he and I differed from Morelos, he being for sallying forth, and joining the rising at St. Antonio. I had no faith in the opinion, that the United States would commit themselves in the contest, and that all, that we could reasonably expect from that quarter was occasional accessions of adventurous young men, who would come from the impulse of feeling. We thought it best, therefore, to fortify ourselves, and make this place a depot, head quarters, and a rallying point for the Patriots. It would be a *point d'appui* for the countenance and encouragement of the wavering and the disaffected, and it would tend to divert the Royal commander from concentrating his whole force against either point. It would harass and dishearten their forces. These disputes with the chiefs, who differed from us on this point, were always managed on our part with perfect good temper. Sometimes the daughters gave their opinions too. They averred, that from this delightful place, where they could look down upon the world, with a brother to teach them English, and beautiful groves, in which to walk, and all manner of whimsical characters, with which to amuse themselves, and a few faces, on which they might look, without injuring their eyes, with plenty of fruits, and water, and such a large and substantial mansion for shelter, and a place of such strength and safety, it would be folly to go away. They asserted, that we could do no better than to remain here, and they privately whispered me, that if I would behave well they would have a detachment sent

out, to bring in the Condesa and Martha, and make me happy; and that mount Mixtpal should be the seat of their government. The sage Sophy, however, was for marching to St. Antonio, that she might study Yankee faces, insisting, that one beau to three ladies was a proportion altogether too scanty.

The first days of my abode here were devoted partly to the study of tactics, and in part to learning the practical branch of military duty by actual training. For this purpose, I interested myself to form a volunteer corps, which should study tactics, and drill together. We spent some hours every day in our exercises. I now spoke Spanish with entire fluency, and had no difficulty in becoming acquainted with the chiefs. It was a matter of no small difficulty, as well as delicacy, to manage my intercourse with the married ladies of the establishment. As they had little to do and were addicted to those courses at home, and were here much more in society than they were accustomed to be, intrigues, and *tracasseries*, and squabbles, and frequent changes of their *cortejos*, were occurring daily. On this subject a considerable quantity of gunpowder was harmlessly burned in duels.

The most considerable of the Patriots, and the man, who held the present command among them, was Morelos. He was a native ecclesiastic, of the order of deacons. I may remark, that there seems to be an instinctive feeling, antecedent to reason, which causes, that every human being born in our hemisphere, inherits a feeling of independence, and a love of liberty, as his birthright. The clergy of the higher orders were generally European Spanish, and it is well known, that between them, and the natives of Spanish blood, born in the new world, there has existed a kind of hereditary antipathy. European priests were of course for the most part unrelenting Royalists. The native priests, on the contrary, generally leaned towards the independence of their country. This man possessed the silent and

contemplative appearance, which long training in the peculiar rites, usages, and habits of the Romish church generally imposes. So much restraint, and observance, and watching of public opinion, in bad men, fosters hypocrisy in the heart. On the faces of others, it imprints a musing and melancholy character. In him this impress was peculiarly visible. The dreadful fate, which had attended his compatriot and brother, the father Hidalgo, the patriarch, and the first conspicuous victim of insurrection against Ferdinand, had added to this general expression an unalterable thoughtfulness and gloom.— He was a man not of uncommon powers, but of considerable reading and reflection, and, as I judged, mainly actuated by an innate regard to freedom in joining the cause. He was a man of undoubted courage and firmness. No ways terrified by the terrible catastrophe, which befel the father Hidalgo, he seemed to have derived from it more elevation of feeling, and more unshaken perseverance in the cause. He often passed his evenings with the family of M. de Benvelt, and attached himself to me from the first moments of our acquaintance. He knew the whole thread of events, throughout the whole Mexican empire, from the first dawning of the spirit of independence. His local acquaintance with this vast country, and the character and influence of its inhabitants, was to me a matter of astonishment. You could point to no village or city on the map, with the whole of whose private history he did not seem perfectly acquainted. He often passed the evening in giving us details of the insurrection, generally gloomy and terrible, up to this time.

The third evening of my residence in the family, during a most furious tempest of rain, wind and thunder, while the lightning flashed into our subterranean dwelling, and the wind and thunder roared awfully among the mountains, he formed one of the circle, which the uproar of the elements abroad was contracting in a clo-

ser sitting, and gave us a succinct narrative of all, that he had seen, done, and suffered, since he had exchanged his functions of priest for those of the patriot seldier, "quæque ipse miserrima vidi, et quorum pars magna fui," said he, quoting the great Roman poet. These details, in such a place, in such an evening, and by a man of countenance, so unalterably solemn and melancholy, with a head, whose baldness at the centre marked that the razor had passed over it, and whose deep thoughts seemed to hold communion with torture and with death, communicated to us the shivering chill of intense feeling. I select from the details of that narrative the account of the fate of the father Hidalgo.

"When I joined him," said he, "the alarm of insurrection in our country had just sounded from sea to sea. With a holy feeling of devotion to the people of this oppressed country, he had left his quiet and safe duties of priest, and had girt himself with the sword of patriotism. The people clustered about him, like the gathering of birds, when preparing for their aerial excursions. He was flushed with hope and confidence, and at the head of forty thousand men. Although his object was to deliver the country forever from the dominion of the parent country, the watch-word was, 'Ferdinand the seventh, and the Virgin of Guadaloupe.' You will suppose, that our communion was sweet, for our hearts were alike devoted to this cause. We were both creoles of the country. Both had renounced the clerical functions, and were equally exposed to the deepest anathemas of the dignitaries of our church. Ours was a holier, and more intimate tie of brotherhood, cemented still firmer by community of disgrace and exposure. He advanced upon Guanaxuato, a city of considerable importance, and was joined by Aldama, Allende, and other distinguished Patriot partizans. He captured that city and Valladolid, and was advancing in triumph and in full march upon Mexico. Here he experienced the terrible efficacy of the spiritual armor of

our warfare, in a region of so much ignorance and bigotry, as this. He was excommunicated and denounced by the priesthood, as an abandoned heretic and infidel. His accumulating followers, viewing him, as the enemy of God and all good men, terrified and awed, melted away from his path, like snow in the sunbeams. He changed his advance to retreat, and fled from one town to another, struggling with superstition, but with his face towards the foe. At Guadalajara he was besieged by the Royalist Chief, Callejo. Defeated, and compelled to retreat, he fled, successively, from Zacatecas to San Luis Potosi. His object was to advance towards the American frontier, where the germ of republicanism had been long in vegetation. Velas, a perfidious wretch, who had by the fawning semblance of implicit deference gained over him the ascendancy of a flatterer, and succeeded in winning his confidence, imparted to him under injunctions of the most profound secrecy, that Colonel Arredondo, who commanded the royal troops under the Conde, was himself in heart a republican, and wished to join the patriots. He projected an interview between them. The unsuspecting father was thus entrapped into an ambush, and was seized, and made a prisoner. I was in another quarter, when all this happened. But I obtained the most exact information of his fate. He was immediately conducted to Chihuahua, the metropolis of the *provincias internas*. A council of war was convened, over which General Salcedo presided, subject to the ultimate revision of its sentence by the Conde. He was well known, at that time, to have been disposed to merciful counsels. At least he would have spared the unhappy victim insult and torture. But the smooth and plausible, yet stern and vindictive father Josephus interposed his counsels with so much effect, that it was decided that he should first endure the torture, and then die.

“He was a venerable old man, and had been a dignitary of the church. He was arrayed with the customary habil-

iments of his sacerdotal office, in order to be degraded and deposed with more solemnity. He was then brought out by a file of soldiers, and delivered over to a consistory of priests, and they adjudged the nature and extent of his torture. It was adjudged, that as he had grasped the sword of heresy and rebellion, with the same hand with which he had been used to raise the consecrated host, the thumb and fingers should be rasped down to the first joint. The dreadful sentence that was read to him was, that he should first suffer this operation, then be shot, and then delivered over to the power of Satan and hell. He was ordered to prepare for its immediate execution. His right arm was immoveably bound by cords to a postern, just admitting the thumb and fingers above the end of the postern, and they were secured to iron rods. A brazier produced a coarse kind of file, and began the horrible operation. He evinced the unshaken spirit of a martyr. The feverish flush of agony was indeed visible in his brown and furrowed cheek, and the first filling of the file with the skin and the quick fibre produced a manifest spasmodic quivering over the whole frame. It was the claim of the frail physical and suffering nature. The ascendancy of the higher intellectual principle, sitting on a throne which the agonies of mortality could not touch, vindicated the second triumph. They who came with the horrid purpose to exult in his groans, and see him subdued, and expiring under the agony and dismay, went away with far other impressions. He waved the hand that was not manacled. 'I die,' said he, 'a believer and a servant of Him, who endured worse than this, without shrinking. He, who was nailed to the tree, will sustain me. This soul is beyond your power, and it exults in the sacredness of the cause for which I die. Think not, when you have murdered an old and a most unworthy priest, that the cause will expire with him. The groans of the oppressed will raise up other deliverers. If there be present a single person, who is a patriot in his heart, and

who is restrained by fear, let him learn that there are holy principles, that cast out fear; and let him see, how a patriot and a Christian can die.' He continued in this way, with a firm countenance and an unfaltering voice, to express his devotion to the cause, until the savage operation was accomplished. They then unbound him, and led him to execution. Even here he was equally undismayed. Before he kneeled down, he exhorted the assembled multitude to arise in their strength, and break their chains, and cast them in the face of their oppressors. He expressed, with the prophetic confidence of a dying man, his conviction that the cause of liberty would prevail, and that the whole hemisphere would be completely emancipated; and that, though he was not to be spared to see it, he should learn of it in a better country, and in 'the abodes of more than mortal freedom.' He would not allow them to cover his head. He kneeled down, and held up his hand, as a signal for the soldiers to fire, and received his death with undaunted composure.— Thus," said Morelos, "died my noble and unshaken compatriot and friend, and if I am to suffer in the same cause, may my last end be like his."

The winds still mustered in their fury. The rains poured, and the Egyptian darkness was only illumined by the glare of lightning. The story, the countenance of Morelos, and the scene, were all in keeping. The roses gradually yielded to the lilies in the countenances of the daughters, as the story advanced. On De Benvelt's sat the undisguised expression of indignation and terror. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "these Creoles are a tanned set of asses. It makes me think of the servile war in old Rome. The army that went against them, armed itself with scourges and whips. The miserable wretches fled from the sight of the lash. Only place before these ignorant fools an excommunication, and they would desert the Saviour himself. We are engaged in one pretty business, to expose ourselves to such an end as this, to give

de liberties to these tanned cowards, who will run away even from an invisible danger."

Upon the Misses Benvelt the story had the effect to turn their thoughts to the possible issue of their undertaking, and to reflect that their father was now obnoxious to the same fate, which fell so terribly on the head of the father Hidalgo. Gay and thoughtless as they generally were, they were not without deep feeling. The bare supposition of such a catastrophe, suspended over a father so beloved, fixed on their pale and fair faces a deep gloom, succeeded by starting tears. As soon as Morelos had retired, they began to agitate the question, if there was no escape from the position in which they were now placed, and to intreat their father and me, to devise some way in which we might all fly together to the United States. But another theme, adroitly introduced, had the effect to turn their thoughts in another direction. Stories of another cast circulated, and another train of images was introduced. Their tears gave place to gaiety, and before we separated for the night, father Hidalgo, and the possible issue of our cause, were alike forgotten.

I made all the progress that I could desire, in becoming acquainted with our associates in the camp, and with the ladies I had more popularity than I could have desired; for they took occasion to tell me, that so sober a man, and so little addicted to gallantry, they feared, would not know how to fight. Every new view of the men gave me more disheartening apprehensions of the issue of a cause depending upon such leaders. Had they listened to Morelos, they would have had subordination, discipline, system, economy, and sufficient supplies of provisions for a siege. But there was no compulsion, and no subordination. The resources of a month were wasted in the riot of a week. The camp rung with patriotic songs, and the reckless gaiety of young men, who felt themselves far from all restraint; and presented an aspect of frolic and mirth, that was pe-

cularly fascinating to such a people. Even under the massive dome of our quarters, new stories of intrigues were constantly getting air, and their intrigues, and their pride, and their parties, and their heart-burnings, furnished ample materials for the thousand and one narratives of scandal. Almost every night brought its ball and fandango, which the Misses Benvelt and myself, however reluctantly, were compelled to attend. The country for twenty leagues round was put in requisition, to furnish the requisite good cheer. The poor plundered peasants had no other redress, than to imprecate curses, equally, on the heads of Royalists and Patriots. There was so much riot and dissipation, so much abundance and idleness, such barbarian affectation of glare and splendor, that I doubt not a considerable number of these patriots, male and female, would have been glad to terminate the campaign and the revolution with only this reservation for themselves, that they should take up their final residence in this abode of pleasure and plenty. For my part, I felt myself in such demand with the dames and sisters of the officers, that I was rapidly getting rid of that bashfulness, that creates such a barrier between the people of different nations. If I were disposed to go into the annals of female intrigue, I could easily fill a volume with the adventures which occurred while I was here. I turned from such novel manners with indifference; and were it not an assumption not to be expected at my years, I might say, with loathing.

The only real satisfaction which I experienced, apart from my reading and studies, was in the delightful family circle of M. de Benvelt. On this charming table plain, I could have enjoyed solitude in the scenery and the contemplation of nature. But the incessant activity and bustle gave it the air of a paltry, crowded village, neither town nor country, neither solitude nor society, although, besides fandangoes, we had our parties, dignified by the grand Spanish designation, *tertulias*. Escaped

from the chattering ignorance of these affairs, there was a *naivete*, an infantine frankness, mixed with feeling and good sense, in this affectionate family, that made all the hours which we could have to ourselves, pass most pleasantly. Every returning day gave me higher views of them. Their simplicity I found to be that singleness of mind and of heart, which I have always considered the highest endowment of the best minds. Amidst all their gaiety, there was the fearless deportment of conscious rectitude, and self respect. The father had been originally a Lutheran protestant, and the assumption of respect for Catholic rites and usages, had been made out of a decent regard to the customs and prejudices of the people among whom he lived. As we became more closely and intimately acquainted, I found a thousand points of mental union, as though we had been brought up together. Struck with this, De Benvelt oftener questioned me, if I could not speak a little Dutch, and if I was sure there was no Saxon blood in my veins. The manners, morals, and pursuits of this assemblage of mountain banditti, were as abhorrent to their feelings as to mine. But, with the happy and sunshiny temperament of joyous and innocent natures, they rather drew from the whole scene food for mirth and amusement, than for dissatisfaction and harsh remark. We never took a walk, or made the circuit of the camp or took our part in a review, or returned from a fandango, but what they brought away an amusing anecdote, or became acquainted with some incident that furnished us with conversation and diversion. Above all they managed with a good sense, modesty, and propriety, altogether unaccountable, from their limited acquaintance and experience with human nature, the numerous professions of admiration and proffers of love, from the young heroes of our camp. They were the undisputed belles, and beauties of the whole circle, and yet they were not pursued by envy. In this amiable family, I was in a few

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days as entirely domesticated, as if I had been, what I was invariably called, a son and a brother. I hoped that the bustle and the agitation of this new scene, and the duties of a colonel in a regiment of ignorant and refractory recruits of another nation, and the air of quiet and home in the family, would banish that deep feeling of painful remembrance, which was causing my thoughts every day to wander back to the sycamores of the Conde's palace. In this hope I was disappointed. Like an evil conscience, this feeling not only followed me, but instead of being alleviated, was embittered by time.

De Benvelt often observed, as we separated for the evening, that with a competent supply of the good things of life, and one or two more agreeable families, as neighbors, he should be satisfied to live and to die in that place. The very mention of leaving the mountain, was sufficient to bring paleness to the cheeks of the daughters. But the question, whether to go or to stay, which had been so much discussed, was now to be settled by circumstances, over which we had no control. We had just formed our family circle for the evening, and De Benvelt had just remarked, that he had recovered the flesh he had lost when he first fled to Mixtpal, when a despatch was handed us from Morelos, who had, upon a rumor of an approaching force, descended with the *elite* of his forces to the subjacent plains. It informed us, that the Conde had arrived at the foot of the mountain, with a large force, partly regular troops under Colonel Arredondo, and of Creole troops under Illisondo; that his horse had scattered themselves in all the region; that a number of our little parties which we were obliged to baptise by the name of foraging parties, but which were, in fact, plundering detachments, had been captured; that no quarters had been given, and that they had been subjected to promiscuous military execution. He stated all the difficulties of our cause; that all his remonstrances about the necessity of laying in a supply of provisions

for a siege, had been utterly unavailing; that we had provisions for only a week, and that our only course was to beat the enemy, and drive them from the country, that we might continue to find supplies; or to evade them by stratagem; or to break through their array, and take up our march for St. Antonio, where report represented the Patriots as successful. He wished an immediate descent with all our forces, to join him before the morning. For me, the volunteer regiment was assigned as my command, and my commission, as its colonel, was made out by the provisional junta, with all the formalities. This, at least, put an end to doubting and disputation, as to our course. All now admitted the wisdom of remonstrance against our folly, in not laying in provisions. Had we had them, we might now have defied all the forces of Mexico. Each threw the fault upon others, and admitted, that now we had nothing to do, but to fight. The Misses Benvelt, in tears and in agonies of terror, clung alternately to their father and to me. The dames, the young ladies, the servants, the soldiers, all crowded together about us, while we read the orders that every man among us, who could bear arms, should be ready to descend to the plain, fully equipped, in an hour. Our glees, and catches, and patriotic songs, were all at once changed to mourning. Nothing was seen in faces, that could be blanched, but paleness, and nothing was heard, but the language of consternation and dismay. Those of our young heroes who had been loudest in their windy fierceness, while the foe was neither heard nor seen, were now as mute and pale as the rest.

Having issued the orders, which were peremptory, and admitted no exceptions, De Benvelt, the general, and myself, the colonel, retired to our military wardrobe. His short and round figure, was soon accommodated with the gaudy regimentals of a general of brigade. The glitter of a profusion of lace, was in good keeping with a face as round and as ruddy, as a full moon. "Mein

Gott!" said he, now this looks like Dresden. Do I look grave now? Ah! my poor girls, it is a tanned pusiness after all, this of fighting for de liberties." In turn, he assisted me in arranging my official costume. I confess, that I felt sufficiently awkward, and sufficiently ridiculous, with my heavy lace epaulets, and a sword of as formidable dimensions, as that shown by Bonaparte to the Mamalukes. You may laugh, if you choose; but I thought of myself preceeded by the thick Saxon, who seemed in his new habiliments, as stiff as a poker, and was surrounded by brawny and vapouring Creoles; and of myself, but poorly qualified, in my own estimation, for any thing but peaceful pursuits, in the ridiculous comparison, which forced itself upon me in a moment. You have seen a New England pig, recently garnished about the neck, with a fine new yoke. You have remarked, that he will raise his fore legs some inches higher than he was wont to do, in order to hit his knees every step upon his yoke. Our gait in our new armor, struck me as an exact parallel of this.

The young ladies clung to their father and to me, to the last moment, and in voices, scarcely articulate for sobbing, begged us to take care of ourselves, and they gave me the most solemn charges, to bring their father back again safe. The tears chased one another over the cheeks of the Saxon father. "Mein Gott," said he, "my tear girls, you will break your father's heart. Now, as daughters of a Tuch general you ought not to cry at all, at all." I felt it necessary, to give the parting an air of gaiety, and I begged a lock of the blond tresses of each of their heads, and told them, that they ought to send us away, as the French ladies used to do their *preux chevaliers*, with smiles and with kisses. These are the omens, to give a stout heart for battle. "I promise you, my fair sisters to come back no more wounded, than just enough, to render us interesting, and with a whole volume of exploits, to be related by nobody but ourselves, and, fur-

thermore, pledge you my word, to escort you safe and sound, to the Yankee camp at St. Antonio."

In calling over our muster-roll, we found no small number of our young enthusiasts for liberty, reported as too ill for marching. Most of these young men had been the night before at the fandango, and had been seized with this disqualifying sickness, since that time. But we were a very considerable body, who were assembled to march. We moved on, as Milton says, "darkling," and treading on each other's heels, and stumbling upon the rocks in the darkness. Of course, we had some Spanish curses, followed, however, by the sign of the cross, and a prayer to the patron saint for forgiveness. We were dimly lighted on our way by torches. It was midnight when we reached the plain, and united ourselves with Morelos. At the distance of half a league over the plain, were seen complete ranges of fires, one extremity of which touched the base of the mountain on our right, and the other on our left; so that we were completely hemmed in by a semicircle. We were immediately ushered into a council of war. As usual, we had discordant opinions, and almost as many plans as there were individuals. But in a storm at sea, I have remarked, when the cause labors, and the ship and crew are in equal danger, there is a common feeling in the ignorant and timid, to remit their usual self-sufficiency. The real helmsman is no longer kept back by envy, but is called for by the general opinion, to come forward, to take his proper place. Our opinion was in entire coincidence with the determined counsels of Morelos, that we should place in advance, a great number of scouts, or sentinels, who should give us an alarm, if there were any advance of the foe, that our troops might take as much repose, as consisted with sleeping on our arms, and that with the first dawn of the morning, we should attack them with our whole force, and cut our passage through their centre.

I had scarcely retired to the tent assigned me, before

Bryan, who, I should have remarked, was a serjeant in my regiment, brought me a couple of letters. They had come with other despatches by a flag of truce. Among these despatches, was a proclamation offering a general amnesty to all, that would lay down their arms, and surrender themselves to the Royal commander. They had excepted from this pardon a few cases, among which were Morelos, De Benvelt, and myself. The first letter was from my former pupil Dorothea. It was in indifferent English, and was long and rather difficult to decypher. The purport of it was, that her father and she were yet willing to forgive my indifference, if I would even now see things in the light of my true interest. She declared in strong terms her continued regard for me, and that her father had so much influence with the government, that he could yet procure me a pardon; that our cause was known to be utterly hopeless; that if I persisted, I could expect nothing better, than a military execution; that I could have no hope from any supposed influence over the heart of Donna Martha, for that it was a fixed affair, that she was to be united to Colonel Pedro, at the close of the campaign, which, from appearances, was likely to be very short; that her father would even be willing to intercede in behalf of De Benvelt, provided there was no truth of the report, that I was to marry Wilhelmine; that she trusted to my good sense, to choose between a fortune, liberty, and an affectionate wife, and an immediate and ignominious death; that the least notice to Colonel Arredondo, that I was disposed to accept of her hand and fortune she had been assured, would extend to me a full pardon among the rest.

The other was from Donna Martha, and contained only the following words:

“Blessed Virgin! do I live to hear that you are a rebel officer, in arms against my father, and proclaimed a spy, and a traitor? While these terrible denunciations are issued against you here, you are making the mountain

ring with your revelries, living in riot on the plunder of the poor peasants, solacing yourself with the smiles of the easy Wilhelmine, and like a butterfly, wantoning from flower to flower, when tired of her. Well, you will now have a chance to meet Don Pedro, as you have wished. I am sure of one thing, that harshly as I have met all his advances, he regards me more, and would have remembered me longer than you have done. Would to God, I had met with nothing, to seduce my affections from the tranquil tenor of my duty. I might then have been a wife, tranquil, if indifferent, and an obedient child, making my worn and harassed father happy. As it is, you will live on, and take your pleasure, and amuse yourself with Wilhelmine; and for me, let events turn us they may, there is no escape from this intolerable pressure at my heart. For me there is no resource but to die. But rebel or royalist, vanquished, or victorious, you ought to be dear to me and you are so. Remind Wilhelmine, that she too once professed to be my friend."

From the tenor of these letters, I discovered clearly, what I had more than suspected before, that our movements were all reported at Durango, that we were surrounded by invisible dangers, and had traitors in our camp. I discovered, too, that the character of my affectionate reception in De Benvelt's family, and my brotherly attentions to his daughters were grossly misinterpreted and misrepresented. Indeed, I had received insinuations of this sort, from the ladies in the camp. I saw but too much reason to believe, that the natural impulses of human feeling, united with pride, resentment, a sense of duty, and the spiritual representations of the father, would actually, and speedily bring about the desired union of Martha and Don Pedro. I had never distinctly allowed to myself, that I had any hopes there. But shadowy visions, against myself, would play about my imagination, anticipations, so blissful, so exquisitely dear, that without definition or outline, they still looked to a different issue. "But they

are not quite sure," thought I, "that the campaign is to terminate soon, and so successfully for Don Pedro. At least, if he is to be married when he returns, I will strive to detain him here as long as may be." I found, that meditating on the probable event of our being beaten in the morning, and my suffering immediate military execution, in case I survived, and his returning to claim and receive his bride, was an excellent preparative for intrepidity, and determination, to fall on the field in case of defeat. "I will either conquer," I thought, "or I will die. If the former is not reserved for me, the latter will be the consummation to be wished." I felt that I had not philosophy enough, to be willing to live, after I knew Martha to be in possession of another, much less of Don Pedro; and with that reflection I went to sleep.

I was just taking the comfort of a tranquil dream, in which I supposed myself in New England, on a fine summer's morn, and sitting down to our customary rural breakfast, at my father's house. I heard the boblincolns chattering in the meadow, and I saw the dear and well remembered face of my mother, and she was telling me, with tender apprehensions, that I looked ill, and as though I had not slept. In the midst of this dream, the bugles in all directions, broke in on the stillness of morning twilight, and awakened me from this delightful dream, to the thrilling and contrasted consciousness of my actual position. I had made all the little arrangements that circumstances would allow, in preparation for whatever might be the issue of the encounter. I had so provided, that in case of my decease, none but Bryan would know, where were my effects, and if he survived, as, not being obnoxious to the government, there was a greater probability, that he might, he was directed, and he promised me that he would attempt to make his way to Boston, and remit my property, the gift of the Condesa and Martha, to my parents. I also left a short letter for them, and another for Martha. I hope, it will not be inferred,

that I was more timid, or would fight the less hard, because I had not yet worn off the impressions of a religious education. I made a short, but fervent surrender of my hopes and my fears, my will and my wishes, the interest of my dying and immortal nature, to the great Disposer of events. I examined my motives, and on the whole my heart did not misgive me. A calm, I might almost hope, a holy serenity, came over me. Never did morning dawn upon me in a state of so much exultation of feeling. Our army, if a vast mass of Indian, mulatto, and creole rabble, could be called by such a respectable name, was in a few minutes in order, or rather disorder, of battle. The advantage of our assiduous trainings on the mountain was now conspicuous in my regiment. It was something more uniform and regular, than the rest of the host, and was drawn up with something more of order, and martial array, inspiring confidence in themselves, and infusing it into the rest. The centre was voluntarily assigned to me and my regiment. I remarked, that my poor fellows looked yellow and pale, as the full array of the opposing army, opened upon us with the increasing brightness of the morning. We had no music of excitement, or defiance, but the sound of monstrous wooden bugle-horns, the neighing of our horses, and the braying of our donkeys. In the centre of the royal army, was the splendid Cadiz regiment, with an uncommonly fine band, a gay uniform, and boasting to be one of the best disciplined regiments in Europe. The Conde with his aids, among whom was Colonel Pedro, mounted on fine Andalusian chargers, were seen at the head of this regiment. The army was drawn up in a line, whose wings were a little inclined towards the mountains. A deep serpentine gully, called *Rio Seco* was between us and them. We were, perhaps, as numerous as our foe; but it was easy to see, that their more martial, regular, and uniform appearance, struck a thrilling sensation through our disorderly multitudes. Each army waited for the

other to cross the Rio Seco, that they might attack the other while clambering up the banks. Every demonstration of defiance, to provoke this advance was made by either party. Our bugles pealed a deafening clamor. The Cadiz regiment replied by a slow and grand national air on the full band. Each army slowly approached the gully, and was now so near the other, as that mutual terms of reviling, in which the Spanish is wonderfully rich, could be distinctly heard. Every opprobrious term of crimination and recrimination, which the language could furnish, was exhausted, and while defiances and execrations were thus bandying backward and forward, our troops foamed with rage. I was delighted to witness this, for I was fully persuaded, that our troops would fight, only from one of two impulses, confidence or rage. It was sufficiently obvious that we had not the first, and our enemy was gratuitously furnishing us with the latter. We remained in this position, looking at each other, uttering flourishes of musical defiances, and when they paused, abusing each other, until the sun arose, and a slight breeze arising with it, dispelled, as by enchantment, dense banks of mist, that concealed parts of the opposite armies from each other. I had expected every moment that they would open upon us discharges of artillery. But it seems, that their pieces had but just arrived with the rising sun. We had not a single cannon. The moment their artillery came up, they opened upon us a sweeping and deadly discharge, and the thrilling cries of the wounded and the dying, in the intermission of their terrible crash, first rung in my ears.

I comprehended at once, that for our raw and untrained rabble, many of whom had never been in at any thing more than the killing of a deer or a buffalo, to stand and receive these sweeping discharges, without the possibility of revenge or annoyance in their turn, would be instant and total rout. I requested Morelos to allow me to cross the ravine with my regiment, and see if we could make

no impression upon the foe. It was granted me. I harangued my men for a moment. I put them in mind of the estimation they bore in the army; that this was the first time, we had had a chance to acquire glory, and show our devotion to our cause. "Let us 'avenge," said I, "the charges of cowardice, that they have thrown upon us. Follow me, and we conquer or die." They answered me by *vivas*, and shouts, and requests to be led on; and we started in quick step for the bank. Such is the effect of sympathy, that the same multitude, who would not have received two more discharges of artillery, without running, instantly caught the enthusiasm of my regiment, and with a terrible and unanimous shout, that made the very mountains ring, started almost at a run. We were in the ravine, and out of exposure in a moment. We halted there a minute, to take breath, and by the same simultaneous impulse we sprung for the summit of the opposite bank. Those of more strength and agility than the rest, reached the summit with a bound, and had our foe had the wisdom to charge us here with the bayonet, at this place would have been an end of us, and the battle. But, as if panic-struck with our electric impulse, they remained in their ranks, and renewed the fire of their cannon, and gave us the fire of their small arms by platoons. We were, as I should have remarked, all on foot, and armed with carabines and spears. We returned them one deadly discharge with our carabines, and rushed upon them with our spears. It was at once a perfect *melee*, a *rencontre* of man with man, and in which, in many instances, the opposite parties were acquainted. Of course personal malice came in for its share of influence in the fury of the combat. It furnished just the field in which these men would be most likely to have experience. It was an army of duellists, of personal struggles for mutual assassination. Our spears stood us in excellent stead against their horse. They became disordered, and recoiled back upon their own

disordered ranks. They evidently had the disadvantage in this first "tug of battle." Had we possessed any discipline, it would have been an entire rout to them. But the commanders saw their disadvantage, sounded a retreat, and their troops separated from the *melee* in good order. Our eagerness, as they undoubtedly foresaw, had well nigh ruined us. We strove to stem the current of pursuit, but we were carried along by it, instead of being able to arrest it. We lost every thing that resembled a front, and became a furious, rushing crowd. Our enemy retreated, until he saw irregular masses of our men in advance of the rest. He faced, and attacked us in his turn, in firm column, and in good order. A change of things, so unexpected, staggered the advance. In a moment it began to fall back, producing in the rear "confusion worse confounded." In this dreadful moment, their horse dashed in upon us, and shrieks and groans, and rout, ensued on every side. The ground was covered with bodies, and was slippery with blood. Morelos, De Benvelt, and myself together with a few more undismayed spirits, placed ourselves between the fighting and the retreating. We assured them, that to be forced to the bank was inevitable destruction, and as no quarter was expected, not a man could escape. Partly by these considerations, and partly by shame and threats, we persuaded them to face the foe again. We arranged them in a kind of form, and to sustain ourselves against the charge of the horse, we planted our spears on the ground, at an angle of forty-five degrees, and received the horses with the spear in their breasts. This manœuvre produced another recoil of the foe, and there was again an interval between us and them. The action was renewed, by discharges of musquetry along the whole line of either army. Here we should have had the advantage again, but for the the terrible havoc inflicted by their artillery, which at every discharge, swept a clear path through our whole depth of line.

Morelos uttered his fierce cry for another charge, and we attacked them again with fixed spears. In this *melee*, accident confronted me for the first time with Don Pedro. I cried to him in Spanish, "Dismount, Sir, and we can now meet on equal terms." But whether he disdained to attack a rebel colonel, or whether he was unwilling to fight on foot, or whether he reserved himself for a more fortunate opportunity, I cannot say. His first motion was as if towards me; but he instantly wheeled his horse, and rode away. In this charge, we fairly pierced our way through the centre, and the celebrated Cadiz regiment and their army, as if by consent, parted towards either wing, allowing us an almost unmolested passage through. We blew our bugles, for forming our line in their rear. We had experienced too bitterly our want of discipline, to be in haste to attack them again; and they had suffered too severely, and had too well proved our manhood, to think of molesting us. The strange spectacle was seen of two armies retiring from heaps of slaughter, and from each other, as if by mutual consent. The enemy sent us a flag of truce, and proposed a parley. We consented, and it was arranged, that we should have an armistice. The terms were settled directly. They were, that each army should bury their dead, and aid their wounded unmolested; that then we should be allowed to march from the mountain in the direction of St. Antonio, or in any other direction we should choose, undisturbed; and they were not to be assaulted by us, in retiring as they agreed to do, upon San Pueblo, a small village at the distance of a league and a half.

These terms were settled on both sides, and troops speaking the same language, that were but an hour before engaged in mortal struggle with each other, were now mournfully occupied in searching for their dead and wounded. The losses on the two sides were nearly equal. It has been observed in all ages, that the most deadly

foes mingle in this sad business, apparently laying aside personal animosity and bitterness. Such was apparently the case now. Bryan, who had fought like Achilles, found and recognized among the dead, a member of the Conde's household, who had been a fellow-servant with him. The tears ran down his cheeks, and he raised the Irish howl of mourning. Mutual aid was given in burying the dead, and aiding the wounded. The priests performed funeral rites for the one army or the other, indiscriminately. The melancholy and thrilling chant *De profundis*, mingled with the low and faint groans of the wounded and the dying. Having made these arrangements, and attended to our wounded, we prepared to return to the mountain, to carry into effect the article in our armistice, which bound us, as soon as possible, to depart for St. Antonio. In returning, I walked on in company with Morelos and De Benvelt, so near the Conde, who was on horseback in the midst of his troops, attending to the same duties which we had been discharging, as to see Don Pedro, and be recognized by him again. "I beg you, Sir," I cried to him, as I passed, "to have the goodness to inform Donna Martha, when next you see her, that you have, on this occasion, declined my courtesy, as on a former occasion I declined yours."

There can be no scene more tender, than the return of warriors from the uproar of battle, and the strife of blood, safe and unwounded to their friends. You may be certain, that we claimed the victory, as sure and unquestionable. In fact, the very circumstances of the armistice warranted us in the claim. The battle had indeed assured to us the fruits of a victory, and, all that we could have asked, an unmolested march to St. Antonio. I was amused, as we were met by the women and children, many of whom had come down the mountain to get the first tidings of the battle, to see how immediately after the first burst of tears, rapture, and congratulations, each one of our warriors, in the relation of his personal ex-

plots, was transformed into an Alexander. I almost envied the reception of De Benvelt by his daughters. For the first time they seemed selfish, not being willing to receive an equal proportion of embraces. Broken exclamations, mingled prayers and thanksgivings, filled up an interval of some moments. Morelos, who had performed the noblest duties of a patriot soldier, and who seemed raised above the sympathies of humanity, even he melted at this scene, and let fall natural tears down his furrowed cheeks. "I return my humble thanksgivings to the God of battles, my dear children," said he, "that your father and this young man have been returned safe to you, and both covered with glory. I thank God, too, in witnessing this scene, that I have no children. The issue of this great struggle can personally affect only me. The sympathy which I feel for this great and oppressed community, leaves me but too much surface in which to be exposed to suffering and agony." The ruddy face of the Saxon was bathed in tears of parental affection, and he could not refrain from sobbing. In battle he had been unshrinking in its hottest forefront. Now he wept like a child. After he had become a little composed, he embraced me, and presented me to his daughters, as one who had done much, he was pleased to say, in producing the success of the action, which Morelos confirmed in terms, improper for me to repeat. Even Bryan received his share of compliment, which he repaid by extolling the heroism of my crossing the ravine, Rio Seco, to the clouds. In short we liberally praised one another backwards and forwards. The Saxon was delighted with this joyous commencement of our warfare, and was sanguine in his auguries of its termination. "Mein Gott," said he, "we will see the country free and happy yet, and we will beat the liberties out of the tanned Dons, and they will wish they had not proscribed the honest Tuchman yet." The timid welcome of the girls to me was sufficiently affectionate. Less

would have been out of keeping with their frank and tender natures. More would have violated their nice sense of decorum. Their glistening eyes said to me as many kind and impressive things, as any words or embraces could have done. For the first hour of our return, we were perhaps the happiest people in the world.

I pass over the scene of packing, and arranging, and preparing for a march, which we were now compelled to make. It was, perhaps, softened by the circumstance that we were all in one predicament, and were all to go together. The ladies were for the most part pleased with the prospect. Their range would be extended, and their amusements diversified. For me, I have a very particular aversion to *moving*. The very naming of the thing applies oil of vitriol to every nerve. Every thing, that the camp could furnish, in the form of horse, mule or ass, was put in requisition, and was either loaded with a pack or harnessed. The line of carts and loaded mules, when formed at the foot of the mountain, made a range of a mile in extent. We took our last sleep under the vault of the cavern of Mixtpal, and commenced our descent from the mountain on the dawn of the morning, after the battle. The day before had so abundantly drawn upon the sources of feeling that I hoped we should this day have passed away from this singular and romantic residence without emotion. But to some it was identified with the idea of security, to others associated with the remembrance of balls and fandangoes; to others with the thought of feasting and good cheer. All seemed to go away with the painful feeling of leaving home. The countenances of the Misses Benvelt were overcast with apprehension and anxiety. They had been perfectly satisfied with things, as they were, and to leave this place was as the departure of our first parents from paradise. The very circumstance, that "the world was all before them," was appalling. Sensitive and affectionate natures, as theirs were, cling to privacy, quiet

and domestic joys, and "that dear ark, the home." They had been quiet, and retired here in the midst of all the bustle. The scene before us, as we descended, was sublimely impressive. The mists were rolling away from the sides of the mountains, and the sun was pouring his rising radiance upon their hoary cliffs. The battle field was distinctly visible to us, and seemed spread directly under our feet. A few people, here and there, apparently mourning over their dead, and at that distance only visible as moving atoms, were seen on the field. Wilhelmine pointed them out to us, and supposed them engaged in the pious office of taking a farewell look at the spot, where friends, left on the field of honor, were taking their final repose for the resurrection; and "Oh!" she added, "you cannot conceive, with what oppressive throbbing of the heart, we yesterday morning looked upon the mingled conflict of this same field. We could distinctly, hear the shouts, the feebler crash of small arms, and the more terrible explosion of artillery, so much the more awful, as we knew, it was the discharge of the enemy. I almost concited, that I could feel the air of the balls whistling by me. I turned away my eyes for fear, that by intense looking, I should be able to discriminate my dear father and you in the midst of the struggle, falling and trampled under foot. No view, no reasoning could afford us any clue to determine which party was victorious. Oh! that I had words to explain to you our agony of suspense, from the time, when the firing ceased, to that joyous moment of your arrival. We were clasped in each other's arms, in earnest prayer, afraid to look forward, to see the messenger with his tidings, and yet anxious beyond description, to obtain intelligence.

"Now, when we are going away in health and safety, I have forebodings, and an oppression of heart, that I cannot account for. It is a charming place, and we have been happy, tranquil, secure. Never shall I pass as

pleasant days again, as I have spent in that vaulted cavern, in view of this beautiful world, outstretched below me, kindled up with the glories of the morning, or gilded with the fading and mellow splendors of the setting sun." "Then," added Sophy, "there are more battles, more of these heart-rending suspenses to encounter. Foolish girl! when the præscription came, and we fled, I felt an idle satisfaction, in fancying pleasant adventures and gratified curiosity. I see, it will be a sad business, and we cannot always expect, those we love, to come off, as yesterday." "Now, my tear son," said the Saxon, "stop your ears, when my weak girls talk this way. Girls, you are not fit to be children of a soldier. You ought not to say a word to him, that will not tend to harden his heart, and make him a true soldier. You would make us both have hearts of butter. For my part, I am right glad to leave this tanned hole in the rocks. Give me a good stone house, and no more fightings for de liberties." I attempted to raise the spirits of our young ladies by talking of the pleasure, I should have, in showing them complete specimens of the young men of Yankee land, that they had expressed so much desire to see, and that Sophy and Annette had forgotten, how very lately a greater field for beaux, and a better opportunity for the study of Yankee faces had been considered the only want, of which they had complained. We were now about to supply that want, without losing any of the good things, that we had here, that I should be the only loser, for that among so many fine young men, as they would meet there, I foresaw, that I should be overlooked. To all this, Annette thoughtfully replied, that the times were getting too sober for jesting, that she should be well satisfied with the society she had had, so that she could be sure it would be continued to her. The women about us generally consoled themselves with the prospect of a new range for fandangoes, and the probability of seeing something more of the world.

Some stumbled over the stones by themselves. Others leaned on the arms of their *cortejos* or husbands. The dogs barked. The children cried. The servants and *cargadores* were loaded with baggage, and in this way we descended to the plain, where the servants had previously arranged our horses, and the heavier part of our baggage. We continued to walk on, until the procession had crossed the Rio Seco, and on the opposite bank we passed directly through those points of the battle field, where the greatest destruction had occurred. The eyes of the young ladies were filled, as they surveyed the traces of the havoc, the ground drenched, and still reeking with blood, the soil ploughed up by the wheels of the enemy's artillery, and the fresh graves arranged in lines, which made the number of the tenants seem even greater than it was. De Benvelt, who had fought the day before, like a hero, sickened and turned pale, as he surveyed this prodigal effusion of human blood, which yesterday had flowed in veins, as warm as ours. Morelos walked thoughtfully over the the field with the same tranquil and unalterable expression of melancholy. It took up no small time to get our women, servants, and children on horseback, in carts and carriages, or on asses and mules. Every tenant of the mountain was somehow provided for in this way. The slightly wounded were in the baggage waggons. Those, who could not bear removal, were sent with a flag to San Puebla, and recommended to the mercy of the enemy. In a couple of hours, this straggling procession, that seemed to cover the plain, took up the line of march.

At another time I should have expected to find an intense interest in this journey. Nature was just as varied, and beautiful, as though she had been arrayed for the contemplation of a single, thoughtful, and solitary traveller. But the hurry of a march, the distraction of thoughts which ensues, from finding yourself participating in the same toils, pleasures, and events with such a

multitude, naturally turn the eye and the mind from the contemplation of nature, to the concerns, and the little passions of your fellow beings. The difficulty of finding food and water, indispensable things, for such a multitude, in a country so little inhabited, was a formidable impediment to that reckless tranquillity, necessary for the pleasantness of a journey. Quarrels and petty vexations, the giving out of horses and the breaking down of carriages, the screaming of children, and other such miseries were frequently occurring. I had often been struck, with the romantic beauty of the scene of our encampments, when my small party was journeying to this country. The encampment of an army, attended by women and children, furnished a view still more picturesque and imposing. The army halts on the banks of a running stream. The beasts are unharnessed. A thousand hatchets attack the groves, to furnish fuel for preparing supper, and fires for the night. The oblong ranges of tents whiten in the fading light of the day. A cheerful and bustling city springs up as by enchantment. Visits and parties are projected. The dogs bay. The chanticler salutes the parting light, with his cheering and domestic cry. The confused murmur of a thousand voices is heard. The soldier whistles, as his supper is preparing, and there is always some scraping of the violin, and thrumming of the guitar. The kindling of the ranges of fires furnishes another source of beauty. The dry and combustible wood is sought, and by its bright blaze, every thing in the camp is still more visible, than by the light of day.

The only remark, that occurred to me in relation to our grand object was, that the people all were, or feigned to be true patriots, and we were welcomed, as deliverers by people, who would have gladly seen us all in the Red Sea. We took them at their word, and caressed them for the forced patriotism, which brought to us all that their means could well furnish. As soon as we ap-

proached a village, a settlement or a town, the domestic animals and the fowls all seemed to understand, that we were carnivorous animals. The cattle and pigs fled from our path, and the fowls flew screaming away. In fact, like the grasshoppers of Egypt, we cleared every thing that was eatable out of our way. We passed two or three considerable towns, among them Lanedo, and they were so occupied and fortified by the royal troops, that we deemed it expedient to pass to the right of them without attempting an attack. At each place we sent in a flag, proposing to pass the town unmolested, on condition, that certain stipulated supplies should be furnished us, for which we were to pay a fair price, and that no annoyance should be attempted on either side. At the Passo del Norte some companies of royal provincial troops made a night assault upon our camp, which produced a great deal of consternation, and in which some of our young men behaved badly. But we soon found out the strength and position of our foe, and easily drove him away. The mutual criminations and charges of cowardice, during this attack, resulted in producing two duels in the morning, in one of which, one of the parties was slain, and the other dangerously wounded. We did not much regret the slain, for he had been quarrelsome and mischievous on the mountain and in the camp, and, although he fell in a duel, had been a notorious coward.

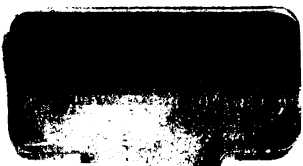
The first news we got of the Royal army was here. The Conde's forces were much better mounted, than we were. They had marched from San Puebla by a shorter route, and at the time, we were crossing the Rio del Norte, they had probably arrived at St. Antonio. It appeared that the Conde intended to make his permanent head quarters there, for he had passed with his whole household establishment. The whole intelligence went to convince us, that we should have an efficient campaign and plenty of fighting.

The Patriots with their allies from the United States
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had been engaged in the siege of St. Antonio, which place was on the eve of capitulating, when the Conde arrived with his forces, and raised the siege. The united forces of the Patriots, awed by the imposing force which the Conde brought, retired five miles from the town, and entrenched themselves behind the beautiful little river, which waters it. We sent forward messengers to advertise them of our approach, and the exhilaration of our men may be imagined, when, after such a long march from Mixtcal, we at length saw the white tents of our allies. They received us with a *feu de joie*, discharges of cannon, beating of drums, and every possible demonstration of welcome. Congratulations in English and Spanish were exchanged, the usual eager questions asked, and it seemed the meeting of a band of brothers. For myself, no one can tell my feelings, when in one part of the camp I saw the stars and stripes fluttering in the breeze, and viewed the well remembered countenances and costumes, and heard the language of my own dear country. The first glance among the troops from the United States convinced me, that they were men of standing and character. My astonishment and joy may be imagined, when I ascertained, that one of the first officers of this establishment was a graduate from my own *Alma Mater*. My communion with him of course was sweet. I had the pleasure of introducing this young gentleman, as well, as a number of other respectable young men from the United States, to our chief Morelos, and to De Benvelt, and his fair daughters. The delight of both parties was visible, of our chiefs to see high-minded and educated young men united to their cause, and of my young compatriots, to be introduced to such beautiful girls, whose deportment and the richness of whose dress evinced so much rank and fashion; while they, in their turn found all their anticipations more than realized, in these fine young men. The solemn face of Morelos relaxed for a moment. De Benvelt capered for a joy, that he could not conceal.—

“Now, mein Gott,” said he, “if dis be not Sharmony itself. Can’t you speak Tuch, young gentlemen? Oh! it is such men, that is de ting to beat de liberties out of de Dons.” When we were left to ourselves, even the sage Sophy, and the meek Annette, as they were respectively called, congratulated me in high glee, that now they had hopes, they should not fail of finding a beau for each, and that I should now be in less danger of being dismembered, for the sake of an equal partition. Bryan’s head, too, swam with joy; for there was not only an ample supply of whiskey in the camp, but English was spoken there; there were also a number of his compatriots from the green island, and who spoke with the knowing brogue.

END OF VOLUME I.



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