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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.—*Queredo.*

SECOND EDITION.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

PHILADELPHIA :

KEY & BIDDLE, 23 MINOR STREET.

1834.

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.

Queda.

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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English

FRANCIS BERRIAN,

OR

THE MEXICAN PATRIOT.

CHAPTER I.

Vos del forzoso pero
De tan grande republica oprimido.

Better be
Where the extinguished Spartans still are free,
In the proud charnel of Thermopylae.—Byron.

THE first night after the junction, I passed in the tent of my classmate, of whom I have spoken. He gave me a succinct, but most interesting narrative of his fortunes since we had separated from each other in the halls of our *alma mater*. As the materials, the character, and the fate of that interesting body of young men, who were now united with the Mexican patriots, and many of whom at this moment fill the first offices in Louisiana, have never yet been given to the public, and as they are henceforward identified in the same cause with myself, I shall take leave to digress from the thread of my narrative, to give you a very brief outline of the rise and progress of this expedition to Texas, as my classmate gave it to me.

“Among the first adherents of Hidalgo, whose fate has been mentioned, was Don Jose Bernardo Gutierrez, whom we shall designate by his customary appellation,

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Bernardo. He was a native of a small town on the banks of the Rio Grande, in the province of New Santander. He was originally a silversmith by trade, and by unusual elegance in his art, he had amassed a handsome fortune. After the execution of Hidalgo, he was obliged to fly. He made his way to the United States by land, and his property was confiscated. His first object, after his arrival there, was to resuscitate an interest in his cause in that country. His plan was to obtain the countenance of the government, enlist volunteers, whose thoughts he could contrive to turn towards this El Dorado, this region of gold, and penetrate with them by the way of the Sabine, into the *provincias internas*. But the wise and calculating government of the United States, had not yet seen the efforts of the Mexicans sufficiently consentaneous and matured, to give him any public countenance. Mr. Clay had not yet been heard, alternately in song, and in thunder, upon this subject. Bernardo returned to Natchitoches, on the Spanish frontier, without pecuniary means and without any public demonstrations in his favor. He was himself still full of hopes, and fired with zeal. Like many other men, self-denominated patriots, it was difficult to ascertain which element preponderated in him, revenge, or a love of liberty, cupidity and ambition, or a desire to liberate his country. He was destitute alike of genuine moral, and physical courage, was of limited understanding, savage in his temperament, and coarse and repulsive in his manners. But he had great practical adroitness at intrigue, and that undoubting confidence in his cause, which is so indispensable in a partizan. This unshrinking confidence led him still to hope, when others despaired, and to persevere, when others forsook the cause. Had I time to trace him in detail, he was, all in all, singular in character, and as singular in fortune. I can only find time here to record the last singular incident in his life, by which he acquired a certain kind of notoriety. It was this

same man, who, after a great diversity of fortunes, was commander in the province, where the ex-emperor Iturbide landed from Great Britain, and he presided over his execution.

A party of gentlemen at Natchitoches, many of whom now fill the most responsible stations in the country, were at this time disposed to aid Bernardo in his plans, or at least to lend their assistance to the fermenting principle of republicanism in the adjacent Spanish provinces. They could not expect to succeed to any extent, in an expedition into that country, unless they could carry with them the efficacy of a name of some distinguished native of the country. Such a character was offered in Bernardo. They selected him, therefore, as the covering of their battery. He marched at the head of the expedition, just as the Roman eagles were carried before their legions. Many gallant and high-minded men, to whom no career was open in the United States, who disdained oppression, and under that generous feeling, probably concealed from themselves dawning ambition, and a cupidity fired with the prospect of the Mexican mines, united west of the Sabine. Their avowed object was to aid the Patriot natives in communicating to this oppressed and beautiful country, the entire freedom of their own. They chose a highly respectable young man of their number, and then a captain in the United States army, their colonel. Their number was small, but of a character to attach importance and confidence to their enterprise. As they advanced into the country, their numbers were increased rapidly by adventurers from the United States. There were many Americans already settled in the country, and they generally ranged themselves under the standard of the American volunteers. Many respectable Mexicans joined them. They formally declared the independence of the Spanish province of Texas, instituted a temporary government, and pushed on to the first settlement without opposition.

Nacogdoches is the first town in the province, in passing from the Sabine towards the interior, and is about seventy miles from that river. I shall always remember the place, for it has the aspect, though delightfully situated, of being as lonely, as an isle in the South Sea. Clear and beautiful streams flow from the hills near the town, uniting in a small river just below it. At that time, a small body of royal provincial troops was stationed there, and the place contained the usual and necessary accompaniments of a Spanish town, a church, a *calaboza*, a commandant's house, and about five hundred inhabitants. The American volunteers were received by the inhabitants of this place and vicinity with open arms. The small detachment of royal troops joined them, and a large company of Creoles was organized, under the command of Captain Samuel Davenport. Immense herds of cattle filled the vallies of this paradise of shepherds; and supplies of provisions, especially of meat, were easy and abundant.

The body of troops was now swollen, to something like the dimensions of an army. They organized a junta, for the provisional government of the province, and moved on without opposition, and took possession of Labahia del Espiritu Santo, commonly called by the Americans, La Baddie. This town stands on the western bank of the river San Antonio, an elevated site, which commands the surrounding prairies. It contained a fort of stone, with bastions of considerable regularity. A large and massive stone church made one side of the bastion. Its small garrison surrendered to us without opposition, and immediately joined itself to us, and contributed to swell the forces of the Patriots. The effective force at this time was considerably numerous, and it was the intention of Bernardo, or rather of the American commander, to march immediately to the attack of San Antonio, the capital of the province.

Before this could be effected, the royal army moved

down in force from San Antonio, for the attack of Labahia. It was commanded by Don Simon Herrera, and Salcedo, and was estimated at fifteen hundred men, chiefly mounted Creoles of the province. They had a number of pieces of artillery, which however were so badly managed as to be of little utility to them. Our troops took post in a large and uncommonly massive building, which had been erected for the seat of a mission, and was inhabited by some of the converted Indians. It was quite surprising, that such a place should have been so long defended, against such an imposing force, in possession of a sufficient artillery. But the royal commanders seem to have been paralyzed. They did not at all want for courage. But they seemed to have been panic-struck with the novel aspect of men, that they had seen tame, subdued, and submissive, and as timid as grass-hoppers, all at once, by this new spirit of republicanism, transformed into fierce, if not formidable foes. They were evidently suspicious, too, of the fidelity of the provincials, that were under them. They were aware, that these men would naturally participate the same spirit with the rest. The siege continued, during the whole winter, and was signalized by many sorties and skirmishes, in which the garrison, displayed incredible acts of daring and hardihood. The royal commanders attempted to get rid of the garrison, by proposing to let them depart in safety. They even offered them a supply of provisions, if they would march away to the frontier. But this handful of brave and determined men, set all the efforts of the besieging army at defiance.

At length, either alarmed, or tired out, the Royal troops drew off from the siege, without striking a blow. The Americans, without military science, and with no other resource, than their native gallantry, and the internal consciousness of the dignity of freemen, had learned heartily to despise the Royal forces, and in many instances had shown themselves brave and determined sol-

diers. Soon after the retreat of the Royal army, the Patriots were reinforced by a party of Conehatti Indians, and in their turn moved as assailants against the Royalists. These Indians are a principal branch of the Creeks, and are settled low down the Trinity river, towards the gulf, and are considered an uncommonly brave, manly, and noble race of Indians. At the distance of eight miles from San Antonio, the Patriots fell in with the Royal army, which moved out of town to meet them, having been reinforced with the regular garrison of the town. They entrenched themselves on a rising ground, and in an advantageous position, behind the river Salado. The Patriots, not half their number, formed, and rushed to the attack, with the most determined fury, and with terrible effect. They charged upon the royal battery, carried it, and turned the pieces against the foe. The Spanish royal officers, too, acted with great gallantry, but their troops were completely routed. Major Reuben Ross, of the Patriots, and Colonel Montero of the royal troops, both of them mounted on fine horses, had a personal rencontre, single handed in the midst of the battle. Montero was severely wounded, and the life of Ross was only saved by the intervention of one of his soldiers, by the name of Owen, who was killed by the blow, that saved his commander. Immediately on this defeat, the Royalists took shelter again in San Antonio.

Such had been the state of things before I arrived at this place. I arrived here in company with Bernardo, and a considerable number of adventurous spirits, French, Spanish, Yankees, and people of all nations. I had become acquainted with this extraordinary man in Philadelphia. I imbibed, in common with the rest of my compatriots, something of his confident spirit. The mines glittered in prospective. The hope of emancipating an oppressed people operated as an excitement to more noble feelings. There was a press already in operation, and it was to pour the light of liberty upon that

vast and beautiful country. I was fresh from college, and the visions of Plato's republic, and felt all the sanguine anticipations of a useful legislator and emancipator. Many adventurers, seduced by various motives, joined us from time to time. Bernardo loaned five thousand dollars, and I as many hundred, to be repaid on the day, in which we should possess ourselves of the mines and the mint of Mexico. We moved to the south west, on the course of the Ohio. Here we endured all that human nature can endure, hunger, want, disaffection among ourselves, and what was to me the most overwhelming consideration of all, the discovery, that some of our party were arrant scoundrels, who knew nothing about Plato, and cared nothing about freedom; who would steal, if they should have a chance, from the mint, but who would never have the courage to seek for its contents in any other way. Our boat was twice frozen up in the river, and we were, alternately, a spectacle of ridicule and terror, to the people, among whom we were compelled to sojourn, and near whose habitations we were bound in the ice. Every language was spoken on board our floating Babel, and while we talked of subduing and emancipating empires, most of our rogues would have fled from the sight of a sheriff. While we were preparing to legislate for the empire of Montezuma, we were daily quarrelling among ourselves. Talking flippantly about the mines of Mexico, we wanted shirts and bread. You can easily make a fancy sketch of the events, the anecdotes, and the comforts of the communion of such an assortment of the apostles of liberty. For my own part, when I laughed at myself, to find myself with such associates, I said to myself, 'The cause cannot be contaminated by the character and motives of those, who are with me, nor can my motives be rendered impure, by co-operating with the impure motives of others.' In due process of time, and with such comfort, as we might find, in such company, we arrived, where you now find

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us." Such was the outline of the narrative of my friend.

With the society of these new and pleasant associates, our time flew rapidly, and we were again so pleasantly situated, as to hear the sentiment of Mount Mixtpal reiterated, 'that it was good for us to be here,' and the wish that no change might alter the present aspect of things. There was one material difference between this position and that. Here we were on an open plain, which admitted of no other defences than intrenchments, and could be forced to a battle at the choice of the assailants. The faces of the Misses Benvelt were again pale with terror, for we determined, in a council of war, to make an assault upon St. Antonio. Flushed by the augmented spirit and numbers of our united forces, we sanguinely calculated upon a successful attack. The royal troops were commanded by the Conde, Salcedo, and Herrera. In a week from the time of our junction, we moved up in view of St. Antonio.

The royal army came out to meet us, and the issue was a pitched battle. Any one can have a surfeit of descriptions of scenes of carnage and blood in any page of history. I do not wish to go into the horrible details of this. It was a severe and fiercely contested struggle, which lasted almost through the day. The Royalists had intrenched themselves, and were defended by a deep ravine. They had also greatly the advantage of us in horse and artillery. Twice we rushed upon their front, and twice we were repelled with great loss. No ways disheartened, the gallant leaders of the Patriots rushed upon them again, and in this third attack, we succeeded in pushing them from the ravine, and in crossing it with our whole force. The fight was now renewed upon more equal terms, and as it was the charge that would determine the fortune of the day, it was the struggle of despair. It was the contest of man with man, and horse with horse. I had, finally, the gratification of the first wish of my heart. I met Colonel Pedro, and I was as

well mounted as he was, and he could not escape me. Not having learned the sword exercise, I felt that with the sabre I should not meet him on equal terms. He fired his pistol upon me without effect, and I discharged mine at his horse's breast. The horse reared, and in plunging, dismounted his rider. I instantly dismounted too. I was fortunate enough to turn aside the blow of his sabre, and to close with him. I threw him to the ground, put my foot on his breast, and in the fury of the contest, and in the exasperation of revenge, my first impulse was to cleave his head from his body. Perhaps, it was the second thought of a more bitter revenge, but it presented itself to me as the more noble one, to spare him. I wrenched his sabre from him, as he held up his powerless arm in the attitude of entreaty. I struck it deep in the ground, and by a twist broke it, as if it had been straw, and threw the pieces from me. "Spare me," said he, in Spanish, "and I will resign all pretension to Martha. She loves you yet." "Poltron!" answered I, "we are well met at last. I ought to wash away the remembrance of your pitiful and malicious persecutions in your blood. But I would show you the difference between a man, and a wretch whose blood is too base to stain my sabre. I have saved you once from motives of humanity. I now spare you from contempt. I will not owe the favor of Martha to the circumstance of your resigning it." Saying these words, I turned my back upon him. I had turned from him but a few paces, before I received from him a carabine shot, which passed through my clothes. An aim truer by a couple of inches would have rendered it mortal. He had found the undischarged carabine of a fallen soldier, and fired upon me in his retreat. I turned to pursue him, determined now to sacrifice him, but he was already mixed with the solid columns of the foe, and pursuit was in vain. It was a long, weary, and bloody day, but in the end the Royalists retreated, and left us an undisputed victory. ✓

Nothing now interposed between us and the town, and we commenced the siege of it with great vigor. On the third day of the siege, the town surrendered at discretion, and the royal forces were made prisoners of war. We had now a scene before us, of which I had read in history, and which I had seen portrayed by the pencil, or the colorings of the poet. It was here before me on a small scale. But all representations were faint, compared with the horrible reality of the entrance of an undisciplined soldiery into a captured city. In an army, composed of such discordant materials as ours, with so little subordination, and so exasperated by the very nature of this kind of warfare, it was only by the greatest exertions, and by making some terrible examples of our own men, that we saved this town from the utmost extremes of merciless and wanton cruelty, lust, cupidity, murder, and burning, that are generally consequent upon such an event. Our Spanish allies were too much inclined to cruelty, and to the exercise of all the dreadful rights of conquest. I felt proud to see how different a spirit was manifested by my own countrymen. The noble young men, to whom nature on such occasions assigns the tone and authority of command, were as it seemed, almost endowed with the attribute of Omnipresence. Wherever I went, I saw them sheltering the aged, protecting the women and children, and performing the noblest offices of humanity. Wherever an American went, the Spanish women flew to him, as to an asylum from their own countrymen.

By the influence of De Benvelt with Morelos and Bernardo, to my regiment was assigned the guarding of the palace. Of course the Conde with his household fell under my control, as prisoners of war; while Salcedo, the two Herreras, and the other chiefs, were in the keeping of the other American officers. I had never yet been called to a task so extremely irksome and awkward, I might even say so distressing, as that of introdu-

cing myself to the Conde who had taken shelter in the midst of his household. The carnage had hardly, and with much difficulty been arrested in the streets, when my regiment entered the court-yard of the palace. The servants, many of whom knew me, crowded about me, called me by name, fell on their knees before me, and begged me, crossing themselves *por el amor de Dios*, to spare them. At the same time they were eloquent in their attempts to flatter me, thanking Our Lady of Guadalupe, and all the saints, that they had fallen into the hands of such a good man, who they knew would spare the family for the sake of their dear young mistress. I sent them away comforted and assured, and asked one of them to lead me to the Conde. His clothes were stained with the blood of the conflict, and the grim sternness of battle was still on his features. Knowing that he was my prisoner, he felt himself safe, and his manner was determined, and his bearing indignantly proud.—“And is it even to you, young man,” said he, “that I am to give up my good sword? This is a fall indeed!” at the same time he handed me his sword. “Yours,” he continued, “at this moment is not exactly the function of a schoolmaster. You have, indeed, come all this distance to confer freedom upon this ignorant people. As yet, I think you have gained little gold, except the proper reward of your lessons, or the gift of my lady.”

I answered him, “Your Excellency can rail at me now, as you choose, with impunity. You must be aware of my character; and that being as you are in my power, you are safe. You forget that I once refused gold. For the rest, Sir, so situated, I should have thought you too much of a soldier, to play off this harmless war of abuse. I cannot accept your sword, and shall only avail myself of the present sport of fortune, by using her capricious power for the protection and comfort of your family. This I would do, even against your will. It would please me much more, if submitting to the chances of fortune

as a philosopher, you would let me know how I can be of service to you?" I bowed slightly to the father confessor, and with a particular expression of indignation and contempt to Don Pedro. Two or three other officers, who had accompanied the Conde to battle as aids, I dismissed, as belonging to the guard of another portion of our force, and pointed out some arrangements by which the family was to be governed, in order to avail themselves of my protection. The Condesa and her daughter, with countenances pale, but firm and composed, sat in a recess. I advanced towards them, and bowed, waiting for them to address me. Though Donna Martha affected to be calm, I discovered, by the heaving of her bosom, the painful efforts which this assumed calmness cost her. The Condesa returned my bow, observing that since the cruel result of this unnatural rebellion had cast them into the power of the rebels, she was thankful that it was into my command; that this secured them, she was aware, as far as my protection could extend, from outrage and insult. Donna Martha added, that she too could go so far in thankfulness, that my memory, short as it appeared to have been, could not but recur to the past; that while she seemed to be the condescending party, I could not but have known, how she had suffered from her father, Colonel Pedro, the father confessor, and others, on the charge of an ill judged partiality for me. These, if mistakes, were the mistakes of gratitude, and a desire to discover and countenance merit under a cloud. The case was now reversed. The humble are exalted, and the proud brought low. "But I hope," she continued, "that my father hereafter will more readily believe, that the spirit of my forefathers has descended to me. Let him know, and let all know, that I feel very differently towards the triumphant rebel Colonel, although at this moment we are in his power. The man in arms against my king, my father, and my church, though fortune has granted him a mo-

mentary triumph, is to me a very different, and a far less estimable personage, than the learned, modest, and intrepid youthful instructor. Alas! so young, and yet so unfortunate! You have seen me twice a captive." "To Menko first," I replied, "and now to another, and a different kind of savage, is it, Donna Martha?" She paused a moment for an answer. The first burst of indignant pride had past. Another current of feeling succeeded. "Oh, no!" she answered. "We are not so unjust. Let me not forget what I owe to the blessed Virgin, and to you. How thankful I am to God and the saints, that my dear father and mother have fallen into your hands, and not into the power of those miscreants that are associated with you!" "I am not less thankful," added her mother. "I can easily imagine how differently this catastrophe would have terminated, had we fallen into other hands. At least we are all safe in your keeping; sure of decorous and courteous treatment, and of every indulgence which our case will admit."

I moved, as if to retire. The Condesa requested me to tarry a moment, and in presence of her honored husband and Colonel Pedro, hear a new charge that had been brought against me. "It may seem," said she, "*mal a propos* for prisoners, to bring a youthful conqueror to trial before them. But I am confident, that when I have heard your reply to the charge, it will receive another and more favorable construction for you. Don Pedro charges you with having disgracefully beaten him, after he was fallen, and then with having fired upon him, after you had had the affected magnanimity to allow him to retire. You may judge his inference, that a man, capable of such a base use of power, could not be trusted as our keeper." "And have you, Sir," cried I, turning to Don Pedro, "made this courteous report of me? And is it possible that this family could have believed it? I would hardly undertake to vindicate myself in the opinion of any one, that would listen to such a story. I can

hardly bring myself so far to trample on the fallen, as to refute so base a falsehood. Were the slanderer in any other place and condition, I would apply to him the epithets he deserves. This falsehood has not even the poor merit of ingenuity and invention. He has only charged upon me the treacherous and cowardly conduct, which he practised himself. Hear the case as it was. All laws, human and divine, would have justified me in putting him to death, when the issue of a mortal struggle had placed him in my power. Words passed between him and me, which are improper to be repeated here. But I sent him away with his life, and turned my back on him, in confidence, that for this time at least, I was secure from his assault. Scarcely had I turned, before I received a shot from him, and here," added I, showing the passage of the ball through my clothes, "is the evidence of his marksmanship."

Even the effrontery of Don Pedro seemed to shrink, under this refutation. He had always seemed to sustain in the family a character for truth and honor. The father confessor, who had heard him bring the charge against me, when they were rejoicing together, that they were my prisoners, called upon him boldly to vindicate himself from this falsehood, or forever forfeit all claims to honor and regard. He evidently suffered the tortures of a fiend. He answered, in a faltering voice, "We are all in his power. He can say what he chooses. I have too much regard for the safety of the family to exasperate such a man and bring his persecution and vengeance upon them on my account." "In truth," said I "Colonel Pedro, you are well aware on what grounds this family would be sure of kindness from me, say or do your worst. For you, sir, before this, I at least gave you credit for the virtues of courage and truth. You are below all notice, below contempt, and if I bore any resentment towards you, the torture and the guilty confessions of your countenance, would now evidence all that the deepest revenge could

desire." "My dear father," said Martha, "do you not see all the truth? You heard the charge, and you see the manner, with which he receives the refutation. Can it now be, that you could wish to unite my fate with that of such a man? Holy Virgin! what have I not escaped? Let me be sacrificed, if such a consummation be necessary; but I implore you, never to think again of uniting me with dishonor." "Daughter," said the Conde, sternly, "desist! I am wretched enough already. You will not drive me mad, I trust, by espousing the cause of rebellion in my presence. This is neither the time nor the place, for either the trial or justification of Colonel Pedro. He has at least fought bravely for his king and country. You cannot wish to dishonor the gray hairs of your father, by recurring again to the defence and eulogy of our conqueror in his presence." "I perceive," said I, slightly bowing to the Conde, "that my presence is disagreeable, and I relieve you of it. You shall find me watching to be of service to you, and of this course of things you can say and think as you choose. My business shall be to act for the preservation of you all, and yours shall be to put your own construction upon that conduct." I stationed Bryan as a sentinel in the court-yard, who, by his acquaintance with the family, and his native shrewdness, would be able to anticipate their wants, and ward off their dangers.

I selected my head quarters in a house, opposite to that, where dwelt my prisoner. In the adjoining one were the head quarters of Morelos and Bernardo. De Benvelt's family were under the same roof with me. After the first tumults of the occupation of the town were over, the Americans put themselves seriously to the work, of attempting to procure the concurrence of their allies in the effort, to institute an efficient police, and to adopt measures, which should restore the march of law and order, and assure protection to all. It was a painful discovery, to find that our allies were destitute, to a most

humiliating degree, of all subordination and genuine tenderness, and that they indulged their cruelty, cupidity, and lust too often without restraint. The town was frequently a scene of riot, and brutal excess. All discipline was relaxed, and all fear of the reaction of public feeling, and of the resuscitation of the royal cause, was thrown to the winds. Complaints of outrage and violence came to us continually, for the wretched people soon learned, that they had little redress to expect from their own countrymen. Morelos would gladly have joined his full influence to ours, in redressing these evils. But he found in Bernardo a miserable intriguer, against whose wiles he was obliged to exert all his circumspection, to retain his own command. Bernardo had already begun to raise a Spanish party, hostile to the American influence, and to denounce Morelos in secret whispers, as the friend of the Americans. While our common danger was imminent, we had no jars, and made common cause. But the moment the surrender of San Antonio had concealed present danger from our view, innumerable heart-burnings began to spring up from this source. The unfortunate Royalists were only anxious to get under the protection of the Americans. Parties soon ran high, and we were in danger of coming to blows with our new friends, the Creole Patriots. These disputes quickly gave rise to a definite and specific cause of contention, which division of the allied troops should have charge of the prisoners? The Spaniards assumed, that as the Americans pretended only to act as auxiliaries, the ransom of prisoners, their safe keeping, and their ultimate disposal, belonged only to them. In the surrender, the prisoners had made it a term, that they surrendered to the Americans, and we insisted that our honor was concerned, that they should not be placed out of the reach of our protection. This dispute ran so high, that at a sandango, at which the American and Spanish officers in general were present, it came to blows. By the

aid of their father, two of the American officers, and Bryan, I was enabled to bring off the Misses Benvelt safe. Fortunately none of the Conde's family were there. It was a battle royal. The ladies' mantillas were demolished, and the gentlemen's heads broken, and the dirk was liberally used, though, by good fortune, no one was slain. The Misses Benvelt were excessively alarmed and disgusted, and promised their father that they would follow the example of Donna Martha, who had not been seen abroad since the capitulation.

The next day the Spaniards insisted upon having possession of the prisoners, and assured us, that they would gladly obtain this possession with our consent, but that otherwise they would have charge of them by force. They were more than quadruple our numbers, and were well able to execute their threat. As things were turning, we were but too well assured, that in their jealousy of us, they would not hesitate, on an emergency, to join with the Royalists, and bring their united force upon us. It was obvious, that their jealousy of the Americans preponderated over their attachment to the common cause. In a conclave of the Americans, we agreed to meet the next day in a council of war, and fix upon some final and definitive arrangement with respect to the disposal of our prisoners.

At my return from this meeting, I was both pleased and surprised to receive by Bryan a verbal message from the Conde, requesting me, when my leisure would admit, to call upon him, for that he wished some particular conversation with me. "Bother them all," said he, "they are like the weathercock, all round the compass. The other day, there was nothing like the great Colonel Pedro, and I could see, that they treated your Honor shabbily. Now, the thing is all top down. The Conde is blue. Donna Martha is at the head, and your Honor is in demand. What they want of your honor I know not, but they spoke your name as soft as silk." When I wait-

ed on the Conde, I found, as Bryan had had said, that the wind set in another quarter. The Conde received me with complacency, almost with deference. "You are too generous," said he, "and too well versed in human nature, not to find an excuse for the roughness of my manner to you the other day. Consider only what I have been, how much I have been chafed by treachery and rebellion on every quarter, and I am confident, all will be forgiven and forgotten. You kindly directed us to let you know in what manner you could aid us. Now, let me tell you. They propose to place us in the hands of the Spanish chiefs of your party, and if you consent to resign our keeping, we are perfectly assured, that we pass into their hands only to be massacred. For my own personal interest, I should be perfectly content it were so. But in these dangerous and terrible times, I earnestly wish to live a little longer for the sake of my lady and daughter. You will insist upon retaining your command here, with a pertinacity exactly proportioned to the value you affix to our lives." "I entreat you," said the Condesa, "to be pertinacious in retaining your command. We are informed that you alone, of the rebels, pardon me the word for I know of no one in its place, that you alone have a sufficient influence to prevent the adoption of that atrocious resolution. Oh! these dreadful people! You can have no idea of the savageness of their natures. I would rather a thousand times be in the hands of the Commauchés. If you knew these people as we do, you would see how little worthy they are of freedom. Notwithstanding all that may have appeared to the contrary, we have all along done ample justice to your character, and have felt perfectly tranquil and confident in your keeping."

"Yours is indeed a proud destiny," said Martha. "At the fandango you carry away in your arms the trembling ladies from the bacchanalian riots, and from the dirks of these innocent and amiable Patriots. Here you are called to the family of the chief of the government, and

they implore you not to hand them over to the dominion of these merciful deliverers of an oppressed people. How much things are changed within a few weeks! How proud must be your feelings in having so many people clinging to you for protection. I cannot flatter myself, that my entreaties can add any interest to such a mass of supplication. If it would, I have, with my parents, a sufficient horror at the canaille of this country. I would beg you, on my bended knee, to strike off our heads with your sabre, rather than pass us over into their hands." I answered, "You are not aware, Donna Martha, of the cruelty of this bitter irony, or you would not employ it. I can only say, that no part of my deportment to you or your family has merited it. I have neither time nor inclination to take up the apology of my cause, or the people with whom I am associated. They are ignorant and barbarous, I grant you. But what has made them so? Enlighten their ignorance—break their chains—remove the threefold veil of darkness with which your priesthood have hoodwinked them. My heart tells me that nothing can be more amiable than the Spanish character. To your Excellency and the family I can only say, that I fear you have entirely miscalculated my influence, but, that such as it is, it shall all be exerted for your welfare. I hope and believe, that your alarm is without cause. Should it be otherwise, I will retain my command while I can. Whenever you shall be in danger, you may calculate to see me at hand. Nothing will debar me from the duty of watching for your safety, but what, at the same time, deprives me of life." As I was taking my leave, the Conde informed me, that Don Pedro and the father confessor, also, begged to be included under my command, and subjected to the same disposal with himself. "This too," I replied, "shall be granted, not for their own sakes, but for your family's," and I took my leave.

In the council of war, convened the next morning, the

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session was stormy, and party feeling, as usual, ran high. It appeared, however, that the Spaniards had managed to overreach us, and not break with us. They meditated the consummation of their horrid purpose by treachery. They affected to regret, that any cause of jealousy should have existed between the troops of the two nations. They proposed an arrangement for the disposal of the chiefs, which they hoped would be mutually satisfactory, and would effectually remove all grounds of jealousy for the future. They represented the immense wealth and influence of these chiefs, and they developed intrigues and agencies, which they affirmed, were going on, to bring about a counter-revolution, and that, to those who knew anything of the fickleness of the people, this must be to us ground of distrust and apprehension. They produced a dispatch, implicating the honor of the Conde, as regarded the terms of his parole, which forbade his holding any communications with his government, until he should be regularly exchanged. This letter, which we ascertained afterwards, was a forged one, was addressed to Colonel Arredondo, informing him of the capture of St. Antonio by the rebels, and imputing the mistakes, by which it was brought about to others, informing him, that the rebels were but a miserable disorderly rabble, and that if he would come to his aid with his single regiment, he might recapture the town, rescue him, and destroy the rebellion root and branch at a blow.

They represented, that there could be no safety for us, while men of such power and influence, and so regardless of their obligations, were among us. They informed us, that an American vessel had arrived at Matagorda from New Orleans; and that they proposed to march the prisoners to that place, and there embark them for that city; that here they would be effectually removed beyond the power of present annoyance, and would be safe, under the protection of the government. Finally, they averred, that the prisoners themselves were desirous of

this arrangement. The project seemed so feasible, and this mode of disposing of the prisoners so little objectionable, and the prospect of its restoring amity and a good understanding among us so delightful, that very little opposition was made to it. The vessel, we knew, had arrived, as stated, and there was no doubt of their good faith. The proposition was adopted, almost unanimously. The next question to be disposed of, was, which should escort them, an American, or a Spanish guard? To this the Spanish observed, that the Americans, with their usual cautious policy, would certainly refuse to admit prisoners conducted thither by armed Americans, lest they should stand committed with the government. They asserted too, that it would assume the appearance of our being principals, instead of being auxiliaries, as we professed to be. In short, won by such arguments, they easily brought over the Americans to consent to this arrangement also. The council dissolved in great apparent concord, and the articles were carried into immediate execution. The American guard, which had hitherto had the keeping of the chiefs, was relieved, and a Spanish one substituted in its place. I immediately notified to the Conde, by Bryan, this arrangement, and of the necessity which overruled me to consent to it; and requesting him to let me know, in what manner he could find any further use for my services I promised still, to keep an unobserved eye upon all the movements of their new guard.

Preparations were made for marching the prisoners for Matagorda, in the afternoon of the same day. Rumors began to be whispered among the Americans, that foul practices were meditated in relation to these chiefs. I imparted my apprehensions for the safety of the Conde's family, to a few of my youthful associates, whom I knew I could trust. Four of them agreed to concur in any plan, which I would propose, to follow the family unobserved, and aid them to the uttermost if need required.

It was a time of leisure and holiday in the camp, and hunting parties were projected every day. We made up a party, as if for hunting the buffalo. We assumed the costume, and painted ourselves after the fashion of the Conehatty Indians, as was the fashion for the Americans to do, to make a frolic of the affair. Bryan drove before us a sumpter cart, and we followed on horseback, completely armed and equipped as for the chase. The sub-governor, Salcedo, the elder and the younger Herrera, and four more of the principal Royal officers, were started off on horseback, and as there was a ford across the river, below the town, they took the direction of the ford; while the carriage of the Conde, which contained the usual members of his family, followed by six servants, all, of course, unarmed, took the direction of a bridge over the river, which would lead them two miles from the route, which the other party took. A numerous, and strong escort, commanded by a full-blooded Wachenango chief, surrounded the prisoners on horseback, and enclosed them in a hollow square. A lieutenant, and six privates followed the coach of the Conde, and the pretence was, that beyond the bridge the two parties should unite. The moment before we started, to get in advance of these parties, Bryan slipped a billet into my hands, containing but these words. "We have it from a sure source, that we are all to be assassinated. Save us." I recognized, and I carried to my lips, the beautiful, and firmly formed handwriting, that I knew so well; and I vowed within myself, to save her or perish. My associates were young, and high-spirited men, to whom such an adventure wore the highest charm, and on whom, I knew, I might count even to death. The odds in number would make success only the more glorious, and the necessity of making the dash upon the escort more desperate. We cleared ourselves of the town, and placed ourselves on horseback, in a deep ravine, fifty paces from the great

road to the bridge, where, we knew, the carriage and the escort would pass.

We had scarcely reached our station, before the escort came in sight, riding at the usual speed of carriage-horses on a journey. As the carriage neared us, we distinctly heard the guard talking in voices, loud and undisguised, that they were far enough from town, to execute their purpose, and that the ravine was a convenient place, in which to dispose of their bodies. Just before the carriage came abreast of us, the lieutenant ordered a halt and dismounted. He opened the door of the carriage, and ordered the Conde to come out, and prepare himself to die. At the same time, a private seized the arm of the Condesa, and dragged her out. The servants approached the carriage, pale with consternation. Two or three pistols were discharged among them, and they put spurs to their horses, and fled in the direction of the town. At the same moment, we rushed from the ravine with a shout, calling upon the servants to stop and aid us. The pistols that had not been fired upon the servants, were discharged upon us, and one of our party was wounded. I brought down the lieutenant with a yager, and we made a push upon them with our hunting-spears. They were so much surprised by this unexpected attack, and alarmed with the fall of their leader, that they sustained the strife but a moment, leaving one of their number dead, and another mortally wounded by a thrust of the spear. The servants, seeing the turn of affairs, rallied, and returned, and we remained undisputed masters of the field. We examined the issue of the battle. One of the servants was wounded slightly, one of my associates severely, though not dangerously, and a ball had passed through my dress, and grazed my body, just so as to draw blood.

We made ourselves known to the trembling family, for seeing us in the costume of Indians, they were scarcely assured that they were not delivered from one danger, only to fall into another. "Blessed Virgin!" exclaimed

the mother and daughter together; "here is our deliverer again," and the Condesa embraced me, shedding tears of joy. We told them, that this was no time for exclamations or acknowledgements, that if they wished to avoid another escort from St. Antonio, sent after them on the return of the party that we had defeated, they must make all diligence, to fly in the direction of Chihuahua. We requested a place for our wounded associate, in the carriage, and were compelled to leave the miserable groaning assassin to his fate. The wounded servant was able to mount on horseback, and we were ready for moving. We requested the Conde not to lose a moment, but to put his horses at their utmost speed, across the prairie, in a direction for the great road, leading to Chihuahua. The coachman, who had fled and concealed himself in the ravine, returned, now that the skirmish was over, and was on his box, ready to smack his whip. We proposed, that in their flight, they should leave our wounded companion at a *meson*, which they would pass, and that we would make arrangements, for having him conveyed in a litter, to St. Antonio. The family cried with one voice, that it was better for them to return with me to St. Antonio, and take their fate, than set off unprotected and unarmed, on such a journey, in which, they felt confident, they should be overtaken and massacred. "We implore you," said the Condesa and her daughter, in an agony of terror, "not to leave us here, as the night is coming on. I consulted with my associates a moment apart, and we unanimously consented to accompany them that night on their way. We immediately proffered our services, as a guard for the night, and even the father confessor, raised his solemn voice in thankful acknowledgements. The colonel was still seated in the carriage, pale and yellow, grim and silent. We put an end to all questions, exclamations, and debates, by assuring them, that there was not a moment to be lost. For the sake of expedition, we somewhat peremptorily ordered the fath-

er confessor to mount the horse of our wounded associate in the carriage, and bade the coachman drive away at his swiftest. We started away furiously, our horses at full gallop, over the naked plains, towards the Chihuahua road.

My reflections, as we sped away, may be imagined. This was the third time, that a wonderful combination of events had connected me with the preservation of Donna Martha. Destiny seemed to have taken the management of bringing us together into her own hands. Even during her interview with me, after the capture of the town, amidst the seeming haughtiness and irony of her manner, I flattered myself, that I saw sufficient indications, that I had my former measure of interest in her thoughts. I was very sure, that the present occurrence would not lessen it. There could be no mistake in the grateful countenance and glistening eyes, with which she had just made her acknowledgements to me. My associates were delighted with the success of our exploit, and were enthusiastic in their admiration of the expressive beauty of Donna Martha. They spoke in a language, which neither the father confessor, nor any of the servants but Bryan understood, and amused themselves in imagining ways, in which they could become acquainted with her, and in *badinage*, which of the two should relinquish his claims to the other. When they appealed to me, whose intimacy with her, apparently they did not know, I informed them, that according to my calculations of the latitude and longitude of the female heart, the wounded knight, who sat with her in the carriage, would be most likely to carry off her favor, that in fact, I felt a strong inclination for a share for myself. But, I informed them, that the favored gentleman, reserved by the family for that high distinction, was the Spanish cavalier, who was also with her in the carriage. The circumstance, which we all remarked, that he had not exerted himself at all in the late recon-

tre, or even left his seat in the carriage, called forth a burst of indignation, that such a swarthy, ill-looking poltron, should carry off such a prize. It was merrily proposed, to tumble him out of the carriage, and start him with a kick or two, towards St. Antonio, and that the rest of us should decide by single combat, whose claims should yield to the other. We all agreed, that while we retained our Indian costume, and our cheeks were so highly painted with black and vermilion, we should hardly stand higher on the score of personal appearance, than the ugly young Spaniard. This remark first reminded us, what a horrid, and assassin-like figure we made. For in the excitement of the recent strife, we had not been aware, that the young lady in question, had not seen, in our case, faces exactly like that, ascribed to Adonis. At the first stream, we dismounted, and washed away our paint, and threw off our savage costume, which we had put on over our common uniform, and we came out, like Æneas in his *debut* before queen Dido, blooming and likely fellows.

The father Josephus could not have been much delighted with the society of a man, who had twice saved his life, and had received nothing in return, but constant enmity and ill offices. Natural reflections of this sort, occasionally expressed by him in Spanish, the interjections of shame and guilty consciousness, came over his mind, and audibly expressed themselves. In a deep voice, he ejaculated snatches of prayer and thanksgiving to his patron saints. He admitted to me, that it astonished him, that Providence was calling him, once and again, to receive deliverance from a heretic;—that I ought to consider the influence, which he was aware, I knew he had made against me, with the family of the Conde, simply as a holy and conscientious sacrifice, which he made of his gratitude and his feelings, to the paramount claims of religion, and he hoped that my enlargement of mind, as he was pleased to say, would find that favorable

solution of his conduct. It gratified my pride, however, that heretic as he appeared to regard me, and of course out of the protection of his saints, he seemed to depend at least as much upon my aid, as theirs. Even if I turned my horse from one side of the road to the other, he immediately turned his to follow me. He clung still more closely to me than even Bryan. All the rest he eyed with distrust and diffidence. He enquired anxiously of me, when I thought of leaving him; and suggested more than once, that if I would continue on to Chihuahua, he could and would secure for me, a reception worthy of the preserver of the Conde; that I should stay as long as I pleased, and be at liberty to return to St. Antonio, when I would. When he was informed, that I calculated to leave them the next morning, and still a day's journey from their destination, he intimated, in order to secure my attendance, and a safe conduct thither, which seemed to be things connected in his mind, that if we would escort them he would henceforward throw any influence he might possess in that family, into the scale in my favor.

Towards evening, and on the banks of a little stream, we were compelled by the condition of our horses, to stop, and give them time to breathe, drink, and feed. We judged, that we had already left St. Antonio thirty miles behind us. The family had not yet recovered from the terrors of their situation, or the apprehensions of pursuit, and still cast looks of fear over the prairie, to see if there were no horsemen dashing over the plain, from that quarter, in pursuit of them. We assisted the mother and the daughter from the carriage, and prepared sod seats for them, on the cool margin of the stream. The family were now formally introduced to their deliverers and we had more leisure and security to receive their grateful compliments upon our behaviour in the recent affair. We were instructed by what means they became acquainted with the fate, that was

intended for them, and which they doubted not, had actually befallen the other chiefs. To us it was owing, that they were not now inhabitants of the "unknown country" and their bodies mangled, and cast into the ravine, the prey of the vultures. The Conde expressed his thankfulness, and his acknowledgements in the frank and laconic style of a soldier; the Condesa and her daughter with that dignity and grace, which were peculiar to them. Colonel Pedro, notwithstanding all his propping of birth, fortune and favor, evidently had a very unpleasant remembrance of recent events, and showed in various ways, that he felt himself at this time in *mauvais odeur* with the whole party. His countenance exhibited a compound of instinctive self-importance, malignity, conscious meanness, and present degradation, which rendered it a study for a physiognomist. He offered his hand to assist Donna Martha from the carriage. She denied it to him and gave it to one of my companions. She expressed commiseration for our young wounded friend, while her mother was dressing his wound; and he asserted, with great gallantry, that in the place which he had occupied, and in the sympathy which he had experienced, he was so happy, that he had scarcely felt his wound, and that he would cheerfully purchase the same pleasure again, with ten such wounds in succession. Here we were, Patriots and Royalists, all perfect friends, interchanging courtesies, and assuming that air of confidence and mutual good will, which belongs to old acquaintances. A cold repast was prepared from provisions, laid in by the Conde's steward. The fragrant *Parso* was poured out, and we remarked among ourselves, how easily and rapidly, the human mind passes from the extremes of terror, grief and gloom, to cheerfulness and joy. Our American friends, though they could speak neither French nor Spanish, were fine young men, and put in requisition all their courtesy. The traces of terror and tears, were still visible in the

countenance of the Condesa, but I had never seen the same delightful expression in the face of Donna Martha, but once before. I remarked, that I had never before made so delightful a supper in my life. And the reply of the Condesa was a cordial pressure of the hand and a starting tear, which intimated, that she felt the contrast of what was, with what would have been, but for us. I remarked too, that Donna Martha exerted herself, to appear to the greatest advantage, before these my young friends. Vanity whispered, that she was anxious, that they should report favorably of her to me, and in fact, I saw with great satisfaction, that her impression upon them, was as it had been originally on me. They manifested the romantic and extravagant admiration, natural to their years, and were delighted beyond measure. Even the Conde seemed to relax something from his settled recklessness and gloom, as he looked upon the fair and fresh faces of these fine young men, glowing with health, benevolence, and hope. He uttered in broken English, a wish that such gallant young men belonged to his cause. Before the supper was closed, the Condesa had made the same remark of them, that St. Augustine had made so many centuries before of the pagan youths brought from Britain to Rome, and which had been afterwards so handsomely applied in the same place to Milton, *haud Angli, sed angeli*. I interpreted the compliment to them, and the unaffected and heightened glow of modesty rendered the compliment more strikingly just.

We tarried not a moment beyond what was necessary for the repose of the horses, although I told them, I reluctantly brought myself to disturb so happy a supper. A look passed between the Conde and his lady, and it was intimated to Don Pedro, that he had better relieve my fatigue, by taking my place on horseback, and give me his seat in the carriage. A grim look intimated his feelings on the subject. But he had no alternative. The arrangement was so much the more pleasant to me, as

I was really fatigued, and as it was a pleasure wholly unexpected. Behold me then, just as the last ruddy tinges of the setting sun were fading from the plain, seated quietly on the same seat with Donna Martha, and in the indistinct light, which veiled the expression of inward feelings from ordinary inspection, and yet allowed the heart through the eyes to say unutterable things. The Conde relapsed into his wonted silence, apparently giving up his mind to gloomy cogitations. His lady sympathized in his silence. My wounded companion spoke nothing but English, and Martha, though she now and then made kind enquiries of him, if his wound were painful, in that language, did not avail herself of it for any thing beyond. Short sentences, which said much in a few words, uttered in a low and deep tone of feeling, passed between her and me, in Spanish. It is wholly unnecessary, to give any of the details of this conversation. We two, I will answer, were abundantly satisfied, and it was of that sort, which neither bears translation, nor telling, for the benefit of others. The evening closed over us in profound darkness, and it was well for us, that our road lay over a vast plain, so smooth and unbroken, that the coachman drove on with the same confidence by night as by day. Had the road even been difficult, such was our anxiety for our charge, that we should have urged the hastening on by night, as the less danger of the two. The Condesa fixed herself in a reclining posture on the cushion, intending if possible to sleep. She advised her daughter to do the same. The difficulty for the latter, was to find a place on which to recline. The pannels of the coach were hard, and the position subjected the person to continual jostling. My shoulder was somewhat softer and steadier, and the thick epaulette not unlike a pillow. But it was a couch not to be thought of. We had been from our first acquaintance, pitifully trammelled in our intercourse. I leave you to imagine, how we availed ourselves of this opportunity. Those who were on

horseback without, were wearied beyond conversation. All within the carriage slept, or seemed to sleep. The fatigued horses gradually declined to the pace of a snail. Martha too was still, and seemed to sleep for half an hour. She then started and raised her head. I asked her in a whisper, if she had alarming dreams. And she answered, by asking in her turn, if I had a fever, for that the palpitations of my heart, were so quick and audible, as to arouse her from her drowsiness. I have no doubt, that her medical science, enabled her to discriminate these palpitations from those of incipient fever, or the throbings of patriotism.

Joy has its term, as well as sorrow. I believe poets have represented Night as slow and limping in her progress. However that may be, the hours of this night, the most charming in the year, flew. I looked with terror at my watch, as it began to be light enough to discern the position of the hands, to see if it were indeed morning. We admitted that we had neither of us slept a moment. We had fairly talked the night through, as we ascertained that the drudging sun had not forgotten his daily business. As if to atone in some measure, for interrupting such a delightful tete-a-tete, he made a glorious rise, rolling an atmosphere of mist from his path, and presenting us a most impressive view of the grand summits of the mountains before us, and at the distance of half a league, the village on the banks of the river, with its hundred smokes, beginning to undulate, and find their zig-zag courses aloft. It was fortified, and belonged to the Royalists, and the Conde admitted, that in that place he should feel himself in safety. He begged us to enter the place with him, for that, though we were nominally Patriots, such intrepid and generous young men, as he was pleased to call us, could have nothing in common with the assassins, from whom we had rescued them, and to whom circumstances had attached us. He assured us of the best reception that he could procure for

us, and promised to send us back with a Royal detachment, as a flag of truce, to accompany us to St. Antonio. We thanked him, and declined entering the town. We pointed out that it was best for us as well as him, that there should be no such palpable demonstrations of our understanding one another, as such a circumstance would evidence. This argument was conclusive with him, but not so with his lady and daughter. The countenance of the latter expressed the very sentiment of the patriarch, when he wrestled, and would not let the venerable stranger go. The carriage stopped at my request. I begged Don Pedro to come up with my horse. The Condesa grasped my hand, and for a moment was unable to articulate from emotion. "It cannot be," she said, "dear young man, that we part here for the last time. I have always said of you, what this last exploit must have proved to the conviction of incredulity itself. Our stars have placed us in the utmost peril again and again, only to prove your intrepidity and forgetfulness of self. The same Providence, that has thus mysteriously brought you to our aid, will bring us in its own way, together again, and under happier auspices. At least, I will hope it. I will never forget you." The Conde gave me his hand, and for the first time he evidenced the impulse of kindly and grateful feelings. "Would to God!" said he, "noble young man, that you belonged to our king and church! But that is impossible. *A Dios*. May I some time have a chance to show you, that I remember what you have done." The *padre* grasped my hand, and uttered *A Dios*, in his peculiar deep tone of voice.—Thanks were offered to my associates with the greatest energy. The wounded young man had a satisfactory share of sympathy and gratitude. He mounted his horse with agility, and expressed himself quite well; and as we turned our horses' heads, I heard something from Don Pedro, muttered in a voice scarcely audible. It was between a curse and a parting salutation, and we galloped away.

CHAPTER II.

"Estas lagrimas tristes, una a una,
Bien las debo al valor extraordinario."

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!" *Collins.*

WE had a safe return to St. Antonio. Extreme fatigue, want of sleep, and encountering the jests of my companions, who had contrived to make out how things stood between me and Donna Martha, were the only unpleasant circumstances of our journey. Every lover has felt how harassing, under such circumstances, is the repetition of such jests, until they are stale. As soon as we entered the town, we had plenty of matter for discussion, of a more serious cast. We had had the most incontestible evidence, that the chiefs of our party could practise the basest treachery, and the most cold-blooded assassination. It is true, we acquitted Morelos of any participation in this abominable plan. But it was not to be disguised, that he was carried along by the current of opinion, and compelled to give the sanction of his name to acts, which ought to have been equally revolting to his understanding and his heart. We had discovered, even in him, a recent leaning towards counsels, to retaliate on the Royalist chiefs, the cruelties which they had practised in the case of Hidalgo, and the other Patriot chiefs, that had fallen into their hands. We regretted bitterly to remember, that all revolutions, in the nature of things, mingle much of this horrible spirit of revenge, blood, and murder, with them. We vindicated our own self-respect, on finding ourselves associated in the same cause

with men capable of such fiend-like projects, by charging them upon the character of human nature, and the natural reaction of things, when men, who have been reared in ignorance, oppression, and cruelty, gain the ascendancy, and become treacherous and bloody tyrants in their turn. We had occasion to take other than abstract views upon the subject. We were not only associated with men, capable of weaving such plans into their cause, but we had counteracted a most important part of their plan. We had rescued from their bloody hands the chief of the Royalists and his family, and had slain an officer of their party, in effecting the rescue. It is true, we were disguised as savages. But we had little reason to suppose, that these adroit and practised villains would not understand the true state of the case. Inquiry would be made, and we should be found to have been absent. Then again, we concluded, that if they had succeeded in the assassination of the other chiefs, as we had no doubt they had, they would be sufficiently occupied in defending themselves against the sensation and inquiry it must naturally create, to guaranty us from suffering a very severe scrutiny for what we had done. It was my opinion, that such a wanton and unnecessary outrage, would not have been perpetrated, against the known feelings, and most pointed remonstrances of the Americans, until they had settled the principle, to set us at defiance. It was my judgment, on our return to the camp, instead of allowing them to inquire into our conduct, the Americans ought to unite, to a man, and with arms in their hands, insist upon instituting an inquiry into the conduct of our chiefs in this affair. They had practised upon us the grossest deception, and we had a right to inquire, why they had not fulfilled their engagement of honor with us, to escort the chiefs of the Royalists safely to Matagorda, as they promised us they would. I insisted, that if we allowed this most detestable act to pass without remonstrance or investigation, history would justly represent

as having aided and abetted the act. With myself, I determined that if this outrage was generally approved by the Spaniards, and even winked at by the Americans, I would wash my hands of any farther participation of the cause.

When we arrived in camp, we found every thing in greater uproar than ever. Our worst suspicions were confirmed. The infamous villains, who had volunteered as the agents of the Patriot chiefs, on purpose to massacre the Royal commanders, had perpetrated their purpose with every trait of cold-blooded cruelty. They shot governor Salcedo, who resisted them. The six other chiefs they bound, and cut their throats, and threw their bodies into a ravine. They had the unblushing effrontery to return to the camp, clothed in the dress, and wearing the watches, ornaments, and insignia of these unfortunate but naturally excellent men, whose only crime was, that they had been born and bred the adherents of the Spanish despotism. Our conjectures, that we should be recognised as the authors of the escape of the Conde, were changed to conviction. The Spaniards, with lowering countenances, pronounced the name of the lieutenant whom we had killed, and pointed us out as we passed through their camp, applying to us, in connexion with that name, the epithets, *Americanos diablos*. The Americans, in their quarters, were conversing together in groups, with the deepest apprehension and alarm on their countenances; and the most rancorous mutual suspicions existed between the partisans of the two nations.

Many of the Americans, in the utmost disgust and horror, left the camp, and returned to their own country, quite relieved in their minds, as to their sympathy with the oppressed Spaniards. The ease with which we had beaten the Royalists in every fair encounter, fostered the hopes of others, that they should yet come at their reversion in the mines. Others flattered themselves, that better counsels would ultimately prevail, and that these

horrid deeds were only the natural effervescence of slavery, in passing into a state of anarchy and licentiousness. Morelos and Bernardo were each struggling for the ascendancy. De Benvelt, shocked beyond measure by the late transaction, resigned his command as soon as the news arrived in the camp, and shut himself up with his daughters. No words could paint their disgust and terror, when I returned to them. Bryan seized me by one arm, and they by the other, begging me for the love of God, to fly this horrid country forever, and follow the footsteps of those whose faces were already set towards the United States. But for one circumstance, I should have consented at once. One of the strongest impulses of our nature still detained me here, and gave me patience to watch the signs of the times, and wait the issue of events. With this cherished family, and one or two like-minded friends, among whom was my classmate, I spent the evenings and the days, almost confined to the house. We made a mutual compact, that if our affairs continued to have the same unpromising aspect, after ten days we would withdraw, and make our way as fast as possible to the United States, and De Benvelt consented to wait patiently till the end of those days.

Eight of them had elapsed with us in the most profound retirement, when a crisis occurred, which once more united us all by a feeling of common danger. The late massacre had not only disgusted and disheartened the Americans, and palsied every noble patriot arm among the Mexicans, but it operated in rousing the slumbering spirit of the Royalists to the utmost pitch, not only of exasperation and fury, but of daring and courage. They were determined that neutral and half-way measures should be renounced. The Patriots had set the example of extermination, to which a very considerable party of the Royalists had always been inclined. At the head of that party was Colonel Arredondo, a warrior of great experience, trained in European contests, and uniting strong

sense, great cunning, and calm and calculating selfishness, to the discipline, intrepidity, and unshrinking character of a soldier, inured to scenes of violence and blood. Age, circumstances, and perhaps natural character, had rendered the Conde timid and vacillating in his plans. Sometimes he inclined to strong, and sometimes to moderate measures. Sometimes he was inclined to be merciful, and sometimes cruel; and these feelings rose or fell with the elevation or depression of his spirits, or with the preponderancy or inefficacy of the counsels of Don Pedro, or the father confessor. He sometimes wilfully acted out his own conceptions, and at other times gave himself up entirely to the leading of these counsellors. Under the excitement created by the late deed of horror, the party of Colonel Arredondo came into complete ascendancy. The Conde's name was still affixed to acts, but the real and efficient command was in him. Strong measures were immediately taken. The interior of Mexico was in the same kind of calm with a volcano, after a terrible and recent eruption. Royal troops were drawn from all the cities in the internal provinces. The regiment of Cadiz was united to that of Vera Cruz. No officers were commissioned for the king among the provincials, but such as had given a pledge to their future course by acts of violence and outrage against the Patriots.

In ten days from the late massacre, we heard that a large body of Royal troops, no longer commanded by the Conde, but by Colonel Arredondo, was rapidly advancing upon St. Antonio, and had already passed the Rio del Norte. The Patriot chiefs were panic-struck with the intelligence. So long as the Conde was in command, they felt that they could play a double game between us and the Royalists. They felt a confidence, that if a treacherous policy called upon them to sacrifice us, they could at any time make their peace with him, by going over to his standard. Not so with Colonel Arredondo. With him they could hope but one of two alternatives,—

the spear or the rope. They came to us, one after the other, exculpating themselves from participation in the late massacre. They proposed a court of investigation, and professed themselves willing to subject to military execution the persons who should be found to have originated the project. They implored us to resume our several commands, offering even to give that one of our number, whom we should elect, the supreme command. We again held a conclave consultation, and we disagreed among ourselves. But our young men possessed an eagerness to make themselves known in exploit and action, and an adventurous spirit of enterprise, that courted such an occasion for display, and nerved them to perseverance. I was undecided what course to pursue. The good nature of De Benvelt, won by the seeming repentance of the Patriot chiefs, and by seeing the manifestation of this spirit of reconciliation, inclined him to resume his command. I followed his example. De Benvelt, my classmate, who was appointed aid of Bernardo, myself, and the Americans generally, were received by the Spaniards with loud acclamations. Bernardo had manœuvred to obtain the supreme command; and Morelos had left the army in disgust, retiring to the city of Mexico in disguise.

Our measures were soon taken. We moved out of town, where there were such temptations to riot, and relaxation of all discipline, as rendered it a place utterly unfit for a camp, in such an emergency as ours. We took post at a considerable distance from town, in the large stone buildings belonging to the Mission establishment. They afforded us an admirable military position. They would yield only to a regular seige, and were sufficiently massive to resist any thing but heavy battering cannon, which the foe had not. Wood and water in abundance were near, and it was a fine position to command forage and provisions. I gave my opinion, when it was called for, and it was, decidedly to intrench our camp here, and wait for the enemy. But other counsels prevailed. We

had express upon express, that Arredondo was coming upon us. The Americans exulted in this intelligence, for they flattered themselves that they should now see real fighting. All former victories had been won, as they said, with too much ease. We had come to despise our enemy, and the confidence consequent upon this contempt, proved our ruin.

Eight miles in advance of the Mission establishment, there is a considerable stream, which in winter runs with a full current up to the banks, and in summer becomes almost a *rio seco*, or dry branch. It was now midsummer, and the weather excessively hot. We crossed this branch, which, contrary to the ordinary course of things in the summer, afforded an abundance of pure water. The banks were, as is common to such streams in the summer, high, rugged, and utterly impassable for cavalry, except directly by the ford. Immediately beyond this river, the road forks, one branch leading to Labahia and the coast, and the other to the Parso and Mexico. There was a fine green alluvion on the opposite bank, and it was completely sheltered from inspection by a precipitous and wooded hill. Here we took post, and were determined to await the foe, whom we knew to be near. We were sure that we had intercepted all communication of intelligence, and that the Royal troops would begin to descend the hill, in full reach of our muskets, before they would discover us. We calculated to attack them encumbered, as their troops always are, by a vast quantity of baggage, and a multitude of useless camp-followers, and in the confusion of such an unexpected attack, put them to rout and flight. But their experienced commander was not so to be caught. He had his policy too, and, to our ruin, it proved to be the better of the two. Our scouts reported his troops to be at two miles distance, and then at one, and in fact we could now clearly hear the blowing of their bugles, and the rolling of their drums. Soon after we saw an officer on horseback, in a splendid

uniform, come dashing up to the summit of the hill, not fifty yards from us. He rose upon his stirrups, and took a glance of our camp, in the twinkling of an eye. Fifty rifles were discharged upon him, but he turned his horse, and fled so swiftly, that he escaped, and carried intelligence of our proximity. Our impetuosity was the cause of our first mistake, in inducing us to leave our fine position by shade and water, on such a burning summer's morning. But an impulse of consentaneous movement operated upon us. Horse and foot mounted the hill. We met a considerable force, chiefly provincials, attacked them, and in less than fifteen minutes routed them, so that they fled, and left a few dead behind them. We commenced a hot pursuit, in which we were fatigued, inflamed with the heat, and suffering from thirst at the same time.

In about two miles from the first attack, we met a second and larger detachment, which the inexperienced Spaniards felt assured was the main army. The Americans comprehended in a moment, that both these attacks were feints, intended only to draw us from wood and water, to fatigue and harass us down, and render us an easy conquest to their fresh and untired troops. Nevertheless, we rushed upon the second detachment, and they resisted us for nearly half an hour. Considerable blood was shed, and the resistance seemed to be obstinate. They in their turn retreated. Mere fatigue, and exposure to the heat, compelled a short halt, and arrested our pursuit. We were ready to expire for want of shade and water, and the Americans wished to wait for the enemy here. My classmate, aid of general Bernardo, was sent to the provincial troops on the left, intimating the command of Bernardo, that we should fall back to our morning position, and there await the main body of the enemy, which had just been ascertained to be entrenched four miles in advance of us. This command was perfectly in accordance with the wishes of the Americans. But the provincials

commander of the horse, equally ignorant, obstinate, and impetuous, sent word back to Bernardo, who had but recently arrived from the United States, and whom he affected to consider as an American, that the Americans might retreat, if they chose, but that his Spaniards were not used to leaving their business half done, and that they would advance upon the Royalists, either to beat them, or join their standard, just as the Americans chose. We saw in a moment, the nature of our condition. If we undertook to retreat to our camp, the great body of provincials, would immediately desert to the Royalists, and in all probability, we should be attacked by their united force. We were well informed, that the road between us and Arredondo, was a burning sand, in which, even the men, in marching, would sink up to their ankles. We had a small, but a fine park of brass artillery. We were aware, that the carriages would plough and sink into the sand. We were perishing with thirst, and it was burning noon. Under all these disadvantages, we might possibly beat the enemy, and on the whole, it seemed the lesser danger, to attempt to do it. We made another unavailing effort, to bring the provincial commander to listen to reason, and then marched to the attack. Words would be wanting to describe the fatigue of this march. One horse after another gave out, and one cannon after another was left, bedded in the sand. Even the horses we rode, could hardly wade along. A little past the middle of the day, we descended a small eminence, and saw fifty paces in advance of us, a wide barricade of green felled trees. We had time to observe nothing more, and had scarcely caught a glimpse of this, before we were saluted by a park of artillery, concealed behind the trees, and a regular, and murderous discharge of musquetry by platoons. Our ranks were literally mowed down, and I was for a moment left alone. The Spaniards recoiled from the first fire; but the Americans rushed upon the foe, and clambered over the trees, and

formed upon their right. We brought up the only two field pieces that had not been left in the sand, and sustained the fight on somewhat more nearly equal terms, than at the commencement. But we were unable to make any impression upon the Royal troops, behind their breastworks. They continued to pour their fire upon us by platoons, with so much precision, that it seemed a single discharge, and they swept away the advance of our force with their artillery. With such terrible odds against us, we kept up the fight, for more than two hours, and had once succeeded in completely silencing the fire of their battery. In fact, they commenced a retreat, and a company of the Royal provincials actually did retreat, as fast as possible, quite to the Rio del Norte, and there reported, that the Royalists were completely routed. At the same moment, that the Royalists were retreating from us, we, worn down with fatigue, sinking with heat and thirst, and more than the half of us slain, commenced a retreat too, and this was the second time, that I had seen two armies retreating from each other. At this critical moment, when a single firm charge upon them would have gained us the victory, our provincial commander wheeled with his horse and joined the standard of the enemy. The affair was decided in a moment. The Royalists faced about. Their horse wheeled upon our wings, and we were in danger of being completely surrounded. At once, every thing was rout and confusion. The weary and spent, the wounded and the foot soldiers, were speared on the field, or trampled under foot by the horse. De Benvelt and myself saved ourselves by the fleetness of our horses. My classmate was afflicted with fever and ague, when he came into the field. His horse had been tired down; he had fastened him to a tree, and had fought on foot. On his retreat, he found his horse had broken away. The enemy was advancing, and he was too much exhausted to fly, except on horseback. He would have been speared, but for the assistance of a

compassionate Spaniard. He spoke Spanish with great fluency, and he begged the Spaniard, *por el amor de Dios*, to catch his horse for him. The Spaniard advanced, coiled the rope, that always hung about his horse's neck, cast the noose, caught this horse, and assisted him to mount. I saw him mounted, and fleeing, and I made the best of my way, with De Benvelt and Bryan by my side, after him. We should have been glad of the wings of the wind, for we still had the Royal horse in view, advancing upon us. It was a sickening sight, to see many of our poor fellows fall from their horses, literally unable any longer to keep their seat in the saddle, and resign themselves up to their fate. De Benvelt was corpulent, and somewhat unwieldy from age. He was obliged to stop from fatigue. The brave and honest man requested me with tears in his eyes to fly. "Be you a father," said he, "and brother, and all, to my tear girls, and tell them, where I saw the end of the tanned liberties." He had scarcely given me this charge, before we were assailed by three or four provincials on horseback. This occurrence called back his courage. The faithful Bryan, who had fled in advance, wheeled and came back to our aid. Bryan fought like a giant, and we drove them back upon the main body, killing one of their number; but not until De Benvelt had been severely wounded by a pistol shot. The wound and the bleeding seemed to furnish him with new vigor. We fled again, and met with no more annoyance, until we reached San Antonio.

Exaggerated reports of our defeat and ruin had preceded us, with the natural addition, that De Benvelt was mortally wounded, and that I was slain. I leave you to imagine the scene of our reception by his daughters. The reality, sad as it was, was so much more tolerable than their expectations, that they were well prepared to receive their wounded father; and when I assured them there was no doubt but he would do well, and that all that they had to do, was to prepare to fly, the idea of es-

caping from the country was so pleasant to them, that they instantly set themselves to preparing for flight. A counter revolution commenced in San Antonio, with the first news of our reverse of fortune, and there was almost as much danger in delay, from the inhabitants, as from the enemy. We were not more than an hour in advance even of them. All my American compatriots that were neither wounded, sick, nor exhausted, escaped, and among them, as I afterwards ascertained with high satisfaction, my classmate, who arrived safe in Louisiana, sick of fever and ague, and destitute of every thing, and in a most wretched plight, but content, and happy to have escaped the spear. I obtained by dint of money, friendship, and entreaties, for we were obliged to put every engine in operation, horses and a waggon. They were harnessed, and a mattress thrown into it, and my wounded associate thrown on the mattress in half an hour. The daughters fled with me on horseback. The travelling and the jolting inflamed De Benvelt's wound, and pained him to agony. He was earnest and eloquent again with me and his daughters, to fly and leave him to his fate. They felt with me on this point, and I assured him, that to leave him, was a thing not to be thought of, and that we should all share his fate, be it what it might. That fate was, that we should be all arrested and taken. Twenty horsemen pursued and overtook us, within a few miles from the town. Resistance being out of the question, we surrendered ourselves, and were carried back to the town. We were thrown into the same *calabozo*, where all the prisoners, that had not been speared, were secured together. It was a kind of Calcutta Black Hole, and we were tortured with heat, thirst, and vermin. It was, indeed, a rude receptacle for ladies like the Misses Benvelt. But in this terrible community of misery, where groans, exclamations, and calls for the deliverance of death, rung around us on every side, the very excess of our wretchedness, inspired these sufferers with the

tranquil and tearless indifference of despair. I made an effort to influence the keepers, to allow another place for these young ladies. But I either spoke to the deaf, or incurred only contempt and ridicule. They entreated me to make no further exertions of this sort, assuring me, that nothing should separate them from their father.

In the blindness of their exasperation, the Royalists found no place for the exercise of mercy or discrimination. Old or young, guilty or innocent, male or female, the beggar swarming with vermin, or these young ladies clad in the richest dresses, so that they were known to have adhered to the Royal cause, or even to be connected with those who had, were all placed in one predicament. The blood even now chills in my veins, as I remember, how the women fell on their knees before me, as I was retreating on St. Antonio, entreating me with clasped hands, and with the usual *por el amor de Dios*, not to leave them to the vengeance of the Royalists. In the *calabozo*, we learned the fate of the remnant of the retreating Patriots, that escaped the fatal field of Palos Blancos, and the first fury of pursuit. A party of the Royal horse took a nearer route to the town, anticipated the fugitives, and placing themselves on the banks of the river, where three different roads from the battle field met, they here spread a net, which caught in its meshes every individual. Most of them were speared on the spot. Fifty of them were reserved for more enduring sufferings, and were now in prison with us. I was aware, that if the Conde had been here, with his usual ascendancy in the councils, De Benvelt's family and myself should have been spared. As it was, there was scarcely a hope, that our fate would be delayed, until the Conde could intimate his will in respect to our case. It was even doubtful, if he now retained influence enough to arrest our fate, if he wished to do it. We only knew, that the Royal chiefs were deliberating upon our fate, during this first dreadful night in this place.

The fate itself was in the awful suspense of conjecture. We could think of but a single friend, who would be disposed to make an effort for us, and that was Byran; who took a different street in entering the town, and had not been heard from since. The groans, the ejaculations, the agonizing prayers to the Virgin and to the saints, the ridiculous vows of silver shrines, and images to their patron saints, if they would interpose for their escape, the curses of despair, in this stifling place of utter darkness, during this dreadful night, can never be erased from my memory. I considered it a kind of representation of the case of the spirits in the final prison of darkness. I am not now able to analyze my own reflections. I certainly was not above the instinctive love of life, and fear of death. But the cause, it seemed, was irretrievably ruined. Donna Martha could not henceforward come within the scope of the wildest hopes. Here were beautiful girls, reared like the lily of the valley, who awaited their destiny in tranquillity. All about me wast he frantic agony of cowardly despair. I am afraid I shall never be again so resigned to die as I was then.

Nothing struck me more, this sad night, than the deportment of the daughters of De Benvelt. At first I mistook their sedateness for the tranquillity of despair. It was the exertion of the noblest fortitude. It was the high-principled sensibility of strong minds, called into exercise by the most tender and sacred motives that can swell the human breast. It was filial love, manifesting itself in a holy effort, to smoothe the passage of their father to death. There was to me, in the same predicament with the rest, a thrill of sublime feeling, as I witnessed these beautiful girls, whose faces, in the days of their prosperity, "the winds of heaven had not been permitted to visit too roughly," in the midst of darkness, shrieks, and despair, with the prospect of military execution in the morning, for their father, for me, and prob-

ably for themselves,—still preserving an unalterable tranquillity. They must feel it a privilege, if we might be permitted to die without torture. They seemed to regard it all as nothing. It appeared, as if they had shaken hands with life, and had relinquished all its prospects without a tear or a regret for themselves. All the sympathies of their hearts, were for their father and me. Theirs was not the prosing exhortations to patience and courage, in heavy and set phrase which most would have uttered, on a like occasion. They evinced an elastic tranquillity, which is naturally infectious, and which seemed to say in every word and action, “The bitterness of death is past” for us, and all that we think and say, is for others. While occasional and uncontrollable bursts of sorrow, stifled the voice of the father, they tenderly begged him to be calm, and expressed themselves happy, that they were not torn one from another in succession, imposing the penalty of a lingering death upon the survivors, but that they were likely, now, all to depart together.

The earliest impressions of religion, are those that come to our aid in such emergencies. The daughters remembered the prayers and rites of their infancy, in *father land*. They recited those prayers, and separating ourselves, as much as we could, from the groaning and frantic rabble about us, they knelt beside their father, and went through the simple and affecting service of the Saxon Lutheran church, for persons in the last extremity; and they sung a hymn, so much the more impressive for its quaint and ancient rhymes, and for their touching and sweet voices, which I had never heard in song before. These prayers and this hymn infused something of their enthusiasm and fortitude into the heart of their father. “Indeed, my sweet girls,” said he, “I am right glad, since it must be so, that we are like to make this journey all together. My old heart could not stand a moment the thought of leaving you alone, among this tamned peoples.”

From their father they turned to me. There was always something touching in their strong German accent, and peculiarly at this time, when the condensed emotions of their hearts, gave it a peculiar and thrilling intonation of tenderness. "You have been to us," said Wilhelmine, "father, and brother, and friend, all in one." The full expression of our feelings to you at another time, might be mistaken. But, surely, at this time, we may be allowed to say all that is in our hearts. We die, and we wish to die, with our father. But it seems hard, almost mysterious, that so young and so good a man, who has been every thing to our father and to us, and who might have escaped, should be brought here to die. It must be a hard case to you, for you love, and are beloved, and yet you alone, of all this frantic multitude, seem to be calm." "Can I," I asked, "who am a man, and who wear the garb of a soldier, and who knew when I embraced this desperate cause, that it did not promise to be a holiday business, can I shrink from death, when I see women so young, and so beautiful, manifest so much fortitude and resignation to their fate?" Sophy mournfully added, "But we love none, but our father and you. We leave not a being to mourn for us. We are strangers in a strange land, and the name will perish with us. Tell me, is it selfish or not? There is a kind of dreadful satisfaction to me, that we are all alike involved, and that there will be no wretched survivor, after we are laid in our last bed. I would die rather than give pain to my dear father, to my sisters, or to you. Can it be, that I am selfish in finding satisfaction in the thought, that we are all going together?"

"My tear Wilhelmine," said the father, "it makes me almost feel in heaven to hear you sing. Pray sing me now that sweet song, that you sung one evening when I was low spirited on the mountain. She immediately complied, and just murmured to a wild and plaintive air in Spanish, the words of which the following is a very exact translation.

Oh! let the soul its slumber break,
Arouse its senses, and awake,
To see how soon
Life, with its glories, glides away,
And the stern footsteps of decay,
Come stealing on.

And while we eye the rolling tide,
Down which our flowing minutes glide,
Always so fast;
Let us the present hour employ,
And deem each future dream, a joy
Already past.

Let no vain hope deceive the mind,
No happier let us hope to find
To-morrow, than to day;
Our golden dreams of yore were bright,
Like them the present shall delight,
Like them decay.

Our lives like hasting streams must be,
That into one engulfing sea
Are doomed to fall;
The sea of death, whose waves roll on
O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,
And swallow all.

Alike the river's lordly tide,
Alike the humble riv'let's glide
To that sad wave;
Death levels poverty and pride,
And rich and poor sleep side by side
Within the grave.

Our birth is but a starting-place,
Life is the running of the race,
And death the goal;
There all those glittering toys are brought,
That path alone, of all unsought,
Is found of all.

Say, then, how poor, and little worth,
Are all those glittering toys of earth,
That lure us here?
Dreams of a sleep, that death must break
Alas! before it bids us wake,
Ye disappear.

Long ere the damp of death can blight,
The cheek's pure glow of red and white
Has pass'd away;

Youth smiled, and all was heavenly fair;
 Age came, and laid his finger there,
 And where are they?

Where is the strength that spurned decay,
 The step that tripped so light and gay,
 The heart's blithe tone?
 The strength is gone, the step is slow,
 And joy grows weariness and woe,
 When age comes on.

While these excellent daughters were thus arming themselves, and evincing that noble passive fortitude, which seems the appropriate gift of the best women in such circumstances, the wretched father passed from prayer and tears, to gloomy silence. Sometimes all the father would rise within him, and burst forth in irrepressible grief. "My sweet girls," said he, "forgive your silly father for undoing you. Oh! dat pad tay, when I took up for this wicked people, and the tamned liberties. Let the tay perish, when I left my good stone house, and brought my daughters among this tamned peoples. They are no more fit for de liberties than wolves. Mein Gott! forgive me, for these follies. I have brought ruin on you all, my tear girls, this good young man, and myself." In this style of self-reproach he continued until he wrought himself into paroxysms. But why go through with the horrors of that dreadful night! The unabating heroism and tenderness of these daughters did not remit, and the father finally became settled in his tranquillity, and laid himself down on his straw, and soon fell into a profound slumber. The girls retired into a corner by themselves, undoubtedly to hold communion with death and with God, before whom they expected so soon to appear.

If I had been disposed to look on my fate with dismay, I could not but have caught something of their tenderness and elevation of heart. I retired too, and the prayers that came spontaneously to my lips, were those which my good mother used to say to me, when she put me in my bed, in my infant days. "Our Father, who art in

Heaven," said I, "thy will be done!" These sublime words were repeated again and again, and I hoped that I should not disgrace my manhood, when I should be brought to the last dread trial.

When the gleams of the morning began to pour light enough through the fissures of our *calabozo*, to render "darkness visible," what ghastly faces, what agonized countenances did this pale and unearthly light exhibit? Here were nearly a hundred people, expecting this morning to exchange time for eternity. Few of them had principle, rational pride, true courage, religion, or the hope of immortality. They clung to life from instinct and appetite, and had no hope beyond life, and no motives to fortify them against the fears of death. The morning light, by bringing the prospect of death immediately before them, redoubled the shrieks, ejaculations, and groans, until the very confusion and excess of the misery, took away its distinctness and horror. A supply of the coarsest food, and some water, were put into our dungeon, and we were notified, that immediately after taking our food, we should be ordered out to receive our sentence.

In half an hour the drums rolled at our door. The keys rattled. The heavy door grated on its hinges, and we were called out, one by one, by an officer, who recited our names from a scroll. A regiment guarded us. De Benvelt, enfeebled by fever, his wound, and the agony of a broken heart, required the support of his daughters; and it was a sight to go to any heart, to see these fair and innocent looking daughters supporting their father amidst the fierce and pitiless array of a regiment of soldiers, to the place of execution. While the two elder daughters each held an arm of their father, the trembling Annette leaned upon mine. The one half of this group were women and children, or persons too old or too young, to have been committed by any overt act, and were here on account of their affinity with those who had.

The groans and the sobbing were drowned by the rolling of the drum, the shrill notes of the fife, and a dead march played by the full band.

Half a mile from the town, in a hollow which descended gently in the manner of an amphitheatre, was the place of sentence and execution. In fact, in this case they were the same thing. A priest, in his pontifical robes, stood by with a crucifix in one hand, and a burning candle in the other. The name of every person, save two or three, was recited, and the persons pronounced guilty of treason, rebellion, and heresy, and they were sentenced to immediate execution. They were then called out in the order of their names on the paper. They were allowed but two minutes for confession. A file of soldiers stood ready, and a tall officer, whose swarthy face was almost covered with his whiskers and mustachios, held up his sword as the signal of discharge. A handkerchief was loosely folded over the face of the prisoner. He was led to a central point, ordered to kneel down, the sword was raised. The victim was removed, and another took his place.

I am as little disposed to relate, as you would be to hear, the horrors of this execution in detail. It was protracted with the most tedious minuteness, apparently that we might have a long and full taste of the misery of it. The parties stood directly by me. I know not how it happened, but although I expected in a few minutes to take my turn, I felt a strange curiosity, to observe both the feelings of the victims, the moment before they were led away, and their spasms after they had received the discharge. And never, since the days of the guillotine, was there a more thrilling spectacle of the manner in which different persons are affected with the immediate prospect of death. Some uttered a cry and fell down, and were lifted up and carried away to receive the shot. Others with more physical and moral self-control, had made a violent effort, and marched to the place in sullen

submission. Some were affected by a strong spasm, which appeared to commence in some part of the frame, and to diffuse itself over the whole body. The countenances of some wore the paleness of death. Of others the whole circulation seemed to have mounted to the head. The effect of the discharges upon us who witnessed it, and who waited for our turn, was equally various. Some gave a shriek. Others a long, deep drawn and quivering sigh. Wilhelmine gave a faint groan, grasped her father's arm more closely, held in her breath until the discharge, and then cried, "Thank God! one more is delivered from his burden." Upon De Benvelt every discharge operated with a stimulant effect, and and drew out an execration upon the treachery and cowardice that had brought them there. We observed that the females, and those too old and too young to have borne arms, were excepted and reserved. Remarking this, the daughters uttered an exclamation of terror, lest their father should be called out, and they left behind. Most of the Spanish prisoners had passed to the priest, and had joined with him in some brief rites, appertaining to confession. Our names were among the last on the scroll, and we were reserved to witness the manner in which all the rest received the consummation of their fate, before we could know ours. I believe we began to have a presentiment, from the very manner in which the officers looked upon us, that we should be remanded to the prison.

Towards the close of the execution, they called out a fine young man, the handsomest provincial I had seen. I had noticed him frequently before. He had been pointed out to me at the fandangoes, as the finest young man in New Spain. He had been an ensign in the Royal army; but being in heart a republican, he had deserted, and joined the Patriot standard. He was pointed out in all circles, as gay, amiable, modest; and gallant, devoted to his friends, and an universal favorite among

the ladies. His faults were free-thinking and gallantry. He was just the kind of character to call forth the deepest sympathy in his favor. They called on him to confess and prepare for execution. "Away," said he, "with these miserable mummeries! Reserve them for the wretched cowards that in battle leave their standard, and go over to the enemy. Thank God! my mind needs not that kind of support. I am a young man; but I have known how to enjoy myself, and I know how to die." He had a most delightful voice, and he sung a stanza of a patriotic ode, in fashion at the time, with thrilling and prodigious effect. When they came for him, a general feeling of horror passed over the countenances of the survivors. Even the stern faces of the soldiers, who performed the execution, relaxed to pity, and many a tear rolled down to their mustachios. He took up a little favourite dog, that clung to his steps, and passed it to a friend, who was looking on, and as he gave away the dog we witnessed a slight faltering, as of overpowering feeling. But he recovered in a moment, and walked to his place with a countenance not only undaunted, but gay, and with a firm and elastic step. They were preparing the handkerchief as usual. But he calmly waved them off. "I wish," said he, "to gain converts to the Patriot cause, by showing these people how a Patriot looks when he dies. Look you all at the face of a Patriot soldier." At the same time he cast a calm and imposing look round the multitude. He put his right hand over his left breast, requesting them to aim at his hand. He waved the other gracefully over his head, shouting, *Viva la republica!* Two more were executed. De Benvelt, his daughters, myself, and five other Americans, and the women, two or three old men, and the children, were remanded to prison, to wait, as we were told, further orders in our case. The bodies of those that had been executed, were thrown into a gully, promiscuously, and so slightly covered with earth, that the wolves and the vultures, as I was

afterwards informed, removed the earth, and made them their prey.

When we returned to the *calabozo*, we were not indeed so crowded, and the parties were delivered from the fears of immediate death. But even the absence of the crowd of the preceding night had its horrors. What had become of so many people, but a few hours before so clamorous in their griefs, and sharing with us the sorrows of existence? Mothers had lost their sons, wives their husbands, and there was more than one young Spanish mother, with her long and swarthy visage, and her intensely black eyes suffused with tears, nursing the babe at her breast, whose father had just been shot down. Words convey but a feeble idea of such a scene. Memory has preserved it in my mind with a painful fidelity. The daughters and the father were still more earnest in their thanksgivings for deliverance, than they had been in their prayers of preparation.

A number of weary days elapsed in this dreary place, without bringing any change or any intelligence of what was going on abroad. My fair companions continued the same noble and affectionate deportment to their father and to me, as before. They lay down on their mouldy straw, and endured their evils, and swallowed their miserable fare with cheerfulness. When I felt it necessary to recur to the uncertainty of our case, as yet unsettled, they assured me that they were prepared for any form either of joy or sorrow. A trial now presented itself to them, which appeared to be too heavy for even their fortitude to sustain. The gay and honest-hearted Saxon had been free, and rather epicurean in his habits, and had been so long accustomed to the luxuries of the table, and the cleanliness and comfort of an opulent mansion, that his wound, confinement, miserable food, filth and vermin, together with the gloom of his prospects, and the agonizing feelings of a father at beholding his daughters in such a condition, strongly affected his general

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health. His countenance grew pale and bloated. His habit was feverish, and he pined in remembrance of what had been, over the coarse and unsavory provisions that they brought us. "I was prepared," said Wilhelmine, "to see him fall by a soldier's death, when I expected to share it with him. It is too much to see him linger and die in this way, with the sad prospect of surviving him in this horrible place." The other daughters had their forebodings too, but neither of them ever spoke on the subject in the presence of the other. It was only when the father and the other daughters were beyond hearing in the dungeon, that the remaining one relieved the oppression of her heart in consulting with me on this gloomy subject. My own anticipations, it is true, were of the same kind. I saw that he could not long survive this state of things, in this place. But I spoke as cheerfully as I could, and bade them hope, assuring them I was persuaded something would soon happen to brighten our prospects.

My prediction was soon accomplished. I had all along indulged the hope, that the affectionate Bryan would not be idle, if he lived. I entertained a confident hope, that he did live. He was well mounted, adroit, shrewd, and one of those men, who have the character, and maintain the standing, that render them acceptable to all parties. I had, also, a faint impression, that I had seen him, on the day of execution, mixed with the spectators and the Royal troops, and wearing the badge by which the Royalists distinguished themselves from the Patriots. I had not a doubt of his fidelity, and was satisfied that if, indeed, it was he, the badge was only assumed the more effectually to serve me. When my hopes of aid from that quarter, were almost extinct, and I had begun to think, that he was dead, or had forgotten me, a I was standing one evening by the small grated aperture, by which the little air and light we had, was let in upon us, and while I was attempting to catch the last

glimpses of the sun, sinking behind the hills, I heard a slight noise, as the scratching of something on the logs, outside of the grate. Bringing my face in contact with the grate, I saw a paper on the end of those immensely long reeds, that grow by the streams in this region. I put my fingers through the grates and took it. To my surprise and joy, it was from Bryan, and ran thus. "God bless your Honor! I am here all the time, and would stay more, but I am afraid they will guess, what I would be at, bother them! I hope, your Honor don't think I am an Orange man, for all I wear the king's ribband. They'll always find Bryan as true as steel. I thought may be I could do something for you at the Conde's. So I turns king's man, and goes there. The Conde is a gentleman after all, for he has tried to get you and your friend's family off. But the young Don, and the father, and the colonel, and all the rest, the devil burn them, were for shooting you down, like the rest. They are a little afraid of the Americans. I can see that. The most the Conde could do, was to have you brought to Durango, and tried over before him and the rest, but the young Don swears that he will see to the hanging of you there. 'Two words,' says I, 'my lad, to that bargain.' So they mean to bring you and the Dutchman to Durango, and hang you there, Devil roast them, and then put you up on the tower, like dead crows in a cornfield, to scare the rest. Never you fear. There are some in the Conde's palace, that love you better than I. We will have you off yet, in spite of devil or dobbie."

And in truth, in the evening, we were directed to prepare ourselves the next morning, to be marched to Durango, and be tried on the charge of rebellion. Accordingly, at an early hour in the morning, the drums again rolled at the door, and we were taken out, and put in a six-horse waggon, and under the guard of a full company of Royal regulars, we were started for Durango. Nothing marked the monotonous sadness of this journey, but

the accustomed sweetness, patience, and sadness, of the young ladies, and the declining health and spirits, and the low mournings of the father, as the jostling tortured his wound. He and I were pinioned fast, which rendered the journey more intolerable. We had a couple of sub-officers in the waggon with us, another circumstance, not at all to have been desired. At night, we were removed from the waggon with the most guarded caution, and were placed on straw in the wretched *mesons*, to find what sleep we could, devoured by vermin, and surrounded by rabble of all sorts, and guarded by soldiers, drunk with *agua ardiente*, or *vino mezcal*. After a number of weary days and nights, so spent, I saw the young ladies reaching their heads from under the canvass, and their eyes were filled with tears. "Yonder," said Wilhelmine, clasping her hands, "yonder are the mountains of Durango. How often have I looked at their blue heads, when I was free and happy." I, too, aroused myself at this intelligence, and looked abroad. The evening was drawing on. I observed a cloud of dust at a distance, nearing us with great rapidity. Our escort comprehended, that there was trouble in the wind, for they immediately prepared themselves for an attack.

In five minutes from the first view of the dust, we discovered a body of horse, completely armed, and with the Patriot badge. They shouted, "a rescue," in a voice of thunder, and in the next instant, the two parties were at blows. Whatever amount of interest we felt in this contest, we had nothing to do, but to be spectators, as patient as we might, and await the issue. Among the hundred contests of this sort, that took place unrecorded, during the bloody struggles of the revolution in Mexico, this was one of the fiercest and most hotly contested. The matter was decided by the sabre, and each party appeared to be entirely in earnest. Wounds were mutually given and heads cloven without mercy. At one moment the ladies shrieked, and the Royalists seemed to prevail.

At the next, a fortunate blow from a Patriot sabre, inclined the scale of victory towards them. It was the first time I had seen brightness return to De Benvelt's eye, since the fatal field of *Palos Blancos*. Even his phlegm and despondency were thoroughly aroused, to see the issue of this combat. "Mein Gott," said he, as he saw a successful Patriot cut with the sabre, "dat was well done! Dunder and blixum! give them another, my poy, of the same sort." The Patriots were the more numerous party, and, as was generally the case, fought the fiercest. But the Royalists sustained the fight, until the small area of the battle-ground was slippery with blood, and the greater number, on both sides, were either killed or placed by wounds *hors de combat*. The Royalists, completely surrounded, at length threw down their arms, and called for quarter. The captain of the Patriots, accompanied by Bryan, whom I saw from the first, playing his part manfully in this business, came up to us, all covered with blood, as they were, and shook us by the hand, informing us that we were free. The captain of the Royalists was slain. The Patriot chief informed the next surviving officer, that his only object in this affair was our rescue, that having achieved that purpose, he had nothing further to do with him or with us. He ordered the prisoners to clear themselves, and to let him see them so far away as to leave no fear of their annoying us, and that he should then shift for himself. He, however, very kindly offered us his services, and advised us to fly in the direction which should seem to promise us the fairest chance of escape from the Royalists.

While the Patriot captain was attending to his own wounded, and the Royalists gathering up theirs, Bryan gave me the particulars of this plan for our rescue. The Conde had so far evinced himself an honest man, that, against every effort of his intended son-in-law, and the father confessor, he had exerted himself to the utmost, to obtain our acquittal, and permission for us to depart.

unmolested to the United States. He urged my character, and my interposition for his rescue from the assassins, as good ground for extending this favor to me and my friends. He was overruled in both requests, and had the further mortification to hear himself charged in the court, with a guilty dereliction of principle, and a leaning towards the Patriot cause. It was so obvious to himself, and every one else, that he had no longer any efficient influence in the council, that he resigned his command in disgust. A coolness existed between him and Colonel Pedro and the father confessor on the subject. He took Bryan home with him, and they planned together the means of our rescue, as we were coming to Durango, according to the order of the council. It was no difficult thing, on an estate like his, containing many thousands of tenants, all personally known to him, and generally devoted to him, to find enough brave and trusty men, and Patriots in principle, to form the company, that effected our release. "But," said Bryan, "your Honor will see, that he never showed a finger in the business. The business was all managed on the back stairs. As soon as your Honor and your friends here are off, he will seem as sorry for your escape, as the rest. They will send out for you, and may be, put a price on your heads, as they have done for others. He will agree to it, all one as the rest, ay, and will join in the hue and cry against you, just as though he were at a buffalo hunt.

Here then we were, on an open plain, forty miles from Durango, free indeed, but one of the party wounded, and weak, three ladies to encumber us, and surrounded with pursuit, danger, and death on every side. The Patriot captain proposed our taking any number of the horses, and any provisions, arms, and ammunition, that we wished for in our flight, assuring us, it would be but right, to levy these articles from the Royalists. We consulted with him, as an experienced and trusty adviser, respecting our best course for flight. Between us and the Uni-

ted States, on the only practicable rout, were three hundred leagues, and the Royal army, with scouts and patrols, by whom we could not fail to be intercepted. Besides, the sinking strength of De Benvelt, was entirely unequal to any distant flight. In front of us was a city, strongly garrisoned by Royal troops, and our only efficient friend obliged to assume the appearance of enmity. The Patriot commander only waited, until we should elect the direction of our flight, and was impatient to be gone. The sun was sinking behind the blue summits of the mountains, and their shadows already covered us and the scene of battle with a cooling shade. "Let us fly," said Wilhelmine, "to these mountains. Any direction is better, than to remain by this scene of carnage. I have always loved mountains. They lift their sheltering heads, in their unchangeable repose, and remind me of the unfailing shelter over the friendless, the unchangeable protection of that Omnipotent Being, who formed them. Let us call on the rocks and the mountains to shelter us. Let us dwell in dens and caves of the earth, and escape forever from man, and these sickening scenes of battle and blood. You shall be our shepherd. We will be shepherdesses. We will find a soft and mossy couch for my poor father. We will nurse him, and cheer him, and sing to him; and we will live on fruits and game, and water from the spring." All this pastoral counsel was uttered in a tone, that partook partly of dismay, and the terrors of the recent combat, and the groans of the dying, that still rung in our ears, and partly of a wild, half-frantic, and assumed gaiety. But on second thought, it struck the captain, and it struck us all, as the most prudent plan which, in present circumstances, could be devised. We hailed Wilhelmine's rhapsody, as the result of inspiration. The younger sisters and the father fell in with the proposal. Bryan declared, that he was with us for life and for death, and that where we went, if we would allow him, there he would go too. "To the caves of the moun-

tains," was the general voice. The captain gave us counsel and aid. The waggon that had brought us, was unloaded of all unnecessary articles. From the slain we were furnished with an ample supply of every kind of arms and ammunition. From the baggage waggon of the Royalist troops, which they had left on the field of battle, provisions, axes, implements, and whatever articles a hasty consideration of our probable wants dictated, as requisite, we took. We had six horses to our waggon, and we selected two of the best, that were left on the field, and fastened them by the bridle to our waggon. We were most scrupulous on the score of provisions, exhausting the Patriots, as well as securing all that had been left by the Royalists. Bryan mounted as driver of our waggon. We disposed of our party, amidst sacks of bread, and pikes, and muskets, somewhat more comfortably, than we had come thus far. The Patriot captain walked apart with me, and we held a private communication for a moment. The Royalists were already gone with their wounded beyond sight. We tendered solemn and grateful thanks to our intrepid deliverer. He wheeled with his company in one direction. We waited until the measured gallop of their horses, was no longer heard over the plain. Then we took a direction at right angles to the road, and in the nearest direction to the mountains.

We arrived at their bases, just as the last twilight was fading from the sky. As is usual, where the smooth prairie is continued to the foot of mountains, we were arrested by a high perpendicular wall. We groped along upon its side some little distance, until a narrow opening admitted us under an immense projection, rising like an arched roof, and its summit reaching an hundred feet in advance of its base, over the plain. Such shelters are common in such situations, and the wild buffaloes, we saw, had found an asylum here before us. It offered us a most welcome shelter for the weary De Benvelt and his daughters, from a tempest that seemed to be ap-

proaching. It was barricaded on three sides by impassible heights of rock. At the entrance we placed our waggon, as a defence. We unharnessed our horses, and took the usual precaution to prevent their escape, and turned them out to their repast on the prairie. Bryan and myself put ourselves cheerfully to the operation of wood-cutting. Our hoary cavern was soon illumined with a blazing fire. We prepared a couch for the weary and wounded Saxon, of the cushions and buffalo robes of the waggon, and we placed him as he said, more at his ease, than he had been, since the battle. We made a table of the planks of the waggon. Barrels of bread and provisions, furnished us with chairs. We brought forth cold provisions, and excellent *Parso*, which we had plundered from Ferdinand the VII. Bryan would even add chocolate to our preparations. With blankets and cloaks we formed cushions for the ladies. The gathering tempest of thunder and rain, would shield us from pursuit, until another day should enable us to hunt a deeper and securer retreat. We were at once most comfortably sheltered from the storm and from danger, and the open front of our shelter gave us a full and sublime view of the objects below us as they became distinctly visible for the moment by the gleams of lightning. The whole surface of the boundless prairie below us, in the intervals of the lightning, was lurid with the feebler and darting radiance of millions of glow-worms. Cheered by the domestic blaze of our fire, we sat down to our repast. Nothing would persuade Bryan to lay aside his observance, as a servant, and take his place at table with us, as we requested him. But all his Irish vivacity was visible in his good nature and fresh countenance, as he waited upon our table. The contrast of the tempest and thunder abroad, compared with our late loathsome abode in the *calabozo*, and our pinioned imprisonment in our waggon, as we journeyed to Durango, thoughts of our destiny after we should arrive there,

the bloody contest which had effected our deliverance from these dangers, the shelter, the comforts, the smoking chocolate, and the fragrant *Parso*, received, under these circumstances, a zest, which nothing else could have given. De Benvelt ate with an appetite, which he had not known for a long time, remarking that he should be content to live here, during the rest of his days, and never give the Royalists any more trouble about the "tamed liberties," if they would only let him alone, and leave him to the care of his son, and his dear daughters. If we could only find him some safe retreat like this, in the mountains, and never let him see a "tamed Creole" more, he was sure, that he should recover of his wound, and gain his flesh and his appetite again. To hear their father talk in this way, brightened the faces of his daughters. They began to chat with their wonted reckless gaiety, and to find themes for conversation and amusement, in their late adventures, and to descant upon the new character of shepherdesses, that they proposed to assume. We began to compare our situation here, with our condition upon Mount Mixtpal, and the ladies, whom recent events had inspired with new dislike of the Creole character, considered it a circumstance in favor of our present condition, that we had none of them here. We even took it as a good omen for the future, that Providence, on our first approach to the mountains, just as a storm was impending, had furnished such a desirable shelter, as we might, at other times, have sought whole days without finding. The only circumstance to be regretted was, that in the morning, we should be obliged, in regard to our future safety, to renounce it, and seek in the mountains for one more remote from inspection, and more easily defended. To our present retreat we could be traced even by the marks of the wheels, and the feet of the horses. There was no danger at least for this night. Every thing that could, would be sheltered, while such a storm raged abroad.

We jointly agreed that in gratitude for such a great and happy deliverance, we ought to waive all apprehensions, cast our fears as far as we could, to the winds, and place a simple trust in Him, who had, thus far, so graciously and wonderfully delivered us, and who thus called upon us, to trust Him for the future. To this strain of conversation, De Benvelt said, "Dat is right, my tear girls. This chocolate tasted right good, and I feel the wine warm at my stomach. Hear how the storm rages. Mein Gott! what would have become of me, if we had found no shelter? Mein Gott is good. Tear girls, say me de prayers, in de pure old Tutch, and sing me that sweet hymn, which talks about *fader land*." Without a second request, the daughters began to chant together, the Saxon Lutheran service, and having finished it, their sweet voices chimed in concert, as they sung their father's favorite hymn. As they sunk on their bended knees on the stone pavement, the thunder roaring abroad, the light of our fire casting its flickering shadows upon the grey vault of stone above us, tears of thankfulness and sensibility streaming down their cheeks, and their flowing locks of auburn shading their fair faces, as with a veil, our devotions might have vied in interest with those of the Vatican. Bryan, deeply affected, retired to a little distance, and began to chant the evening service to the Virgin. Taken all together, it was an occasion to inspire the proper feelings of prayer and thanksgiving in any heart, that was not incurably hardened against those feelings. I am sure, that the best feelings of my heart went up in thankfulness to the Divine throne. Our devotions finished, Bryan and myself, with a little direction from the ladies, prepared rustic, but entirely comfortable couches for the family. As for him and myself, we scraped together an abundance of fresh leaves, spread cloaks over them, and lay down on a couch, sufficiently soft for wearied soldiers.

With the first gleams of morning light, Bryan and I

arose, and took a long ramble on the mountains. The sun was bright in the sky, and the morning glittering with the renovation, in the sultry days derived from a copious shower, when we returned to the family. They had slept profoundly, and were refreshed, but had become painfully anxious on account of our absence. We took a breakfast as cheerful as our supper. The clouds were all dispersed, and the mountains reeked with rolling wreaths of mists, that look so beautiful upon their summits, after a great rain. The perfect clearness of the day, admonished us, that it was now we ought to be apprehensive of pursuit. I had found a practicable defile for our horses, far into the mountains. However reluctantly, we were compelled to leave our waggon here. De Benvelt felt himself so much refreshed and better, that he thought he was able to ride. We packed part of our baggage on the three spare horses. We secured the provisions and articles, that were reserved to be carried up at another ascent, and, Bryan and myself occasionally on foot, we began slowly to wind round the spiral line of the defile. De Benvelt soon complained of pain and fatigue, and shortly after declared himself unable to endure his situation any longer. The daughters dismounted, and we placed their father at his ease, under the shade of a tree, and left them to fan him, and bestow upon him their filial attentions, while Bryan and I went in search of a place, which should afford the three requisites, that our case called for, shelter, secrecy, and defence.

At an elevation of perhaps twelve hundred feet, and at the distance of a league and a half from the base of the mountains, we found a limestone cavern, of narrow entrance, which two persons might be able to defend against a hundred and yet the opening admitted light and air, sufficient for habitation and comfort. At the foot was a small table plain, beautifully variegated with herbs and flowers, sheltered by precipitous cliffs, and shaded

with fine sycamores, and still further accommodated with a rivulet of pure cool water, which gushed out in different springs at the foot of the rocks. A full mile of the defile below us, in all its windings, was completely under the eye, from the foot of the cavern, so that we could discern the approach of assailants, a considerable time before they could reach us. Paroquets, redbirds, mocking birds, nightingale sparrows, and a variety of unknown birds of beautiful song and plumage, flitted and carolled among the branches of the sycamores. Alpine flowers were associated on the margin of the stream, with the splendid cups of the tropical flowering plants. A thousand butterflies of great size, and of all the hues of the rainbow, fluttered from flower to flower. On the marjoram and thyme, hummed the mountain bee. Multitudes of humming birds, of plumage indescribably splendid, and quick as lightning in their motions, darted from flower to flower. The capability of the place to supply our wants, for a long concealment, was still increased by the circumstance, that herds of wild cattle, deer, and buffaloes, must pass near this cavern in winding their way up and down the mountains.

Bryan held up his hands in astonishment. "Now," said he, "in the name of St. Patrick, this thing is a sure sign that your Honor is under the care of the saints. Where could we find another such a place upon the earth? It seems just made to our hands." In truth, taken all in all, it was a little paradise, hid in the mountains exactly for our case. The only difficulty was, to get our family moved up to it. I left Bryan to cut down the bushes at the entrance, and take the rude, but necessary preliminary steps, towards fitting the cave for habitation, while I descended to assist the family to ascend to it. We had left them at the midway distance between this place and the plain. De Benvelt had been refreshed by rest, and the cool of the shade. The family mounted their horses again. We drove the baggage horses before us, and we

were tediously employed four hours in mounting up to the cavern. The family were as much delighted with the place as we had been. In front of it was range for our horses, and with the little fitting up, for which we had ample means, we should have a commodious mansion, in perfect keeping with the sweet little plain in front of it. Bryan had seen enough of the new countries, as he called them, to have learned all the little fetches and contrivances of a backwoodsman. And to a person who has been bred in cities, where all the labors of the mechanic arts are so divided, and carried to so high a finish, it is incredible how comfortable a backwoodsman will render his cabin with only skins of the chase, and a few of the simplest tools and implements. We furnished our beds with frames fixed on crotches. We had our permanent table. The Spanish beard, or long moss, furnished soft and elastic mattresses. The young ladies, with the cheerfulness and even gaiety of rustic brides, fitting up the cabins of their bridegrooms, put their hands to the furnishing and arranging the comforts of our new abode. We made their father and them a comfortable place for sleeping, before night, we projected a hundred improvements for the morrow, and our thoughts were already expatiating in the natural range from utility to ornament; for the young ladies observed, that they intended to be shepherdesses of taste, and genuine Arcadians, and would have matters within to correspond with so sweet a place without. We had our prayers at the close of the day, and our hymn of thankfulness from our fair chaplains. As his daughters assisted De Benvelt to his clean and fresh moss couch, "now, mein Gott," said he, "be thanked. This is the first place where I have stretched myself at ease, since I have been hunting the tanned liberties."

CHAPTER III.

*"De una madre nacimos,
Los, que esta comun aura respiramos,
Todos muriendo en lagrymas vivimos;
Desde que en el nacer todos lloramos.*

"The clay was moistened not with water, but with tears."

I HAVE seen and survived the horrors of the different Mexican revolutions, changes almost as fruitful in treachery and unnatural crime, as the revolution in France. I have acted my own part in these revolutions, the true character of which has been so little known abroad. My heart has sickened at the sight of guilt and crime, and I had my share in the general suffering. A sadly pleasing remembrance remains of the days and months that I spent with this amiable family in this shelter of mountains. The storm of nature sometimes raged below us, and the more terrible storm of the human passions was passing in its wrath over this devoted land. In travelling over this immense country, I have seen the ravages of war, fields, districts, wide tracts of country desolated, and swept with the horrid besom of war. I have seen sacked towns, half-burnt houses, every fire extinct, the streets filled with ruins, and the bones of men, children, and domestic animals scattered in the court-yards. But this mass of tragedy was too vast and indistinct for me to feel and comprehend. I bitterly and minutely remember the joys, sufferings, and sorrows of this narrow, secluded, and amiable circle. But even these sorrows, while they have left a mournful recollection, soothe me in the remembrance. Our communion had a kind of holy serenity. Even our gaiety was marked with an air of pensiveness. Our solemn conversations sometimes turn-

ed upon the grand and beautiful nature spread below us. But the natural vivacity of the young ladies, changed by the late fearful events, had undergone a complete revolution. Even in the midst of their laughter, something marked that the heart was sad. Most of these conversations, which more often turned upon the vanity of earth, the nothingness of all that which gives scope to the hopes and fears of men on the earth, have passed away unrecorded, and are remembered only by Him, who writeth down these thoughts in a book, from which they cannot be erased. If you are a lover, as you appear to be, of the simplicity of nature, you will allow me a little more detail, while I dwell upon the short and simple annals of a residence, which includes, for that time, the history of people wholly disconnected from the world. They record the sorrows of people, who endured them in silence and without repining. Three of them have passed away from the ills of life. On my memory is pictured the sweet spot, where they lingered and died. I see the parallel graves at the foot of their favorite sycamore. I can fancy that I hear the wind mustering in the hills above where they sleep, and that I can see the shadows of the passing clouds flitting over their solitary graves.

We had provisions sufficient for our subsistence for a month, and we had plenty of powder and lead. It pained me, that we were obliged sometimes to select one from the droves of buffaloes and deer that we saw almost daily winding their way up and down the mountains. Bryan had removed to our cave all the remainder of our baggage from the foot of the mountains. We had every article of the first necessity. And we had made more arrangements in the way of comfort, than you can imagine, with such a limited stock of materials, could be brought about. Still there were some luxuries, that use had rendered to them as to others, indispensable. How the want of these things affects our comfort, is seldom imagined, until that want is actually felt. Bryan feared

nothing, and was obnoxious to no party. He proposed himself to undertake an expedition to Durango, to procure these articles, and that he might bring us back a history of what was transacting in that world, from which we had fled. He was not only fearless, but he was faithful; and he saw with instinctive quickness the views of others, and would always be on his guard. Of course we could have entire confidence in his management of that part of his commission, which must be left to his discretion, and full persuasion that he would commit neither himself nor us. He felt himself honored by this entire confidence, and undertook his commission with alacrity.

There must be many Robinson Crusoe arrangements, for we had all been so sick of murder and crime, and had been so nearly on the verge of destruction, that we determined to remain concealed here, until the revolution took a more decided character, or until we could return to the world with safety, or at least as long as this place would serve us as a retreat. I had acquired some skill and experience in *backwoods* management. I was chief hunter. Bryan was envoy extraordinary; and, when not on a mission, was servant, cook, cabinet-maker, upholsterer, and blacksmith. The young ladies each took their day in superintending the kitchen establishment. Indeed, until our interior arrangements were completed, which was a work of some weeks, our provinces were in danger of interfering, and our duties were confounded. An important part of this arrangement was the adding to our natural defences squared timbers, so connected and adjusted, as to render our habitation in front one of those rude block-houses, so well known by the first settlers of our country, as a strong defence against the Indians, and in which a couple of resolute men have often sustained a siege against hundreds of the savages, and finally driven them off. Our horses, when not employed, fed quietly in the little plain in front of

our dwelling, and we found them indispensable in removing these timbers to their destined place. In raising them to their ultimate situation, the ladies put their fair hands to the work, and even the Saxon, cheered at the sight of these rustic labors, hobbled to give us a lift.

We had plenty of carabines, and we taught the young ladies the use of them. I had the pleasure, as a military man, of drilling them to their exercise. They shrunk at first from their lessons, and shut their eyes, and turned pale at the discharge of their pieces. But when I explained to them, that the use of these carabines, added to mine and Bryan's, might be the means of defending us against any common force that might be sent to apprehend us, and that it might save us all, as well as their father, from another captivity, they no longer blenched, and were soon trained to their proper place and duties, in case of attack. I complimented them liberally on their progress, and they answered, that the motive was sufficient to render them Amazons. These were our rougher duties. But we had our assigned hours for pursuits, more proper to their character. We wanted books, but we had drawing paper, and materials for drawing, from the baggage waggon of the Royalists. We had the most beautiful specimens of flowers, and shrubs, and evergreens, the palmetto, the jessamine, the meadow-pink, the magnolia-cup, and the nymphaeaelumbo, the most splendid of the tribe, and the American aloe, and the agave, and these decked our parlor with more than oriental magnificence and perfumes, beyond "Araby the blest." The ladies put themselves to the task of learning to transfer their rich hues and graceful forms to the paper. Another part of their time was devoted to religious exercises, and I soon learned to unite my voice with theirs in their beautiful Saxon hymns. Another part of the time was devoted to conversations, in which the Saxon gave us his adventures and wanderings, up to the day when, to use his invariable phrase, "he started to hunt after the tanned liberties."

Our table was luxurious. We had meat of course in the greatest abundance and variety. The mountain potatoe grew plentifully in the terraces of the mountains, and was an excellent vegetable. There were many wild fruits and roots, whose properties Bryan knew, that added variety to our repast. With sugar we could well dispense. In almost every hollow tree was a swarm of bees, and our residence flowed with honey, if not with milk. Bread, tea, and coffee, were the only articles of the first necessity that we could not supply, and we reserved our small stock of *parso* for the wounded and feeble father, and for emergencies.

Our several departments and functions were soon settled with great exactness. Our more servile duties we so arranged, as to become a part of our pleasures. We passed much time in the quiet and delightful conversations suggested by the time and the place, in dwelling upon the past, in talking over the characters with whom we had been conversant, and the dangers from which we had escaped, which seemed the more appalling, when viewed from this secure and quiet retreat. Even the Saxon seemed almost to forget that he had seen better days, to participate something of our increasing cheerfulness, and to thrive in the bland feeling of this serene and mountain atmosphere. Now and then the dark outline of the future, and the remembrance of the past, came over his mind "like a cloud," and the prodigious force of other and long established habits, was felt, and then he relapsed into silent and gloomy meditation.

I felt, I believe, more than the rest, one great and bitter privation, the want of books. And the want of this luxury, to one who had been used to it, until it has become a necessary, is soon felt to be one of the most tormenting privations. To converse with friends is delightful, and will stand in stead longer than almost any thing else. To converse with nature is delightful, but the eye tires in this converse, if the mind does not. To converse

with God must be the highest, as it is the holiest enjoyment; but in this employment our weak physical elements soon inform us, that we are not yet emancipated minds. Books are the only calm, quiet, unsating, untiring companions, that we always meet again with the same pleasure as at first. The enjoyment of reading is to the mind, just what the color of green is to the eye, such a happy blending of all the elements of enjoyment, as is capable of being tasted forever without satiety.

To supply the want of these, as well as of the other little articles, we proposed to start Bryan on the projected expedition to Durango. He was to procure bread, the staff of life, and wine, which, as he prepared it, was life itself, and tea and coffee for the physical nature, and books, the food of the mind. We formed a variety of schemes for obtaining these articles in safety, and the result was, that he should go to Durango, and find a retired residence, making himself as little known as possible; that he should purchase the requisite supply, and transport them on his horse to a convenient distance from the city, and secrete them in a place, where he could convey them all at one load, in our waggon, to our residence. We laid down abundance of precautions, which, after all, might be of little use, as it was impossible to foresee and guard against emergencies, and we were, after all, obliged to repose the main trust in his own native sagacity. We started him on the best and fleetest of our horses, and it was, after all, a solemn day, when we took leave of this faithful and cheerful creature.

We could again say, that time passed both swiftly and pleasantly in this rural and isolated place. Banished from earth, its passions and cares, we only felt so much excitement, as gave us the pleasurable consciousness of existence. The summer, which in that climate possesses a sky so bright and cloudless, had the fervors of its sun so cooled by the mountain breeze, as never to render the heat uncomfortable in the shade. Its perfect elasticity

and purity inspired the delicious sensations of high health, and invigorated exercise of all the powers of life. We had most delightful morning and evening walks, under the shade across our little table plain. We climbed the wild cliffs, and found out the dells of the mountains. The ladies often amused themselves with trials of agility and daring, which could easiest scale a precipice, or stand with the firmest head upon the dizzy eminence, that looked down upon the dark caverns below. We hunted out those green slopes on the mountains, where the yellow trumpet-flower exposes its broad cup with a lustre, surpassing the richest gilding. We paused for rest and refreshment in some one of those sweet spots of shade, verdure, springs, prospect, sublimity, and loneliness, which nature seems to have formed in these recesses, for her own peculiar enjoyment. What conversations, alternately gay, tender, and solemn, we had! How often for these amiable and unsophisticated girls, who felt and loved nature to a passion, have I culled the wild flowers, and brought forth all my little stock of botanical knowledge, and quoted all my best remembrances of poetry in my own language, where according to my judgment, the most consecrated stores are in preservation, a language which they now well understood, and which their enunciation and German accent rendered delightful. Not unfrequently, our thoughts, taking their flight from the summits of the mountains before us, soared to the Eternal throne. For though our religious conversations might not have been deemed exactly orthodox, when measured by any of those graduated sliders, which doctors in theology have invented for dividing the necessary measure of faith into inches, and hundredths, we often discussed religion, often dwelt in solemn earnestness upon the wisdom, benevolence, and immensity of that Omnipotent Being, who reared the immense piles in our view, and our talk was often of the life to come.

They were beautiful and fascinating girls, and as

such they always impressed beholders. But with them constantly, as I was, and uniformly treated with the confiding tenderness of sisters, I was conscious of feeling for them, only the interest and the attachment of a brother. I thought of them, when absent, with none of the feverish and tumultuous sensations with which I recalled the memory of another. All my thoughts of them were in keeping with the scene of our residence; as tranquil, as the repose of the mountains, as bland as the mountain breeze. The sad recollection incessantly returns to me, that three of this family are taking their last sleep in that sweet and lonely spot, and all that we enjoyed together there, is now only "the memory of joys that are past, pleasant and mournful to the soul."

In due process of time, Bryan returned, and his return was a day of jubilee. We had a tea party, to which we were all invited, and our parlor was decked with an extraordinary profusion of flowers; for Bryan had returned safe and sound, had attained all the objects of his mission, and managed them with the wisdom of the serpent, and the innocence of the dove. We had a good store of books, an ample supply of wine, and plenty of tea and coffee; and all that he was unable to bring with him, was deposited in a place, whence they could be easily and safely transported here in a waggon. One consideration, had, unaccountably, escaped all our recollections. We had thought nothing of the essential article of dress. To me, it was an unimportant omission. To the Saxon, who was dainty in these points, it was more important. But to the young ladies, who had never been called to stint the farthest and most expensive range of fancy, in the variety and elegance of this article, to be confined, week after week, to the casual dress which they wore when they went to prison, I knew enough of female nature to understand how painfully this privation must be felt. They affected, indeed, to consider it as a

trifle, and we talked of fig leaves and dresses of skins, and of the innocence which felt no shame in the want of these things. But I was perfectly aware, that as daughters of our common mother, they would have felt some of those splendid dresses, which they used to wear in Durango, no unimportant accession to their comforts.

We observed that Bryan seemed rather reluctant to undo all his budget, and that his countenance bore the marks of painful concealment. Such was his interest for us, that little by little, it all came out. And such were the terrors excited by this full disclosure, that, so far from thinking of their oversight in the article of dress, the young ladies were hardly willing that Bryan should incur the exposure of taking the waggon to the place, where our articles were hidden, to bring them home. The amount of his intelligence was this. The Conde had not only resigned, but was under the suspicion of having abetted the attack on the Royal corps, that escorted us. In order to vindicate himself from this suspicion, he had joined in all the measures against us.—“What do you think,” said Bryan, “was the first thing which I saw stuck on the posts and pillars, and at the corners of the streets, when I entered the city? Why, God bless your Honor, just this thing; a reward of five thousand *pesos* for your Honor’s head, and the same for that of your friend, and five hundred for mine. By Saint Patrick! my hair rose on end. But, devil burn them, if I let out a word that I was Bryan himself.” But he ascertained, that the country was in such a state of internal discord, and there were so many commencing rebellions, so many partizan skirmishes, and so many *guerilla* parties, so many battles and massacres, so much mutual distrust, and so little preponderance of any one party over the other, that he thought us perfectly safe, while we kept ourselves concealed among the mountains. Every individual was too anxious about the safety of his own head, to think of earning five thousand *pesos*, by taking

purs. We inferred, on the whole, that we were in little danger, except from needy and guilty assassins; and unless many of them leagued together, we felt as though we should be able to give a good account of them. Our apprehensions were somewhat quieted by another consideration. The general impression in the city was that in our flight, we had made for the United States, and as they had not heard of our arrest, it was supposed we had succeeded in our escape. In this conversation before the De Benvelts, all that he pretended to know of the Conde's affairs, was, that he and his family lived in profound retirement, and were seldom seen in the city.

When we were in private, Bryan admitted, that contrary to my orders, he had been at the palace. "I could not keep," said he, "from going to see the old place again, and indeed, your Honor, I swore to Martha, by my mother, the last time I saw her, that I would give her a little bit of information about your Honor, whenever I could. So I made myself known to the servants, and the Conde, and his lady, and Martha, and all came to see me in a private way, and they made much of me too, that did they. Devil burn them, how they came at the thing, is more than I can guess; but Dorothy, that you used to learn grammar, and all the Conde's people beside, knew well where your Honor was, and how we spent our time, and all about us here. Martha said but a little before the rest of them; ay, but I saw the jewel alone; and then she asked me such a heap of questions, and shed so many tears, and inquired, how we all lived together here? And so I told her, 'As thick as three in a bed.' 'Ay,' says she, 'Bryan, I expect so. But it's not the decent thing, for young ladies to live together in a cave, and run about the mountains with a young man. You may tell your master, that I think so, too.' Says I, 'God bless your Ladyship! They are as sweet, sober, demure, so, so kind little bodies, as you can find on the earth, as modest as nuns, and as pretty as angels.' 'Why really,' says she, 'the

‘Bryan, you have the gift of the gab, and one would think you was smitten too. The prettier they are, the less ought they to behave in this way.’ So I sees which way the wind sets, and so I says, ‘God love your Ladyship, they pray and sing like nuns, and I dare say, never think a bad thought. And for my master, the girls call him brother, and I am sure he loves them only as dear good sisters. But God love your Ladyship, he loves you after another sort of fashion, and better, I’ll swear, than he loves his own eyes.’ Upon this, she makes up her mouth, this way, and smiles, and says, ‘Do you think so, Bryan?’ ‘Indeed do I,’ says I. ‘For he sometimes stops short, and he looks towards your quarter, and he looks big and solemn, this way; and out comes the hard sigh. Ay, your Ladyship, I know what all that means.’ And she says, ‘Bryan, you have learned to flatter. Your master and the young ladies have had too much of that talk about brother and sisters. You can tell them, that they are in no danger at all. Persuade them to come away, and live with me, and I will answer for them. That will be better and safer, and more decent too, than to live in that cave, and wander about with a young man, that, after all, is no brother of theirs.’ ‘But,’ says I, ‘your Ladyship, would you have them leave their poor old lame father?’ ‘Ay, that indeed,’ says she, ‘Bryan, is a thing I don’t know how to manage.’ Then, God forgive me, I runs on again, to tell her Ladyship, that I could swear you never thought of any body, except in a brotherly way, but her Ladyship, and that I was sure you loved her better than the light of heaven. And that pleased her, your Honor, to the life, and she says a thousand and one kind things about you, and asked all how your Honor looked and talked, and all that. Still the kindest thing about you was said last, and the big round pearls stood in her glistening eyes, when I was about to come away, and then she says, ‘Bryan, swear to me, that you won’t tell him that I have said a word to you about him. Say nothing

about it to any body. 'For,' she says, 'in the old proverb, *Secreto entre dos es secreto de Dios. Secreto entre tres es secreto de todo el mundo.* 'Ay,' says I, 'I am close as a dead man.' And then she almost showed a heart to kiss me, when I came away."

The articles that had been overlooked in Bryan's mission to Durango, were soon supplied, and in a way which convinced us at once that we had friends in the city, and that by them, at least, the place and circumstances of our retreat were well known. As we went out of our dwelling, a few mornings after Bryan's return, we found a large package, labelled in Spanish for the Misses Benvelt. It happened to be precisely on the day in which Bryan returned with his waggon load of goods from the place where he had concealed them, near Durango. Thus all our wants were supplied at one time, for, on opening the package, it was found to contain every requisite article of a lady's wardrobe for the three young ladies. In the same package were changes of dress for De Benvelt and me. This ample and expensive package was the gift of the father of my former pupil, Dorothæa, at her request. It evinced, on her part, a considerate generosity, a noble use of opulence, and a kindness of heart, which struck us all with a deep feeling of gratitude. De Benvelt was delighted with feeling himself once more clad as formerly, and to see his daughters looking as they had in Durango. He rubbed his hands, and exclaimed, "Now, mein Gott, if this is not what I have read in the Pibles, how the prophet was fed by the rafens!" There was a letter in Spanish along with the package. It informed us, that to a few friends the place and circumstances of our retreat were well known; but that we need have no apprehensions from that knowledge for that those friends would only avail themselves of it to put all others on the wrong track; that it was understood that the things sent must be indispensable to our comfort, and that it was hoped we should use them, as

the giver would have done, had situations been reversed. It was remarked, that it was wholly unnecessary to inform us how the giver came by this knowledge of our retreat, and that all it concerned us to know, was, that our secret was perfectly safe with them. It was hoped, that the times would soon become tranquil and safe; that we should get effectually cured of our patriotic fever, return under a general amnesty, and every thing go on as formerly. A few remarks at the close, excited in me the deepest sorrow and regret. The young ladies read the letter first, and I saw, by the change in their countenances, that they read something which inflicted the keenest anguish. They handed it to me. In a kind of postscript to the letter, were these words:—"The friends of the Misses Benvelt have but one opinion about the intercourse between them and their former teacher. They can return with perfect safety to Durango at any time. As well for his reputation as theirs, they are earnestly requested to return."

As much as I rejoiced in this addition to the comforts of these young ladies, so much was I grieved with this cruel intimation at the close of the letter, otherwise so considerate and kind. I tasked all my powers to explain it away, and account for their impressions, on the ground, that some gossiping spy had invisibly pryed into our privacies, and misrepresented the character of our sentiments and our intercourse. The blow, I saw, had taken effect and they were struck to the heart. It was past all my skill, in the slightest degree, to heal the wound. That they could fly from danger to their father and to me, and in avoiding exposure of one kind, subject themselves to pain and exposure, so keenly felt by all modest women, of a different and more appalling kind, seemed to them a thought not to be endured. The more deeply they felt the perfect innocence and simplicity of our intercourse, the more bitterly they felt the cruelty of these suspicions. "There is no getting away from evil," they

said. "The very attempt to fly from one danger, only plunges us into a worse. Whatever there may be for you, there is no refuge for us, but in the grave. Of all evils that we have yet encountered, calumny is the worst." I urged upon them the necessity of relying upon the inward consciousness of integrity. I clearly discovered their unabated regard for me, and their fondness for the unrestrained frankness and gaiety of our conversations, walks, and amusements. Their eyes were opened, and seeing the light in which others, especially ladies of their own age and condition, viewed this intercourse, they began to contemplate it with shame and fear themselves. The charm of their walks and conversations, the confiding *naivete* of sisters in their whole relations with me, were laid aside. There was now restraint, and distance, and painful blushes, where there had formerly been nothing but the unsuspecting confidence of man before the fall.

Bryan had unknowingly inflicted another wound, for he had carelessly given them to understand, that in his late excursion to Durango, he had been at the Conde's palace, and they had finally drawn from him all the secret of his conversation with Martha. They saw that she was impressed upon this subject in the same manner with Dorothea. They had always regarded her as a model, her opinions upon all subjects as oracular, and her decisions as merciful and just. So then," they said, "if we survive danger, we can never hope to survive shame." "Why not then," I cheerfully asked, "why not remain here as long as we live? We feel that we are innocent. We can here appeal to God and our consciences, and so long as we are all satisfied with one another, why need we regard what the world says?" To all this they replied, by asking, if it were not better to follow the advice given, and return to Durango? "Mein Gott!" cried the father in an agony. "Yes, go, if you wish to part from

your old lame father for ever. But I hope you will have the goodness to get this young man to strike off my head with his sabre first. He is a good young man, I grant you, and harmless of all the tanned lies that these gossiping girls talk about you. But he will not be hurt with me for saying, that he can never be to me in place of my tear girls." This statement was conclusive and final, and they never again resumed the subject of leaving their father.

The bard said, "Sorrows come not single spies." The father's wound, with the coming on of autumn, and with the visible chagrin and increasing silence and dejection of the daughters, grew worse. Hitherto he had regularly hobbled his two or three turns, morning and evening, across the little plain. When fatigued, he sat down on a bench, with a moss cushion, purposely prepared for his repose, under the sycamore, and appeared to enjoy our promenade, as we gaily tripped back and forward. All at once he complained of the excessive fatigue of this exertion, and was only lifted to the door to see us walk, and to contemplate the rising and the setting sun. Bryan would take him in his brawny arms, and carry him about, handling him as tenderly as a child. We all redoubled our exertions. The daughters, at my suggestion, not only suppressed every appearance of dejection, but assumed a painful and constrained gaiety.

It was but too evident, that these deep evils of the heart, coming so together, involved, with the decline of their father, their own sorrow and decline. Wilhelmine had always seemed to me the most sensitive and delicate of the three. The lily in her cheek most preponderated over the rose. It is impossible to measure the effect of sorrow on different natures by any other scale, than actual experiment. The buoyant natures of the two younger sunk first. The roses on their cheeks faded daily away. Our charming walks among the mountains, where we talked the flowing heart, contemplated the glorious and

spirit-stirring scenery, and courted the mountain breeze, the reckless laugh, the exuberant gaiety, that was delighted with the passing trifles, all these were gone. When the father took his daily sleep, we sometimes repeated the walks, and mounted the same heights, and contemplated the same scenes as before. But they walked slowly and by themselves, and were restrained and distant, in permitting the common courtesies, that they used rather to court. A slight fermentation changes the nature of the purest wine. A little change in the mind and circumstances, changes what was delightful, to a source of pain. When I saw that I was actually a restraint upon them, I told them that they had enough to encounter, beside the pain of my presence, and that if they were afraid of me, or doubted me, or deemed that my presence was doubtful in its influence upon their reputation, I would leave them, and seek for myself a more solitary retreat. "Ah no!" they said, with one voice, "that would kill us all at one blow. What could we do without you? What need we care what they say of us? All our world is here."

The autumns of this region, especially in the mountains, are inexpressibly delightful. The azure of the sky is charming. The coolness and dryness of the atmosphere remove the languors of summer. We had in the summer often anticipated the coming of autumn, with delight. At last the sober Autumn, so desired came. The thousand wild fruits with which our table was to be decked, were matured. The mellow and impressive operation of autumn upon the mountain scenery was produced. We experienced the invigorating influence of a keen and frosty air by night, which, we had hoped would have given such a delightful aspect to the blaze of the domestic fire, that would illumine our cave. Bryan produced the fruits, the smoking coffee, the venison, the *Parao*, and he took the feeble Saxon in his arms, like a child, and placed him on a kind of rude, but comfortable

ble sofa, made soft with moss, and spread with buffalo-robes. But the expected joy would not come. We tried the sweet hymn, but the voices of the daughters sunk away, and instead of hearing the prayers and the hymn, we had only silent tears. "Mein Gott," said the father, sobbing himself, "why will ye cry, and break my heart? Bryan, give me that bottle, and that cup. Here is to 'fader land,' and let us be comfortable." The very effort to take his customary cup of wine, showed his weakness, and after a few vain efforts to parry, or to hide the thrusts of nature, and pass them off for drowsiness, he requested to be carried from the fire to the bed. The paleness of his daughters seemed to say, 'Our father will never share this fire with us again.' Two of them, though not so helpless appeared as deep in their decline, as himself. He never, after that, arose, except to be dressed, and managed as an infant, while the indefatigable Bryan, beat up and prepared his couch.

As the frame of De Benvelt was thus imperceptibly wasting away, nothing on our part was spared, to rekindle his hopes, or soothe his decline, which friendship, or filial tenderness, could invent or offer. I had been lately more assiduous in my habit of wandering in the mountains, partly with a view of seeking something new, in the way of aliment, to suit the ever varying fancies of a sick man's appetite, partly to throw off the debilitating gloom, resulting from breaking off my former active habits, and spending the greater portion of my time with the invalid, and partly to indulge in the contemplation of nature, in her most imposing features. My excursions, since the sickness of the family, had been short, and confined to the immediate vicinity of our retreat. One morning, after I had seen De Benvelt sink into a refreshing sleep, and his daughters apparently more cheerful than I had seen them for some time, I determined to extend my ramble beyond its accustomed range. I took my gun, and having lighted a trunk of fat pine with fire,

whose ruddy flame and smouldering smoke might serve as a distant beacon, to guide my returning steps, I sallied out alone, and climbed from crag to crag, along this rugged spur of the Cordilleras, until I had extended my walk to a great distance from the cave, and saw from my elevation far beneath me, the smoke of my beacon-fire lifting its cylindrical pillars aloft, amidst the blue and still atmosphere of the mountains. What a spectacle arrayed itself below me! How pure and elastic the air, which, perhaps, never mortal had breathed before! Far away below me, the boundless plain of the prairies slept, like the ocean in a calm. Above me towered, pile above pile, those mighty masses, which seemed the ancient battlements of heaven. I stood wrapt in profound meditation. My thoughts expanded, my imagination soared, even beyond the immense prospect before me. There is an inspiration in mountain scenery, at once soothing and elevating, the happiest mixture of poesy and devotion. Amidst this tranquil entrancement of meditation and reverie, I was suddenly startled by the report, apparently of a musket, at a considerable distance still above me. The reverberations from a thousand caverns, became fainter and fainter, until Echo herself seemed exhausted with her own magic mimicry. "Can this," thought I, "have proceeded from the hand of man? Are these sublime and remote solitudes, peopled by other exiles, who have, like us, toiled in benevolence for our fellow men, and been by them driven, for a refuge, to the caverns of the mountains? or is it the precursor of a volcano, laboring to give vent to those central fires which these ancient mountains have smothered for ages?" I was suspended in doubt, wonder, and astonishment. I determined, however, to make my way in the direction of the report, and attempt to unravel the mystery. With great difficulty, and not without danger of being precipitated into some of those deep ravines, which had been washed out by mountain torrents, I reached the

summit of a high peak, which commanded an extensive view. At its base, and not more than fifty paces from where I stood, I discovered of the mouth a cavern, and a Spanish musket standing by the side of it. While I was surveying this new object of wonder, a man slowly stepped from the cave. He was, apparently, about forty, brown and swarthy, with untrimmed mustachios, and a long black beard; and he was clad in a dress of leather. But there was the dignity of self-estimation, and of manly firmness in his port, and a searching glance in his keen black eye, which struck me with awe. Reflection taught me in a moment, that this was no ordinary anchorite. He had not yet espied me. He stood for a moment, seemingly wrapped in profound and melancholy thought. As he turned his eye toward the spot where I stood, he instantly grasped his musket, and cried out in a tone of authority, *Qui en vive?* "A friend," I answered in the same language. He fixed his eye, sternly, and steadily upon me, holding his piece in a position for instant use, if inspection should afford the occasion for it. "Hold!" I cried. "Whoever you are, or whatever may be your motive for seeking this wild asylum, I come not to spy you out, or disturb the solitude of your retreat. My approach to this place, was the result of pure accident. As I come with no hostile intent, no disposition to break in upon the sanctity of your refuge, or pry into the mystery, with which you have seen fit to shroud yourself, there can be no ground of hostility between us." "I took you," said he, "for one of those miserable, hireling tools of despotism, who, lured by the reward offered for my head, had scented out the haunt of a Patriot exile." "I am," I returned, "like you, an exile myself, and like you a price is set on my head. I am an Anglo-American, and lately an adherent of Morelos, and in the thickest of the fight against the satellites of despotism. You may have heard of the unfortunate fight of Palos Blancos. Defeated in that fatal field, with a sick friend, I am an outlaw,

and a tenant of nature, in these wild mountains." The musket dropt from his hands, as if he had been palsy-struck. "A companion of Morelos," cried he, "and an Anglo-American! And now I discover from your accent, that you are of English origin. I love even the language in which Washington and his great compatriots spoke. That dialect is the consecrated idiom of freedom, and of independent and noble thinking. The day will come, when over the globe, he, who shall speak that language, will claim the same exemptions and immunities, in consequence, which he demanded in the ancient days, who said, 'I am a Roman citizen.' There is an air of candor in your countenance, which inspires confidence. Approach!" I descended the peak, and approached the mouth of the cavern. "Before you enter this sanctuary of an exile," said he, holding out his hand, "pledge me a soldier's honor, and a Patriot's faith, that you will never reveal the secret of this interview, at least until Mexico is free. My name among men was once of too much import, to become even now the theme of a passing tale." I grasped his hand, and gave him the most sacred watchword of the Patriots. "Ah," said he, embracing me, "dear is that word. Come in, and see the retirement of a Patriot soldier." The cavern was deep and gloomy, a perfect contrast to that, where dwelt my declining associates, and without even the requisite accommodations for the most hardy soldier. But the tenant had a mind, that had converted the stone floor to a couch of down. "You see before you," said he, "a person, who was once one of the most distinguished natives of this country, so delightful, and so favored of nature. I might have shared in the guilty honors and distinctions of its oppressors. But my heart told me, even from a child, that God and nature intended, that this great country should one day be free. I was among the first, who disdainfully shook our chains in the face of our oppressors. I was among the first to join in the effort to cast them from us. While

there was a blow to be struck, I was not inactive. After the fall of Hidalgo, the struggle was kept up by successive chiefs, who rallied round the standard of independence, a motley multitude, dependent for subsistence upon their swords. We carried on a wild, *guerilla* warfare. But the superior discipline of the Royal troops, and the corruption and unprincipled ignorance of men who had been brutalized in long and effeminate bondage, and who having broken their chains, became wild and unfeeling tyrants in their turn, and practised indiscriminate slaughter upon defenceless and unoffending families, and spread horror and dismay in their path, caused our army to dissolve like snow in the sun-beams. Our hopes revived for a moment, when Mina came, like a flaming meteor, from the north, and with a handful of brave and devoted heroes, checked for a moment the successful march of oppression. But his brilliant career was cut short, and he was borne down, the victim at once of treachery and of his own valor. After the fall of this great man a few daring spirits still clung to the cause, desperate as it was. We retreated to a fortress apparently impregnable; but were followed, and attacked by an overwhelming superiority of numbers. My tongue falters even now, in making the humiliating confession. But a very few, beside myself, escaped the carnage of that day. Proscribed, outlawed in the land of my fathers, banished from kindred and every charity and endearment of life, we had no other resource than to forswear our kind. A price being set upon our heads, we passed from place to place in various disguises, more than once escaping as it seemed, only by a miracle. I retreated from mountain to mountain, until I buried myself in this cavern. I have been offered any of the guilty honors or places in the gift of Ferdinand the VII. if I would abandon the cause of my country. But in the free air of these mountains, and in the hearing of the Divine ear, I have sworn an oath upon my soul, never to make any compromise with op-

pression. No, I will give this to flesh to the vultures, or the wolves, and these bones to bleach unburied upon these crags, ere I ever return to man, until there is some prospect that my country may yet be free." He paused, as it seemed, from irrepressible agitation. I attempted to raise his hopes, and to present brighter views of the cause, than he seemed to entertain. I assured him, that in every land, virtuous and free minds not only sympathized with his country, but anticipated, with the confidence of prophecy, her ultimate emancipation, and the period, when the sun which now never sets upon the slaves of Spain in the new world, shall illumine in his glorious path, none but freemen.

"When Chimborazo over earth, air, wave,
Shall glare with Titan eye, and see no slave."

I then gave him a brief detail of the melancholy circumstances, which detained me in the sick family of De Benvelt, and recommended to him, in awaiting the time to strike for independence again, to seek a temporary asylum in the United States. "No," said he, "I love, I venerate that country; but will never fly from my own. The stranger knoweth not, and cannot know, what charities I have been obliged to fly, in coming here. My heart bleeds at the recollection, but no sympathy can avail me. But if you have mistaken the despondence of a father, torn from his children, of a husband, torn from the bosom of the wife of his youth, for despair of the cause of freedom, you have misinterpreted my feelings. Seven millions of men that inhale such an air, and see such mountains, can never be held in final bondage. The spirit of freedom may be at this moment, like the fabled Enceladus, pressed down as under the incumbent weight of mountains. But the subterranean fires will ultimately burst forth. Let our oppressors beware of the explosion. From what quarter we are to expect redress, it is impossible to foresee. But the day must, and will come. Great

God! shall a despotism, as icy, and as eternal as the snows upon these mountains, forever blast this loveliest portion of creation? No. The generation that is now rising, is tearing off the veil with which despotism and priestcraft have hoodwinked them, and are beginning to feel that they are men. While such men still breathe in Mexico, as Guerrero, and Bravo, and Santanna, the cause cannot utterly perish." For my part, my heart kindled again at the tone with which he spoke, and in which he gave me the details of various scenes, where he had been engaged. Humanity and friendship called back my thoughts to the place from which I came. I described the condition and circumstances of the amiable and suffering family in which I dwelt. The simple narrative of their sufferings proved that this man, apparently of steel and rock, this man who seemed to have no sympathies but with his country, had a heart of the quickest and tenderest sensibility. He lamented bitterly that he could do nothing for them, but pity them. "It may be," said he, "that they and you will hear from me again. I am well informed of what is passing in that world below us. I am waiting for the moment, to rally the friends of independence round her standard once more. If we should ever conquer our freedom, they will then see, if I am not the friend of the friendless, the deliverer of the oppressed, and the hope of such people, as those with whom you sojourn." I viewed the singular man who stood before me; awestruck at his manner, and the tones of his voice. "Such are the extraordinary men," thought I, "whom Providence raises up and qualifies for such emergencies." I ventured, indirectly, to ask him his name. "Your curiosity on this point," said he, "does not dishonor me. I doubt not, that you are a man of honor, and that I may safely trust you. If this great land should bequeath a heritage of bondage to the generation to come, I should not desire that my name should reach posterity, and I should choose to live here alone, with God and my con-

science, and that this cavern should be my tomb. But if, as I trust, a more happy destiny awaits it, if hereafter the corrupt and blinding despotism of this period should be succeeded by a young and virtuous republic, true to its own glory and the sacred principles of liberty, and flourishing in all the arts of peace and humanity, I trust, that my name will not be utterly forgotten. You will then remember this interview. You will welcome your proscribed friends to all the succor and protection, that ✓ Guadeloupe Victoria can bestow. Remember, that he predicted the future happiness and glory of his country." "Victoria!" cried I, "am I then in the presence of that man—" He modestly checked me, reminding me, that we had both forfeited our names among the stars. He turned the conversation again to the sick and suffering family, to which, I told him, I felt it was time for me to return. When invited to honor that family with his presence, he remarked, that he could bring them nothing but unavailing sympathy, and that it seemed necessary for him to see no more scenes to soften the heart. "Patriots," said he, "in these times, must renounce humanity, and act as simple intelligences, alike above fear, interest, or feeling. If the time should ever arrive, when I can wipe away a single tear from the eyes of your distressed friends, then will I come to visit them and you." I turned and left him with profound regret and admiration.

As De Benvelt's strength declined, as his body wasted, until the skin of his once round figure could almost be wrapped about him, his sensibility and the powers of his mind made themselves more conspicuous. Before his girls, he always spoke cheerfully, prophecyng the return of good times, and the chances of their shortly being allowed an unmolested departure to England, or the United States. But his innate sincerity always manifested itself, through his unwonted shifts at disguise. And the third day of his confinement to his couch, while his girls had retired, as was their custom, probably to private pray-

ers, I went to his bed at his request, and I saw the tears streaming down his emaciated cheeks. "Mein Gott for-pit," said he, "that you should wrong me, and think that I am afraid to die, or that I should have de fears of you. But it is such a tanned pad world! My girls are as harmless as lambs, and that you well know. But the world will speak against them now. What will they say about them when their poor old fader is gone? Mein Gott, it goes to my heart, to see them droop and look so pale. That would kill me if there were nothing else. The peoples are not fit for the tanned liberties, and they will call my poor girls bad names, when my bones moulder. When I am dead, you tell them, that I bid them not cry. You send them off to your country, as fast as you can, and the first scoundrel that speaks against them, you kill! Mein Saviour forgive me! But my bones would not rest in their shroud, if people should speak against my tear girls. Swear that you will do this, and De Benvelt will die in peace." It will readily be supposed, I promised all that he desired.

It was only four days, after the father was confined to his couch, before Annette, naturally the gayest of the three, was confined to hers also. We moved her's so near her father's that even with their faint voices, they could commune with each other. And often in the intervals of our nursing, and our efforts to cheer them, we heard, interchanged between them, the low and faint tones, which trembled with all the tenderness of the father and daughter, as they noted to each other the progress of decline, and the color of their thoughts and feelings in view of it. Sophy still made efforts to keep from the couch, but the languid eye, though it shed no tears, was the sure index, that she, also, was drooping. Wilhelmine, by incredible efforts, kept up her exertions, if not her courage and spirits, and was continually walking from couch to couch, like a ministering angel, begging us all to keep up our spirits, and trust in the power

and mercy of God. Amidst this scene of trial, even Bryan's gay face became overcast. I often saw the poor fellow struggle to the utmost, to restrain the expression of his feelings, and when it was no longer in his power, go abroad, and give free scope to his tears. My own heart was inexpressibly heavy. I spent hours and days, in intense thought upon the nature of their disease, and the possibility of some remedy. I scrambled the mountains anew, for mountain herbs, and every sort that Bryan had heard to be salutary, was given in decoction. As a last resource, I proposed to go in disguise to Durango. We had no want of money, and I felt sure, that I could bring in safety my friend the American surgeon. Neither the father nor his daughters would listen a moment to the proposition. The father, and both the sick daughters insisted, that they were doing quite well, that they felt their disorder to be of such a character, that medicine and physicians could do nothing for it, and that time alone could remove their ills. They assured me, that if I started away, the loneliness alone would kill them, and that they should never see me more; that even if I went, the temptation of the price on my head would be sure to bring death to me, without any other effect on them, than involving us all, sick and well, in the same common ruin.

I will not tire you with these details of the decline of the father and his daughters, if I may avoid it. I am aware, that passing, as it did, under my eye, with my feelings so interested by the family, and in our peculiar circumstances, it may not engross the feelings of others, as it did mine, to witness their almost imperceptible decay, their silent, and uncomplaining approach towards the last hour. On the middle of December, there happened a strong white frost, and one of those glorious mornings of a tropical climate in the mountains ensued. The first gleams of the morning sun melted away the hoary envelope, where they fell. The lengthened shadows of the trees were beautifully marked in white, on

the grass and the shrubs, where the sunbeams were intercepted by the shade. The birds feel the changes of the atmosphere with the delicacy of a thermometer. They are never so gay, as in the elasticity of the air, during the rising of the sun in the sultry climates, after a frosty night. They seem to be multiplied in number among the branches. Their song is lengthened, and the movement is more brisk and gay. It was so this morning. To the mingled notes of a thousand birds, was added the distant baying of our dogs, ringing, and echoing in the distant forests and hills. The deer, the cabri, the buffalo, every thing, that had life in the mountains, uttered its peculiar note of joy. The brilliance of the morning sun illumined the entrance of the cave. The carol of the birds, and the mingled hum of the spirit-stirring morning, was heard, even by the feeble tenants of the couches. What a beautiful morning, each one exclaimed! To my surprise, both the father and Annette requested that they might be dressed, and helped to the seat under the sycamore. Wilhelmine dressed her sister, and Bryan the father, and Sophy was just able to drag her weary frame to the spot, unaided. The father when dressed, aroused himself. "My tear Frank," said he, "Gott knows, how soon I shall feel so strong again. This is too sweet a morning, to spend entirely on this weary couch. Help me up to look at the sun once more. Bryan and I, with great caution, and tenderness, lifted him out and placed him on his seat. Annette was loosely dressed in a white muslin mantle. The unusual effort of rising, had marked a small and bright circle of vermillion in the centre of her cheek. But the rest of her face was blanched to the whiteness of her robe. We aided her sister to place her beside her father. Sophy leaned against the tree. "Here, set me down," said Annette, "and let me breathe." As I carefully helped her to her seat, and adjusted her cushion, she smiled and said, "My dear brother, you forget, how liable such gallantry is to

suspicion, if any one should be here in concealment to see it." Their position was only ten paces from the door of the cave, and a position between sun and shade. The daughter sustained herself and her father, by passing her arm about his neck, and their faces had that exaltation of feeling and tenderness, mingled with the traces of sinking nature, which clearly indicated, that the mortal was soon to unite itself with the dust, and that the spirits were preparing for their flight. Both were silent for some moments, as if lost in the intenseness of thought and feeling.

Annette spoke first, and with a stronger tone of voice than usual. "My dear father," said she, laying her hand on her bosom, "there is that passing here, that no words can describe. What a glorious morning, and how sweetly those birds sing! They are chanting the praises of Him to whom we are going. Oh! we shall be together there forever; and there is no slander, no wounds, no shedding of blood, no bitterness of heart. Look at the clouds on yonder plain; see how they flit over the green grass. And such is life! How grand and awful are those blue summits yonder, that soar away towards Heaven. Dear father! whenever I have lately mentioned, in our hymns and our prayers, the sweet words, 'fader land,' it was not of the country beyond the seas, where I was born, that I thought, but the good and happy country above those blue summits. There is 'fader land.' There alone is peace." The father was dissolved in tears. The sisters with difficulty restrained the audible burst of their grief. Bryan turned and walked away, unable any longer to witness the scene. I remarked, that she was faint, and that her bosom heaved with a short and laborious respiration. I watched the entranced inspiration of her eye, which was kindled with an enthusiasm and filial tenderness, that struck me with awe. At my request, she took a little wine, and as she manifested a purpose to speak again, the father looked upon her with entreaty in his eyes.

"Mein Gott! it is too much. Tear Annette, say no more. You kill me twice to see your eye sparkle so, and hear your voice sound so strange. Let us die, and go to Heaven together, and say not another word about it." "Dear father," she continued, "but this once, and then I will be still. Come here, my good Wilhelmine. My poor, pale Sophy, come here. They both trembled excessively, for they understood from her voice and countenance, that a change was taking place in her. They came to her, however, and each took a hand. "Be good girls," said she, "and neither mourn nor cry. It is not the terrible thing, I thought it, to die. I am in no pain nor fear, and I am quite happy, and feel like sinking to a sweet sleep." She slowly raised her finger and pointed to the sky. "Look at that mild, blue firmament. Beyond are God, the Redeemer, and my final home. Lay me beside the spring there, a little below the foot of this tree, where our brother sits to read. Each of you kiss me." They each approached nearer, kneeled, and gave her the long, quivering, and final kiss of agonizing and parting affection. "And you, too, my dear brother, there can be no harm now." They inclined their heads, and I kneeled, and received the pressure of her cold lips. She then said in a faint, and almost inaudible voice, "Dear, dear father! the last, and the sweetest is for you, for we shall sleep together." But it was too late. The affectionate heart of the father, broken with what he had seen, suffered, and expected, had ceased to beat. The daughter, with her arm still thrown round his neck, drew one long and deep sigh, and they were both forever free from the burdens of mortality.

Never shone there a brighter morning sun, than that which threw its radiance on these pale faces. Bryan and I reclined them on the grass, without removing the arm of the daughter from its place, and I aided Sophy to her couch, and the other sister seated herself by her bed. It was a scene of such peculiar sorrow, and I was so

confused and troubled in my thoughts, that I have but an indistinct remembrance of what followed. I remember distinctly, that Sophy appeared to be no weaker in consequence of the shock of this blow. According to the dying request of the sister, no tears were shed, except by Bryan, and he wept only when abroad. Wilhelmine walked thoughtfully backwards and forwards, occasionally looking at the tranquil countenance of her sister, on which the last smile of affection and hope was sealed up, and then on her father, whom we robed for his last sleep in his full uniform. Bryan dug one grave, and I the other, in the spot which Annette had designated with her dying breath. We sought diligently, and we found blue slate of the mountains, and we wrought slabs, which we placed in their narrow beds in the form of coffins, reserving one for a covering, when their bodies should have been let down. All this was not accomplished, until the sun had already sunk below the tops of the mountains. I then said to Wilhelmine, "All is now ready, my dear sister, for laying the bodies of these our friends decently in their last bed. Say you, if there are to be other solemnities, before we render dust to dust." She wished to read the Saxon Lutheran burial service over the bodies. I brought her the book, that contained it. Bryan and Sophy kneeled on one side of the bodies, and the priestess in this sad solemnity, and myself, kneeled on the other. In a voice to which great intellectual energy and exertion had seemed to impart calmness and touching sweetness, and which was rendered by the scene, and by suppressed emotion, sublimely impressive, and with an eye, that often turned from the book to the sky, she read that solemn service, every word of which, though I but imperfectly comprehended the meaning, carried a chill to my heart. She then sung the hymn, that had been dear to the departed, in the same language. As it has been since translated to me, the purport of it was, that the living congregation below, that still toil in

sin and tears on the earth, and the emancipated congregation of the just above, are but different members of the same unbroken body, united in the Living Head; that it is the plan of his gracious discipline, that the one portion shall walk awhile below the stars, while the other portion is taken above; that the death of the just is only the following him who hath triumphed over death, through the dark valley, from the union below to the union above. The mansions above are denominated "fader land," and these words formed a kind of chorus, and whenever it recurred, the faint voice of Sophy, also made itself heard. This service finished, they both kneeled a moment in silence, and only uttering thoughts for the divine ear. Bryan and I then took the body of the father first, and afterwards of the daughter, and deposited them both in the lonely bed prepared for them. The daughters cast one intense look at the loved countenances. We each took a slab, and gently laid them both at the same moment on the slabs within which the bodies rested, and they were hidden from view by the veil of eternity. They each, according to the pious custom of their country, threw a little earth into each grave, and we heaped up their narrow bed, and smoothed down their lonely pillow, and left them to their final repose.

The shades of evening had closed round us, when the solemn duties were finished. Bryan kindled a bright fire, and prepared our coffee, and Sophy exerted herself to take her customary seat at the table. You can easily imagine that it was but a melancholy repast. When it was over, and before they retired for the night, Sophy grasped my hand, and thanked me with solemn earnestness, for all that I had done for their departed friends, both while living and when dead. She added, with a melancholy smile, "We wish not to bow you to the earth, with witnessing unavailing sorrow. To you it is owing that they had all the solace and comfort that their case

admitted, to the last, and that they have been so decent-interred. We see that you look ill and distressed. Your labors to-day have been not only pious, but exhausting. We mean not to tire you with repining and tears. They are now emancipated, and we owe them no duties, but those of memory, and those we shall pay but too faithfully. And yet why? How much happier are they than we, who still toil on behind?" Wilhelmine had a strong natural taste for drawing. Sophy reclined on her couch, and the other sat by it, and by the bright light of the fire, was calmly occupied in sketching the outlines of the recent funerals, including the mourners, the tree, the cave, and in the back ground the grouping of the mountains. "It will never be fresher in my memory," she observed, "than now." The design was of great boldness, and there was a fidelity in the loneliness and grandeur of the scenery, that was in strong keeping with the events, that the funeral piece was intended to commemorate.

The conversation turned on the only subjects that belonged to the remembrance of the day, the happiness of the just, the certainty of brighter and better worlds, and the little reason there is for mourning and regret for those, of whom there is hope that they have been washed in those perennial fountains for cleansing, that are forever open in Zion. The conversation was soothing and full of hope, and befitting the duties and reflections of the past day. I only felt, as I left them for the night, the fear that this glow of faith and hope, these strong restraints, imposed upon natural feeling, would be gone in the morning, and that they would awaken to the condition and feelings of ordinary mortals, and to double desolation of heart.

It was not altogether so. The inspiration of the evening had, in some sense, passed away in the morning. There was still a strong struggle for self-control. Their countenances showed how unavailing was that struggle,

and that nature will have her way. Sophy was evidently soon to find rest beside her sister. She thought, and she said so herself; and added, that she felt but a single regret in the thought, and that was, that she should leave her sister still more alone. They saw too, that I was ill, and their apprehensions on this score operated as a powerful motive to restrain the expression of their feelings. Indeed the sympathy which I had felt with their sorrows, and the unremitting attention I had paid to the sick, and the loneliness of heart which I now experienced, had borne heavily upon my health. But I spoke cheerfully, and assured them, that they need have no apprehensions of me. I made it a point to take Bryan with me to the chase, that I might leave them to the first expression of their sorrows without a witness.

To a mind of tenderness and sensibility, that enters keenly into the sorrows of another, nothing is more painful, or wears faster, than to perceive that all efforts to comfort, arouse, interest, or amuse, are entirely unavailing. To witness day after day, the silent pressure of a grief, that strikes deeper from being profoundly silent, operating a steady and invariable progress towards the destruction of its subject, is indeed terrible. The sisters made it a point, never to speak of those that were gone. They never again made the slightest allusion to the unfavorable impressions and reports about our mode of living together. On the contrary, Wilhelmine manifested a recklessness, an utter indifference upon the subject, that impressed me more strongly than any thing else could have done, that she had set the world wholly at defiance, and that she had utterly renounced its hopes, fears and opinions. Sophy became paler every day; but she made it a point to arise occasionally and be dressed. She became more earnest and assiduous in her prayers and religious exercises. When they were finished in the morning, she generally requested her sister and me to take each an arm, and thus aided, she was able to take

X two or three turns across the plain, in front of our cave. Of course every turn led us by the grave of her father and sister.

The second time we walked, as we led this pale, but interesting shadow, with her muslin robes floating so loosely about her, as to seem but the drapery of the tomb, by the sycamore where were the two graves, she saw that we had carved an inscription on the smooth and white rind of the tree. She begged us to assist her to the seat, on which her father and sister had died, where she could read the inscription. The words which I carved, gave the names and ages of the deceased, at the foot of the tree, with this line, which has ever struck me as the most beautiful and affecting monumental inscription for the case to which it is adapted, in the English language: "They were lovely in their lives, and in their death they were not divided." She read the inscription again and again. She then turned, and pressed my hand, and her eyes filled with tears. "I think," said she, "it is from the Bible and I know enough of your language, to feel the beauty and force of it. There is room on this side for another grave. We were both equally dear to him, though the heart of Annette broke first. I wish to be laid on this side, and then he will be between us." As she said this, we led her back to the house.

I took an immediate opportunity to speak with Wilhelmine about the wishes of her father, that as soon as he was gone, I should assist his surviving children to escape to the United States. The strength of Sophy was not sufficient for us to think of making such an experiment with her. But I suggested the propriety of putting a couch into the waggon, and sending Bryan with them both to Durango, where Sophy would have the advantage of a comfortable house, society, medical aid, and better nursing than could be had here, and, more than all, where the chain of gloomy associations, connected

with this place, would be broken off. It was proposed to the invalid by us both. She answered promptly, "My dear brother, I am perfectly aware, that to have no society, but a couple of moping, and melancholy, and uninformed girls, and, moreover, one of them sick, must be a painful and tiresome business to a young man like you. I neither wonder at, nor think hard of you, for wishing to get rid of us. But for me, and I think you may add, for my sister, the matter about which you think so much, in this proposition, is wholly out of the question. If there are spies upon us, we care so little what the world may choose to say of us, that I dare say, my sister does not bestow a second thought upon the subject. I would not regard it, even if I expected to return to life, which I surely do not. For the rest, I would not lose the pleasure of walking, as long as I am able, beside their graves, and looking upon those mountains and that sky, which were the last objects of their contemplation, for all the pageants and pleasures, which the earth could have afforded me in perfect health. Mysterious and delightful tie! How poor is language to describe what I feel, when I look upon their narrow bed. This is to me a consecrated spot, and nothing shall separate me from the place where their ashes moulder. But a little while, and mine shall be there also. Above these graves, there seems a point of milder blue in the sky; and there I fancy to myself, the very place where their gentle spirits made their way to their home. Do not name the thing again, my brother, of removing me from this place.—Here is my last home."

I have a satisfaction in reflecting, that there was nothing that could be procured in these mountains that we did not obtain for her. Again I climbed the precipices, to procure mountain herbs, of which, however, we had already experienced the inefficacy. Nothing which the chase could furnish, that was deemed delicate or restorative, was wanting. We descended to the

plains, and Bryan displayed his acquirement in the arts of the country, by noosing a cow and a goat, which we confined, and fed for their milk. Wilhelmine seemed still to have new and untried powers of exertion, and an unexhausted fund of self-command. She assumed cheerfulness in the presence of the interesting invalid, and she was more than repaid by the faint smile which showed how much she felt the kindness. There could happen but few events to diversify the sad monotony of this existence. We still aided the invalid to drag her feeble steps along her accustomed promenade. But no cheerful conversations ever enlivened these walks, and though she declined slowly, and gave no intimations that she considered her death at hand, we saw that our cares for her would soon have an end. The bloom of Wilhelmine too was all gone, but she insisted so firmly that her health was good, and her capacity for the endurance of fatigue and watching seemed so great and entire, that we were obliged to credit her. Sometimes by an effort, apparently to reward our unwearied exertions for them, a momentary gleam of cheerfulness would come over their countenances, but the effort was too painful to be long sustained. Their conversations together and with us were calm and grave, and turned chiefly upon the life to come, and things with which this world has no concern. In this state of their minds, the soothing elevation of melancholy, "the joy of grief," no longer seemed to me a poetic fiction. How many holy thoughts, how many pensive meditations upon the emptiness of this transitory existence, fell from the lips of these sisters, during her long sickness. The remembrance of these solemn conversations, and the tone and manner in which they were uttered, make this period seem, in review, like a long sabbath. I deem these remembrances salutary. They check the folly of the excesses of hope; and when I find myself giving the rein to my thoughts or my feelings, I recall the sober sadness of their coun-

tenances, and their saint-like manner and deportment, and I instantly awaken from my dreams, to the consciousness of things as they are.

During this slow and heavy winter, Bryan went on a second trip to Durango, to procure not only a supply of refreshments, but some little opiates and cordials, that we thought would at least palliate the watchfulness and weakness of our dear invalid. He returned with the articles, and in safety. Royalism had, for the present, in the internal provinces, a quiet ascendancy. But the stillness was that ominous and terrible one, that precedes a tornado. A number of obnoxious Patriots, upon whose heads a price had been fixed, had been brought in and executed. Bloody and extreme counsels were the only ones that prevailed. I was in no danger, only because I was supposed to have reached the United States. Of the two families that knew our secret, and interested themselves for us, he only heard that things with them were as usual.

At home I read as formerly, and the sisters seemed to give diligent attention; but it was obvious that they were no longer interested in what they heard. I made efforts to persuade Wilhelmine, leaving Bryan to sit beside her sister, to take now and then one of those rambles that she had formerly loved so much with me among the mountains, that we might again scale the precipices, and catch new views of the glorious scenery above and around us. We hoped it would, for a little time, break the gloomy chain of her associations. Sophy added her intreaties to mine. She besought her sister to listen, and to go with me, only that she might keep up her strength and spirits, and be able to sustain the requisite nursing and watching. She added, "I feel as if this weary existence clung to me against my will, and I have fears that I shall live to wear you all out, and be the last to die myself."

This is probably carrying out with tedious minuteness

the details of our manner of passing the winter, the spring, and the summer. I felt my mind acquiring a kind of indolent melancholy, a stagnation of existence, constantly contrasted with the bustle and adventures of the camp life that preceded it. Months passed, and left upon the memory no traces but a general and gloomy recollection of the same sad way of getting along. Nature had not changed. For the birds sung as gaily as before. The mountains lifted their blue heads, and were as brightly illumined by the sun. But the mind of the beholders had changed. And the brightest light of heaven can in this way become gloom. Sophy herself seemed sometimes verging to fretfulness and impatience. She said it was hard to endure the thought of this slow decay; to be longing for the repose of her father and sister; to be incapable of any comfort herself, and to be a heavy clog on the strength and enjoyments of those who might otherwise be happy; and that she was impatient to be gone. As the autumn advanced, she began to discern the term wished for, for she showed marks of more rapid decline. She had regular and daily paroxysms of hectic fever, in which, as is customary in that flattering and terrible disease; the eyes glistened with the strange fire and brilliance of an excitement of a very peculiar cast, but which I have often noted, as belonging only to that disease. One general symptom is an increase of excitement and sensibility. I will not phrase it by the technical term, "morbid," for in her case it was delightful. It was the enthusiasm, the poesy of disease and the tomb, sanctified by the most elevating hopes of religion, and associated with the cheering expectation of soon rejoining her departed friends. I remember many a conversation, which produced in me the deepest thrill of feeling. Now, that it is too late, I regret that I did not heed them more, and even write them down. They are all passed away, unrecorded, with her pure spirit. Apparently, the hope of speedy dissolution would have

been rapture to her, but for the thought of leaving her sister in loneliness and sorrow behind. When she expressed these desires to be gone, her sister would sometimes grasp her hand, and intreat her to live for her sake. "Look you here," she would reply, holding up her skeleton arm, "and see, dearest Wilhelmine, if I could live, even if I wished it."

The last walk which we aided her to take, she was impressed with a presentiment that it would be her last, and it was the most cheerful promenade which we had taken for a long time. To us she seemed better. She stooped to admire the freshness of the flowers that we had planted over the graves of her father and sister, and which were now unfolded in full bloom. She remarked upon the delightfulness of the morning, the freshness of the inspiring air, and what has so often struck me as a beautiful accompaniment of morning scenery, the distant and mellow baying of our dogs, which, now that we had ceased to follow them to the chase, took their accustomed range by themselves. She remarked what a glorious and happy world this would be, if we could always see such scenery, breathe such an air, have the exercise of perfect health, have our friends always with us, and have perpetually the exaltation of feeling that she then felt. She read the inscription on the tree repeatedly, her lips moved, and she looked upwards. She then complained of fatigue, and requested us to aid her to her couch. As soon as she had gained it, she remarked, that of all these pleasant walks, this had been the most delightful; and "I perceive," said she, "that you have not been aware, that it has been my last." I then remarked for the first time, that she was dressed with more than her usual care and elegance. There was something of fancy and poesy in the arrangement of the drapery of her dress, and her head was decked with flowers. There was, as usual, a slight tinge of the rose, in the midst of the whiteness of alabaster in her cheek, and her eye

sparkled with the unearthly brilliance of hectic inspiration.

After we had laid her down, and fanned her for a moment, she begged her sister to leave her, and go to a distant part of the cave, and execute some little commission, which they had previously arranged—adding, that she felt quite comfortable, and that she had something particular to say to me. Bryan arose and went away, and her sister left her to execute her commission. “Sit close to me,” said she, “dear brother, and listen. I have a great many things to say to you, and you must task your patience. This is certainly a lonely and melancholy kind of life, that you have been leading here for a long time. What would you think, if your sick sister, to whom you have been so very kind, should spend her last moments, in choosing a wife for you? Pray do not look with so much astonishment, for I am not wild, but I shall speak to you words of the most sober truth. I am sure there can be nothing forbidding in the idea of my dear Wilhelmine for a wife. Do you know that this dear girl has all this time loved you in secret, and in silence? And such a love! It is not the haughty and coarse sentiment of Dorothea, nor the romantic fondness of the beautiful Martha; but a something tenderer, and I am sure as pure, as that of a sister. She has lived upon this deeply cherished feeling. She would have died with the rest of us but for this. She has had something, about which to think, and for which to hope. You would be to her, father, and brother, and sister, all in one. We have all known that she entertained this feeling, and have felt, that instead of loving us the less, she has loved us the more for it. At the moment that we knew how deeply this feeling preyed upon her, she inspired me with jealousy, for I thought she loved Annette and her father, more than I did. Has she ever betrayed this deep feeling by a word, or a look to you?” I answered, that I had not dreamed that she entertained a feeling towards me, beyond sisterly kind-

ness. "There," said she, "you have Willielmine's character, just that ardor, and just that self-control. She well understood all that would be said, and that was said, about your living with us as you have done. Could you have heard what she said to us on the subject! Oh! such a sister! If you knew her but half as well as I do, your mind is such, that you could not but love her in return. I wished this conversation, that I might make you one request. And you need have no fear of frequent teasing in this way. It is my dying request. This dear girl knows nothing of my purpose, scarcely suspects that I know she loves you. The request is, that you should marry Wilhelmine. To-morrow she will be alone with you. You know what has been said already. How much more will be said, when I am gone. I love you too and with a sisterly tenderness, but I think it is so disinterested, that I would not, to save her reputation, or her life, ask you to do this, if I did not firmly believe, that you are formed for each other, and that she will render you happy;—happier, I dare to say, my dear brother, than even Martha herself. That overwhelming sentiment would finally triumph over her melancholy, and the loss of us all. The times will change, and you will soon be able to leave these mountains with safety and honor. Unless she leaves them as your wife, she will not leave them at all. Here she will spend the sad days of her remaining existence."

She was here so much exhausted, that she was obliged to lie down, drawing her breath, with that short, rapid, and laborious respiration, which marks, that the organs are performing their functions so much the more rapidly, as they are nearer running down. During this interval of exhaustion, her sister came to the bed, apparently ignorant of the purport of her communications to me. We applied all the little restoratives, that we could command. Wilhelmine stood over her, feeling her pulse, and struggling to suppress the appearance of alarm, and laboring

to treat this as one of her customary fits of faintness. It was half an hour before she revived sufficiently to resume the conversation. We then raised her again, and with a faint smile, she remarked to her sister, that she had not yet quite finished what she had to say.

Her sister retired again, and she resumed the conversation. "I had a great many more things to say to you, but I perceive my strength is failing, and I must come to an end. What say you, my dear brother, to my proposition? I have been settling the great concerns of eternity, for months. There is but this single concern on my mind. Satisfy me on this point, and I should sink, as in sleep. I could not bear the thought of her returning to the world to encounter shame and reproach; or of her remaining alone in these mountains, with no other objects to contemplate, than the graves of her father and her sisters. When I am once gone, and you and she are left here alone, or with no witness, no protection, but your servant, guilty or innocent, it will be the same thing in the view of the world. Surely you will not embitter my last moments, by denying to your sister Sophy, the last request she will ever make you."

I am not a casuist. I knew not what answer to give at once to comfort the dying, and not commit my conscience and my future conduct. It occurred to me to say, that she might be deceived in respect to her sister's feelings, and to admit that I was previously occupied with other sentiments, which I could not immediately conquer, and that it would be injustice to Wilhelmine, to offer her a divided affection. But the progress of her decay, saved me from dissembling or prevarication, and her from the agony of a refusal. She passed into that state of feverish exaltation, in which she always found every thing according to her wishes. She called her sister with such a strength of voice, that she heard her although at a considerable distance. Her sister came trembling, or rather flew to the bed. "I have finished with him," said she,

"and now, dear Wilhelmine, I wish to speak to you both together." She clasped both our hands in hers. "Do you remember," said she, "how sweetly tranquil Annette was, when she died? Well, I feel equally so. I am at peace with God. The only earthly concern on my heart is settled, as I could wish. I shall be happy with my dear father and Annette, above the stars, and you two will be happy together for a while on the earth. How sweetly the mornings will rise upon you, when in your husband you will find, father and sisters all supplied. Then you can adore God, and admire this beautiful nature together, without any fear of evil tongues. Long and happy may you live together, and when you come to join us above, may that sweet verse apply to you, as it does to my father and sister; 'They were lovely in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.' For me, my dear Wilhelmine, if I am permitted to change my abode, I will share it in heaven with them, and on earth, by being invisibly present with you. When you hear the birds sing most sweetly, and see the mountains, and nature, and the earth, and the air, and feel existence more delightful than ordinary, think that the freed spirit of your sister is near; that I enter into your joys, by the communication of mind with mind, and that I watch over you, and wait for the time when we shall all be together." Saying this, she closed her eyes from simple exhaustion. We stood by her with awe, almost unmixed with pain, and scarcely grieved at the thought, that her disinterested and affectionate spirit had fled. But she recovered again, so far as to open her eyes, and, with a sweet smile, to press our hands, and when she closed her eyes once more, as in a quiet sleep, we saw that she had ceased to suffer and to breathe.

I pass entirely by the sad details of this funeral, only remarking, that it was managed as the former had been, only with this difference, that the number of the mourners was less. We laid her beside her father, who now

reposed between those daughters, that were so dear to him when alive. The same priestess prayed, and sung as before, and it was the same sweet voice of suppressed emotion. All that was necessary, to make the inscription on the sycamore appropriate to the three, was the name, the age, and the time of decease of her who was now united with the other two. Wilhelmine proposed the addition of a Spanish verse from Quevedo, in the following words.

O tu, qui estas leyendo el duro caso,
Assi no veas jamas otra hermosura,
Que cause igual dolor al mal, que parso,
Que viertas llanto en esta sepultura.

The first month after this death, was a month of still greater gloom and sadness, than we had yet experienced. The loneliness, of course, was more complete and entire, and our eyes were incessantly turned to the couches, from which the sufferers had passed. Bryan went out silent and sad, with his dogs to the chase, and he returned with his spoils, equally silent and sad. Wilhelmine appeared to court solitude, and I made it a point on the other hand, to leave her as little alone, as possible. Within, she employed herself much, in adding to her funeral piece, and abroad, in planting privet, and cape jessamines, and altheas, and the most beautiful flowering shrubs, about the graves, and many times in the day, she was carrying water to these shrubs. At other times, she seated herself in silent contemplation for hours together, at the foot of the sycamore. During this month, Bryan was once more despatched to Durango, and once more returned in safety. No important change had occurred in the political world, nor was there any presage of a time, when I might safely leave the mountain. But this time Bryan brought me a letter, in the handwriting which I knew so well. These were the contents.

"SIR, I have wept over the ruin of the amiable family, with whom you fled to the mountains, victims of a sym-

thy, for which the subjects of it do not thank you. I have a kind of right in what remains of the family, for Wilhelmine has been my companion, and my fixed friend, and she was very amiable and good. Now, that her father and sisters are dead, I feel it to be a duty due to her, to claim, that you now either marry her, or send the poor forlorn girl to me. However you may have thought before, you must surely feel now, that she can no longer reside with you as formerly. I will receive, cherish, and comfort her, will ask no questions, and will answer for her safety. You cannot mistake your duty, nor my right to this kind of interference. Present her my love and condolence, and show her this."

After the first burst of grief for her sister's death was past, I did show her the letter. Indeed, I felt that the contents of the letter were as true, as they were important to her. She shed some tears, after she had read it, and for the first time for months she blushed deeply. I thought it an omen for good. It evidenced, that earthly emotions still had their sway. "I would hope," said she, "that Martha has written those cold words out of kindness. But I fear, that she allowed other feelings to influence her, beside simple regard for me. She does me injustice in her suspicions, but what she writes is not the less true, that we cannot longer live together here with propriety. I feel it is a hard case, for every friend on the earth is now gone but you. But I must conform, like the rest, to the hard laws established by common consent, to preserve reputation. You may have felt, while my poor father was living, that honor forbade you to escape, and leave him helpless, as he was, and his helpless daughters, among these rugged mountains. All these obstacles are now removed. There is food for a long time for me alone. You have taught me to be an Amazon. I can procure subsistence, and I have no fear. I shall never feel lonely, for I shall always feel as if in the society, and under the protection, of my father and sisters. You

cannot be more sensible, than I am, that you cannot now remain with me. I never, never can return to Durango. We all have our peculiarities of temperament, and this is mine. Take your servant, and escape to your own country, and be a useful and a happy man, and think nothing further of me."

I answered, "You cannot surely be serious in proposing to remain here alone. Be assured, that I will never leave you in this place. If you distrust me, or are dissatisfied with my presence and society, to get rid of it, you must fly from me. But," I continued, "Wilhelmine, you remember the conversation I held with your sister, just before her death. In that conversation, she gave it to me as a dying charge, to propose, what I am now about to propose. I am sure, it is impossible to feel more tenderness, respect, deeper, or more internal consideration for a woman, who unites every thing that we seek in woman, than I feel for you. I once derided the notion of any other love. But I feel to my cost, that above and beyond these tender sentiments, which have always led me to consider you as the most amiable and perfect of human beings, there is a sentiment of another sort, which I have long felt, and expect forever to feel, without any hope towards another person. I am but too well aware, that, even if we could leave this place with safety, your reputation would be in some sense committed with mine. The world will measure us by the scale of its own depravity, and not by that of your purity. I can make you but one reparation for an unintentional injury. It is beside the question to leave you here alone, let the world say what it may. You cannot compel me to do that. Will you remain with me as my wedded wife? I pledge to you that honor, that was never violated, that the first hour when it can be done with safety for us both, I will have the tie solemnized with all the publicity, and all the rites of that church, which you shall prefer. And I will strive by my tenderness and fidelity, to make you

feel as little, as may be, the loss of those dearer friends, that have left you." The proposal appeared to fall abruptly, and wholly unexpected, on her ear. But she seemed rather overwhelmed, than offended. Blushes and the paleness of death succeeded each other in her cheeks. She sat down under an excess of agitation. "Leave me," she said, "a few moments, to consider on what you have said. Return after an hour, and I will give you an answer."

At the expiration of the time, I returned. She was perfectly calm, and evinced great firmness of manner. "I am sensible, my dear brother," said she, "of all the heroism and disinterestedness of this most generous sacrifice, which you offer. I may, perhaps, now without shame admit, that I love you deeply, sincerely, and with all my heart. Who could have seen, what I have seen, and do otherwise? But though I may be romantic, I am neither selfish nor weak. I refuse your generous offer, not because I do not feel all the nobleness of your conduct, in making it; nor because my own treacherous heart does not incline me to accept it. But I will be generous, as nearly like you as I can, and for that reason I will refuse your offer. I know too well what love means, not to know the duties which it imposes. No words upon the subject, if you please. My resolution is taken, I cannot return to Durango. I will confess all. I am not yet firm enough, to see you happy with Martha. But, as the only return I can make you for the noble disinterestedness of your proposal, we will, if you consent, attempt to escape together to the United States. I will make my way to your parents. You have heard from my dear father, that he had large sums in the British funds. Money could be of no further use to me, but to relieve distress and do good. Perhaps," she added, with her sad smile, "I may find in that country of laws and men, some other brother, who may disenchant me, and cure this gloom, and restore me to myself and to human-

ity. I can listen to no reply to any part of my proposals, but the last."

I meditated for a moment, and reflected that the chances of our reaching the frontier multiplied in proportion, as death had diminished our numbers. I mentioned the thing to Bryan. The United States have always been the paradise of the Irish. His thoughts had always been that way, and he was in raptures at the proposal. "Now God Almighty bless your Honor," said he, "you make my heart stir within me again. And here it has lain, all the time I have staid in this weary place, like a lump of lead. Will I go, do you say? Yes, your Honor, I would cheat or fight my way there, through an army of devils, to get away from this country of blood." I have seldom found much use in turning over plans and taking new views of them, when they strike forcibly at first sight. I informed Wilhelmine, that since she refused me as a husband, I would accompany her flight as a brother, that I felt honored by the choice she had made of my country, as a place of refuge, and that, if we were so fortunate as to reach it, I did not doubt, but my parents would receive her as a child.

It was a thing of course, to be attempted as soon as possible. We all three prepared ourselves with Spanish dresses, as little conspicuous as possible. We spoke the language with considerable accuracy. We assumed the badge of the Royalists. Our waggon, and many of our more cumbrous possessions here, we cheerfully left to the next occupant. Such articles as were necessary, or had value attached to them, from other circumstances, we packed, and our cavalcade had the usual appearance of a travelling party in that country. The time for departure was fixed for the following morning. The firmness and excitement of Wilhelmine, which had hitherto so wonderfully sustained her, passed away on this occasion. The remainder of the day she was sad, silent, and in tears, giving me wrong answers, and often running to

execute business most foreign from her apparent intentions. Our arrangements were soon settled. She retired to long private devotions, and I requested her to go early to rest, to be ready to leave with the rising sun. I was myself gloomy and restless through the night. The moment I slept, the honest Saxon, and his deceased daughters seemed to be about me, upbraiding me for deserting them. I arose a little after midnight, and went abroad. The fair and full orb of the moon arose from the boundless fog of the plain, as I have seen the sun arise on the sea, pouring her full and melancholy light upon the hoary cliffs of those ancient mountains. The owls were hooting responses from their hollow trees. The funeral howl of the wolf rang from cliff to cliff, and from cavern to cavern. In the intervals of their howl, I heard the low moans of a human voice. At first I doubted my ear. The moans were repeated, and in a manner to leave no doubt of their origin. I went in the direction of the sound. Wilhelmine, for it was she, arose from her kneeling posture beside the graves. "Forgive me," she said, "the indulgence of the last opportunity I may ever have, to visit these graves. I wished not to distress you in the morning with my sorrows, and I desired to finish these sacred duties, unwitnessed and alone. What a place, in which to leave these dear and hallowed remains! What a funeral torch is that pale moon! What a monument these everlasting pillars of rock! What a dirge the howl of those wolves in the caverns of the cliffs! Here a poor orphan, with a continent and an ocean between her and the remotest kindred in the land of her birth, is compelled to leave these dear remains to slumber alone. If it be His will, who ordereth all things right, I would gladly return to this spot once more. But if not there is as short a passage from these mountains to the celestial mansions, as from any other place. Your spirits, my dear departed friends, I doubt not have found the road to your home. Farewell, then. Rest in

peace, until the plains and the mountains, the earth and the sea, shall give up their dead." I would have persuaded her to return to her couch, to avoid the gloom of the scene, and the dampness of the night air. But I saw, that she intended to pass the remainder of the night there, and that my presence was a restraint upon the expression of her feelings. I left her to commune with the night, and with these graves, and to utter thoughts, intended only for the Divine ear.

It was a cheerful morning to all the world, but the solitary tenants of this cave. A thousand circumstances united to render it an affecting event to us all, to leave this place. We were once more putting to sea in the midst of the storm. But the idea of the dangers, upon which we were throwing ourselves, was not the circumstance the most impressive. The cheerful hours I had spent with the dead, the quietness and repose of the place, a thousand blended associations bound me to this spot. So dear was it to me, so many attachments to it had grown up in my heart, that "albeit unused to the melting mood," as we were packing and making arrangements to mount our horses, my eyes involuntarily filled with tears. But I felt it must be so much more affecting, and painful to Wilhelmine, that it became me to set her an example of calmness. The dogs that belonged to the defeated Royalists, had followed us here, and had been faithful companions, and of great utility in the chase. They came about us, wagging their tails, and, apparently knowing that we were about to decamp. It became a question whether to take them or to leave them. Bryan's heart swelled at the thought of leaving them behind. "Please your Honor," said he, "dogs are good luck. I would not leave them for my right hand." We concluded, that the pack of dogs would be in keeping with our cavalcade, and we rejoiced Bryan's heart by consenting.

Bryan led the van. The dogs raised their joyous cry, and preceded us on the way down the mountain.

"Now," said I, "dear Wilhelmine, as a brother, since you have forbidden me the use of a dearer name, I implore you to give me a good omen, as we depart, and not go away in sorrow. This place, I well know, must be dear to you by the tenderest associations. We have had our joys here, as well as our sorrows. We believe, however, that all that part of these dear friends that is worthy of mention, has passed beyond pain and toil, to the repose of the just. All that we leave here, is unconscious dust. We have not striven with the nature, which renders that dust dear. For we deposited it with awe in the earth, and we bedewed it with our tears. We have planted flowers, that will continue to spring on the sod when we are away. If the gentle spirits that once animated these bodies, descend from their clouds to these mountains, they will still hear the red-bird, in whose song they so much delighted when alive, singing their requiem.—Perhaps, in safety and honor, we may one day be allowed to revisit these mountains, and remove the dust to a more hallowed rest. It is still at your option, to return under my protection as brother, or with the still dearer name of husband." Saying this, I assisted her to her horse, and we took our solitary way, after Bryan, down the mountain. I was neither disappointed nor sorry, when I heard, by her audible sobbing, that her heart was throwing off its load of oppression, in unrestrained weeping.

CHAPTER IV.

The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.

De esta tu bondad inmensa,
Por que no ay mayor defensa,
Que contigo, para ti.

Lope de Vega.

WE made our way down to the plains, determined to travel on the prairies, as wide as possible from the accustomed track of men, and if we met with any people disposed to question us, to evade their questions, if possible, to excite as little attention as we might, and that if we were assailed with a view to our apprehension, should there not be fearful odds against us, to attempt to defeat the assailants. For myself, I was determined not to be taken alive. The first day we traversed the customary grassy plains, and we saw nothing but herds of wild cattle, and one or two solitary Indians, who crossed our path on horseback, and seemed quite as glad to avoid us, as we were to avoid them. We had a kind of tent prepared at night, for Wilhelmine; and Bryan and myself slept by a fire, the one at the head and the other at the foot of the tent.

We travelled unquestioned, and without annoyance, for some days, until in making a wide circuit among the wooded hills, to avoid Chihuahua, we were encountered by three persons, who hailed us as Patriots, but who were unquestionably robbers. They fired upon us, and we returned their fire, but at such a distance, that we received no other harm than the wounding of one of our horses. In passing the vicinity of towns and villages, we thought it most prudent to lie by in sheltered retreats by

day, and to travel by night. A fortunate occurrence prevented us from the necessity of further disguise or concealment. We were making a distant circuit to the left, to avoid the town of Coahuila. We were descending an abrupt and precipitous hill, a little after sunset. Before we were aware, we had descended immediately upon a small encampment of soldiers at the foot of the hill, concealed from us by thick trees, until we had almost stumbled upon their camp. We motioned Wilhelmine to remain, and I and Bryan, with as little appearance of concern as we could assume, rode up to them. They saluted us with great courtesy, asking us the news. We assigned as a reason for having none, that we had come far from the interior at the north-west, which was indeed the fact. We, of course, inquired the news in return. They informed us, that they were marching to Chihuahua, that a great revolution had commenced at Mexico, that Iturbide had been proclaimed emperor, and that all parties in the capital, and the more populous provinces, had been merged in this new one; that Royalists and Patriots had coalesced, that the Royal commandants had resigned, that there was, in fact, at this time, "no king in Israel," and that "every man did what seemed good in his sight;" that all that was necessary, was, for every one to be able to guard his own, and that they were marching to the south, to join themselves to the imperial army. They added many more details of the same sort. We readily perceived that they were sanguine adventurers, possessing no exact information upon the points about which they affirmed. But their information, at least, went so far, as to relieve us from all apprehensions of being arrested as Patriots, as the dominant party now called themselves by that name. I was every way happy in being thus relieved. It was extremely painful to travel with a young lady, used to the former habits of Wilhelmine, in this unpleasant way of concealment. She would now, not only be relieved from travelling in the night,

and from many privations and hardships, but I calculated soon to place her under respectable female protection. I had had enough, too, of deserts, and a surfeit of solitude. We had been faithfully taught the comforts of crowded cities, of civilized life, and the haunts of men. We immediately got directions for Coahuila, from which we were distant little more than a league, and we determined to spend the night there.

We arrived at the outskirts of the town at nine in the evening. We made many useless inquiries, where we might find entertainment and lodgings for the night. There was so much distrust, and people had been so long in the habit of considering strangers as enemies, that we despaired of gaining admission any where, and began to regret leaving the shelter of the wood. At length I obtained a visit from a nun, who, after carefully inspecting us, and especially Wilhelmine, whose sweet and melancholy face could not but secure for her a favorable opinion, and after returning, and consulting with her sisterhood, came back, and admitted Wilhelmine to entertainment and lodgings in her convent for the night. On their recommendation, I and Bryan were admitted to the house of a *cure*, where we were comfortably and hospitably accommodated. It was the first night that either of the three had enjoyed the luxury of a bed, for more than a year.

During this night I lay restless on my down; and as many thoughts and reflections passed through my mind, as could well be crowded into so short a space of time. You may suppose that I had some ties to this country, that rendered the thought of leaving it forever, sufficiently painful. The dangers and hairbreadth escapes which I had experienced in it, only bound me to it the more. Some invisible band, the band of destiny, I must suppose still tied my heart to it. I thought much too of Wilhelmine. She wished to fly to my country. My parents had seemed to her desolate heart, in place of the friends.

she had lost. She was beautiful, amiable, and accomplished, had strong sense, the most affectionate heart, and the profoundest sensibility. She had an ample fortune, and every new position, in which I had seen her, had called forth new virtues and attractions. In every change of condition, I had seen developed sweet dispositions, winning manners, and the most exalted and generous principles of action. Why could I not love so amiable a woman? What more could I expect on the earth, than to return with such a wife to my father's house, and enjoy the gifts of Providence and fortune, in peace and privacy? It was not vanity, that assured me she loved and trusted me, and had only rejected my offer, because she was aware, that the affection was not equal and mutual. Why should I leave her thus doubly forlorn, as she would then be? Still farther, I discovered in the recesses of my heart, that although something was wanting in my feelings, there was a train of thought connected with her, that rendered the idea of parting from her exquisitely painful; and the notion of her loving and uniting herself with another, struck me with something of bitterness, that I had learned too well to class under the name of jealousy.

My resolution for the future was, however, taken during this night. It was, to escort her so far on her way to the United States, also put her under proper protection if she chose to stay; or otherwise, for her journey to any part of the country, that she might select. For myself, I resolved to return to the centre of the scene of action, and if, on investigation, I approved the cause, that I would offer myself as a volunteer, in the armies of Iturbide. I informed Wilhelmine, when I met her in the morning, of this my resolution. She showed herself prepared for it. She could not restrain some tears, but she added, directly, "My mind has been prepared for this, or any thing else, that can happen. It will be hard, to find myself entirely alone in this wide world, and to lose such a friend, and such a brother, at the last. I tremble, too,

to leave you in this wild and wicked country. But every one must fill up his destiny. You can have little idea, how I shall feel at the thought of leaving you behind me here. I do not complain. I feel that the same tie, were I in your case, would detain me too." "You know," I answered, "my dear Wilhelmine, that it is in your power, at any moment, to arrest my steps, and to command my tenderness and my duty, to the last hour of my life." "I well understand that, too," she replied. "You are in no doubt, why I do not avail myself of a protection so dear to me. I am not going to prove myself ungrateful for all that you have done, by repining that you cannot do more. I remember it all. And my pride, for I have plenty of it, little as you seem to suspect it, is saved by the reflection, that my misfortune probably resulted from your having seen Martha first. My dear brother, I pardon you, that your heart still clings to this country. Would that I were a man! I would go to the wars with you. And no danger should reach you, that my powers or my life could avert. As it is, I cannot follow your steps. There is but one place in this country, but what is hateful to me. I will go farther. I have not yet strength of mind enough, to bear to see you happy with Martha. But, if you feel that love and honor call you to stay, it shall not be said, that you are obliged to tie yourself to the steps of a fond and weak girl. Leave me then, and return, and fill up your destiny; and if there be any prevalence in my prayers, you cannot be other than great and happy.

"Thinking over a thousand things last night," she continued, "it occurred to me, that you would ultimately come to the resolution which you have adopted. I learned last night, in conversation with the nuns, that there is now in this town a Protestant minister, or a heretic, as they call him, with his sister, on their way from Mexico to the United States. I made inquiries about them, and I discovered, that the extreme jealousy of the Catholics, on

the score of Protestant ministers coming among them, in these times of revolution, has induced them to sift every circumstance in relation to these people. It occurred to me, that I would procure an introduction through you to them, and if in your judgment, their characters suited, I would put myself under their protection, and journey with them to the United States."

According to her wishes, I went abroad, and inquired for these persons. Such was the bigoted jealousy of these people, that I found no difficulty in obtaining directions to their lodgings. There was in the town a kind of *hacienda*, where people from the States, who had begun in considerable numbers to travel from the American frontiers to Mexico, usually associated together. Here I found the gentleman and his sister, introduced myself, and made known my object. The gentleman was shrewd, guarded, and cautious, and perfectly aware of the light in which Protestant ministers were viewed here. My dialect, and every thing about me, shortly convinced him, that I was no spy, and he became communicative at once. He told me, that his name and appellation were the Reverend Thomas S—, a preacher of the Methodist connexion, who had a local society in the valley of the Mississippi; that his society had heard much conversation of late, about the country in the interior of Mexico, and had received high impressions of its mines, its fertility, and the richness of its productions. They had, in consequence, become disgusted with their own slow and laborious ways of gaining subsistence. They had a fixed impression, that a revolution was at hand in this country, and they wished to be among the first, who, in a new order of things, might reap the advantage of the bestowment of lands. They had deputed this gentleman as a precursor, to spy out the land, and bring back some of its goodliest clusters and figs, and ascertain the prospect and the advantages of gaining a tract of land, where they might settle together. He had com-

menced this journey with his sister, and easily ascertaining how an avowed Protestant minister would chance in that country, he had doffed the character for a while, or rather sunk it in that of land-speculator. As such, he had a passport. He had made his way to the city of Mexico, and thus far back, without committing this character. But the recent revolution having been rather unfavorable to the influence of priests, and all parties being involved for the time, in suspicions from every quarter, he had begun to feel it more safe to take his real character from his pocket. The natural zeal of protestantism, which adheres more strongly to this sect than any other, had operated on him, to hold forth to some Americans in this city, in private. The thing reached the hearing of the priests and magistrates, in half an hour, and nothing would have saved him from the mines, but the relaxation of all power, and the lawlessness and the terrors of an interregnum.

The sister was a well formed and rather pretty woman; half fine and half Quakerish in her dress, of unlettered shrewdness, and the severe sanctity of restraint and seriousness, so characteristic of the profession. A certain smile, that showed brilliant and fine teeth, and a pretty movement of the head, evidenced a little spice of woman, mixed up with the ingredients of the saint. The man was large, finely formed, and broad chested; with long hair hanging down his shoulders, plump and ruddy cheeks, a rather handsome face, and a voice naturally deep, mellow, and delightful, but which a vile trick of the profession had accustomed him to twang through his nostrils, with a sound, not unlike a brazen trumpet. His suit was solemn black, neither fine nor coarse, but made with the most rigid regard to the Methodistic costume.

Occasionally, deep sighs, and groans half suppressed, as if from distress of cholic, an assumption of canonical and immaculate sanctity, frequent ejaculation of the words, "Gracious Lord!" did not conceal from any ob-

server, of ordinary acuteness, the quickness of his apprehension upon every point of worldly advantage. I made him acquainted with the character, situation, and views of my amiable *protegee*. When I spoke of her exquisite sensibility, and great beauty and goodness, I perceived by his excitement, that he mentally contemplated the conquest of such a fair and amiable subject to his sect. When I mentioned that her father had been ennobled, and had left her an immense fortune in the British funds, his habitual caution, and apparent elevation above all thoughts of earth, forsook him, in his eagerness to obtain so promising a prize. The flush of trembling impatience to close with me, and undertake the job, actually and visibly flashed in his face. He caught the aroused suspicion of my eye. He uttered one of his suppressed groans, and in a moment he had the air again, of being an abstract intelligence, and of having the world under his feet. I felt internal distrust, not altogether unmixed with something like indignation, at the thought of resigning this frank and amiable girl, to the care of a man, so capable of art and design. But the protection was in most points, better than could have been expected, in such a place; and in some points, as good as could be desired. The whole aspect of things, spoke clearly, that no advantage would be taken, but that which would result from the conquest of the mind of my *protegee* in a state, peculiarly favorable to imbibing such impressions, as the plan of operations would naturally tend to produce. He so readily comprehended, that I was not a fit subject to work upon, and he so directly saw how the land lay with respect to me, that it was with the utmost circumspection, and starting numerous small difficulties, and easy to be vanquished, that he consented to be introduced to Wilhelmine. He affected to be indifferent, while the inner man was trembling with eagerness and impatience. He finally consented, that if all parties desired it after the introduction, he would consent to take her along with his sister.

I introduced him and his sister to Wilhelmine. I was half amused to see her cast her mild and pensive eye upon the form of the sister and brother, and traverse them from head to foot. The first impression was the obvious one, to an unsuspicious mind, of the purity and sanctity of the parties, and the perfect safety and propriety of their protection. The next was, that curiosity would be gratified, and that people so unique, and different from any thing she had yet seen, would furnish her a new study. The subject of her wishes was introduced by herself, in a few simple words. As soon as she touched upon her melancholy, and the cause of it, so fair an opportunity was not allowed to escape; and with a deep intonation of his mellow voice, and his eye cast upward, he descanted most eloquently upon his favorite and hackneyed topic. The manner of all this was perfectly new to the unsuspecting Wilhelmine. She was melancholy, and she was disposed to deep and religious feeling. The tones of his voice, and his manner, so solemn and austere, struck a latent string, which only needed this key note, to cause it to vibrate. When he spoke of religion, as comprising all that we need on earth, of the union of happy spirits above, and of the necessity of treading the earth under foot, every word thrilled upon the heavy and disappointed heart of Wilhelmine, and her first feeling was thankfulness, that in losing my society she would thus have inexhaustible resources opened to her by another, a character so saint-like and superior, and so little to have been expected here. The observant eye of the minister quailed under the frank and straight forward inspection of Wilhelmine. Parties could scarcely be better satisfied with one another. All the arrangements of preparation on her part, were entrusted to me, and they waited her time for departure. He asked her how soon she would be able to depart, and with a voice trembling with emotion, she asked me when I proposed to leave Coahuila, for that she could not think

of departing for my country, to leave me still in that place. Her departure was fixed to take place in two days, as my arrangements in her favor could not be settled in a shorter time. In a long and confidential conversation, I promised her, if I was spared, and circumstances admitted, to return this way in a year, and find her out wherever she might be. I gave her letters to my parents and friends, if she should be disposed to continue her journey so far. I had all the terms, upon which the parties were to journey or reside together, drawn up and executed with legal exactness, and the whole plan was settled on the footing of services rendered on the one part, and full compensation on the other. She afterwards had sufficient reason to see the prudence of these precautions.

I hesitated, how to inspire in her confiding nature a sufficient degree of caution, about putting her property in these people's power, without at the same time, inspiring a distrust of them, unfavorable to her peace and enjoyment, while in their society. I endeavored, generally, to insinuate that it would not be safe for her, to measure human nature by the standard of her own heart; that man was every where, and under all circumstances, a being so intrinsically selfish, and at the best, so liable to be actuated by mixed motives, that for her own independence and comfort she ought to hold her affections, her confidence, and her property, as much as possible in her own control, and her own keeping; and that little had been ever lost by distrusting appearances, and being slow in confidence. In fact, I turned sage and philosopher, and I gave the sweet girl as many grave maxims, to regulate her deportment, as the Don did Sancho, when he sent him away, to govern his 'Oil-land.'

When I had brought my chapter of maxims to an end, she turned her melting eye full upon me, "And how came you," said she, "who, I think, are not so much older than myself, to know so much about human nature, and bad

human nature too? I well know, you have not drawn from your own heart. Have you seen a great deal of evil? Can there be cause for distrust of people, who seem always to have heaven in their eyes? My dear brother, you would tremble, if you knew how near I have been, during the past night (for I slept not a moment) coming to the resolution, to accept the alternative, that you had placed in my power. This must be a bad world. Every one says so. How tranquil and confiding I have always been with you? Why should we part now!" "Indeed, Wilhelmine," I answered, "propose that question to your own heart." "It must be," she replied,—“and I will remember every word you have said, and when I want to be cautious, and prudent, I will think of you. One thing I advise you. Woman is changeable, you say. Unless you wish to be burdened with a wife, depart quickly. Another thing I propose, and I am sure you are too kind to hesitate, and that is, to divide my fortune with you. My dear father while living, intended to have made you equal with us in this division. There were then, three; and there is now but one. The reasons for carrying his wishes into effect have been gathering weight; and in offering you this, I am not thinking of compensation for kindnesses, that are beyond price; but simply carrying into effect the wishes of my father. To this I replied, that to a soldier of fortune, rushing into the contest, in a revolution so full of danger and uncertainty, money, beyond my immediate wants, was of no use,—and to that extent, she knew I was supplied already. But I promised that, on my return, I would converse with her on the subject, and consent to any thing that would give her pleasure. The only return I could make to so generous a proposal was, to offer her the services of Bryan, so far as I could induce him to accompany her; and his services would be to her invaluable. To this she replied, that fond as she was of Bryan, and

much as he would remind her of me, that she could never consent to take from me so faithful a friend, and one who would be so necessary to me.

As he had always manifested a wish to go to the United States, I mentioned to him my purpose. Said I, "Bryan, you have always been wishing to go to my country. I have no need of a servant where I am going; nor do I wish to involve you in my dangers. You can now go on to my country with Wilhelmine, and all the kindness and fidelity you show to her, will be more than done to me." He scratched his head, and appeared to be in a study for a moment. But Wilhelmine was away, and he felt himself at liberty to say all that was in his heart. "Why," said he, "your Honor seems to want to get rid of me, and I know I am of no great account. Your country must be a good country, for I have heard it for certain, that whisky is but little dearer than water, and that every man is at least as high as captain. Wilhelmine is a sweet good girl, and the prettiest but one in the world. I would give her three fingers of either hand any day. But, God love your Honor, I would give you my whole body, and my blood and bones into the bargain. If your Honor turns me away, good. But your Honor don't think I'm such a coward as to be afraid of the Dons. I go with your Honor, come devil, come dobbie. Further, your Honor, I don't like that qucer minister-man, at all, at all. Bother him! don't his voice twang in his nose like a trumpet? Do you think he didn't ask me my religion? And I told him my father's to be sure. And then he run on such a rig! Oh! bother him, he turn'd my brain round like a smoke-jack. But, for one thing, the devil will have him, that's certain. He said, that if I worshipped the saints, (Saint Patrick among them!) I should go to hell! Think of that, your Honor! I'm no coward. But I'd rather fight the Dons, than go with such a man."

The remainder of the time until we parted, Wilhelmine passed for the most part with me, and in conversations so affectionate and solemn, that they were not soon forgotten. I pass over a most painful interval. The morrow, and the parting came. I aided her on horseback. Bryan wept like a child. The minister uttered his deep farewell. Neither Wilhelmine nor myself trusted our feelings to words or looks. Our faces mutually averted, I received the final pressure of her hand, and heard the receding trample of their horses die away in the distance. And you may imagine the loneliness of my solitary apartment when I returned to it and found it empty.

A regiment was making up in Coahuila for the city of Mexico, and the service of Iturbide. There were some adventurers from the United States in this regiment. The members generally professed to be Patriots, and they thankfully received me as a volunteer among them. The society of my compatriots, and still more of Bryan, was some relief to my mind in the bitterness of Wilhelmine's loss. But how dreary did the selfish and heartless society about me seem, in comparison of hers. As we drew near to Durango, however, another train of emotions began to supplant these feelings of loneliness and desolation. My heart beat more rapidly at every step. Every thing began to bring Martha before me. The new position of things, in which her father's family was placed, might abate something of the lofty tone of his feelings, and I entertained hopes in spite of myself. Bryan, too, was delighted with the thought of having the range of his fat kitchen once more. Judge of our disappointment, when, on entering Durango, I inquired for the Conde, and found that he and his family had been summoned by the new government to Mexico, under penalty of proscription and confiscation of property, in case of refusal.

The father of Dorothea met me in the street, and insisted upon my accompanying him home. He there brought

down the chronicle of events to the present time, and he gave me a connected view of all that happened while I had been retired in the mountains. Dorothea was the same dashing and gay young lady, that I had formerly known her, equally fond of dress and display; equally kind, and ready to forgive my want of taste and gallantry, to this time, and receive me still, and, if I still continued blind, equally ready to console herself, and be on the look-out for another. When she saw me determined to go on to Mexico, she caused to be prepared for me many little articles of the first necessity, and furnished me with many things for comfort, and the ordinary ornaments of a soldier, and begged me to accept them in memory of her. In all this kindness, there were few words, and little circumlocution. All seemed to be mercantile and matter-of-fact business. Her father, too, undoubtedly fulfilling her wishes, offered me a purse, with soldier-like frankness. When I informed him, that my purse was yet well filled, he smiled, shook his head, and remarked, that in this country, a handsome young man that was well with the ladies, had nothing to fear.

I might give you a sketch of the particulars of my journey from Durango to the city of Mexico, but it would betray me into details, beyond my purpose. To take a retrospective view of what had been happening in the centre of this empire, where I had not yet been, would be equally foreign to my plan.

The regiment with which I had marched, joined themselves to the imperial army at the city of Queretaro, and I and Bryan continued our course alone to Mexico. Travelling at our leisure, I omitted no opportunity to gratify the eye and the imagination, as we went along.

The city of Mexico, though on an elevated table of more than seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, has still the appearance of occupying a low and marshy situation, as in fact it does. It has been, as every one knows, more than once inundated, and that for years, by

the accumulated water of the lakes, during the rainy season. I was within a league of this celebrated city, before I had a distinct view of it; and then the wide circuit, over which arose so many spires and turrets, and above which lay the murky smokes, and the dun mist of a city, gave me magnificent ideas of its extent. None of the cities of my own country raise so much promise in proportion; for the catholic cities have a greater number of spires, generally, than the protestant. The approach to this city, as is the case generally with the Spanish cities in America, is mean; and you are led to them by clay cabins, and through muddy lanes, where hundreds of domestic animals dispute the mud and dust with the passing traveller. But all this only forces the immediate contrast of magnificence and splendor, more strongly on the eye. Travellers competent to compare, have said, that few cities in the world exceed this in the magnificence of its buildings, and especially in the comfort and luxury of the interior arrangements of the houses. Every one has heard, that this is the city of churches, and notwithstanding my raised expectations, the number, the grandeur, and solidity of these colossal structures, were matters of astonishment.

There was an appearance of *fete* and display in the streets and squares, as we slowly rode through them. The coronation of the Emperor had not long since taken place. The forced rejoicings of that occasion were hardly over, before there was an illumination for three nights in succession, on account of a recent victory, said to have been gained by the emperor's troops over some patriot guerillas, that still held out against him in the mountains. We arrived on the second evening of this illumination. It was produced with colored lights, and had a most brilliant and gaudy effect. We rode leisurely along these magnificent streets, crowded with passengers, the greater part of them glittering with lace, while their dress terminated in rags. Thousands of drunken and disgusting

lepers infested the streets, like musquetocs. The isolation of my own case, contrasted with such a moving mass of life, amidst so much *fracas* and riot, and bacchanalian joy, fell upon my heart with more force from contrast. I felt what, I suspect, every traveller of any sensibility has felt, on arriving in a distant and strange city, with double force, the solitude of my own condition, in comparison of these moving thousands, so joyous and gay, who have their affinities, even the miserable lepers their circles of friendship, that lie together under their open sheds. In this vast city, there was but a single family, that I knew, and with that family, pride, with a multitude of other considerations, forbade me from attempting to renew my acquaintance, unless advances on their part, or very different circumstances on mine, should call for its renewal. I spent so much of the evening, in riding about the city, comparing its gaiety and brilliance with my own loneliness, that the night was closing in, before we had found a shelter in which to spend it. Here I found my knowledge of the language to be of infinite service. That, and my wearing the costume of the country, prevented me from exciting distrust and suspicion as a stranger. I was directed to that splendid inn, called "Sociedad Grande," and there I obtained lodgings for myself and Bryan. From an American gentleman of high standing, who had long resided in this city, and who now had lodgings at this inn, I obtained a succinct, but lucid and intelligible view of things, as they were at present in Mexico.

Iturbide appears to have been a soldier of fortune, possessing the single requisite of personal bravery. When taken from the field, and there he seems to have been properly competent only to subordinate command, he shows in the cabinet a miserable destitution of every requisite quality for a statesman. His learning was sophomoric and superficial in a ludicrous degree. The hearer can hardly restrain a smile, to hear him quote facts as

matters of history, that never took place, and apply legislative maxims, that never had an existence except in his own brain. The laborious turgidness of his speeches, *exposes* and projects of laws, are but miserable parodies of the same things, by his splendid precursor, Napoleon. His vacillating policy is at once mean, rash, timid, and cruel. Chieftain after chieftain has been unnecessarily sacrificed. I learned here, that the brave and amiable Morelos had fallen a sacrifice to the new order of things. My amiable friend, Don Pedro, under an assumed name, corresponding to his new dignity, was minister of war, and the deeper counsels of the father Josephus, united with his, were supposed to sway the measures of the imperial government. This intelligence enlightened me in a moment, as to the ground I had to expect any honorable place in the present order of things. These men ruling the star of the ascendant, it was even questionable, if I were safe in the city. On a very little inquiry, and the most obvious aspect of things, I was clearly impressed, that an honest man could have no part nor lot in this matter, and had nothing to do, but to get away, as fast as possible, from the country, or remain here in profound concealment.

The gazette of the next morning after my arrival contained a long and pompous account of the illumination of the preceding night, the rejoicings of the populace, and a ball, graced with the presence of the imperial family. I was reading along with careless indifference, and wading through the strings of titles and orders of the several guests, when my eye was arrested, and fixed upon the name of Donna Martha, who was mentioned as the brightest star of the constellation of beauties, that had blazed at the *fete*. The comforting addition, of her being engaged to his Excellency, the minister of war, and shortly to be united to him, was given, as the report of the evening. There were many other details, equally agreeable and refreshing. It was in fact the common re-

port of the city, and the beauty, accomplishments, and wealth of the lady, were matter of common discussion at the tables in the Sociedad Grande.

My first thought was to fly from the city, which became hateful to me, and to return on my steps and overtake Wilhelmine, before she should have contracted indissoluble engagements with another. But I found the influence of some unaccountable motive still detaining me here. I spent this and the following day, in wandering about the city, viewing its churches and towers, its curious collections of the plants of every clime, its noble arched aqueducts, its beautiful Alameda, its astonishing contrasts of meanness and magnificence, opulence and poverty. I believe no other place on the earth presents them to the eye in a manner equally glaring. I meditated deeply, too, on the ruins of the ancient Indian city, and the countless generations, whose bones had served to raise the foundations above the surrounding morass. I could have found sufficient amusement for weeks, in these meditations, if my heart had been more tranquil.

On my return to my lodgings this evening, Bryan informed, that a note had been left for me, in my absence, and that he had vainly endeavoured to find out the bearer, or trace the mode of its conveyance. "But," said he, as he handed it with a grin of satisfaction, "may be your Honor can make out the hand." In truth, I knew the fair and beautiful characters, as soon as they met my eye. I broke it open, and read with trembling eagerness these words in the handwriting of Donna Martha. "Your life is in danger, if you again go abroad unarmed, and alone in the dark. Why should you expose yourself without occasion or necessity? You have been traced out by enemies. Be always armed, and with your servant. It were better that you changed your residence, and gave out that you were leaving the city."

I pressed the lines to my lips, and blessed her as my guardian genius in my heart, and began to think, that

the life, in which she interested herself so much, was worth preserving. It convinced me too, that retired and unknown as I had thought myself, I had been discovered, not only by this fair friend, but, I doubted not, by my old enemies, the father, and minister at war, who, it appeared, would never forgive my having twice saved their lives. I was aware of my danger, from their bad pre-eminence. But I had encountered so many dangers, and come off safe from them, that I began to feel a kind of reckless confidence in my destiny. At least, I said to myself, that the man, who aspired to love Martha, ought not to allow invisible terrors to make him seek a retreat or a covert. I imparted that part of the billet, which intimated that I was in danger, to Bryan. Our suspicions were mutually confirmed by his informing me, that a stranger had accosted him the preceding evening, in Spanish, and had made the most minute inquiries about me, my place of residence, my associates, and my objects here. Our conclusion was, without hesitation, that Don Pedro had found me out, and that his object was to destroy me by assassination, of which I did not doubt him to be capable. I had too much reason to fear, that if he could not succeed that way, I might be arrested with other state victims, who were daily led to the prisons, and there destroyed in private, or heard of no more. It was the fashion for every one to go armed in a city, where not a night passed without assassinations. I armed myself and Bryan to the teeth, and we determined that our lives should not be cheaply sold.

I, this evening, met one of the American officers, who had been with me in the battle of Palos Blancos, near St. Antonio. He had escaped from that battle, and had made his way to Mexico, and now resided in the city, in considerable estimation. I did not think his way of gaining his subsistence very creditable. He had won large sums at a gambling establishment in this city, and was soliciting an extensive grant of lands from the Mexican govern-

ment. He informed me, in confidence, that he was associated with a body of malcontent Patriots in this city, of increasing influence, and embracing some of the most influential men in the city. He informed me of their strength, and numbers, their plans and resources, and invited me to accompany him to their meeting. It passed, at present, under the name of an Inquiring Society, and though the government had some suspicions of the object of the meeting, either there was not enough known to form a ground of accusation, or such was the strength and importance of the members, that the government deemed it most prudent to wink at their proceedings. I reflected, that there was little danger of my committing myself any more with the government, than I had already, and as my feelings inclined me to the Patriots, I determined to attend the meeting.

My compatriot introduced me to the meeting. It was in a large subterranean apartment, in a retired quarter of the city, which had belonged to the assay department, and had been used as a chemical laboratory for private experiments upon minerals. Here were met in dark divan those Patriot chiefs, who were disaffected towards the assumed power of Iturbide. I was formally introduced by the American officer, as one who had fought honorably for the Patriot cause in the internal provinces. It happened that a number of my compatriots, who had escaped from the unfortunate fight of Palos Blancos were there, and they all bore a united and strong testimony to the manner in which I had conducted in that and other affairs. I was received with great applause and consideration. The meeting contained besides Americans and provincials, more than thirty distinguished citizens. Among them, plainly but superbly dressed, and in all the conscious dignity of his intrinsic weight of character, I immediately recognized the interesting exile of the mountains, who presided in the meeting. From the kindling of his eye, and that cheering look of recognition, which, under

such circumstances, gave it such a value, the whole assembly saw that we had met before. In that way, which can alone be seized by a superior mind, he briefly alluded to that meeting, and remarked, that a man who had been so proscribed, and who had been made known to him in the loneliness of his retreat in the mountains, in the discharge of such tender and interesting duties, as brought me to his retreat, could not be deemed unworthy of the confidence of the meeting; that he, for his part, welcomed there, with a full heart, every native of the country of Washington, that the cause called not for mere mercenary and unprincipled adventurers from that or any other country, but for educated and well principled young men, who had imbibed the free air, the independence, and freedom of that great and rising country; that he deemed the accession of such men to their cause, an omen of good. The meeting seemed to expect me to express my feelings, and I did it with the utmost frankness. I averred, that though I had been unfortunate in the cause of the Patriots, I was still as much attached to it as ever. I admitted that I had visited the city, expecting to find things very different from their present situation, and that it had been my intention, in that case, to offer my services to Iturbide, supposing that the revolution headed by him, was favorable to liberty, the great cause which ever had been and always would be dear to me; that since my arrival, and an inquiry into the character of the men and measures now prevalent, I had no more confidence in this government, than in that, against which I had been in arms; that I felt my heart united, as my hand, when allowed, should be, with all honorable and well principled men, in fair and decided opposition to the government; and that I would aid with all my powers any measures, which would tend to overthrow it, and rear on its ruins, a constitutional government of the people's choice. I was cheered with great and unmerited applause, and was immediately, by a vote,

admitted as a representative from the internal provinces, and was called upon to give an *expose*, or statement of my views of things in that quarter, as related to the objects of the meeting, the inclinations of the people in that quarter, and generally, the power, wisdom, courage, and resources of the Patriots. On all these points, according to their request, I made a brief statement, which comprised all that I knew, or supposed, capable of throwing any light upon their counsels.

The point chiefly in discussion, was the extent of the resources of the Patriots, in the various quarters of the country; and whether the country was yet ripe for open opposition to the imperial government. A general arrest of the most patriotic members of the legislative council had just taken place, and some of the members were of opinion, that the excitement created by that arrest, afforded a favorable opportunity to raise the banner of liberty. After various opinions, some in favor of and some against this measure, had been advanced, my judgment, as a man who had fought for the cause, and had seen much of the issue of such undertakings, was asked. I spoke at first in favor of a general union, remarking that so many attempts had proved abortive, because the insurgents had not been simultaneous, and had not understood one another; because their movements had been desultory and unconnected, and their enemies had been allowed to destroy them in detail. I was for cultivating a general correspondence, for ascertaining with precision the pulse of the country, and avoiding those premature and rash undertakings, that had hitherto been so fatal. This was the main theme of my address, and I fortified the principal points in it, by a strong reference to the scenes in which I had been personally conversant. The speech, such as it was, gained me the favor of some of the most distinguished members, and was received with unbounded applause. My views happened strongly to coincide with those of the Conde de Serra, the wealthiest and most

influential man in the city or perhaps in the empire. He was at this time corresponding secretary of this meeting, —in fact, its organ, and, next to Victoria, its most efficient cement.

After the sitting was closed, I was highly complimented by my American compatriots, and received many civilities from the members generally. I had many pressing invitations from them, to come and reside with them, during my stay in the city. Among others, I received the most gratifying notice from the Conde de Serra. He made very particular inquiries respecting my objects, pursuits, and employments, and the probable time of my stay in the city. He gradually unfolded to me his motive for making these inquiries. He informed me that he had been in pursuit of a private secretary, who could translate, and who understood different languages, and was a scholar. He was pleased to say, that the fluency and correctness with which I spoke their language, turned his thoughts upon me from the first moment of my speaking; that in the course of the debates, he had made inquiries of one of my compatriots, in whom he had confidence, respecting me, and the result had been highly satisfactory, particularly, as he had been informed, that I had been regularly educated, and was grammatically acquainted with English and French. He proceeded to state the nature of the duties, and the proposed salary; and closed, by asking me if I was willing to accept the office.

I answered, that, from present impressions, it would be precisely the employment I should have selected, but that I wished a couple of days, for deliberation upon the subject, and that in the mean time, for any further satisfaction, respecting my character and qualifications, I referred him to the Conde de Alvaro. He added, that the reference was highly satisfactory, and that his family was in habits of particular intimacy with that of the Conde. He proffered the customary civilities of his

house, and proposed to show me the city and its amusements, in the interval, until I made my election. This offer, upon deliberation, seemed more and more gratifying. The employment was both respectable and lucrative. The protection was that of a man, so high in rank and influence, that although he was known to be viewed with a suspicious eye by Iturbide, even he was afraid of him, and brought no articles of impeachment against him. I should have, in this office, an ostensible vocation, and should not feel myself precisely on a footing with those numerous gambling and speculating adventurers from the United States, who were on the top of this crater of the volcano of revolutions, waiting for an eruption. My heart whispered too, that here I should either see or hear from Donna Martha.

The Conde de Serra was a creole, and his forefathers were born in the country. His income was almost without limits. Under the Royal *regime* he had been considered the richest subject in the Spanish dominions, and his manner of spending his income was generous and princely. He was the high-minded and munificent patron of every generous and noble undertaking, and held out a sustaining hand to indigent genius and taste. He himself was young and of fine appearance, and his family was reputed the most amiable and beautiful in the empire. His eldest daughter, named Laura, ranked, in general estimation, next in beauty to Donna Martha. She was scarcely fourteen, an age, however, at which young ladies are considered marriageable in that country. For it is a well known fact, that in these countries, both the mind and the form are developed some years earlier, than at the North. I received from my compatriots, the usual, but unnecessary caution, not to let my eyes be dazzled by looking at the sun.

At the assigned time, I waited on the Conde, and was shown up the marble flight of stairs in front of his palace, then, traversing a long portico, supported by Ionic col-

umns of marble, and shaded in front by laurels and palms, I was conducted to an ante-room, set apart for the proposed office, and connected with a splendid and extensive library. I was here received by the Conde with marked politeness. He informed me, that he had felt satisfied before the inquiry, but that he had called on the Condesa, the Conde being absent, and mentioned that I had referred him to that family. He added, "I obtained not a character simply. I will not task your modesty by particulars, but if I may believe her, you are a Hercules, a slayer of monsters, an eighth wonder of the world." In return for so many compliments, I could only close with his proposals. I was inducted into my new office. My employment consisted much in translations, furnishing draughts of replies for him to use, and suggesting alterations before he signed certain papers. He wished me to add to these duties, that of librarian and keeper of his very extensive cabinet of minerals, fossils, and specimens in natural history. I had an apartment in the palace, and boarded with some young gentleman of respectable Spanish families, who belonged to his establishment, and had had offices in the mining department. They were at present out of employ, the Conde not having chosen that any member of his family should hold any office under the Imperial government.

My duties were neither painful nor servile, and the discharge of them brought me of necessity acquainted with the geography and statistics of the country, and the distance, importance, and population of places, and gave me a great deal of exact and important local knowledge of the country. Every facility that I could desire, to make myself acquainted with this great and interesting country, was now offered, and not offered in vain; for I put myself in earnest to these studies, every moment in which I was not occupied in the duties of my office. In the morning I walked to visit the natural and artificial curiosities of the city, and in the evening, always accom-

panied by Bryan, and fully armed, to the theatre. The decorations and the scenery were splendid even to gaudiness, and having said this, I need say no more of the theatre.

I was again in those tranquil and satisfied days, of which history has nothing to record. I only heard, incidentally, from Martha; and then it was only the repetition of the common report, that she was shortly to be married to the minister of war. I had seen, that I was passing the scrutiny of the Conde, preparatory to more or less confidence. His increasing marks of confidence and kindness were indications that I was rising in his estimation. I made a new arrangement of his books, manuscripts, and drawings, and a new catalogue of his cabinet of minerals and natural history. I introduced into his correspondence a new order, and, in fact, created in all these departments a new and complete system. The greater facility of arriving at information in this new arrangement, was obvious at the first inspection. The Conde was delighted, and was pleased to say, that my services were invaluable.

I had been a fortnight in the family, when I was invited to dine with it, which I was told was a novitiate unusually short. I felt it a duty, that I owed to my patron, to be modestly but richly dressed in the customary costume of a private Spanish gentleman. At the appointed hour, I was ushered in with a numerous company of invited guests, among whom were many distinguished characters from the United States, and some from Great Britain, to the vast and noble dining-hall. Very few of them spoke Spanish, and I was naturally called upon, to discharge the duty of interpreter. I was introduced to the Condesa, who though the mother of a number of children, the eldest, as I have remarked, turned of thirteen, did not herself seem much advanced of twenty. She was fresh, blooming, and beautiful, and by her affability and gentleness, made the dignity of her rank and

place forgotten in the deeper and more interior respect, due to condescension and goodness. The children were as beautiful as loves, and after dinner were admitted into the room, in all the buoyant and frolic gaiety of childhood. The elder daughter had, as the phrase is, been brought out, and she had the usual brilliant eyes, a small and light figure, a beautiful face, rather inclining to pale, with a slight olive tinge, such as marked most of the matured countenances of young ladies that I had seen in the city. She went through the ceremonies of the introduction to the company, with the perfect ease and familiarity of conscious rank and beauty, and with something of the manner of one, that had been caressed too much, and a little spoiled by the friends and dependents of the family. When I was led to her, she eyed me from head to foot, with laughing ease and composure. I felt my cheek glow, when I was conducted from her to the Condesa and Donna Martha, and I remarked the conscious and rather confused smile in her face, when we were introduced as entire strangers. The two lovely young ladies were, of course, the principal objects of attention, after the Conde and his lady. The dinner passed off as such great and formal affairs generally do. It was impossible for even the perfect ease of the Conde and his lady to banish something of formality and restraint, which was increased by the circumstance, that most that was said required translation. The dinner of course, was excellent, and the wine produced something more of ease, and a more unrestrained flow of conversation. It is well known, that no dessert in the world can equal that of this city, and the whole closed with coffee.

The foreign guests generally retired, and I took my hat to depart with the rest. It was understood, that the ceremony of the meeting was over; and Laura came skipping up, and told me, that she had her father's orders, that I must defer my studies for this evening, and hold myself wholly at the disposal of the ladies; for that

there was to be a promenade in the garden. It may be conceived, that this was the pleasure above all others, that I should have desired, and yet, knowing that Martha, and hearing that the minister of war would be there, I felt no little embarrassment, at the thought of such a promenade. The perfect composure and assurance of Laura put me more at ease. I followed her, and a number of Spanish gentlemen into the garden.

The sun was low, and the birds were cheering themselves in his parting rays. A delightful coolness was in the air. In the distance, were seen the snowy summits of San Puebla, their conical tops rising far above the clouds, and emitting, from their volcanic apertures, columns of smoke, that in the rarefied atmosphere, arose to immense heights. A sea of mountains, in all directions, bounded this vast and lovely vale. In contrast with such natural sublimity was the beautiful garden, the perfection of art, seconded by nature, here so fertile in what is suited to a garden. Shades, verdure, fountains spouting water high in the air, which fell back with a delightful murmur into marble basins; statues, cascades, arbors and serpentine walks, pavilions and temples, in short all the luxuries of opulence, and all the beauties of landscape, were scattered over this delightful place. Nightingales were pouring their long and sweet strains through their little throats, and birds of the most beautiful forms and exquisite plumage were fluttering among trees, that were natives of all the different climates.

Various groups, and solitary couples were sauntering in this lovely place; and the gay flow of conversation and the reckless laugh indicated, that all enjoyed this charming walk. The Condesa de Alvaro, and the Condesa de Serra walked together, arm in arm. Seeing me alone, Laura left the circle of which she had been the centre, and came to me. "Confess sir," said she, "that these mountains spouting smoke, this cool air, this pretty garden and these fine birds, and finer ladies, are a much

more amusing study, than those books that you pore upon forever in my father's library. I am afraid I shall crowd too many good things at a time upon you, but I am going to lead you to a young lady, that I believe, has seen you before, and I conjecture that the meeting will not be disagreeable to either." Saying this, she led me to Martha, placing me between them, as we strolled along the alleys of the garden. We had scarcely recovered from the emotions produced by this meeting, after so long an absence, and had not yet come in possession of the full powers of speech, when I saw my evil genius in an opposite alley, and Don Pedro, with the measured insolence of his new dignity, approached us. Martha turned pale, and the arm which I held trembled. I returned as slight a bow, as his, and a very meaning look of recognition passed between us. "I came," said he, "to Donna Martha, at the request of her father, to solicit the honor of her company in this promenade; but I perceive she is so respectably protected, and so happily occupied, that I suppose I may dispense with my offer. I shall only remark to her, that this gentleman's name is in my department, on the list of malcontent and suspicious foreigners. I should have supposed, with the pledges given to her father, in recent conversations, that she would not have been disposed thus to commit herself and him with the government. Past events have made this gentleman but too well known to us, and she cannot but be aware how particularly disagreeable he must be to me, and to the government." Laura surveyed him while he was making this speech to the terrified Martha, from head to foot. It was obvious, that the minister of war was neither agreeable, nor terrible to her. She made him, however, a very low bow. "Is this the face," said she, "which your Excellency wears, when you woo this young lady? You must see that you are particularly agreeable to her at this moment. As to this gentleman, sir, he happens to be at this time under the protection of

my father. You are a very great man, no doubt. But I would hope, that such protection will secure him from menaces and rude treatment, especially among ladies, among whom he is an invited guest." "Your father's name," he replied, "is a sufficient security for his family; but will not be considered by us, a shelter for all the factious and traitorous foreigners that he shall choose to harbor." "Now, that is fine," she replied, "and these airs wonderfully become the minister of war." I here remarked, that I had nothing to reply to this kind of language in this place. The gentleman, no doubt, remembered with pleasure some former rencounters between us; that I could not condescend to spar, and call names in this company, but hoped we should have the pleasure of a more private interview, for all such conversations. Laura added before he could reply, "Yes, I dare say, the gentleman can take care of himself in such a meeting. But just now, I wish him to have a little private chat with this same young lady. I begin to suspect, that they have known each other before. There seems to be some strong dislike between them, and I want them to be a little more acquainted, that they may shake off their prejudices and make peace. I dare affirm that half an hour's *tele-a-tele* in this pretty garden, will bring all things right between them. Now, therefore, be it known, I, Laura de Serra, eldest daughter of the Conde de Serra, ordain and declare, that they have a private walk together. I dare trust them, although he is on your dark list; and I wish at the same time to have the honor of a private walk with his Excellency, the minister of war." Saying this with the mock gravity of command she took his arm, reluctant as he seemed, and led him away.

I was once more alone with Martha, and it was obvious that our time was precious. "The circumstances of our former acquaintance, and the confidence you once reposed in me, Martha," said I, "justify me in asking, how

you stand at present with that insolent and detestable man. I certainly may be permitted to ask, if the reports in relation to you and him are true, why you have taken so much cruel interest in me, as to intimate that I am in danger. If you are indeed, as they report, to marry him, where can be my danger? Or what is life afterwards to me?" "I am not to marry him, sir," said she. "And if I were, I doubt not you would be both well and happy afterwards. Let me be frank with you. You know well, that there is neither affectation nor pretence in the interest I take in you. I have been informed, how you parted from Wilhelmine, and all my good opinion of you is renewed. You are, no doubt, acquainted with the history of the late revolution, that has made that weak and wicked man, Iturbide, what they call an emperor. Don Pedro, after my father's return to Durango, was treated coolly by us all. I had hoped, after my father had resigned his command in disgust, that he was awakened from his dreams of ambition, and that I should be persecuted on account of this man no more. But stung by our neglect, he conceived a deeper and deadlier plan of coming at his object, and his revenge. He and the father confessor left us almost without notice, and made their way to this city. They gave in their adhesion to the government, and timed it so well, as to secure for the one the place he now fills, and for the other, the secret but efficient direction of the imperial counsels. The first knowledge we had of this new order of things, was an official notice, signed with the imperial hand, notifying to my father, that he must come up to the imperial city, and give in his adhesion, on pain of confiscation. We well knew, that there would be little ceremony about executing this threat, in case of refusal. The wretch knew precisely, what string to harp on. I would not be understood to imply the slightest want of filial respect for my father. I could yield any thing to his wishes, even life; any thing but this detested union. It is said

to be in the order of nature, that men, as they advance in age, become more attached to wealth, as they lose their relish for every thing beside. As all other passions, even ambition among them, become enfeebled, all his desires seem to be concentrated in that single point,—regard for his immense possessions. My father obeyed the summons, and carried us with trembling haste to the capital. The wretch, now become the favorite of the emperor, and all-powerful, plays continually upon my father's fears of losing his estates. He suspends the horrors of confiscation continually over our heads, and keeps my father as true to his purpose respecting this detested union, from fear, as he once was from ambition.

My father finding it useless to operate upon my fears, like Don Pedro, has reversed all his former modes of influence, and has adopted one a thousand times more difficult to resist. He assumes before me the air of a suppliant. He throws himself on my pity. The very idea of seeing my aged father, so venerated by us all, one so high in power, and so used to submission from others, himself assuming the attitude of a suppliant to his daughter, is terrible and revolting. He calls himself a forsaken and dishonored old man, hastening to the same end with so many ruined nobles in the old world, and that nothing will prop his falling fortunes, but my consent to this union. He points me to the consequences of drawing down upon him the wrath of the weak and worthless emperor. Confiscation, and poverty, and disgrace together, he assures me, would kill him, and indeed, I hardly doubt it. My mother admits the worthlessness of the man, and hates him scarcely less than I do, and yet insists that there are emergencies, when a good child will yield all her inclinations, and devote herself for her parents. She thinks this is a crisis of that kind. But, sir, I feel that I have not this spirit of self-devotion. To their tears and entreaties I reply, that hating, abhorring him as I do, they may bid me die, but not marry him. I pro-

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pose to them, and I consent, to temporize; and I promise so far to conquer my loathing, as to soothe him. At present they seem satisfied with this, and their object and mine is to gain time. We all hope, they will not be able to maintain themselves on their dizzy eminence long. In conformity with this plan, I task my feelings, to dance with him, and receive his attentions in public. I even allow him to hope, that if he is not precipitate, and allows me my own time, I may, perhaps, in the end think favorably of him. It is horrible violence to my feelings. Would your Protestant system of morals hold this deception guilty? All this succeeded well enough, until he found that you were here. He discovered it by the emissaries of the police, sooner than I knew it. The horrid flashing of his eye, and the fiendlike expression of his countenance, told me what he felt, on knowing that you were here. He cautioned me against renewing my acquaintance with you, and expressed a suspicion that I was privy to your arrival. He intimated, that he had both the will and the means to dispose of you. "Certainly," said I, "Don Pedro, you must estimate me an amiable and grateful woman, to think of winning my regard, by threatening his assassination. I say nothing of what he has done, and what he has forborne to you. To me, you must think it a short way to my heart, to murder that man." The malice of his heart was sufficiently visible in his pale countenance. But he affected to be cool, and remarked, that I could not be so little read in human nature, as not to attribute all this feeling to love, and its natural attendant, especially in a Spanish bosom, jealousy. "Why else," he asked me, "should I have any antipathy to him?" I answered in the bitterness of my spirit, "The natural, instinctive, and everlasting antipathy of bad to good, base to noble, hell to 'heaven.'" You see, sir, in what courteous terms we conduct our wooing, and how little reason you have to be jealous, if I might flatter myself that you could entertain such feelings towards

me. The time is precious. I am ready to believe that you love me. I am but too sure of my own feelings. Your arrival, so unexpected, has inspired in me the extreme both of joy and terror. But destiny, I ought rather to say Providence, I trust, watches over us, for you are fixed just where I could have wished you to be. Iturbide is afraid of your patron. I have conversed with that excellent man. I have done more. I have laid open my heart to his lady, and the family are your friends. If I can only gain time this imperial throne will crumble. You are now in the way of the right sort of distinction. The times call for such a character as yours, and you are in the place to avail yourself of all chances. I need not urge you to cultivate the favor of the family in which you live. You will become distinguished; my heart tells me so. I have still more pride for you than for myself. Only get a name, and gain power, and the hand of Martha shall be at your disposal, as her heart has long been."

So fair a chance was not omitted. It is now all gone by, but it was a most sober business I assure you at the time. If strong emotions always render us eloquent, as they say, I was eloquent, for my heart palpitated, and my pulses were of feverish quickness, and I went through the series of kneeling, protestations, and averments, with the best of them. I was probably, extravagant for a character that she had rather considered as verging to the side of coldness; for she almost smiled, as she raised me. "This is very pretty," said she, "and quite enough. I believed all this before. For a while, sir, you must be guided by me. Be prudent, and you shall have your turn of command by and by. It comports with my plan to return, and finish the evening in company with that detested man. I do not wish you to endure the torture with me. Avoid him as much as possible." So saying, she led the way to rejoin Laura and Don Pedro.

As we came up with them, I motioned to withdraw. "Oh no, sir," said Laura, "you do not so easily escape the

service of the ladies, when you are once fairly enlisted under their banner;" and she withdrew her arm from Don Pedro, apparently relinquishing it in favor of Martha, and took my arm again. "Now," said she, "which is the gainer by this exchange? Mr. Minister at War, what think you of the effect of this *tele-a-tete* upon this dear lady? Sir, you Yankce Ameriean, have you been affronting her? I dare say you have, you bad man! See the color in her checks. She walked up to Martha, looking with pity in her eyes, and asked, "Dear Martha, what has the bad man been saying to you, that makes you so affronted? This will never do. I shall not dare to trust you together again. Come, sir, and walk with me. I want to administer correction to you in private." With these words she led me away from Martha, beside whom Don Pedro was walking in sullen dignity, not knowing exactly upon whom, or what, to vent his ill temper.

"How I hate that man!" said Laura to me, as soon as we were by ourselves. "There is no love lost between us, neither. The loss of his office and influence has turned the head of the poor old Conde, Martha's father. To save his estates, he is persecuting that sweet girl to marry this wretch. As soon as she came here, I saw that she not only hated him, but loved another. She has confessed to me, that you are he that has robbed her of her heart. I am much astonished at her taste. You are certainly a bad looking man, though a little more tolerable, it must be allowed, than his Excellency, the minister. But then, to palliate the matter a little, she says that you are brave, and romantic, and generous, and good, and that you have saved her from savages, and floods, and assassins, and I know not what. While she was making you such a reliever of distressed damsels I wonder, it never occurred to her, that I might take a liking to you myself." "You?" I asked with surprise. "Yes, and why not I? I have a heart, sir, as well as another. And suppose it should have been so, what then?"

"Why then," I replied, "I suppose, your father would dismiss me with ignominy from my employment, and shut you in a dark closet, and feed you on slender diet, until you recovered your heart's health and your senses." "Your humble servant," said she, "I perceive you think me a child, and understand not the affair. Why, sir, my mother was married before she was of my age, and so are half the titled and endowed ladies in the country. Not at all, sir, and I see you are not gifted as a prophet. My father would look grave, and my mother would shed tears and make a speech, and I should be first sullen, and then fall to weeping, and to make me smile again, they would consent, and you would be the happy man. But mind you, sir, nothing of this is likely to happen. In the first place, I love Martha too well. In the next place, infant as you think me, I know men too well."

I had heard, how rapidly the female form and mind are developed in the southern countries. This most astonishing specimen of the fact, however, struck me with surprise. But it was an agreeable and amusing one. She ran on with the volubility and idle rattle of a spoiled child. If I presumed, for the moment, on this tone of her mind, perfectly aware of it, she reversed the strain of her conversation, and become sober, and sensible, rising at times to sentiment and dignity. She displayed a most singular combination of wit, simplicity, good sense, frankness, and pride. Before we parted, she told me that she had taken me and Martha under her particular charge, and that, if we would both be on honor, and good behaviour, we should see each other as often as possible, and that all that she claimed for her part in the business, was to watch the influence and progress of love, that she might know herself how to manage, when her turn came.

At the next meeting of the Patriots in conclave, the Conde de Serra read a despatch to the meeting, announcing, that the republicans had again unfurled the

banner of freedom at Vera Cruz. Sant' Anna, who had conferred every benefit upon the emperor, and had been one of the principal instruments in raising him to the throne, had through some of the intrigues of his miserable and misguided court, been dismissed from the command at Vera Cruz, which had been conferred on him as the reward of his bravery and his services. He immediately assembled his favorite regiment, placed before them the indignities that he had suffered, and gave them a strong painting of the cruelty and perfidy of Iturbide; and he closed by exhorting them to throw off his yoke, and establish a government of the people. The speech was received with *vivas*, and the regiment immediately adopted the resolution.

Immediately after this decisive act, he sent a letter in the form of an *expose* or declaration, to the Emperor, reminding him of all that he had done and suffered for him. He adverted with indignation to the return he had received, and declared, that by the last act of ingratitude, he considered all his own obligations cancelled, and himself called upon, to espouse the cause of a suffering and oppressed people. He reproached the emperor with his acts of violence, oppression, and cruelty, and assured him, that the people would never again be induced to trust a man, who had once violated all his promises. For himself, he declared his determination to be, to reinstate the congress, and to form a pure and simple republic, based on the rights of man. Finally, he counselled Iturbide to renounce his assumed government, and throw himself on the generosity of the nation.

There were many debates upon the point, whether the country was ripe for this insurrection, and, as usually happens, different opinions. When it came my turn to speak, I remarked, that happy as I was in my present employment, I should not feel satisfied to be idle, while the banner of freedom waved in any part of the country, and that I should immediately proceed to Vera Cruz, to

offer myself as a volunteer in the corps of Sant' Anna. A number of the younger members of the meeting followed my example, and the meeting was dissolved amidst acclamations for the cause. The Conde expressed regret at the thought of my leaving him, but cordially approved my determination, informing me, that in his opinion, now was the time for me to act. I was to set out for Vera Cruz with a considerable body of volunteers, who were to unite with others at Xalapa. The Conde exacted from me a promise, that whenever the campaign closed, I should return, and resume my duties; and in the mean time invited me to his table, until I departed. In this situation, it became my duty to escort his daughter to the public places, and the theatre.. I accompanied the family to the balls and *tertulias*, and was treated as one domesticated in the family.

I intimated my gratitude, almost my surprise to Laura at this great and unearned confidence. She explained, in her laughing way, the cause of it. "In the first place," said she, "my parents have such an unbounded confidence in my correctness and discretion, that pride, as well as gratitude, calls upon me, so to deport myself, that they shall have no cause to repent it. In the next place, my parents think Martha the next immaculate to myself, and Martha will have you to be such a paragon of purity, decorum, and honor, that no harm can be extracted out of you. Lastly, every one can see that you are so entirely in love with Martha, that you might stumble upon a prettier, and have no eye to see her."

It was understood that the minister of war was to start for Vera Cruz, to take command of the imperial forces, against Sant' Anna. I wished to remain until he was gone. I had seen Martha but once since the first interview, and then I only saw her long enough in private, to receive an intimation from her, why she saw me so seldom: that it was at once in conformity to her engagements, and her plan. When the report was, that he had

actually departed from the city, I felt my breathing a little easier, and hoped that I should at least have some moments with Martha, before I departed for Vera Cruz.

I had sufficient intimation, though he was away, that some friends of his had an eye upon me. I was returning in the evening with Bryan from the theatre. Departing from my customary caution, and thinking, perhaps, that dangers had ceased with his departure, we wandered into a dark alley, at a distance from the lights. We were beset by three or four bravos in the dark, with dirks and swords. Bryan was slightly wounded in the onset. But we placed ourselves against the wall, discharged our pistols upon them, for fortunately we were both armed, and defended ourselves against the odds of numbers, until the reports of our pistols, and the increasing *fracas*, brought the city guards to our aid and the assassins escaped. I had no doubt that this was a part of Don Pedro's "reverend care of my health."

I spent the afternoon and the evening, of the day previous to that on which I set out for Vera Cruz, in the Conde's delightful gardens, and in undisturbed conversations, with Laura and Martha. We even had our coffee brought to us in a little pavilion, and took it together. This, I count among the happiest evenings of my life, marked, as an old Roman would have said, *albo lapide*. Martha, freed from apprehensions, at least during the absence of Don Pedro, and delivered for the present, from any intreaties from her father, relative to him, had once more that tranquil and delightful manner, which had so won my interest on the evening of the thunder storm. Our intercourse was that of minds, that had long been separated and that now united with an eagerness and delight, proportioned to the obstacles, that had so long impeded it. I received many charges from both, how to depart myself as regarded my society and exposures. I could not have desired more marks of confidence, and tenderness from either. Each gave me a ringlet of her

raven locks to be wrought into my sword belt, thus constituting me their champion. Whenever the conversation became gloomy, or turned upon the exposures and dangers of the campaign, Laura with some of her whimsical remarks, restored us to cheerfulness. At the same time that Martha charged me not to expose myself they both bade me not return without glory. Martha assured me that she foresaw, that this campaign would be decisive of my fate, as well as hers. I had the privilege of banishing the tears from her cheek, in a way which I leave you to imagine, and after an evening too happy to be assorted with the common color of our days, amidst a thousand kind wishes for the success of their soldier, they sent me away.

From the Conde I had flattering letters of introduction to Sant' Anna, and the other chiefs, proposing me, as a person who had sustained a high and honorable command in the Patriot service, in the interior provinces, and recommending me to a similar command in this service. He gave me counsel with paternal kindness, and seemed to take in me, almost the interest of a father. With an affectionate shake of the hand from the Condesa and Laura, and with benedictions and kind wishes from him, I started once more a soldier of fortune and revolution, for Vera Cruz.

CHAPTER V.

Amor es Rey an grande, que aprisiona
 En vasalage el cielo, el mar, la tierra
 Y unica, y sola magestad blazona.—*Quevedo.*

The power that conquers all.

I thank you for the invincible patience, with which you have listened to these my small adventures, so modestly related in the first person. Whether you are or not, I am weary of this everlasting repetition of myself. If your curiosity has not already expired in a surfeit and an indigestion, and you persist in wishing to hear the end of this matter, my story is hereafter to lie chiefly addressed to your eye, and not to your ear. The operation of the motives, and the influence of the views of the parties, concerned in the most important event of my life, will be best explained by the person most interested. You can read at your leisure. You will hear much of me still. You have had hitherto, to make due deductions for egotism. You will have hereafter, to make still greater, for a more blinding passion. I have been hitherto the hero of my own story. I am now that of another's. *N'importe!* I gave you fair promise, that my trumpet would always be blown, either by myself or another. I have the high countenance and authority of the pious Æneas, to bear me out. You will learn in the issue, that I came, legitimately by these letters, which are copies of the originals. It is only necessary to explain a few circumstances, that you may understand the order and connexion of them. I have selected them from a basket, full of the same materials, not because they are better than the rest, but be-

cause they seem something like a continuation of my story.

It is only necessary to premise, that Martha had, in the convent, in which she had been educated, a female friend, a little older than herself, who grew into life with her, and between whom, was sworn one of the eternal friendships of young ladies, similarly situated. They were the companions of each other's secret hours, and the confidants of each other's secret thoughts. It so happened, that not long after the Conde de Alvaro had removed his daughter from the convent, and brought her to America, this young lady married the Royal commander of the castle of St. John d'Ulloa, at Vera Cruz, and traversed the ocean with her husband to his station. With this lady, Martha had been in habits of constant correspondence. Almost every mail was charged with the burden of their secrets, and transmitted the renewal of their mutual vows of everlasting friendship. Every one knows, that such proffers, and such vows, are worth just what they will bring in the market. But as her correspondent is really sensible and amiable, and as they preserved an unbroken friendship, although they entertained different opinions, and belonged to different political parties, it must be presumed, that there was really a deep basis for their mutual regard for each other.

These letters are exact transcripts of the mind of Martha, and I confess, that I continue to think well of the spirited and warm-hearted writer. They portray neither a goddess, nor even an immaculate mortal, but a lovely woman, with all her weaknesses and foibles. But let me not start criticisms, upon what you are yourself to read. Out of this bushel of letters, as I remarked, I only select those, that keep up the thread of my narrative, from the point where I leave it. I should add, that they give a regular chronicle of all that befell her, from her first landing on the Mexican shore, to her residence at Durango. They are chiefly descriptive, interspersed with many

Tmoral reflections and many of those wild, and if I may so say, *Ossianic* expressions, so natural to a highly gifted, and romantic girl of Spanish temperament, placed amidst the vast plains and mountains of that grand country. After her return from the valley of the Comanches, *magna pars fui*, I have been I find, the most prominent character in the history of her thoughts and life. I am quite satisfied, I assure you, with my historian, for I find my ordinary actions are transformed into exploits. My exploits themselves, if such they may be called, are the doings of Jack the giant-killer. Like the renowned Swedenborg, she finds a high spiritual meaning, where I had none at all. In short, sir, read for yourself, and make your own comments. You will find me a very paragon, a pious *Aeneas*, or the analogy will be more exact. I am a Charles Grandison, as near as any home-made Yankee fabric can imitate the real superfine, of the British article. All that I shall say farther is, that the name of Martha's fair correspondent at St. John d'Ulloa, is Donna Jacinta Escarra, and that I was afterwards honored with an introduction to her, and found her extremely beautiful and amiable. I now leave you to discuss this *morceau* at your leisure. When you have finished it, say so, and I am ready, if you continue so minded, to eke out the remaining chapter of my history up to this time.

"Mexico, Feb. 1822.

"MY DEAREST JACINTA,

"I informed you in my last, of my arrival here from Durango. My father was in a continual fret of impatience, lest we should not arrive in season, to anticipate the decree of confiscation. That terrible word confiscation! There is nothing on earth I hate like Don Pedro, and the worst name I can call him is *Confiscation*. I am wholly unable to conceive how, or why old men should become so intensely fond of money, about the time that

they cease to be able to make any use of it. I believe, he loves me, as the next best thing to money, and the power he has lost. As to my dear, good mother, he may have loved her once; but that is a thing quite gone by. Do you begin to love your husband less, than you did at first; Jacinta? More than once, on the way, he looked sufficiently sternly upon me, reminding me frequently, that if I had not been a perverse and disobedient child, I should have been, at this time, lady of the minister of war, and he, perhaps, prime minister! All would have been safe, and I in a fair way to ascend the topmost round in the ladder of eminence. I have found the advantage of keeping up the fair ascendancy that I have won, when this hated subject is discussed. So I told him, that he must have singular notions of the power of the said minister, to communicate honor, for that he well knew, that he was a coward, a liar, and an assassin; and I know not, if I added other epithets; but I had plenty more in my thoughts, and told him, that if it would comfort him to have me die, I was ready to gratify him, but not in that way. Upon the word, I had to encounter a long and bitter philippic, by way of comfortable evening domestic confabulation. He rung upon the old changes, the folly and idle romanticity of foolish girls, and the absolute necessity of wealth, to any thing like comfortable, or respectable existence, and that one week's endurance of real poverty, genuine love, and a cottage, would restore my brain to common sense, and bring me to beg, as a boon, the favor, which I was now, in the wildness of folly, casting from me. Then it was easy to digress to that dear young man, and to say, that since that ruinous acquaintance, all other men were liars, assassins, and all that. My mother, good woman, as the conversation grew sometimes a little warm, put in a kind of neutral interpolation, partaking equally of assent and dissent, attempting to smooth down my father's brow, and remind me of the rights of paternity. Between apprehensions from

Indians, Patriots, robbers and Royalists, for we seem to be equally obnoxious to all, and this last and most horrid evil of all, confiscation, I had but an uncomfortable time to the city. I had travelled the same journey before, and had seen and felt the grand and beautiful scenery. At this time, my heart was too heavy, and too painfully occupied for me to have any eyes for nature.

Sometimes, a full sense of the claims of a father upon his child came over me. I saw the real and corroding gloom on his brow, the dejection of age, the sinking of nature, the actual loss of place and power, and the contemplated loss of fortune, all pressing upon him at the same time. The silent paleness of his cheek upbraided me. I said to myself, "Why not conform to the wishes of that dear and venerated being, thy father? Why not marry this minister of war, and hate him afterwards, as so many other wives are said to do? A husband is but a husband, after all, and every one says, that in a few months, it is all one thing. It would be so delightful to unbend that father's brow, remove these terrors of confiscation, and fill his aged heart with gratitude and joy." Instantly as the thought arose, such feelings of repulsion and disgust on the one hand, and on the other such a ——. Well, I found that I was not good girl enough for the sacrifice, and I begged him to ask me to swallow boiling water, or poison, and see if I was not an obedient child. "Swallow a fiddle!" said he; "you are very ready to do any thing that I wish you to avoid, that I do not doubt." This little sample will give you some idea of the standing of our thermometer of family comfort, during this long journey.

We arrived safely at the imperial city, and I saw his Excellency, my tormentor, the same tawny, grim figure, more ugly and repulsive in his exaltation than ever, but still rolling his dull, but terrible eyes of love at me, and a full of the same nauseous protestations as ever. I had promised my father, in good faith, to do every thing in

my power, in the way of civility to this man, that would tend to ward off the terrible confiscation; so that he would consent to my plan, to save time. So I threw into my manner of receiving him as much civility as I could command, as a sop to Cerberus. And then, how pleased he was, even to childish delight! The vanity of any other woman would have been gratified, to see him, to whom every body else cringed, as the Indians are said to do to the Evil One himself, in return living only in my smiles. I must believe, the odious being loves me. How earnestly I looked round among the ten thousand new faces, to see if my beloved was not among them. If there be any thing like mutual feeling, he will be here, and I shall see him. Wilhelmine was a sweet girl, and she was always with him. And I can easily see, that the present and visible face has the best chance. I wish he had had my picture. But if he thinks no more of me, why should I think of him?

We have, as you know, one of the noblest houses in the city, and suitably furnished. I was presented to the emperor, as the elected of the heart of his favorite. The palace was rather gaudy than grand, and there were such swarms of whiskered troops along the staircase and the antechambers, and at the levee, and every where so many hundreds of cringing expectants, with meanness, submission, supplication, supplanting, ill-concealed malice, treachery, and disappointment on their brow. And what an Emperor! With a person half German, half Spanish, the everlasting grin of deceitful and simpering apparent good nature on his face, where, notwithstanding all his efforts to counterfeit dignity, licentiousness and low breeding are indelibly stamped, and with a head as well moulded for intelligence as a negro's:—such was the emperor. The empress, the empress-mother, and all the canaille of the imperial family, with their fine calico mantillas, their pearls and diamonds, and sweetening their imperial breaths with cigars, were all birds of the same feather.

I was treated with great favor and distinction by this emperor, who had really a bright complexion, almost like that of my beloved. He condescended to tell me that he took a double interest in me, the one on the score of my personal merit and beauty, and the other, because he knew me to be so dear to his friend, the minister of war. In the first ball, which I attended, I had the superlative honor to lead down the dance with majesty itself, and for the remainder of the evening, I was confined, by terms of treaty with my father, to the detestable Don Pedro. Such a show of fine things! Such a glitter of jewels, and blaze of diamonds! I assure you, that by candle light, and in the magnificent saloon of the palace, it was a spectacle sufficiently imposing to turn a young girl's head. It excelled the court of Ferdinand, at least in point of glitter. There is a curious sensation, in being associated with a man, to whom every body does homage, and whose eye is the source of favor, of life, and death, even if we know at the same time, that this pageant, of such terrible energy from such circumstances, is intrinsically weak and worthless. There was a thrilling sensation from the *vivas*, when we had finished the dance.

When you come to analyze this pageant, and contemplate it a little nearer and more in detail, all the splendor vanishes, and you see the whole show in its intrinsic meanness and deformity. The men were, for the most part, swarthy, ugly, savage, and even ignorant looking beings, and the women yellow, awkward, and less informed than the men. There were some brilliant exceptions (myself for instance) who seemed to have collected these frights about them, only to show themselves to more advantage by contrast. Among these was the beautiful and accomplished Condesa de Serrea, fair, fresh, and blooming, with content and satisfaction on her polished brow. She is a Hebe, yet has six children, all beautiful. Laura, the eldest, is no more than thirteen, yet smart, accomplished, and piquant, though not highly beautiful. In

conversing with her, you have the peculiar interest of talking with one so *petite* and infantine, that you feel the ease of conversing with a child. Perhaps at the moment, while you are indulging this carelessness, she flashes upon you with the grace and wit of an accomplished young lady, and the intelligence, maturity, and seeming experience of age. She has one of those heads, that, according to the hackneyed phrase, is older than the body on which it is placed. I have become acquainted with her, and she would have my secrets. She gave me much instruction in relation to my case, and she too, has discovered, that she has a heart. She bids me be cautious, how I allow my hero to appear on the Mexican theatre for that I have given her such an estimate of him, that she shall be tempted to try a hand to supplant me. There is something in this gay, infantine, spirited old woman, in the person of a child, that I cannot but love. Her family, you know, is one of the most distinguished in the new world. The Conde enjoys the highest possible consideration, and in fact his immense influence turns the balance between the hundred contending factions here. He is too simple in his manners, too much informed, too intrinsically noble, to be in favor with the emperor, and Iturbide both dreads and hates him; and he owes his safety only to the circumstance, that the emperor dares not touch him. My tormentor, too, hates him with the ancient grudge of bad to good, and, forsooth, stigmatizes him with the name, "republican." Would you believe it, (but this in your ear—you must not lisp it to your husband for your life) I am something more than half a Patriot myself. Finding — a Patriot, and the Conde de Serrea a Patriot, and Iturbide and his minister of war, what they are, who would not be a Patriot?

We have imperial presentations, fire works, shows, gardens, promenades, drives, the theatre, the churches, religious festivals, balls, sandangoes, *tertulias*, bull-fights—by the way I never see them,—and a beau, and that

beau his Excellency, who hangs to me, like an evil conscience; and we have what my dear Francis used so to admire,—the very writing of his name thrills my whole frame,—we have mountains, snowy mountains, and sweet lakes, sleeping in their vallies, and we have San Puebla cherishing, as I do, fires under his snows, a beautiful nature, a populous and splendid city, daily reviews of troops, assemblies in the gardens and the alameda, and an air so soft, so inspiring languishment and love, and feeling as bland as cream. Yet I want something. I want all. I need the presence of him, who makes me feel that I have a heart; him, whose manner of doing a good and generous action makes me perceive that a man can be noble, and like God; him, whose glance upon these mountains caused my eye to kindle with the contagious enthusiasm; him, whose voice and manner inspired within me high, and I might almost dare to say, holy thoughts. In short, away from him, I drag to these scenes of the amusement of others, a body—they tell me, it is well enough formed; but it wants a soul. I feel the bland and delicious atmosphere. I look at the mountains, pouring out columns of smoke, from under their everlasting snows. I contemplate the most beautiful and rich valley in the world. I hear the foolish people, who have nothing else to say, talk of all this, as they do of the weather, and say, “How fine this is!” I stupidly echo the remark, “How fine this is!” In short, I have little reason to hope I shall ever see him again, and I am equally incapable of enjoying nature or myself.

Mexico, Feb. 1822.

DEAREST JACINTA,

Our Lady of the Pillar preserve us! I have seen him again, and my heart beats even now so loud, that it disturbs my thoughts, and my pen. I never needed a second look to assure me that it was the very man. I had been driven to the alameda, with our old duenna, who

was ill, and in company with my daily tormentor. The carriage windows were drawn up on account of the air. He was walking in the streets, and an Irishman, formerly a servant of my father's, was walking behind him. How well I remember the calm and lofty port, the countenance so animated, benevolent and mild! I gave a half shriek, before I recollected myself; and then it was too late, for my countenance told the tale of what I had seen. His prying and malignant eye soon discovered in the group the person that had arrested mine. He expressed ironical regret at the cause of my alarm, and muttered something implying that he would not have such terrible objects in the way, to annoy me. I gave him a look that I trust he understood, and told him that to filial regard to my father, he must be sensible he owed all my endurance of his presence. "I know," I cried, "that you are equally cowardly and vindictive. But, venture to touch a hair of his head, and I will move heaven and earth, until an avenger of his cause shall be found. Not that I have or expect ever to have any personal interest in his preservation beyond the common interest, which all ought to have in preserving the virtuous and the good. In this country of distraction and crime, we ought to preserve at least one good person. If you really wish endurance from me, much more, if you expect kindness, expect it only from using moderation and forbearance towards him. Make no use of your bad power towards him, and in the same proportion, you will be sure of my taking a less active part in his favor. If you would promise me with a pledge, on which I might rely, that you would avail yourself of your influence to protect him, I should be willing to promise in my turn, never to see him again."

He promised, (but there was a sneer on his countenance,) that the intense interest, which I took in his welfare, should be his pledge and his guaranty, and that he would not molest him, or allow, as far as his influence extended, that others should. He intimated, that if the

event so desired by my parents, the emperor, and himself, could take place, he would not only protect, but charge himself with the promotion of the young man. I thanked him for his kind intentions towards him, and the honor he intended me, but assured him, that if the promotion of the man in question depended upon that issue, much as I wished it, it was likely to be slow in taking place. The conversation here dropped—but I little heeded the promise he made, not to molest him, although in my eagerness to shield him from danger, I would have made almost any engagement, to soothe this bad man. Though I had little confidence in him, I felt somewhat tranquilized by what he had said, and immediately put every agent in my power in operation, to find where he was. I soon discovered that he was at the Sociedad Grande; and since then, what think you is my chief amusement? He has an Irish servant, Bryan, who used to live with my father, who is shrewd, faithful, and devoted to me, next to his master. This man finds some moment every day, in which he visits our family. He repeats to me all that his master says, does, and even thinks. Bryan assumes, on occasion, to divine his master's thoughts, when he is silent. You may be sure they are all about me. I well know that all this is moonshine, but I take the same kind of visionary satisfaction in it, that people do in having their fortunes told. Bryan promises first by his guardian saint, never to disclose a word of all this to his master. I meet him in company with our old duenna, who has a fondness for the Irish lad, and every day he opens a new budget for me. He even shows me, and he has a most wonderful talent for imitating countenance, how his master looks when he thinks of me. He assures me, that in consequence of my intimation of danger, his master always goes armed, and takes him with him, and that he particularly avoids evening walks, so that he can be in little danger from my admirer, except he bring him to a mock trial and legal assassina-

tion. My apprehensions for his safety are much moderated. Meanwhile the Conde de Serrea, who is a naturalist, a chemist, and a philosopher, and engaged in extensive foreign and domestic correspondence, and is moreover suspected of having a Patriot party in this empire at his disposal, wants a private secretary. Mr. Berrian, among his other qualifications, is a profound scholar, to my taste a doctor of all sciences, acquainted with many languages, in short, to me a "great Apollo." It occurred to me in a moment, that this was the very man the Conde wanted. Under his protection, I should feel perfectly secure about him. They dare not touch either the Conde or his friends. It is a family truly noble. They have a splendid library, a gallery of paintings, cabinets of natural curiosities, and all that; in fact it is just the place that I could have wished for him. So I introduced myself to the Condesa, his lady, and I told her all about this wonderful young man. I am sure I did not undervalue him, for she had all the while a meaning smile, and occasionally added, "Really! surprising! is it so! he is an astonishing man, sure enough!" To be perfectly frank, I let her into the whole secret. I was deeply affected, as I did it. She kissed me, and gave a tear to my feelings and my story, and promised me, that she would speak of the matter to her husband. Laura, the little witch had heard the whole. I was half fearful of her, for she looked wondrous knowing and expressed a great curiosity to see, as she said, this eighth wonder of the world. I hope, even if I dared flatter myself, that I shall ever have any nearer relations with him, that I should not be so foolish and unjust, as to be jealous. He has a look that indicates him unshaken as the hills. But then, they say all men are vain. Laura has a prodigious name, and is more pretty and piquant than a mere beauty. The man must be a Phœnix, who could stand her fascinations, if she chose to coquet with him. I trust, however, to her pride; for, young as she is, that feeling too has gained a

full developement. I trust to the natural barriers and impossibilities of the case. I trust to his steadiness, and I am sure he loves me. "More than all," I said, "in this family he will be improving, he will be safe and happy and I will not be so selfish as to have a thought beyond that." He was invited to attend this meeting of Patriots, over which the Conde and Victoria preside, and had the good fortune greatly to distinguish himself in the debates. In fact, if he took any part, he would not do otherwise. The Conde offered him this place of secretary. He accepted the offer, and has been in the discharge of its duties for some days. The family judge of him, as I thought they would. The Condesa, while pronouncing his eulogy, sportively tells her husband, that it was a dangerous experiment, to bring such a fascinating man into his family. Laura puts up her pretty lip, and appears not to hear, when in presence of her parents; but when she speaks of him to me in private, she actually blushes, and manifests a sentiment in common with all that see him. Where, and what is the charm? Surely, it is not beauty of person alone. For me, I think it a look of mind, of kindness, of fearless steadiness in the truth and the right, of that noble moral intrepidity, which shows that he would do justice, if the heavens were falling over his head. I know not, that I trace the feelings to right causes, but that he produces feelings of this sort in every one who comes in his way, that I feel to my cost.

In continuation.

I have been with him. We took a walk in the beautiful garden of the Conde's with Laura. My heart was beginning to expand with the highest consciousness of joy, and Laura was chattering away to him in her customary fashion, when what bird of evil omen should light down upon us, but Don Pedro. Both the men started, as though they had seen a serpent. Don Pedro affected the bashaw, the man in power, and talked to the other in a style of menace. I wish I could describe the look

which he gave him in return. It said, however, plainly enough, "Your worthlessness and the presence of the ladies are your protection." Laura, the dear child, has somehow contrived to anticipate the experience of years. She put on her stately airs with Don Pedro, and actually took on herself the endurance of his Excellency, and sent us off together on a beautiful evening to walk alone in a lovely garden. If this man has any fault, it is a disposition towards taciturnity. But you are not now to learn, that I can talk enough for both. But I assure you, the man became talkative and eloquent. He held such discourse with his eyes too, and was so modest and grateful, and so ready to be guided by me! Oh! if I could always be as happy as I was for that half hour's walk! He is delighted with his place. The family is delighted with him, and I am delighted with him; and I am delighted with every body. We have, in some sense, tied up his Excellency to his good behaviour. I believe after all he partakes of the homage towards this extraordinary man, and is afraid of him, obscure and humble as he is.

How are you, my dear Jacinta, in that cage of yours on the resounding sea? Is your husband as dear to you as ever? I hope when I see him, fierce Royalist as he is, yet to make him a convert to the cause of the Patriots. I lean that way sadly myself. The refreshment of a long, frank, and cordial letter from you is almost the only thing necessary to complete the present sum of my enjoyments. I am too happy. I tremble and look up in fear of some concealed and suspended thunderbolt. Commend me I beseech you to the Holy Mother, and believe me affectionately, &c.

Mexico, March, 1822.

DEAREST JACINTA,

The standard of the Patriots is again unfurled, I am told, and directly in view of your castle, in the city of Vera Cruz. With how little ceremony they treat emperors, and kings, and great men in these evil days, upon

which we are fallen. I suppose the royal cavalier, so dear to you, sees with an equal eye the fighting of Patriots and Imperialists. Both are alike hostile to him, and when these parties have mutually worried and weakened each other, he, the third person, can with so much the more ease fall upon the victor and destroy him. To him all this fighting may be matter of indifferent regard. Not so to me. A man dearer to me than liberty, or country, or home, or all the world, except my dearer parents, and, the Virgin forgive me! except my mother, dearer than even they, is going to join himself to the Patriot standard. I sometimes flatter myself that I am a Patriot by instinct. Since I have been acquainted with this man I have learned to read English; I have been deeply engaged in the American history. What a great country! What a noble people! Compare their faces and persons with those of the people here, and what a difference! There is something independent and severe in the appearance and person of these people. There is not a book in my father's library that treats of them, or their history, but what I have thoroughly conned. But to my story; I am extremely cautious how I indulge in the society of this man. If he learned the half of my impatience to enjoy his society, I fear he would hold me cheap. For they say, at least my mother says, that men will not love too much love, or value any thing that comes cheap. In fact I dare not treat myself too much, or too often with that high and intoxicating enjoyment, and I economize every moment of it, and feel as though I had acquired a title to enjoy it by forbearance before the treat. I affect a distance and reserve in his presence, that appears to give him pain, as I know it does me. It is true, he has not complained in words. But there is often a modest remonstrance in his manner which taxes me with cruelty, more painfully than any words he could utter. We had a long walk together yesterday. To give us countenance, and to screen our purpose, Laura started with us, and as

soon as we were beyond view, she kindly left us to ourselves. How deeply this child has read the chapter of the heart! And what was the fruit of this solitary ramble? the very anticipation of which was sufficient to rouse my pulses to fever quickness! Why, we walked side by side most lovingly indeed, but as silent as stock doves. He sighed, poor fellow, and I sighed. He said yea—and I said Amen. He looked at San Puebla, which is now casting up ruddy flames amidst its pillars of smoke, and his eye kindled for a moment, but he soon returned to his sighs again. Once he met me, as I well remember, with a kind of saucy recklessness. But now, when he steals a glance at me, his eye quails, and when to assist me in passing, he takes my hand, his absolutely trembles. My heart thanks him, for I feel that these are the tremors of a subdued heart. He came out at last with the principal secret, and told me that he was about leaving this city for Vera Cruz. It was now my turn to show emotion; and it was at first too great for words. As soon as I became collected from the first surprise, I told him that those who wished him best, wished him nothing better than to stay where he was, and that it was a conduct that militated against his professions to me, to leave a place where he could visit me at his choice. He then informed me, that the Patriot flag was unfurled at Vera Cruz; that his principles, his predilections, and he added, as his cheek reddened, his detestation of Iturbide and his minions forbade him to remain in an inglorious pursuit here, although he could at any moment look at the town of the mansion of Martha, when honorable men his compatriots were rushing to the tented field. He added, that his determination had been approved by the Conde de Serrea, that he expected appointment and rank in the Patriot army; that there was but one vista through the darkness of his prospects to the only hope of his heart, and that he saw no way for him, but to cut his path through it with his good sword. I know not if I give

them rightly, but at the time I thought them pretty words, and I understood the meaning to be that, he had no hope of gaining me, but by gaining distinction and power at the same time. I saw that his heart sunk at the prospect of leaving me; and as he looked dejected and on the minor key, I believe that I threw as much encouragement as I well could into my manner. I am afraid that he thought me too fond, for I think that I pressed his hand and gave him well and fully to know that, in me he had a tried and sure friend in the garrison. Indeed more soft things were said than there is any use in writing. I conjured him to take care of himself and not be rash. I cautioned him against the assassin-dagger of Don Pedro, who is to command the imperial forces against the Patriots; and then I placed before him the dangers of that sultry and sickly climate. I conjured up so many horrors in prospect that my eyes actually filled with tears, and I was obliged to turn away to prevent his seeing them. He had harped on the right string, and I become talkative. I said a thousand things, and some of them I suppose more tender than I should have said. I am sure that he discovered that I was a traitor, for I expressed a decided wish that the Patriots might prevail, and that he might acquire consideration and glory; and if they established a new government, above all things, that he might acquire influence enough to save my father's estate from confiscation. He clearly understood me to mean that, whenever this should be the case, he would be the favored man of my father, as he was now of me. And here, the man habitually so guarded in the expression of his feelings, fell into a most amiable fit of raptures, and made a great many protestations of love and respect and all that, and he talked so fast, and so fervently, and withal managed the thing so well, that I was obliged to let him run on. At seven in the evening I was obliged to tear myself away from him and see my persecutor. I told him so; and told him moreover that when he saw

with how much patience I bore this torture, I wished him to copy it.

I saw this hateful man. My parents have been saying every thing but just enough to break my heart, in order to have me do, or at least say something decisive before he sets out on his campaign. I have a firm persuasion, that it will be a decisive one; and may God grant that it may for ever take from him the power of tormenting me, or any one else. He, too, made his speech and fell on his knees. To get rid of him, I assured him that, if he would leave me free and unmolested to the end of the campaign, I would give him a decisive and final answer. He received it to be my intention then to grant his request. How could I help it? I wished to be sincere. It is for them who place these temptations in my way, to answer for it if false hopes are raised. At any rate, I am rid of him for the present, and I breathe easier. I have gained time, and God, I trust, will help the right cause. Don't you think that this child Laura has threatened to like her father's secretary herself! Certainly, she said, when she admitted that she was pleased with him, "You know it would only be necessary to let him be informed of this liking; and even if I am not as pretty as you, he would no longer expose himself to the danger of assassination and yellow fever, for one fine girl, when he knows that he could have another fine one gratis. And then your father being old, stingy, and wilful, will never consent to this thing, and it will be only necessary for me to affect a little fit of the agony of a broken heart, and my good parents would consent to any thing."

In continuation.

Another proof of the villany of that villanous man, his Excellency Don Pedro. Notwithstanding all his protestations of burying the hatchet, on leaving this place for the army in good will to my beloved, he went directly from these professions to plot his assassination. He

was returning, as I heard it, from the theatre to his lodgings through a dark alley, and he and his servant were beset by assassins. Pistols were fired, and dirks drawn. But Mr. Berrian and his servant played their parts so manfully that they kept the villains at bay, until the police came up, and one of them was apprehended. He admitted who was his employer, and such is the present terror of the power of Don Pedro, that the murderer was discharged at once. The wretch has now left the city. Heaven grant it may be for ever! And my dear preserver, too, is gone! I comfort myself that heaven has preserved him for some great and good purpose, or he would not have escaped so many perils, which make it seem as if he bore a charmed life. I saw him a moment before his departure. I can never forget his manner of taking leave. There is a reality in deep and genuine love. With him the uncertainty and suspense of his case, for certainly he does not want encouragement, has given an air of sacredness and purity to his passion in perfect keeping with his character. He said that the favored warriors of other days in my country had generally carried to the field some little token or souvenir from the lady of their hopes, but that the most he could hope even from a fortunate return, would be that my family would not absolutely disavow his cause, and that he should not find me another's, and that other his bitterest enemy. I replied, that nothing justified this desponding tone. You know my feelings full well. In these degenerate days people are but too apt to estimate causes by their success. Return victorious, and you may hope all that you wish. But when he grasped my hand and said *A Dios*, I shed tears in abundance, and said a number of foolish things, upon which the wicked man actually pressed my cheek for the first time with his lips. He is gone, and though for others a more brilliant sun never shone, to me the blessed light of heaven is gloom. I am dispirited and in tears. Heaven preserve him!

The blessed Virgin watch over him! If he should fall, notwithstanding all my folly, he will never know, he will never dream, to what an extent I have loved him.

Mexico, April, 1822.

DEAREST JACINTA,

I envy you, for you are daily near him, who occupies all my thoughts. And yet such are the horrible barriers of party opinion, your noble minds must be at variance, and you cannot meet him, for he is a Patriot and you are a Royalist. So once was I, and I think fiercer than you. See this man, and but for your husband you would be a Patriot too. But you are married, and for your loyalty to your husband and your king you had best not see him. We have had a large packet from the Patriots, that is, the Condé has had one, and they have had a battle, the Patriots and Imperialists, and the latter had the advantage. Heaven be praised, my beloved is safe, and Sant' Anna writes that he behaved gloriously. He was every where in the thickest of the fight, hunting, I dare say, for his Excellency, my admirer. They have appointed him a Colonel, and he has gained influence and respect far beyond his nominal command. Every despatch is full of his conduct and his praises. I rejoice in his glory with trembling. Angels and the blessed Virgin preserve him, and bring him back in safety with his glory! To be admired and promoted in a cause which the Condé espouses, must be real glory. Then I read his own letter to the Condé written in Spanish. The purity of the language and style, would have done credit to the Royal Academy. Of himself he writes with the perfect modesty and simplicity, of a great man. There was a chasm in the letter, and there, thought I, had he dared, would have been love for me. I kissed the white interval at the thought. He says that Sant' Anna is full of courage, that the Patriots are no ways disheartened, and that the people are every day flocking to their standard. In-

deed the emperor himself looks in doubt, and his eternal simper was this evening exchanged for a look of anxiety, and he appeared the better for it. He had a great deal to say about his Excellency, and his being the firmest prop of his throne, and how impatient I must be to hear from the army, and how anxious for his return! This man of the muddy head has not yet been admitted to the secret of my likes and dislikes; and he is too destitute of penetration to see what is most palpably passing immediately under his eye. And then, having praised his Excellency, thick and three fold, he began to anoint me in the same way. There are certain little liberties which he thinks it a great honor to bestow upon his favorites. He seemed disposed to take them with me. I repelled them, and in a manner which could not be mistaken. I will aver, that the man is not wholly destitute of good feeling; for he blushed even to his red whiskers.

DEAREST JACINTA,

Mexico, May, 1822.

You have made my heart glad with your letter. You say, that you espouse no cause that blinds your understanding, or takes away the power of discriminating truth from error, pretension from reality. That is like you. You have taken interest enough in him from his being dear to me, to inquire him out. You delight me by saying, that his deportment has won all praise, triumphed over envy, and even gained the applauses of your husband. Every generous heart ought to feel the difference between an unprincipled adventurer, and the partizan, whose private life and deportment show, that his heart and his principles are in the cause he espouses; and who in private pities, relieves, and spares those men for whose cause he professes to have taken up arms. It is only necessary to look at him, to see that the motives that have carried him to the field are neither interest nor to take side with the strongest. There is something

that speaks out when the heart is in earnest. I have never seen a man whose manner so strongly evinces that every thing he does, is matter of conscience and principle.

In continuation.

Heaven be praised! they have beaten the Imperialists, and that too, when the tide seemed to have turned against them. All admit that his intrepidity, coolness, and conduct retrieved the fortunes of the day, and turned the tide back upon the foe. He was covered with blood and glory, and yet came off from the conflict unharmed. I have returned my *Te Deum* on my bended knee. There are a thousand opinions here. Even my father seemed to doubt the imperial cause, and to waver for a moment. He admitted that every one allowed the palm of admirable conduct to his schoolmaster! I told him, that the schoolmaster would yet play an important part here, and have a hundred times as much real and efficient influence as these miserable puppets that sustain and enact their parts in the ludicrous farce of Imperialism for a day. But he is old, and, Heaven forgive me! he is obstinate and insists on the miserable old saw, that a "bird in the hand," &c., and concludes with the prophecy, that Don Pedro will return in triumph, and that if there should be any overturn as I predict, it will be the putting down the present emperor, to put up in his place his future son-in-law. Bryan's favorite saw, "two words to that bargain," came to my memory in answer to my father's proverb. How I long to see my hero!

In continuation.

Another battle and he is wounded! Oh, why cannot I be there to nurse him, to read to him, and cheer him! You have sent your surgeon to him, to dress his wound. You would have won my everlasting love by that act, if you had not ensured it before. Jacinta, if I have any weight with the holy father, you shall be canonized. How

noble it is, and how like you to do good to your enemies! Enemies! There cannot be enmity between two such minds as yours and his. I regret, for this turn, that I am not a professor of the Order of Mercy. Then I could go and nurse him without reproach. I have not a doubt but I could help him more than your surgeon. The report of the day is, that his Excellency is retreating upon Xalapa. Then he is so much nearer me, and as soon as my hero is recovered, so will he be too. They are marching strong detachments from this city to the aid of the Imperialists, and the Patriot ranks are filling up still faster. My heart exults in the glory acquired by my beloved. But it is too expensive, and purchased at too much hazard. I awake by night, and think I hear the guns they are firing upon him. In this view I could almost rejoice that he has received a wound, not dangerous, but sufficient to detain him a while from danger. You will congratulate me upon one point gained. My mother has become a Patriot, and in the presence of my father, has expressed a decided opinion, that their cause ought to prevail, and will prevail. She stated at the same time that she was no longer and never would be again opposed to my love, and that if I can gain my father's consent she is perfectly willing to break with Don Pedro and give me to the other. I embraced her at the moment and had almost stifled her with kisses. She requested me not to caress her to death at that time, for that she wished to live and see me happy. This full, and decided expression of her feelings has not been made, without raising a domestic storm. My father seems to cling more resolutely to his ship now that it seems to be sinking. But for me all my omens are of good. The earth seems to have caught my delight! The city clocks move faster! The birds have learned a new song, and the very *leperos* seem good and handsome. At the *Tertulia* without being conscious of it, every one seems to enter into my joy. I am sure he will yet be mine. I

have always had a presentiment of it. What a sober, quiet, domestic, stay-at-home wife I should make. I could knit or embroider a gear at a sitting, so that he were with me. I would live with him on Crusoe's island without Friday. I fear that I am too happy, and dread a reverse.

Mexico, July, 1822.

DEAREST JACINTA,

I have this day received a package of your letters at once. I do not wonder at your astonishment that you have had no news of me for a long time. It is a miracle that you should ever hear of me again as an inhabitant of this earth. Oh! what have I not suffered? I have lived fifty years in a month, and I have performed, oh! such a penance for my sins. Surely, I must have sinned deeply. But I hope my trials have not been without their use. I am sure that I am more sober; that I have acquired some practical philosophy, and that my pulses will never beat so tumultuously again. But you shall have the sad story of my sufferings. The evening after my mother had at last come out with that decided preference for Mr. Berrian, that I mentioned to you; too happy to sit still, and in a frame of mind, to muse in the moonlight and inhale the delicious evening breeze, and think upon that man, I bade the duenna walk with me and I took the direction of the lake, for we live near that extremity of the city. It was very imprudent I grant you, in these times of distraction and misrule. But I felt so happy and in such a delightful frame of mind to enjoy the evening! and I felt too as if I was strong in the strength of his protecting arm. We had cleared the city and were approaching the lake before we remarked that a carriage with servants wearing the Imperial livery followed us. An apprehensive suspicion flashed across my mind, but was instantly driven out by a pleasanter train of thought. We continued to walk on for nearly half a

league, and the duenna remarked to me that the carriage followed at the same pace and kept the same distance. A shivering terror of some unknown danger pervaded my mind, as I perceived that she remarked rightly. We immediately turned on our steps for the city. The carriage stopped in a notch of the causeway. Petrified with terror, I stopped too; but not long, for a man muffled in a cloak and followed by two servants made towards me. I shrieked and ran as fast as the unwieldy duenna could follow me. I was overtaken in a moment. The stranger grasped me in his arms, and the servants at the same moment caught the screaming and struggling duenna. Indignation and the spirit of my father returned upon me. I sternly asked him what he wanted, for that if it was my money and jewels they were at his service. He replied that he was aware that I had not so mistaken his object; that I could not but have conjectured by whom, and for what purpose he was employed. Lest I should still doubt, he told me that he was ordered to convey me safely and respectfully, if I would allow him, to Xalapa, there to meet my affianced husband; that he was instructed to explain so much of his object in order to allay any unfounded apprehensions, and to set my mind at ease as to my destination. That for the rest, he hoped I would enter the carriage that waited for me, cheerfully, when I knew his purpose; for in that case he was charged to use his best and most respectful exertions to render the journey pleasant. But that his commands were positive, and his business urgent, admitting neither hesitation nor delay; and that his instructions were to bring me to his Excellency at Xalapa, respectfully, if I would, or forcibly, if he must; and he begged me to fix upon the alternative.

I put down the coward at my heart, and talked firmly and indignantly, and told him that none but a robber would be employed in such a purpose, or would commit such an outrage upon a man, much less upon a defenceless woman; that he might by brute force carry my per-

son to Xalapa, but that my mind was free, and I spurned equally at his control and his master's; and that I would prefer to yield a thousand lives in succession, rather than put myself in his bad power. I cautioned him that the times were dubious, and that his employer might not always be, as now, in power, and that he might one day be called to account for this evening's outrage. More than all, I threatened him with the utmost vengeance of a powerful father, who had but me, and would deeply avenge this detestable outrage. He replied with ironical coolness, that he had no idea of engaging in a war of reasonings, in which I was sure to have the better of the argument; and that he was happy to set my mind at rest, as it regarded the interference of my father, and that if I wished it, he would show me a letter from him to his Excellency, the commander in chief, in which the latter is authorized to take such measures with me as he shall deem expedient, so that the result of them be, that you are joined together in holy wedlock.

Having said this, he observed that he was in great haste, and begged to know, whether he should have the honor to escort, or to carry me to the carriage. It was obvious that his purpose was fixed. Trusting to my future chances, and judging that I should be able the better to avail myself of them if I preserved my coolness, I told him, that I was aware into what hands I had fallen; that I did not doubt his ability or his will, in a trial of brute strength with a defenceless woman; that I preferred settling the point with the master rather than the man, and that if he would allow my woman to accompany me, I would trust to my chance to escape, or to awe his master after I should arrive, and that I would go with him; for that in the last resort of outraged liberty I had resources beyond his or mortal control. "Remember," I cried, "that I take this woman with me, and that you pledge yourself not so much as to pollute me again with the touch of your hand, and that I submit to this indignity to

avoid the still greater one of compulsion." "Much obliged to you, madam," said he, with an air of grinning irony. "You speak like Cicero. Every article of the treaty shall be religiously observed, and if you are not the first to infringe that article which binds us to mutual silence, you are no woman." He opened the carriage door without offering me his arm, and I sprang into it as though I were embarking on a party of pleasure. He lifted the duenna in after me, mounted himself, closed the door, gave a signal, and we were whirled away.

Words would but weakly portray my thoughts and feelings. We were hardly passed the causeway from the city, before we were joined by a number of armed persons on horseback, and among others, I recognised my father's confidential servant, which circumstance instantly enlightened me as to the truth of what had just been told me, that my father was privy to this outrage, and not only consenting to, but aiding it. "This was the unkindest cut of all." I was obliged to think that he was seeking what was my happiness, according to his notion of it, in order to avoid thinking of my father in a way the very thought of which would be terrible to my heart. We drove on in silence; for when the man made a movement as if to speak, I insisted upon the terms of the treaty. I heard the distant tones of the bells in the city softening and diminishing in the distance. Finally, all faded away but the rattling of the wheels and the trample of the horses. All hope of rescue or return was at an end.

We stopped for a moment, and I called my father's servant by name, and asked him the use of carrying me so far from home to excite consternation and alarm at least, with my mother, only to have the pleasure of carrying me back again? The man replied, (with a shortness which evinced, that he had nothing to fear) that he would answer all this to my father, and to no one else. I contented myself with hoping the pleasure of being one day able to punish his insolence, and I relapsed into my former silence.

At three in the morning we came to the mountains. The person who was with us in the coach descended, and made a motion for me to follow him. I perceived that the whole escort amounted to twenty persons. The master of the gang told me that he was obliged so far to infringe the treaty, as to inform me that we were to tarry here until the rising of the sun, and that I should be obliged to proceed the rest of the way on a mule, and that he hoped I would devote the interval to rest, for that the remainder of the journey would be fatiguing. I went into the *meson*, and was shown by the servant to a bed, and my duenna had one prepared beside me. I called up the recollections of Spanish romances I had read, in which, under the aforesaid provisions, distressed damsels sat up all night. But in disregard to the precedent, I reflected that I should need all my strength and composure for the scenes that were before me, and that, to make the best of my present situation, would be most likely to give me energy and endurance, for whatever I might have to encounter. Accordingly, I went to bed, and dreamed that Mr. Berrian rode up, the handsomest officer I had ever seen, at the head of a fine regiment, and that at the sight of him all my persecutors shifted for themselves; and I was dreaming further, and would have dreamed on in this way for ever, when I was awakened by the summons of my conductor. I arose, was dressed, mounted my mule, and requested them to lead on. In the multitude of my sad thoughts within me, as we were slowly mounting one hill after another, I reflected, that I was the first distressed damsel, so far as I had read, who accompanied those who carried her off, so peaceably and voluntarily. I quieted this uneasy reflection by considering again that distressed damsels, if they had good sense, were as strongly called upon to use it, as others, and that it was better to bear the yoke willingly, which I plainly saw I must bear at some rate. Besides, I hoped that an apparent submission to my fate might throw these people

off their guard, and allow me the only chance which the case admitted of escape. So I made a grand effort to exclude every object from my thoughts, but the delightful one of my recent dream.

In this way we advanced constantly, but slowly, avoiding, as I discovered, the great road, and following for the most part, mule-paths among the mountains, until we arrived in view of the beautiful city of Xalapa. It was a lovely view to me, even in the deplorable situation in which I was placed. Cradled among mountains, its air is balm, its scenery inspiring, and the blue of its atmosphere more soft than that of any place that I had ever seen. At sight of the town my heart began to palpitate, and I was alternately faint and then my face glowed. I faintly breathed the dear name instead of that of the Virgin Mother, and as though there were relief and protection in the name; the spirit of my fathers began to stir within me, and indignation began to inspire me with the requisite self-possession. It was just bright morning, and the morning gun was fired in the city, just as we halted. I was left under guard of the rest, and my conductor went forward, as I suppose, to report his progress and success to his employer. It was nearly an hour before he returned, and I had a fine opportunity to meditate how I should conduct in the approaching emergency. I revolved every conceivable plan of address and action, and ended by feeling the impossibility of anticipating a conduct proper for every supposable case, and determined simply to act according to circumstances.

My conductor returned, and the escort marched through various streets in the city. It halted at last in front of a spacious and splendid building, which they called the palace. I was ordered to alight, and my conductor led the way up a flight of marble stairs to a piazza, from which a door opened into a spacious saloon. A lady dressed gaily, and with rather a handsome person, but of a bold and disagreeable manner, requested me to be seated.

She informed me that his Excellency, the commanding general, would have the honor to wait upon me as soon as he had finished some important business that could not be deferred. I replied, that it was a thing altogether undesired on my part to see his Excellency, as she called him, at all; and that the longer his important duties detained him, the better I should be pleased. "Indeed, madam," said she, "that is astonishing! I should have supposed that ladies were more alike in their tastes. The bravery and gallantry of our noble general has won every heart here. I am told, madam, that he has done you the infinite honor to elect you for his bride, and that with the consent of your noble father, he has brought you here to celebrate the nuptials. You can scarcely imagine how much you will be envied this distinguished honor. You have only to fear that some jealous rival will mix poison with your beverage before it reaches you." I found the drift of her discourse, and simply replied, "Madam, I have not the honor of knowing you, nor the taste to like you, and when you have said all that you have on your mind, I hope you will have the goodness to relieve me of the pleasure of your company." She made a low and sweeping courtesy, and said that she felt very much oppressed at heart, that she had not the good fortune to please me in the same degree as she long had my future husband; that, as to leaving the elected bride of his Excellency alone, just on her introduction to his palace, and on the eve of being united to him, was a thing not to be thought of, and that the general would never forgive her such rudeness. I smiled in her face, threw as much contempt as I could into my manner, and reclined on the sofa with the assumed ease and insolence of a high bred lady, and made up my countenance for meeting his Excellency.

It was nearly noon when he came, and if I had not had such just cause for indignation and terror, I should have pitied the wretch, when he approached me. He had tasked himself to the utmost, to assume the *nonchalance*

and tooth-pick insolence of a hero, who visits a subdued and imprisoned enemy. The moment he saw my look of high defiance, his insolence forsook him. His cheek was blanched, and he began stammering something about love and promises, and the consent of my father, and my recreant and degrading taste for the vile traitor, the Yankee adventurer. I heard him calmly to the end, and then I opened upon him. Our language is rich in terms of *belittlement*, hatred, and contempt; and I was fluent in the use of them. I told him that if he had possessed at the first, a single rudiment of any thing that was noble in man, his birth, fortune, and equality of condition, together with the wishes of my parents, would, undoubtedly, have gained my consent to a union with him, before I had ever seen any thing better. But, that the moment he persevered in his suit, propped by his interest with my parents, after he was assured he never could have mine, he became to me, not simply an object of dislike, but of loathing; for that a man who would in any way impose himself on a woman as a husband, after he knew she disliked and wished to avoid him, must be a tyrant and a coward, unworthy of a generous thought. I admitted that I did indeed love the American adventurer, as he had called him, with my whole heart, and I had thought, since I had known him, that my aversion to his Excellency had indeed increased by contrasting characters so very opposite. I hinted at his having fished him from the water. Not to be outdone in this strain, he reminded me, that much as that adventurer wanted birth and condition, he had invited him to decide their mutual pretensions in single combat, which he had declined. I replied by reminding him that the opportunity, so sought, did afterwards occur; "and I remember," I continued, "that there were two accounts of that affair, the one by him, and the other by yourself, and they materially differed; I presume you understand which I believed." This allusion transported him beyond all forbearance. He reddened

ed with rage, turned on his heel, traversed the room twice or thrice with rapid strides, and then placing himself full before me, and summoning all his coolness, he said, "Madam, I see it is useless to contend with you in the war of words. I shall not condescend to any farther discussion. You are mine, because I have power, and love you. You are mine, because I entertain a deadly hatred towards the man you love. In the double game, which you have played between him and me, you are mine by implied engagement. You are mine by your father's consent, and even assistance, as you discover. All these indignant airs only give my pretty caged bird a more engaging appearance to me. Make yourself comfortable and at home here. You are mistress of the palace and of its master. To-morrow, perhaps, or the next day, or at my convenience and leisure, you will accompany me to a *hacienda* in the mountains. Father Josephus and your father's servant will be in waiting, and your duenna on your part, to witness to earth and heaven, that you are my lawful wedded wife. You will hardly attempt to show any more of these airs, when you discover that they only render you more piquant, and to my taste." He could not however, resist the cool smile of contempt that I gave him, and grinding his teeth, and half drawing his sword, he uttered a horrid curse, that I should then be his, alive or dead.

His countenance while he uttered these words was horrible, and I felt a sinking faintness at heart which I disguised by turning away from him, apparently in contempt. I only added, "You may, perhaps, carry me there, and my poor father may have abetted this horrid purpose. I will promise nothing beforehand. The same Providence which has so mercifully interposed for me before, will not forsake me now in this my hour of extreme need. When it comes to the worst I can only die, and the thought that I was your wife would blast me as surely as a thunder-stroke. You have taught me, what I thought was impos-

sible, to abhor you more than ever. I hope that, until this dreadful hour of removal, I am at least to have the relief of being left alone to think on him who has so often delivered us both, and who little thought, when he last spared you in battle, that he spared a viper to sting him, and all that was dear to him, to death." He replied, that if it would comfort me, to have one more solitary night for such pleasing remembrances, he had promised my father that, up to the time when he should have the claims of a husband, I should be left to myself. Saying this, he withdrew.

The remainder of the day and the ensuing night, passed, as before, except, that the lady, of whom I spoke, showed herself only at supper. Early the next morning I made my way into the street, and attempted to get out of the town and escape. At first, I was exposed to the insults of the soldiery, of which the town was full. But it was soon discovered who I was. The commander was sent for, and he met me in the street, half a mile from his residence. I was wearied and frightened, and subdued, and I wept like a child. I fell on my knees before him in the street, and in presence of his brutal soldiers, and implored him by his mother, his sisters, and the blessed Virgin, to let me travel on foot and alone to Vera Cruz. "You need not go there," said he, "to see the adventurer. He is expected here every hour, at the head of the rebel troops to besiege me, and my sweet bride in the palace. What a charming solace we shall have for passing the dull days of the siege!" It was in vain that I wept and implored the officers, soldiers, and passengers. The soldiers were ordered to take me by force and carry me home; and I was conveyed there as if I had been a corse.

The dreadful hour was approaching; and I was but too well apprized of the lengths, to which he was prepared to go. I had reserved a knife which I used for preparing pens and paring my nails, for an emergency. I had always believed him the kind of person that men

call a coward, and I had determined when we should be alone, to operate upon his fears by a show of assault. I dared hardly think of using it for another purpose, for I had religious scruples in regard to suicide. I searched, and found that it was gone. He was now with me alone, assuring me that he should not leave me again until the coach came to convey us to the *hacienda*. I had read of fictitious personages in such cases acting in heroics. For me, I felt that I was but a feeble, trembling woman. I again fell on my knees before him. I folded my hands in the attitude of the most earnest supplication. I said, "Forgive me, Don Pedro. I will use words of harshness to you no more. I will strive to love you, and obey you, and become whatever you wish. I cannot pass at once from hatred to love. Allow me but four days and at the end of that time"—and I hesitated. "And what at the end of four days," asked he. "At the end of four days," I answered, "I will either consent to marry you, or die. Grant me this, I beseech you, by the many days which we have spent together when I did not hate you, when I believed that I might one day love you." "That, madam," said he, "will never do. You have fooled me long enough, and I see your only object is to gain time, until the Yankee can come to your relief. 'The present time,' the proverb says, 'is the only time.' I must avail myself of it." While this was passing, the carriage, that was to convey us away, drove to the door. The hateful woman appeared to accompany me. I remember nothing farther, except a certain swimming in my head, and that the room and every object was inverted, and whirled round. I did not awake to consciousness, until after midnight. The faithful duenna was weeping by my side. A physician and a priest were in the apartment. Don Pedro came to my bedside, and they came with him. I felt tranquil, but so extremely weak, as hardly to be able to articulate. I heard the physician inform him, that in my present situation, the least motion or alarm would be

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fatal to me. I felt my strength and my powers returning with my consciousness, and was sensible that my faintness had been that of extreme terror. But I carefully imitated, as well, and as closely as I could, the symptoms which had been so recently real. I had the inexpressible satisfaction to find that the physician was deceived by this counterfeiting, and advised him to leave me to repose, of which I feebly expressed my need. Two servants were left with candles in the remote part of the room, and the faithful duenna sat by my side. You may be sure I had no thoughts of repose. Not many minutes after the wretch left me, I saw through the blinds the flash, and instantly afterwards heard the report of a cannon, and a continued and terrific shouting of voices. Shortly after a person came into the room and uttered something in a whisper. The attendant women cried out, "Jesu Maria!" and began to wring their hands. "We are besieged," they cried. "The North American general besieges us. Oh! the horrid creature! He spares neither aged nor infants, lay women nor professed;" and they crossed themselves and comforted themselves with a prayer, that the general might beat them off. How tumultuously my bosom throbbed! The cannon pealed again and again, and every discharge seemed in my ear the noble voice of my deliverer announcing to me, that relief was at hand.

In continuation.

My tormentor came and went, and deep anxiety sat upon his countenance. I made it a point to lie perfectly still in bed, and my entire abstinence from all refreshment for some time, had given me the paleness and languor of real disease. The second day of my confinement in this way, I heard a louder and more continued cannonade, the crash of small arms in the intervals, and then infuriated shouts of the assailants, and sometimes the shrieks of the besieged. The attendants came into

the room on tip-toe and in a whisper, but their countenances evinced, that their terrors were real, not the offspring of idle speculation. I made the best interpretation I could, of the broken exclamations and whispers, and I inferred that Don Pedro had made a sortie from the town; that it had been routed and driven back, and that there was hourly danger, that the town would be taken.

I feigned sleep, and the anxiety and terror of my attendants were so great, that they left me alone with the duenna. My pocket-book had not been taken from me. In it was paper and a pencil. I traced on a slip of paper these words: "I am here under the control of Don Pedro. Save me from a destiny worse than death. . ."

I gave this scrawl to the duenna. I was aware of her extreme simplicity, and I gave every caution to enable her to convey it safely to Mr. Berrian. I furnished her with money, and told her that my life depended upon that billet's finding its way to him. She promised her best, and retired; and after a sufficient time, came back with a satisfied countenance, informing that she had hired an Indian with five doubloons, who had promised, on the sign of the cross, to have it conveyed to the Patriot general.

At night Don Pedro returned, and I discovered by his countenance, in extreme anger. The duenna had learned that the garrison had been severely beaten, and that it was the general impression, that the town could hold out but a few days. I might have attributed his anger to this source, but he soon undeceived me. "So," said he, "all this sinking faintness is a mere *ruse de guerre*. I am astonished, that such a beautiful and innocent face can conceal so much intrigue and deception. . . See, traitress, that there are others as wise as yourself. That infernal rebel may learn that you are here, and be urged to save you from an event so much more terrible than death. But the information, you discover, has to pass

through my hands, and I must immediately possess the rights of a husband, to enable me rightly to dispose of your billet. There is some probability, that the rebel may render it expedient for us to evacuate the town, and retreat to a place more central to our resources. But we must be wedded before we leave this place. You will prepare yourself in a couple of hours for a visit from the father confessor. He has resided long, in that capacity, in your father's family, and you must feel it a great privilege, to have him solemnize the marriage. It is a fortunate contingency that he arrived yesterday with despatches from the emperor, and has consented to perform this service for us. I recommend to you the same wisdom which you showed in your journey hither. You will have to submit, and I could wish it were cheerfully, to the unavoidable necessity of your condition. Trick, feint, deception will neither create surprise, inspire pity, nor obtain delay. The thing may be worse than death now; but, as one of your cursed English poets has said, you will first 'loathe, endure, and then embrace.' " Saying this he put the billet, which I had sent to Mr. Berrian, before me, and retired.

My resolution was formed the moment he was gone. I threw my arms round the neck of my only friend and adviser, the simple and faithful duenna, and was relieved by a burst of tears. My heart would else have broken. The long and tried affection of this kind servant manifested itself in earnest prayers for me to the blessed Virgin, and she made a vow, which she never made except in extreme trials, and which, she assured me, had never failed but in one instance, to obtain an answer. She assisted me to throw on my dress. I arose and summoned to my aid the whole energy of my nature, resolving to keep myself as cool, and my eye as steady as possible, to seize the proper moment and course of action. One thing was determined, that Don Pedro should never be able to call me his wife. The duenna's vow seemed to

be answered, for I felt nerved to any point of daring. Nevertheless, when I heard the ascending footsteps of the expected party, my heart began to palpitate, my respiration became laborious, and the apartment, as before, began to whirl round. I was again unconscious for some time. The terror of the parties when I began to recover evinced that they were aware there had been no deception in this fainting. There were in the apartment the woman whom I first saw on entering the house, some other women dressed in tawdry finery, that might be servants, my father's head servant, the father Josephus, and Don Pedro. The duenna hung over me sobbing and holding volatile salts for me to smell, and rubbing my temples with the same. Don Pedro approached me and essayed to take my hand. The touch instantly thrilled through my frame, and restored to me all my native energy. I arose, put by his hand, and passed him towards the father. "Father," said I, "I have not thought well of you for a long time. You have now a chance to redeem my good opinion, and for ever ensure my gratitude. You have seen how suddenly things change here. To serve me now, may be one day of service to you. What is this horrible farce that you are about to enact? You, a minister of the altar, and abet this horrible business? Marriage is a sacrament. There is no union unless both parties consent. Could you conjure a fiend here from his infernal abode, I would wed him as soon as that man. I might at least respect the intellectual powers of the horrible being. Think you, that Heaven will permit such horrible sacrilege as you appear to meditate, to pass unpunished? Why kill the child of your benefactor, that never did you harm? You cannot doubt, after what you have seen, that such an union would kill me at once. I conjure you by your mother, your sister, the blessed Virgin, Jesus who hung on the tree, by the God of whose mysteries you were the minister, let alone this impious mockery. Refuse to have part or lot in it. Interpose

your high authority as the minister of God to reprove and disappoint this wretch."

I pronounced these words in the tone of the most impassioned supplication, and held fast to his pontifical robe. He turned deadly pale, and evidently faltered in his purpose. The greater spirit was evidently subservient to the less, for Don Pedro, in a tone of authority, informed him that all was ready; and bade him proceed in the ceremony. He reminded him of his given word, the consent of my father, and intimated surprise, that so wise a man could hesitate in so just a resolution from the tragic rant of a girl, whose head had been turned, and whose heart had been polluted and rendered disobedient, by heresy. This was touching the key note, and instantly restored to him his inflexibility of purpose. He began in that deep and awful tone of voice, in which I had so often heard him celebrate the mysteries of our religion in my father's house. His eye was cast up to heaven, and his words seemed to come from the bottom of his breast. "Yea," said he, "it is a sacrament, and one that has been too long deferred. I plead guilty before God and the saints, that when in former time I have been urged by your father to this same course, I have yielded to the motions of a weak and sinful compassion. *Hæc mea culpa.* It is easy to see how deep and fatally that arch heretic has exerted his influence upon you. In solemnizing this marriage, I unite you to your equal in birth and fortune, a husband destined for you from your earliest years, and with whom you played as such in the innocent days of your childhood. I unite you to a true and faithful son of the church, the first subject of your emperor, a man, who has a right to award the honor of his hand where he pleases. In doing it, I secure your temporal happiness against your own perverted heart and judgment. I secure your temporal happiness and honor, and more than all, it is to purify your soul from the taint of heresy, and to secure your eternal salvation, that I commence these holy

mysteries." Saying this, he began the usual services of the church, commanding me the while, in the name of God and the church, to take Don Pedro by the right hand. I indignantly pushed aside the offered hand, and continued in a tone of remonstrance, and in a voice so frantic and loud, that it prevailed over the deep voice of the father's services. These opposing efforts were making at the same moment, and I could hardly make out that he had proceeded to that point of the ceremony, where our mutual responses would have been necessary to its proper validity when I sprang by a strong effort from the two women who, under the semblance of bride-maids, actually held me in my position, and in struggling to open the door and escape I fainted and fell to the floor. My agony of head and heart was too intense, long to allow me the repose of fainting, and I quickly recovered consciousness. A burst of cannon and small arms was heard, followed by shouts and shrieks, and all the wild outcry of a captured city. Father Josephus fled in one direction, and my infamous persecutor in another, and in the next moment I was in the arms of Mr. Berrian! My appearance was a sufficient comment on the duenna's narrative. I was as pale as death, and my hair was disheveled. He hung over me with the tenderness of a mother, who watches the return of a child from a fainting fit. His countenance had hardly relaxed from the sternness of recent slaughter, and his clothes and sword were stained with blood. My visible agony, the dreadful extremity in which he found me, and the tale of my sufferings melted the young warrior to tears, which I for my part could have kissed away as they formed in his eye. "Dearest Martha," said he, "let me wash away these stains. You see I am polluted with blood. But it was no time for scruples and feminine terrors." I clung to him as if the horrors, from which I had just escaped, were still impending. Officers were every moment calling upon him for orders, and every thing abroad was in the confusion of a city recently captured. I

saw that he wished to be abroad and with me at the same moment. "O! leave me not," said I, "for you cannot imagine the misery from which you have saved me. Was ever deliverance so great and opportune? The victim you have so often rescued from destruction is now yours, and yours forever."

While I was thus clinging to him, and weeping on his bosom for joy, and the duenna devouring his disengaged hand with kisses, the shrieks and exclamations in our vicinity gave a terrible evidence of the lawless outrages of an infuriated soldiery in a captured city. He made a great effort of self-conquest, placed a guard of his countrymen about me, and tore himself from my grasp, saying, that "delightful as it was, to spend these moments of deliverance and joy with me, the highest of all duties called him away from selfish enjoyment, and that he must prevent the indiscriminate massacre of the citizens. Dear Martha," said he, "compose and assure yourself. You have nothing to fear. I will restore order and stay the fury of the soldiers, and then return on the wings of love and impatience." "Yes," answered I, in the foolish transports of the moment; "but you cannot escape me so easily. I have suffered the terror of distraction too long to forego the assurance of your protection for a moment. Where you go, I will go." Another general burst of shrieks came upon our ears. I looked in his face, and my own sense of duty returned. I relinquished his arm. "Go," said I, "restrain those wretches. Be to others what you have been to me. God forbid that I should turn the current of your humanity and protection from other unfortunates."

The moment he left me a shiver of terror ran through my frame, as though the recent horrors, from which he had delivered me, were about to press on me again. My guard was commanded by a young American officer of noble appearance, who did every thing to restore my

courage, assuring me that my persecutor was gone with all his train, and that I was in no danger while his strength and his good sword lasted. Notwithstanding these assurances, the hour of his absence seemed to me an age. In an hour he returned in a superb uniform. All stains of blood had disappeared, and he had the firm and tranquil port of command, and the eye and manner of one, who had so lately guided the storm in mercy, had restored tranquillity and confidence to the trembling citizens, and had tied up the unbridled fury of his soldiers. "Order and quiet," said he, "are now re-established, and the two coming hours, my dear Martha, are wholly to you. The Imperialists have left us in quiet possession of the city, and we shall remain here for the present." How little did I expect this excess of joy! All that were present, except the duenna and Bryan, whose fresh Irish face sparkled with joy, saw that we should prefer to be alone. I could not find it in my heart to banish these persons, who participated so keenly in the joy of my deliverance.

When all had retired but those before whom I felt no restraint, after the thousand earnest and broken exclamations natural to our case, after the numerous questions, that received no answers, had passed, and we had become sufficiently calm to listen to narrative, Mr. Berrian informed me, that Bryan, who acted as a kind of aid, and was always by his side during the siege, brought him intelligence only this morning, how I was situated. "We had determined on the assault of this place to-morrow," said he. "This information anticipated the fate of the place one day. I gave instant orders for the assault. It was a fierce and bloody struggle. But the Imperialists fought without a commander, and of course much of their effort was wasted, because directed to no given object. I arrived here, it appears, at the fortunate moment. For though such a constrained and abominable union ought never to have bound your duty or conscience for a moment, I am perfectly sensible, that I have delivered you

from painful scruples, and I am most happy in thinking, that Don Pedro has not the miserable satisfaction of saying, that the forms of this outrage were consummated." He gave me various other details of his short campaign, and taking my hand, which perhaps I should have withdrawn, but did not, and looking timidly in my face, he asked, "Dearest Martha, what now? I am made a kind of fair-weather and guerilla general. The short-lived Imperial pageant is crumbling to ruins. Don Pedro will fall with his master. I cannot but flatter myself, that whatever order of things shall arise upon these ruins, I shall have enough influence and consideration to secure your father's estate from confiscation. What shall I say further, Martha? You know my heart too well, to need any declarations more. I am perfectly sensible of the inequality between us in many points. But I feel as if I had claims. Should you be disposed to try me farther, or refer me to new contingencies in a country so distracted, I fear I should turn tyrant in my turn. I am a general, dear Martha, at your service, and just at this moment am in great authority. Are you disposed for ever to renounce Don Pedro, and titles and hereditary honors, and become the wife of a simple citizen of the United States? If not, I give you sufficient warning, that I shall carry you off by a dark lanthorn, to a distant and haunted castle, or a den, or cavern, or something of that sort, and compel you amidst the howling of wolves, and by the terrors of a platoon of soldiers, to say, 'Yea, and Amen.'" "Indeed, general," said I, doing homage by a sufficient bow to his epaulets, "you need not use compulsion with a willing subject. Provided only, that the solemnity be consecrated with the rites of my mother-church, and in presence of my dearest mother, who has given her full and unqualified consent, you can take the Donna Miguela Martha de Alvaro for your true and wedded wife, whenever you choose. To be the wife of the general," here I bowed as in duty, "and a citizeness of the United States, fills all

my present desires. I mean not to infringe decorum or self-respect. But to put the risk of being separated from my dear deliverer, and falling once more into the base hands of Don Pedro as much as possible out of the question, I shall not, except by compulsion allow myself to be separated from the escort of the general again, until he shall deliver me over to the protection of my dear mother."

You may suppose that he said kind things back again, and he did so; and it was a kind of contest which should say the most civil and affectionate things. He is one of those men, who show to most advantage when contemplated nearest at hand. It is true, he looked none the worse for his epaulets, and for having fought like a hero. I hope you will do me the justice to believe, that though a woman, I am not precisely the person to admire a mere pageant, or to allow my eyes to be caught with a fine person, a sword, and lace. How simple, and yet how dignified is this man in private! Even after this unequivocal giving myself up to him,—remember the situation in which I was placed,—the same man who had just driven the legions of the enemy before him, and who came to me fresh from the slaughter of an assaulted city, took the hands of a simple girl who threw herself into his arms, with trembling. I shall never love or respect him less for intimate acquaintance. I have always doubted the man-hating maxims of Rochefoucauld, and I am convinced of the falsity of one of his opinions most frequently quoted, which implies, that no one is great to those who see him in private.

The duenna is confirmed in her persuasion of the efficacy of her vow, and I have promised her a husband, as soon as a good one can be obtained, and she is happy. Bryan talks Irish, and capers for pure joy, for I have told him, that we, neither of us, are ever to leave his master; and I have promised him, that he shall have a *shanty* built to his own notion, either at Durango, or in the

States. For we have already agreed, after the event, (this dear man blushes even now at the word marriage, so we call it *event*, as the Romans through delicacy, softened the term *death*, to the word *decease*.) after the event, we are to live half the year in his country, and half the year in mine. We are thus to migrate with the autumnal birds and the swans. In the autumn we fly to the south, and in the spring return to the north.

Mexico, August, 1822.

DEAREST JACINTA,

I am too happy to write to any being but you, and I begin to credit the old saw, which asserts that happiness makes us selfish. I left myself at the close of my last, along with my general, at Xalapa. Instead of two hours which he promised me, he staid until late at night. Before he left me, he arranged the terms by a message, on which I might stay at the Carmelite convent in that city, as long as he occupied it with his troops. Protestant and heretic as they held him, he has present power, and I fear me, that is the divinity most devoutly worshipped here, as elsewhere. He promises the sisterhood protection. He stations a guard without the walls, and is to be admitted within them at any hour that he chooses. They are to afford the shelter of their sanctuary to me, until he carries me back in triumph to Mexico. The convent is a sweet place, the exact retirement for a mind and heart like mine. It is in a valley, like a sweet isle sheltered in a sea of mountains. Here are fine oaks, the sure indications of health. It has orange groves, and the delicious fruits and flowers of every clime. Amidst its bowers run a number of beautiful and limpid brooks, chafing over pebbles. Hither I was removed, escorted by the youthful general and a select body of troops. At midnight he retired and left me to the notes of the pealing organ, the midnight prayers of the sisters, and to communion with my own thoughts.

In the morning he informed me that volunteer Patriot detachments were crowding to his standard, and that three thousand have already joined him here. He tells me, that he is impatient to see my mother, and that he intends leaving a garrison, commanded by an officer upon whom he can depend, in this city, and persuing Don Pedro to Mexico, whither he is retreating. I replied that I was happy here, and begged him to allow my heart a little repose, assuring him, that if he had the regard, which he pretended for me, he would not leave a place where I was so delightfully situated, and where he could see me without molestation or suspicion. I reminded him how different all this might be elsewhere. "Not at all," he replied. "They never shall take you from me again, Martha. Besides, this is a cause in which every consideration must yield to the requirements of its interests. And I have a confident hope, when I have seen your mother, that we shall find a place there, that will content you as well as this." I could not but admire the patriotism and self-control that led him to pursue his duty against his inclination. I have not a doubt, that he prefers the conversation and society of Martha, to all the pomp and circumstance of war and glory. I told him to do as his sense of duty dictated, for that I was too good a Patriot, to wish to have him sacrifice the interests of the country for love, and that I had enjoyed one day and night beyond the reach of fortune.

He had this day to make a march with a select body of troops to a village, which will require his absence, until to-morrow morning. I shed childish tears at this information, and held his arm, until he gently disengaged himself. To excuse me, remember what I have recently suffered. I followed him as he rode slowly away, until his figure, the waving plumes of his cap, and the troop were lost in the distance. Then I had need of the consolations of religion, the quiet of the sanctuary, the peal-

ing organ, the fragrance of the burning incense, the deep responses of the prayers, to turn my thoughts from idolatry towards a better country. What a dreadful thought, that we must be separated from those we love, not by such absences, terrible as they are, which leave us the confident hope of a return; but to be separated by the the grave, and have the impervious veil of eternity interpose between us and them! Oh! to be separated from him forever! the thought is chilling. I am in thought, weaving the ties of a relation with the earth too tender. Why was the heart formed capable of such intense attachments, and yet to moulder in the dust? And then what say the rigid of my Mother Church about the soul of him, I so dearly love? They term him heretic. Francis Berrian, my beloved, whose every thought is noble, whose impulses are all mercy and kindness, and whose heart is consecrated to purity and virtue, a heretic! And the sly, cruel, selfish, intriguing father Josephus, one of the faithful, and a minister of our mysteries! Jacinta, I remember that you were formerly more liberal than myself, and that you used to say, that a good heretic was better than a bad Catholic. If he is a heretic, I am in fair way to become one too. Holy Virgin defend him! Keep him from the dagger of the assassin, and the sword of the enemy, and until he returns to these walls, may no image of earth, but that of Martha, mingle with his pure dreams.

Mexico, August, 1822.

DEAREST JACINTA,

He returned next day in safety to Xalapa. Don Pedro was too far in advance of him, to be overtaken. He immediately selected a garrison and appointed a commander for this city. He has had news from Sant' Anna, who has captured Queretaro. Having settled his arrangements for leaving this city, he spent the greater part of the day alone with me, in the charming gardens.

and groves of the convent, and such a day! A year of such days would be too much for a state of trial. The next morning he started with his whole force, except the garrison, for Mexico. It was a cheering, and heart-stirring sight, the ceremonial of our leaving, and I think, intended as a kind of *fete* for me. The troops appeared to be in their gayest attire and in high spirits. They filed off in front of the convent gate. The piazza of the convent was filled with all the gaiety and beauty of the city. My general rode a spirited white charger, and many an encomium did the ladies pass upon him, little knowing how my heart concurred in all their praises. They all admitted he was the finest looking man they had ever seen. This with ladies is no small praise. As he came up in front and doffed his military cap and waved his plumes, there was a corresponding waving of handkerchiefs, and fair hands, and a general shout of *Viva la Republica*, and *Viva el Capitan Liberador*. He dismounted and came up to the gate, which was thrown open for the occasion, kissed the hand of the prioress and other religious sisters, and asked their prayers for the success of his cause. The prioress presented him with a consecrated handkerchief, which he received with a respectful address, and what surprised them most, was not his uncommon beauty of form and person, nor his gallant and dignified bearing as an officer, but that he bowed like a king, spoke the true Castilian, and kissed the hand of the prioress, like a devout Catholic. I confess, that a little pride mixed with the love in my heart, when he came to me in the presence of such a concourse, and begged the honor of escorting me to Mexico, and to my mother.

To this request, most gracefully and gallantly made, I bowed like an awkward country girl, and could not find a word of reply. My heart said, "Yea and Amen! To Mexico and as much farther as you choose." Ten of the first officers and select troops formed double parallel

lines. He led me through them, his cap in hand; and theirs were instantly doffed as he passed, and they drew their swords in sign, as they explained it to me, of offering me protection. The moment we were beyond the gate, a beautiful horse, apparently matched to that of the general, was brought me, and another for the duenna. He gracefully assisted me into the saddle. The moment I was seated, the cannons fired. There was what they called a *feu de joie*. The bells struck, and the colors were displayed on the towers in the city. Peal after peal responded from the town. The drums rolled. The piercing notes of the fife were heard. The shouts were re-echoed from the hills. Then there was a momentary interval of silence again. It was broken by renewed peals of cannon, and the army, the citizens, the surrounding multitude, and the spectators on the towers and roofs of the city, rent the air with *Viva el Capitan Liberador*. This was repeated a number of times. Instantly all was still. The hats were replaced. The general uttered the word "March!" in a clear and strong voice, and a full band struck up its slow and plaintive national air, in a note, which seemed in my ear a wait for the dead, exciting in me a thrill of feeling a thousand times more deep, than all that had preceded. Our horses moved off at a slow and measured pace, apparently the result of concert, that every rank might settle into its proper place. We were all mounted, and the trampling of so many thousand horses, produced a sound so grand, and so unlike all that had preceded, that nothing else could convey any similitude of it. How delightful was this journey! How different from the sullen and desponding train of thoughts in which I came here. Jacinta, you came over the sea with the beloved of your heart, and had that long and intimate sojourn with your husband, too. But it seems to me, that I cannot be happier, than I am. I would be content, at any rate, to compound with destiny, and remain always as I am. I can pretend

to convey no idea of his assiduity, tenderness, and gallantry. Not a word, not a look, apparently not a thought escapes him, but what unites the expression of devoted affection with that of vestal purity. He seems to regard me as a kind of hallowed and consecrated thing. Indeed, the second night of our journey, as he led me to my apartment, in a sweet and romantic cottage, which opened into a pretty garden, as we inhaled through the lattice the fragrance of the jessamine and the *multiflora* rose, when he wished me the usual *bon soir*, he drew a deep sigh, which said, as plainly as sigh could say it, that the separation was painful, and that he should have preferred to watch with me all night.

Every hour and every day of this charming journey was a succession of new enjoyments. It appeared to me, as if the soldiers, the travellers, the earth, and skies, did and looked their best, and were robed in their gayest, to please me. I trembled even at this excess of enjoyment, and I expressed my feelings to my beloved. "This same deep capacity of the heart," said I, "for exquisite enjoyment, when the fountains become troubled, will furnish a proportionate energy for suffering." "Let us hope," he replied, "that these hearts which can suffer and enjoy in such an exquisite degree, will finally be rendered permanent in happiness in a better country. Meanwhile, let us take the good without any of these disquieting apprehensions. Sufficient unto the day is its own evil."

Jacinta, I recollect your remark, that what is said of the history of nations, is equally true of the history of the heart. The happiest periods are those, in which there is least to say about them. Every moment of my time until I arrived in view of the glorious valley of Mexico, was a moment of tranquil and exquisite satisfaction. My cavalier was always riding by me by day, surrounded by his officers, bearing the port of command, and each imitating his gallantry to me. By night even,

I well knew that he was watching near me. I heard every hour his voice of music in reply to the sentinel, echoing the words "All is well."

The first view of this valley, which unites every thing that is grand, or rich, or beautiful in nature and in art, awoke me from my long trance of enjoyment. I remembered that this great city, so difficult to approach, and so hard to attack with any prospect of success, was in possession of the emperor and his troops, commanded by a wretch, whose hatred towards the chosen of my heart, would be now tenfold more rancorous and vindictive than ever. My father, what would he say to the present order of things? Of my mother I had no doubt. But there was enough of doubt and uncertainty in the prospect before me, to fill my mind with anxiety and suspense. Mr. Berrian approached me. "Yonder," said he, "are the towers of Mexico. My heart swells at the sight, for I have a presentiment, that I shall soon call you mine, and that the Patriot flag shall soon wave from their pinnacles. And then, dearest Martha——" "And then," said I, "my dear friend, you will be again in danger. I will not advance a step, until you promise me, that you will strive to avoid exposure, if not for your own sake, at least for mine. You have already won enough of glory." He assured me, that for the cause, for his own sake, and a thousand times more for mine, he would be cautious and not expose himself to unnecessary danger. "I have," he said, "at this time, motives to attach me to life, too powerful, and the only fear is, that these selfish considerations, will inspire me with too much caution and fear of exposing myself; and Martha surely would not wish that."

Arrived at the city, Mr. Berrian joined his troops to those of Sant' Anna and Eschaverri. There was in the united army a party, and not a weak one, disposed to assign the chief command to the American chief. He was so kind as to consult me respecting the expedient

course for him. He told me at the same time, that such was the influence of envy and national jealousy, that he thought he could be more useful to the cause, and more likely to acquire an influence that might be salutary to my father, in a subordinate command. His views of course were mine. There was an immediate canvass upon this point, and I conceded the propriety of his withdrawing his name, as a candidate for the supreme command. There was some question between Eschaverri and Sant' Anna. It was peaceably settled, that the latter should have the supreme command, and the two others coordinate authority. When I saw them running to my beloved in every difficulty, I thought with pride of the story of honest Sancho, that settled the point of precedence at the Duke's table. I saw that he who originated all the measures, was the chief commander, whatever name he bore. In the hour of perplexity and danger, the weak and inefficient commander in chief, naturally yielded to him, whose appointment was under the sign-manual of nature. And Mr. Berrian without the envy or responsibility of the chief command, really originated every measure, and his counsels eventually prevailed upon every point in question.

If I were a man, and wore a sword and epaulets, I should now have a glorious chance for describing the ceremonial of the junction of these three chiefs on the plains of Mexico. It was a proud and glorious sight, and every measure was taken with the most perfect union of feeling. The artillery pealed. The drums rolled. The banners waved. The troops displayed, and the cries of *Viva la Republica*, arose to the sky. Even the horses, that bore this pageant of war, caught the pride and enthusiasm of the moment. There is something thrilling and awful, as I have felt, in the acclamations of the thousands of an army, when one impulse of feeling animates the whole mass. I felt the truth of the adage, "The voice of the people is the voice of God!" I admit, that

as a woman, my heart beat highest on seeing my beloved moving so gracefully on his proud steed amidst waving plumes, fluttering banners, presented swords, and all the pomp and circumstance of war, heightened by the inspiring notes of a full band.

In continuation.

"Jesu Maria! I have been an hour on my knees in thanksgivings, and yet I have not returned adequate thanks. All doubt is over. They have passed the dreaded act of confiscation. What care I. I should be as happy as mortal can be, had I henceforward to earn my bread by daily toil. I have not the folly to attempt to paint the scene that I have just witnessed. What a scene! My father and mother have arrived in camp. My father was no longer the proud noble, the governor, the heir of a descent of thirty generations. It was a proscribed father, stripped of all his honors and of all his immense possessions, his house converted into quarters for soldiers, and himself and my mother obliged to fly for their lives without a servant. It was so much the more bitter, that all this cruelty was inflicted by one, for whom my father would have sacrificed me and every thing. The order of nature was reversed, and instead of allowing me to fall on my knees, as I would, to supplicate his pardon for my disobedience, he would have humbled himself before me, and begged forgiveness of me with the subdued humiliation of one, whose pride and whose heart had both been broken. "God," said he, "has punished me just in the point where I had offended. He has made the Moloch, to whom I would have offered up my dear and only daughter, the instrument of my correction. Old, infirm, a beggar, I would demand pardon of Mr. Berrian on my knees." I threw myself into his aged arms, and wept on his bosom. "My dear and venerated father," cried I, "do I not well know that mistaken love for me dictated all that you have done? I never doubted for a moment that all was done for love,

and all is forgiven and forgotten. I can now show you the extent of my love and duty. I will make you feel and acknowledge, that wealth is not necessary to happiness. What do I say? He will overthrow their acts of iniquity, and restore you to your wealth and honors." "That cannot be, dear daughter," he mournfully replied. "I have committed myself with all parties; and whichever of them ultimately prevails, the insolence of success, and the rancor of triumphant party, will effectually bar me from my possessions. I shall never dare to look Mr. Berrian in the face." My mother embraced me in her turn, and in our tears there was no bitterness; for we had always had but one mind upon these subjects.

As soon as we had gained calmness enough to enter into these details, my father said, "Don Pedro and the father confessor returning in disgrace and chagrin to the city, related their reverses to the Emperor, but never came near me. He redoubled his follies and cruelties, and his blind confidence in them. Don Pedro avenging my misjudging partiality for him on myself, and despairing of ever gaining possession of you, my daughter, to repay me for that guilty devotion to him, which had gone such lengths to gratify his wishes, procured an immediate decree of confiscation against me, which was no sooner passed, than put in execution. I had scarcely sufficient notice given me to allow me time to fly, and I was proscribed as a traitor. A despatch of confiscation was sent to Durango. Your mother fled with me, and we have remained concealed among the adherents of our house. As soon as we heard of your arrival, we have come to implore protection of our enemies."

I might have observed that on my arrival here, I was placed with the wife of one of the chiefs in a beautiful tent, and in this I received my father and mother; who here embraced the duenna, the only one of their numerous establishment, that now remained to them. I left them with her, and went for my general, who was engag

ed in another part of the camp in reading overtures from the Emperor. Bryan, who was prodigal of the most respectful kindness to them, kept guard before the tent, until my return. I sent in a message to the general. He came out. I put my arm within his, and in leading him to my quarters, prepared him for the scene that was to follow. He was himself in this scene, as in every other. He soon put my father at his ease by a deportment just such as I could have wished from him. His manner showed that he had estimated my mother differently from my father, but that he now saw nothing in him but the fallen noble, and the father of Martha. He begged him to believe that the future should evidence an entire oblivion of the past. He pressed the offered cheek of my mother with his lips, and she received his embrace as that of a child. "You have always been to me as a son," said she, "and if you still wish it, you shall now be really so." To this my father added, "that matters were now so entirely reversed, that Mr. Berrian could hardly be expected now to desire an union with a poor unfortunate girl, who had nothing to bring him but herself, and her helpless parents." "That," said he, "is all I ever sought. Present the next woman on the earth with one of the Indies in each hand for a dower, and your daughter portionless, and I would not hesitate a moment." That was handsome in him, was it not? "But why," he continued, "suppose she will be so? Not for my sake, or hers, but for yours, and the comfort of your age, we will have all these puppet arts of confiscation reversed. We do not mean to sheathe the sword of patriotism and justice, until you are reinstated in every tittle of your possessions and honors, which have been so unjustly wrested from you. I yielded to the exigencies of the cause in every thing else, but for this, my heart tells me that I ought to stand; and were there but my single sword, I would not sheathe it, until that was obtained!"

My father embraced him with tears in his eyes, and

answered with something of his former spirit; "Why have cruel circumstances ever estranged me from this noble young man, whose title is worth a thousand times all those that are written on parchment, and taken from the office of the herald? I recognise, in all this, the same man who has returned contumely by saving us, who has been hitherto the prop of my family! Success is in your eye, and follows your steps! I am cheered with the hope that you will yet restore all! Forgive the ingratitude of a doting old man, and take, if you desire it, all that I have now to give, my daughter!" We both fell on our knees before him. He joined our hands. "I see," said he, "that you love each other. I know that he is the soul of honor, and will be kind to you when I am gone. I give up ambition, and only hope to spend my old days peacefully with you, and to expire in your arms. The angel of the covenant bless you?" Our mother likewise took our united hands, and the tears trickled down her dear and venerable face, as, in a voice scarcely articulate from excess of emotion, she too, gave us a full consent, and implored blessings on our heads.

How often have I said and thought, that my happiness could receive no addition, since I had been rescued from the hands of Don Pedro. But, when I saw Mr. Berrian my acknowledged and betrothed future husband in my tent, my mother casting on him looks of affection, and undoubting confidence, and my father, with changed and better estimate, looking to him as the future prop of the family, and I pondering in my heart the kind words, "that he would prefer me to the fairest with India in either hand," I felt that I could be happier than I had ever yet been.

In the course of the conversation, it somehow came in discussion, when I should really become the wife of the Yankee general, and my father said the sooner the more agreeable to him, and my mother consented in the same way; and they looked to me to fix the time, and I said

from the Bible, that the general had fairly and twice won me, such prize as I was, with his sword and his bow, and that I might as well allow him the right of war and conquest, as not. Then we all looked to him to appoint the day. And what do you think the cruel man said? Why, "that he was probably the most impatient of the three for the time, but that he was not now for the first time, to learn how to control his wishes; and that he had made a kind of vow or mental reservation, that he would not ask so great an honor, until he could render himself in some measure worthy of it, by procuring a reversal of the decree of confiscation, and a restoration of my father to his home and his honors. My father and mother exchanged looks as much as to say, "Such is our son-in-law!" I had a feeling on the subject too; but you know, I could not complain in words. I was obliged to admit even, that there was an honest pride after what he knew had formerly been said on the subject, in deferring to connect himself with the family, until he had won the honor, by conferring benefits. Besides I had told him that I neither expected, nor wished to be happier than I had been. There was one comfort too, in the new order of things. My father and mother were in perfect accordance with me, and agreed that the name of Don Pedro, was as hateful to them as it was to me. Moreover, there was no need of much of the reserve of our former intercourse. We could see each other without witnesses. He could spend every moment with me, except those of sleep and occupation with his duties. In fact, he lives almost in my tent. He spends the greater part of the day with me, and in the night he is constantly present in my dreams.

In continuation.

DEAREST JACINTA,

Some in my case, and feeling as I do, would odiously affect indifference and tranquillity and all that. But I

confess I am impatient with the tedious progress of these miserable negotiations. The cities and the provinces are all leaving the standard of the Emperor, and my father's countenance brightens daily, for he too has become a Patriot; and it is quite amusing to hear one of the most ancient grandees of the Spanish monarchy, talking about liberty and the rights of man, as if a thing of very recent discovery. The Emperor has made the Patriot general proposals, and the papers are all brought to my future husband. I tremble even now, as I read the hated name of the minister of war, signed at the bottom. How everlastingly tedious are these miserable politicians; and they will spin out the simplest trifle to a volume. I have the satisfaction, however to perceive that the good man is as impatient and as much vexed at this delay, as I am. He says nothing about it, and sturdily continues the air of self-control and the affectation of philosophy. But I see by his manner that he will be glad when all this business is settled. I am glad that it vexes him. We love to see that others have no more philosophy than ourselves. Why should I complain? we constantly pass the day together, and we chat like old acquaintances. Instead of fighting the enemy with guns and swords, we fight with proclamations and long speeches. It is a hard thing to keep these stupid generals from quarrelling among themselves. My general is constantly throwing water on their fire. Sant' Anna confessed to my father to-day that but for the North American general, they would all fall together by the ears, and the cause would fail.

In continuation.

Blessed be the Holy Virgin! Mexico is ours. I am under my father's roof. The confiscation is reversed. Mr. Perrian this morning brought my father a decree of the National Cortes, assembled in Congress, which reverses all the late decrees of Iturbide, and restores my fa-

ther to all his fortunes, to his recent command at Durango, and to the presidency of that honorable body. He, Victoria, and the Conde de Serra may now be considered as at the head of affairs. Laura wishes me joy with the best possible grace; but I clearly see a little spice of envy. The day of days is fixed. My father throws me gold by handfuls, and my poor head swims with joy. When it was again put to me to name the day, I almost found it in my heart to be revenged upon him for deferring our marriage when he might have named the day. But no. I respect the motive of his forbearance, and I will play off none of these childish airs.

I ought to go back and inform you in a word, how these great events came about. Day before yesterday, Iturbide sent out to the chiefs a full abdication of his assumed power, and immediately retired to his country house. Don Pedro and the father confessor wished to fly with him. But some of the adherents of our house collected a band of my father's friends and servants, and had both the traitors arrested; and they are in the *calabozo*, and their fate will probably depend on my father's will. I have as little the inclination, as the necessary information and powers, to go into a history of intrigues, and parties, and divisions, and scramble for places, in pulling down one order of things, and putting up another. There are, no doubt, among the people some real Patriots. But with the thousand scrambles, the only motive for overturning and ejecting the present occupants of place, is to fill the vacated places themselves. Immediately upon the abdication, a junta formed a provisional government, and convoked a National Cortes.

They are ready to wink at one great deficiency in Mr. Berrian, his not being a catholic. They offered him a command only subordinate to the commander in chief. But equally in compliance with his own feelings and my wishes, and those of his future father-in-law, he declined it. He said that he had taken up arms not for himself,

but for the cause of man, and that having seen the nation restored to the full possession of its liberties, and not having the honor to be a native of the country, he wished to tender his resignation.

I was in the gallery with a crowd of the citizens when he made this speech of resignation to the junta. It was delivered with that noble simplicity that characterizes every thing he does. My father presided at this meeting. A majority of the members were his partizans, and this speech, of course, was received with the loudest plaudits and *vivas*, every one extolling the rare example of a victorious general, resigning his command to the peaceful representatives of the people. A pension for life and an extensive and beautiful estate in the valley of Mexico were voted him, and he retired amidst the acclamations and waving of handkerchiefs, from the galleries. Laura was differently affected, and I mistake if her eyes were not filled with tears. The day of days is the day after to-morrow. We are all sick of revolutions, war, and shedding of blood. As soon as I am his wife, we are to start for my father's government, and for the shade of those venerable trees, and the shelter of that noble mansion which I love so much better than any other place. As soon as the spring opens, we journey together to the United States, and he revisits the place of his birth. I have studied no people or manners but Spanish. He considers himself and me as citizens of that country. No matter, to be sincere about it, even if he were to visit the Hottentots; wherever he went, in the language of the poet, "eternal Eden would bloom around." Independent, however, of that society which would render me contented amidst the ice of Lapland; I long to see and study that great, peaceful, and flourishing country, which gave him birth.

In continuation.

Don Pedro and the father confessor were this day brought from prison and placed before the junta. They had the meanness most earnestly to supplicate the interference of Mr. Berrian, and attempted to cajole him with eulogies upon his magnanimity. My father said that the junta, in disposing of them, would be guided simply by his wishes. He instantly expressed a wish that they might be liberated, on the express condition that he might never see them again. They were set at large. Unhappy men! Retributive justice overtook them. This capital is in a state of the most terrible anarchy. Fifty thousand of the miserable populace have, in too many instances, taken justice into their own hands. Sometimes, it is true, they let fall the thunderbolt of their wrath on the right heads; and sometimes they exercise the indiscriminate destruction of wild beasts. These bad men had, in some way, become peculiarly obnoxious to the populace, and as they were liberated at the gate of the palace where the junta were in session, some factionist gave the signal of marking them out for the fury of the populace. They were literally torn in pieces. I tremble even yet, and I pity them, much as they deserved their fate.

Mexico, Sep. 1821.

DEAREST JACINTA,

This evening is to see me no longer Donna de Alvaro. My hand trembles, and if the characters which I trace are a little flurried, I hope you will pardon me, for you have passed through the same ordeal. Let me tell you something about these important arrangements. I will remember and can produce your account of this same business to me in three whole sheets. I will have more conscience with you. First then, the Bishop of Mexico is to solemnize the wedding. He is a venerable man, dignified and unblamable in the discharge of his holy

functions, and has retained the confidence and respect of all parties. He could never be prevailed on to take any part in the usurpation of the Emperor. He has always been a friend of my father's and is known to incline in his feelings towards the Patriots. Secondly, we are to be publicly married in the church of 'Nuestra Senora de Guadalupe,' my patroness, and Laura is to be bridesmaid. Poor little thing, her bosom beats almost as mine! The day, too, is my birth-day! What a singular coincidence! Thirdly, my father being president of the provincial junta, there is to be a general illumination. Fourthly, immediately after my return to my father's house, Bryan is to be married to a pretty Irish girl, whom he has found here in the city. Lastly, the first and last wish of my duenna's heart is to be gratified in her being immediately after married to Matteo Tonato, the stoutest man in my father's establishment, and the bridegroom and the bride have charged themselves with the expense of a *shanty* for the one, and a *casa* for the other. The whole is to conclude with a splendid *tertulia* and *fandango*. I shall wish all this matter in the Red sea.

I had almost forgotten the most important article yet, my dress. The good man has been a little prying in this article, and I have answered, "You shall see, sir, all in good time, and I shall not look ugly neither." To tell you the truth, he is not fond of jewels, or I would blaze like the meridian sun. I have had a hundred and fifty counsels upon this subject. My mother advised gorgeous, flowered, and stiff silks, and Laura would have me flash his eyes to blindness with diamonds. I will smite him deeper than that. It is a plain, rich muslin dress from the United States, and made by an accomplished mantuamaker after the best fashion of that country. The compliment will be so much the more delicate, as he supposes that I am to appear in a rich Spanish costume studded with jewels. He wears his uniform as a Patriot general. I have been looking in my glass and trying to

moderate the exultation and joy in my countenance, to the shrinking timidity in which all the romances tell us, the young bride goes to the altar. Of one thing I am certain. No damsel in romance ever suffered more from palpitatio, be it terror, be it joy. The very dressing maid perceived it. "Jesu Maria," said she, "how your heart beats! Are you frightened? I should not be in the least."

In continuation.

DEAREST JACINTA,

It is all over. I will give you the details in their order. Just as the sun was setting, my mother and Laura, and two other distinguished young ladies of the city, were assisted by the bridegroom into the state coach. Thirty coaches of invited guests followed. The whole was escorted by a select body of troops, lately under the command of my husband. At the head of the procession was my father accompanied by the Conde de Serra and the first officers of the Junta. Military music, firing of cannon, and ringing of bells marked the commencement of the procession. At the door of the magnificent church we were received by the bishop and the priesthood of the city, all in their most solemn robes of office. The church was full to overflowing, and adorned with evergreens, and covered quite to the centre of its vaulted dome with that profusion of splendid flowers in which our city abounds. We walked on flowers up to the altar. The bridegroom conducted himself with his usual dignity and calmness, and, after all, the ceremony was so imposing, and the duties assumed of a character so formidable, that I felt myself trembling and faint, and should have conducted myself foolishly but for the sustaining manner and countenance of my husband. Amidst clouds of incense, the pious minister, dressed in robes of the purest white, performed the solemn services of this sacrament, and we both pronounced our vows in a firm and decided

voice, after the manner of those who had meditated the duties of this relation, and resolved to be faithful to them. The moment the vows were pronounced, we were literally covered with flowers, and saluted with *vivas* from every quarter of the church. My mother and father embraced and kissed me; and my husband, you know, had now acquired the right to do so. Laura too, kissed me, and whispered me, when I returned from the States, to bring her just such a husband, as mine. The Bishop led me back through the aisle of the church, and gave me his benediction at the door. The organ was pealing its grand symphonies, as I was assisted into my carriage. The city, as we drove back, was one dazzling mass of illumination. On all sides was the gaiety of *fete*, and I much fear of drunkenness.

Every tree in my father's garden was hung with variegated lamps. A hogshead of *vino mezcal* was opened for the Spanish populace, and a hogshead of *agua ardiente* for the Irish, of whom there are multitudes in the city; and Bryan, as my husband's favorite servant, was to have his way for this night; for he said, "it was but reasonable for him to be free," and to use his phrase, "dead out" for this night, if he was to be the slave of his wife forever after. The parish priest solemnized the united marriages of Bryan and his pretty Irish girl, and the duenna with her Herculean spouse. No people that ever I have seen, enter into a festivity with such an entire abandonment of joyousness, that excludes all thought of the past and the future, as the populace of this city. There were hundreds of them dancing by the light of the illumination among the trees on the green turf. The evening concluded with a splendid ball, at which were present all the beauty and fashion of the city. It was arranged by my parents and the Conde de Serra, contrary to all reason and rule, I am sure, and I believe contrary to custom, that my husband should have the first dance with Laura. My husband admits, that our dances are infi-

nately more graceful than his; that ours is the music of motion and expression, consisting rather in beautiful movement, than in practised steps. I was tormented with downright jealousy, for the little Circe seemed to have condensed the sunbeams in her eyes, and her movements were so graceful, buoyant, and joyous, that the whole garden rung with acclamations; and as she passed me in the dance, there was such roguish triumph in her eyes, that I could almost have felt it in my heart to put them out. The good man too, is one of those who cannot move other than nobly and gracefully, and when he passed me in the dance, I saw that he would have chosen that I should have been the partner, and I was satisfied. Before they retired, each one of the company came up and wished me joy, and when Laura left me, there was such a sweet and tender air of sincerity in her congratulations, that I really felt it in my heart to wish her as good a husband.

You know all about our customs on such occasions. My father is scrupulously observant of all the Spanish rules of the olden time. I have only to say, that every punctilio was observed on this occasion. The company retired about midnight. Bryan was deputed on the part of the Irish, to tender the civilities of the evening after the Irish fashion. It is not necessary that I should relate exactly all that he said. He was evidently a little mellow, and this of course, created some little reserve on my part. His perfect tact enlightened him in a moment into the cause of my reserve. The honest fellow was affected to tears, partly, I suppose, of the bottle. "God Almighty bless your Ladyship, and his Honor," said he, "and be sure, I should have been drunk with the pure joy, if I had not tasted a drop of the mountain dew. Don't you forgive me now, honies, for being a little too glad?" We both joined to quiet him, and stop the sources of his tears, and to wish him joy of his pretty wife. The clouds not only passed, but he was immediately in high glee again.

"Now ain't you the jewels?" said he, as he turned with a caper to go away. It is said, that Bryan was king of the wake for that night, that he sung "gramachree and paddy whack," and all his popular and national songs, until the morning dawned in the east. The pleasantest circumstance is yet to be recorded. The Gazette, in detailing the festivities of the night, remarked that not a single accident had occurred.

In continuation.

DEAREST JACINTA,

To my great relief after a night of so much *fete* and gaiety, we were entirely *en famille* in the morning. I dreaded to see company, and could have chosen to spend the day alone with my husband. But immediately after breakfast drove up the Conde's coach. A card was handed me from Laura, requesting the pleasure of a drive with me. I sent her word, that, unless she was disposed to give a place to my husband, she must positively excuse me. The message back was, that if he chose to accompany me back, so much the better. He consented to accompany me, and the drive was a pleasant one, except that occasionally when my husband looked another way, Laura gave me looks so wickedly and impertinently inquisitive, that I was obliged to assume matronly airs, look grave, and show her all the difference in deportment, between a wife and a spinster. But she is really a most forward child, and answered me by such merry defiance back again, that I see nothing will cure her but to be able to put on the same official dignity herself.

In the course of the drive she asked my husband if he had ever visited the churches of the city? To which he answered, that he had only seen the outside of them, save one; "and that was certainly the most beautiful church I ever saw," and he gave me a look of gallant kindness, which gave the remark a delightful application to me.

She coloured a little at the reply, and continued, "that one, I must suppose, was the church of Our Lady of Gaudaloupe. You would feel unpleasantly to confess, after you shall have left the city, that you had not visited its churches, as they contain the chief display of our city, both in architecture and painting. I will have the pleasure of showing them to you." But, as there are nearly sixty important ones, besides a greater number of inferior ones, I begged her not to satiate him with too great a feast, but only to show him the finest of them. Accordingly, we drove to the rich and noble church of "La Incarnacion." From that, we inspected one after another, the most noted churches of the city. The church of San Domingo struck my husband very much. I saw while he was viewing it, precisely the same expression come over his countenance as I have seen upon it, while he was looking upon San Puebla, and the other sublime points of our scenery. I caught myself the thrill of feeling, which I knew was passing through his frame. The interior of this church is imposing, and inspires awe. In the different churches there are some handsome paintings; and to me it appears, although I am an European, that by far the handsomest are the production of native artists. There is certainly, as I have seen among my father's tenants, a strong natural aptitude to painting among the creoles of this country.

In the convent, attached to the church of *La Professa*, we were shown the series of paintings which represent the heart of man as possessed of the devil, and the seven deadly sins. There is the usual form given to the devil, and the mortal sins are represented by various ugly animals. In the first painting they have full possession, and occupy the centre of the heart. In the second the devil and the animals appear to be losing ground, and are crowded a little towards one extremity of the heart. In the same proportion as they retire, a dove is seen entering. In the next painting the empire of the heart is

shared between the dove, the devil and his animals, and so on, until they are completely expelled, and the dove has entire possession. This painting is celebrated in this city as a model of taste and ingenuity in the science of symbols: I looked at my husband as the fascinating little Laura was playing the connoisseur, and admiring it prodigiously, and expecting a corresponding admiration on his part. I saw a slight shrug, a well-remembered mark of indifference, as dissatisfaction. She seemed disappointed at his silence and asked him again, why he did not admire a painting that every body considered as a *chef-d'œuvre* in its kind?" He gaily answered, that the animated paintings before him were too beautiful and attractive to leave him taste or feeling to admire any thing else. "No," she replied, "you do not put me off with a compliment. I see, that you are not pleased with this painting, that every body admires. I am told that your taste is very exact and severe. For my part, I love to be pleased, and I never stop to inquire why?"

We had now finished the inspection of the churches, and we went to sit in a pavilion in a garden, from which was a most imposing view of the whole chain of mountains in the distance. In one of the churches, which we had visited, we had waited during a most imposing celebration of high mass, in which the rites of our church had appeared in all their grandeur and attraction. "We are now seated," said Laura, "in the cool shade, and in view of San Puebla. There is here before us one of the sublimest objects in nature, after we have seen all that our city has to boast of art, consecrated to the worship of the Divinity. I now wish to ask your opinion. If I did not respect that opinion, I would not ask it. You have been reared, and, I can discover, religiously, as a protestant, or as we say, a heretic. You are married to the most amiable and lovely woman in Mexico.—(Why could the little witch wish to flatter me?)—You have seen all that is noble and imposing in our worship and your

union with this lady must dispose you to think favorably of it. I am deemed in this country a free-thinker myself. Which worship do you prefer, this or your own?" I grant you, I felt unpleasantly, that she should have asked him this question at this time and place, and in such a way, that he could not wave it. This was his answer. "I can hardly reply to you, without making a speech, and I am too entirely happy to punish you, or myself, by such an infliction. The whole taken together, if I must be frank, I much prefer my own. Could I have done it without a compromise of either principle or conscience, my interest and inclination would have led me to assume your profession. I have felt the full force of a motive, a thousand times more powerful in swaying the springs of action, a motive of such influence, when I have seen Martha raising her eyes and folding her hands with such an expression of celestial ardor and purity in her prayers and observances. I have painfully regretted, that we were not exactly one in faith, as I trust we are indissoluble in affection. It is my opinion that religion is the most solemn of all realities, not at all dependent upon forms or shades of opinion. I deem good people to be all of one religion. I have seen enough of dispute about difference of opinion, I have seen enough of pretension and reliance upon form, to be thoroughly disgusted with both. There is enough that is common to every form of Christian faith and profession, to unite us in deeds of beneficence and feelings of charity. I admire, as I said to the unfortunate father Josephus, I admire most of the prayers and many of the forms of your worship. I have seen and have admired the fidelity, and the exact and impartial observance with which the minor priests of your church administer the rites of your worship to slaves, the ignorant and miserable *leperos*, the very remnants of humanity. I am well convinced, that the ignorant multitude of such a country as this, can have no faith but an implicit one. Were it not for a few points to which the

more strenuous of your priests hold with such perseverance, I should be a conscientious Catholic. I have no hesitation in stating my precise objections. Some of the dogmas of your church are not only incredible and impossible, but just as revolting to common feeling and sense, as to assert that twice two are five; not only above reason, but absolutely contrary to it. Your reading on these points, I am aware, is so exact and extensive, that you cannot but know the points to which I refer. Neither, I admit, do my feelings go with the multitude of bowings, genuflections, shiftings of dress, the gaudiness and finery of the sacerdotal costume, in short, a great part of the parade and pageantry of your church. Simplicity, according to my notion, enters into every kind of greatness and sublimity: How simple are all the grand operations of the Divinity! By means how admirably simple, are brought about the changes in the visible universe! Can the Being who reared yonder piles, and kindled the eternal fires under their snows, who hears the music of the spheres, inaudible by any other being, and who melts the snows of half the world by an influence so silent and unostentatious, as the gentle actings of the sun—can that Being, whose object it seems to be, to achieve the greatest results with the least ostentation, can He be pleased with a pageant so shifting and tinselled? I do not avail myself of the thoughts or similitudes that offer themselves to me, and you will excuse me for talking so plainly. I am aware how respectful and sacred all your associations may be, even with this parade of rites and costume. Our worship is simple and intellectual, and, as I think, nearer to these grand and simple actings of the Divinity as we see them in the phenomena of nature. But I have seen so much of profession without reality in all forms, that I deem very little of the externals of any religion. It is the substance of the thing and the being in earnest, that I respect. Of the place where Martha shall worship, I shall always think, in the phrase of the

Bible, 'Put off the shoe from thy foot, for the place where she standeth is holy ground.' Far from loving her the less, for this difference of opinion between us, the honor of our different faiths, I trust, will operate upon us both, to strive to evince which faith will inspire most tenderness, forbearance, and fidelity. All the hope I entertain of converting her, and all the arts I mean to try, will be founded on the purpose to show her what a kind, correct and undeviating husband a protestant can be." What say you, Jacinta? If the respective excellence of our faiths be put upon this criterion, I am fully aware that his will vanquish mine, and that I shall end by becoming a heretic. But no. I have even heard him speak doubtfully of sudden changes in these great and vital matters. I am sure, that if I affected compliance from any other motive than deep conviction, he would at once detect the hollowness of the motive, and respect me the less. The Virgin preserve me from losing one tittle of his respect.

Mexico, Sept. 1822.

DEAREST JACINTA,

I have received your kind letter and the beautiful rosary accompanying it. I thank you a thousand times for your kind wishes. I have no apprehension on the score on which you warn me. I have no terrors of the weather getting duller after honey moon, as you call it. I only fear that this more intimate view of things will inspire an idolatry too blind, and that I shall only be too much tempted to surrender my judgment and my reason to the keeping of another. When I loved him at a distance, I knew but the half of his deserts. You must see the manner and the motive, that he carries with him to the sanctuary of our privacy; you must walk and ride with him, as I do; you must catch his eye as we scramble together up the mountains, or listen to his conversation as we sail together on these sweet lakes; in short you must

find him, as I do most full, and rich, and delightful in that "dear spot, our home," to do full justice to his character. Let the stoics preach that this life never does, or can yield any thing, but satiety and disappointment. I know better from experience. I could live happily on the treasured recollection of the few days we have had together, for a whole year. If I ever hear foolish girls affecting to be witty again, as I have so often heard them before, in declaiming against the wedded life—by the way, you and I know with how much sincerity they do it—I will say to them, "Foolish girls, this talk is all stuff." Be married to worthy men as soon as possible. I have experienced more enjoyment in a day since marriage, than in a year before. Indeed my duenna seems another sort of person, she is so happy; and Bryan too, in his strange way, eulogizes matrimony, and his red-cheeked and yellow-haired spouse blushes her consent.

The only news of any importance, you have undoubtedly heard that the ex-Emperor has sailed with his whole family for Italy, or, as is more generally believed, for England. We have made most of our arrangements, and shall start in a few days for Durango. We all are impatient to be more private than we can be here.—*Fetes*, balls, *tertulias*, and visiting occupy too much of our time. I want the shade of those venerable sycamores, and *catalpas*. I know of no one that I shall very much regret leaving, but the Conde's family, particularly his daughter. Indeed, she talks of accompanying us, and I am sure she would, if she could gain the consent of her father. Some of the ladies here have made efforts, quite conspicuous, to intrigue with my husband. Pretty things indeed! If my husband were not invincibly sober, I cannot but think, that, putting every thing but appearance out of comparison, I should carry it over these dizen'd forms and swarthy faces.

CHAPTER VI.

Alma es del mundo, Amor, es mente,
Que buelve en alta, esplendida jornada
Del sol infatigable, luz sagrada,
Y en varios certos todo el coro ardiente.

Quevedo,

Consenting love
Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads.

Thompson.

Durango, Oct. 1822.

DEAREST JACINTA,

I am so much the more delighted with the regularity of your correspondence, as I know you have so many important occupations. You still express curiosity to hear from me, though I have passed that dread bourne where all curiosity and interest generally cease. But I feel that the energies of my affections, so far from having become paralyzed by having passed this bourne, have become more unchanging and more powerful. My conscience tells me it is a duty to write to you so long as you feel any desire to hear from me.

Before we left the city, as it was very uncertain when we should return to it, we went first to visit the estate, in the valley acquired to my husband by the grant of the junta. We found it to be a fine estate though it had gone to waste from the troubles of the times. It was in a sweet and retired place, and it was the first night I had spent with him away from my father's house. Oh! a woman well may "leave father and mother, and cleave to such a husband." I felt a greater pleasure too from being here, inasmuch as it was an estate belonging to him. I know well, that the matter of fortune beyond what is necessary for competence, makes nothing to

either of us. Still I felt a pleasure in showing him, that I had my obligations to him on a score which the world thinks of so much importance. After he had put every thing in train for the restoration and improvement of this fine place, we returned to the city, and leisurely visited all its monuments, its natural and artificial curiosities. We moralized over the ruins of Tenochtitlan and the fallen empire of Montezuma. We reflected in sober sadness how many lovers had waded through all their trials, as we had done, before as yet the empire of this primitive people had passed away. Their loves, their joys, their houses, the city, the traces of their existence were all past, and in future ages others would come and meditate upon the ruins of the present race, deeming as little of us, as we did now of this extinct people. But, if I gave a tear to the thought of this brief and frail tenure of our present felicity, he kissed it away and bade me hope the renewal of it in a region where there is no change, and all evils are forgotten. We then visited that prodigious work, the "*desagua*," by which the city is preserved from inundation. We then visited San Puebla, and Guanaxuato, and Queretaro, and in fact most of the principal towns of a country so delightful in climate, so grand in scenery, so inexhaustible in resources, and yet, as my husband says, abounding in misery, want and ignorance, swarming with beggars and *leperos*, famishing amidst the exuberance of nature, merely from the blighting influence of oppression. "Who," said he, as he expatiated on this theme, "would not pour his best blood to free such a great and beautiful country, to cause her to rise in the strength of her resources, and burst the chains of her oppressors and hurl them back in their faces?" In truth, the government of the Patriots is constantly acquiring strength. The peaceful labors of agriculture are resumed. The people look cheerful and full of hope. The mines are beginning to be worked again. My husband's estate, and my father's again

begin to yield us their accustomed revenues. My husband sees in all this, the cheering and fostering influence of Freedom. All that I can say is, that Freedom looks well to me, and I very much fear slavery would seem the same. I am happier than I can describe myself, and when one's own heart dances with joy, we are apt to see things in a favorable light all around us. I pity the poor beggars and *leperos* that swarm round our carriage, and I give them money, but I can hardly conceive that every body is not happy. I well remember when I was almost as strongly impressed that every body was miserable. I have read an amusing little book in English, entitled "Eyes and No Eyes," or the different manners in which different people see the same things. Every journey, every monument, every curiosity furnished us with a theme of remark and investigation. We consulted the books that treated the subject, and contained the thoughts of those who had been there before us. I am determined to become an intellectual companion to my husband. I will astonish him one day with the amount of my acquisitions. My poor head aches with the efforts that I make with this intent, during the few moments that I have to myself.

Nothing could exceed the gaiety of all the persons of our establishment, when it was announced to them that we were ready to set out for Durango. We all equally long for the repose of that place. The whole cavalcade was composed of at least fifty persons. We were escorted on our way by a regiment of troops; altogether we made a very respectable dust, and when we alighted at a *hacienda*, like a swarm of locusts we devoured all that was eatable about the establishment; but unlike all that the people had been used to in the late times of anarchy and trouble, we remembered to pay well. I am surprised to see how soon, now that all impediments are removed, my father has become deeply attached to his son-in-law. While he imagines that he does every thing of

his own purpose and plan, in fact, he does every thing from the counsels of this favored adviser. He watches every movement of the dear man, and copies it. He cannot endure to have him out of his sight; and the time which my husband is obliged to spend away from me in advising, and in arranging his affairs, is a great annoyance to me. Would you believe it? My father has actually got his grammar and dictionary, and is set down to lessons from his son-in-law in English. I have to endure many a joke about the influence of this same process upon me. Oh! the blow was struck before he began to teach me English.

I cannot hope to interpret the charm of that welcome, which my husband gave me to my own sweet and secure home in this place. It was here, away from that great vortex of intrigue, wealth, and assassination at Mexico, that I first felt that he was all to me. We have wandered under these noble sycamores. We have been to visit the poor English widow, under the shade of whose trees he first confessed that he loved me. She was happy, for her son was perfectly recovered, and we gave them ample cause to remember us gratefully, for we have put them in a way hereafter to be independent on the score of fortune. My husband has inquired out every person to whom he has heard that I have been partial, and in some way, most consonant to their feelings and interests, he has made them feel, that all, that were once my friends, have now become his. We have walked on the banks of the beautiful stream, now low and brawling over pebbles, where he rescued me and my mother from the torrent. I have seated myself in the chair where he used to sit and read, and where—the blessed Virgin forgive me—I have looked at him a hundred times through the Venetian blinds, through which I could see him unobserved.

We have had a visit to day from his former pupil and admirer, Dorothea. She is somewhat untrained and

wild in the expression of her feelings, but is, after all, a very good girl, and her unrequited affection for my husband, and her tenderness and attention to him, when he was on his way as a volunteer to Mexico, have very much endeared her to me. She congratulated me, in her rough way, on my marriage; said she envied me, and had loved him sooner and more than I had. When my husband came in, a burning blush on her cheek gave evidence of her sincerity. She bent her head to receive the salute, which the customs of our country require in such cases. He was extremely polite to her and her father, and gave strong demonstration, that he gratefully remembered their former kindnesses. Dorothea has wealth, and wishes to accompany us, on our journey to the United States. I find it would be sufficiently easy, to enlist volunteers for that expedition. The only difficulty would be in making the proper selection. In truth, I wish no one to accompany me, but my husband. We expect to find out Wilhelmine Benvelt, and if I should feel tempted to the slightest feeling of jealousy towards any one, it would certainly be towards her. I am sure that he was on the verge of loving her. Taken all together, she is as unlike me, as possible, and yet there are many points in which we agree, and those the very points that would be likely to secure the affections of such a man as my husband. I know that he thinks her the most interesting woman that he has seen, one only excepted. Whenever he does not make that exception, all peace will be at an end for me. Yet, if he did not make that, the award of his judgment would be given with so much equity and honor, that he would leave me no ground to complain.

* * * * *

Here terminated the letters of Martha, and I repaired to my fellow-traveller, impatiently requesting him to redeem his promise that he would bring his adventures

from the point where his wife had left them, to the present time. I pressed him to be expeditious, for we were drawing near the termination of our journey together, and the mouth of Red River was already in view from the Mississippi.

He resumed his details. 'You see, sir,' said he, 'that in the eye of my wife I am a personage of no small importance. I have nothing further to relate that the most gross egotism could magnify to the shape of adventure. In these days, a peaceable and well bred man may journey from Mexico to Boston without much trouble, or any adventures, so that he has a good carriage and horses and plenty of money; and as we have these, and make every previous arrangement that experience has admonished, or opulence can furnish, this journey is only a long and tranquil migration from one region to another. For the rest, we have been married something more than three years, and we have a fine boy, a happy union of Spanish and Yankee, with a very fair complexion, and eyes and hair as black as a sloe, and to my mind the exact image of my dear Martha. The grand parents dote on him, and will claim every right to spoil him in their own way. The mother and all the hangers-on say regularly, "Dear boy, the exact image of his papa." My wife spends no little time in pointing out the traces of resemblance between us. I have often smiled internally at the easy faith of other parents in the unnatural precocity and smartness of their first-born. But between us, I really think that our boy, if he lives, will make an uncommon man. But little more than two years old, he can already scold papa and mamma in two languages, call himself '*bon garçon*' in French, and knock over the plates and cups like a young lord. Indeed, Martha thinks him altogether the finest boy within three leagues, and her countenance lowered, and I discovered for the first time since we have been married, that the serenity of her feelings were ruffled, just before I left home,

because a Creole lady from Durango, who has read romances, and is something of a Spanish blue-stocking, observed, in reply to the customary questions of Martha, as she was showing her the dear boy, that she saw but very little difference in children of two years old.

"Of Martha I can say with entire truth, that I love her now more heartily, than I did on the day when I led her to the altar. We have distinguished no such period as the honey-moon, and we have never had a word that could properly be called dispute about religion, or in fact about any thing else. Sir, I have been absent more than five months, and have travelled more than a thousand leagues. You can hardly imagine my impatience to be at home. If I had wings, you would soon lose sight of me in the air. I fancy that I can see my dear Martha leading our boy under the noble sycamores, in front of our mansion, her white robes fluttering in the wind, and she looking impatiently in the direction of my return. May she have been the charge of good Angels! Captain, when shall we be at Alexandria?" the answer was, "Perhaps in two days." "Then in fourteen days more," he impatiently added, "if God will, I shall be at home, and never, never will I leave it again without the dear ones that I have left there." "I too," said I, "have been absent from those, that I most love, seven long months; and I left them a miserable invalid, expecting never to return. I am, it may be, as impatient as you, and the more so as I am nearer home. Every traveller in such a case has observed, that the attraction of affection, like that of gravity, quadruples as it approaches the centre of its desires. But your story yet runs in my head. Your adventures have been quite out of the common way, and your present felicity seems to be still more so. There is generally, so much grumbling among married people, that your case seems to be that of a black swan. I should be glad to hear a little more about you. I hope you will be good enough to tell me something

about your trip to our dear native New-England, that we are so rapidly distancing every day. I will not mind the excessive praises which you seem to levy as a tax from all from all quarters. There are other good and pretty fellows beside you, in the world. I, for instance, am no small affair at my own home. I am very well satisfied with my good old 'lang syne' at home, but I am absolutely in love with your wife. She seems beautiful, without being vain and affectionate to the last degree, without being silky-milky. I only wonder, that you whose means are so ample, did not take her with you." "She was anxious," he answered, to accompany me as it was, and it was a business more painful, than I wish to describe, that of parting with her. She will accompany me on this same trip next Spring." "I understand you," I answered, "and I am told this thing, which among agriculturists is rather coarsely expressed by the technical phrase, 'crossing the breed,' is considered a great improvement. I have seen it succeed wonderfully, where an American has married a French Creole wife. The children unite the desirable points of character in both races. But to the point. I am particularly interested to hear something further about the good Wilhelmine."

"I am entirely willing," he rejoined, "to inform you what became of her. It is your own proper eulogy to be interested in that charming girl, as good as she is beautiful. But for me, most people consider the interest of such adventures as mine at an end the moment the parties are fairly married; and ours is an old story of that sort by three good long years." "Yes," said I; "but there I have always differed from the rest. My interest is most intense at the point where that of others ends. For example, I am more interested in your Martha and you, under your Sycamores at Durango, than in any period before you were married. If happiness on the earth be not all a joke, a mere poet's reverie, it is only to be found in the shades of domestic quiet and

affection. I have meditated, as a disinterested looker-on, all sides of ambition, and distinction, and wealth, and pride, and my feelings constantly return to the ark of domestic affection, as the only place where happiness can find rest for the sole of her foot."

"To continue, then," said he; "about the middle of October, 1822, we escaped from the tears and embraces of my wife's family, and started with Bryan and his wife on horseback, and a female servant in the coach, for the American frontier. It was during the charming season, which we call Indian Summer. We had a prosperous and delightful trip. We stopped to contemplate the battle field of Palos Blancos on our way to St. Antonio. The *calabozo* where I was imprisoned, the terrible spot where so many poor fellows underwent military execution, and whither I was conducted expecting the same fate, was contemplated with a solemn moral interest; and as I related the sad story a couple of fine eyes glistened with tears of sympathy.

"Nothing happened worth mentioning, until we arrived at Natchitoches on Red river. It was the first American town under an American government, that Martha had ever seen: and although it is an odd mixture itself of Spanish, French and American, her black eyes glistened with an intense curiosity, and she asked me a thousand and one questions, and I felt a suitable pride and interest as a kind of *cicerone* in letting her see that I knew all about American men and things. She already admired the sample of these things which this town offers, and reasoning from the less to the greater, I enjoyed in anticipation her delight when she should see the fine towns as we ascended the rivers, and on the Atlantic coast.

"In this town I was recognized by many of my compatriots in our unfortunate attempt at revolutionizing Texas. They received me with open arms. We told over our old stories, and my classmate, to whom I was much attached, who was now handsomely settled in this place as a lawyer, and had been advanced to the dignity of judge,

cracked some of our college jokes again. We had some excellent Madeira, and we fought over again the battle of Palos Blancos; and he related the adventures, by which, from the lowest part of fortune's wheel, where the issue of that battle had left him, he had gradually risen to his present independence and good fortune, and he cried as we arrived at the end of the story and the wine,

"Forsan hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

"You may be sure we did not attribute the loss of that battle to ourselves. In private he admired my wife and her snug fortune, and seemed to be much of opinion with Lord Byron in respect to the beauty of the finer Spanish ladies, and admitted, that one would be hardly likely to meet a prettier woman on any May morning.

"When we arrived on the Mississippi, she never tired in admiring the beautiful and noble steamboat that took us in at the mouth of Red river. She was delighted with the notion of so splendid and comfortable an hotel floating so rapidly against the current of the Mississippi. Then her curiosity started a thousand questions about the machinery, and I answered them with much seeming understanding of the thing. I am her oracle, and I wished to keep up the credit of the shrine; but the truth is, in some of my positive answers about what I did not understand, she actually caught me napping. But on the whole, I had the pleasure of journeying with a woman, to me at least, the prettiest in the world; fresh, young, pleased with every thing, reared in a convent of one of the most ancient nations in Europe, and here examining the rising wonders of this new world, with the eager curiosity of a child united with the intelligence of one who had read much, and travelled extensively. Natchez, Louisville, and still more Cincinnati, seemed to her fine towns, and she could hardly comprehend that they were little more than thirty years old. The number of the river-craft and steamboats, that were continually

passing us up and down, was a fresh source of astonishment.

You can imagine her surprise on entering the neat and beautiful city of Baltimore with its noble public edifices, and so totally unlike a Spanish town. Philadelphia and New York increased this surprise, and more than all, the multitudes of fine-looking and well-dressed people of both sexes, that were threading the streets. Accustomed as she had been to see such multitudes of beggars and *leperos*, even in Mexico itself, she eagerly inquired, where we contrived to dispose of the canaille of our cities out of the way.

"My own heart beat high when I entered my native state, for we travelled from New York to Boston by land. We were constantly amused by the smartness and the shrewdness of the answers to our questions by the people at the toll gates and hotels, and as they were collected indiscriminately, of all conditions, sexes, and ages, Martha justly considered them as fair indexes of the general distribution of intelligence and quickness among the people. I was inwardly delighted and I surmise that she was not displeased, by a remark made upon her by a tall, awkward looking fellow among the hills on our road in the county of Worcester. He was coming from his work at noon in his shirt sleeves, and as he stood drinking at the pump, while our horses were watering, he eyed Martha very attentively, and observed of her to his companion in an under tone, but loud enough for us both to hear, "By the blazes! John, that gal's eyes would touch off gunpowder." Martha remarked that a still finer compliment, of the same sort, had been paid and with more justice to the bright eyes of the Duchess of Devonshire, to which I answered, that there was no probability that the Yankee had ever heard of that, and that this remark must have been elicited by the actual brightness which he saw.

"At length from afar I pointed out to Martha the spires

of Boston, now considerably more numerous than when I left it. As we were nearing this city, which gives such magnificent promise from afar, I endeavored to prepare her for her reception at my father's, by suitable views of the plain and rustic, but plentiful and independent way of living in the family of a respectable New England farmer. To prepare for this visit too, in another way, and to insure if possible my welcome, I sent forward Bryan as a pioneer, with a good round sum of dollars, and I had no fear that they would be misspent; for the people every where within twenty leagues of Boston, know wonderfully well, that there are one hundred cents and no more in a dollar. The chief object in this thing was, that, as we should make a good round addition to my father's family, there might be plenty of wine, turkeys, and pies for a sociable visit of a whole winter. I knew well too, that each one of my brothers would have a new suit in addition to his sunday one. They are all, as my wife thinks me, good looking lads, as fresh and ruddy as full blown roses. I felt anxious that my dear Martha should see my brothers in their best, and my sisters in a full blaze of beauty. My father had, as is the fashion in New England, a fine large shingle palace, painted white, and even the stone wall I was aware when I came in sight of the house, would be found white-washed. Bryan too, I had discovered, knew how the land lay, and was disposed to give the villagers a suitable idea of the dignity and importance of my wife.

"Meanwhile, to give time to this precursor to take effect, we were enjoying for a couple of days the hospitalities of that charmingly hospitable place, Boston. Democratic, however, as we are in New England, no little importance is attached, in that city, to rank and family. My wife received every attention, was caressed, admired, followed. It could hardly be otherwise. But I could almost have grieved to discover that the points in her, which had alone won my affection, had apparently stood

her in less stead than that she was the daughter of a *condesa*, and of the most ancient descent in Europe. When we were entirely rested, and had made a sufficient number of purchases for presents for the old and young children of my native village, we set out after dinner for that place. I really felt some singularly refreshing feelings, I think they must have been something of what we call self importance, as I started my fine foreign wife, and my grand equipage over Charlestown bridge for my father's house. Thought I, "How prettily these good natured soothsayers will be dumbfounded, who prophesied that I should come out at the little end of the horn! How comfortably the young men will feel who envied me the distinction of college learning, and who predicted that the pride of the lazy fellow would have to come down after all!" I might naturally exercise a little quiet and snug exultation in the faces of those who foretold that I should lay my bones as a beggar in the forests of the West. These were but the feelings of a moment, the childish heritage of Adam. I looked to the 'pit from which I was dug, and the rock from which I was hewn,' and I became humble. It is hardly necessary to say, that Martha had found in Boston all her anticipations more than realized.

Describe the feelings if you can, of a man who has been long and far away from such a home as mine, the place of his birth; who has seen and suffered much, and who returns to the view of the spires of his native village, and the place 'where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,' in which his forefathers, his relatives, and friends have found rest. Tears driven from their deep fountains by confused and blended feelings filled my eyes; and my dear Martha's eyes were filled from sympathy. "How far," I cried, "I have wandered! How much I have seen! How often I have been in danger! More than once my grave seems to have been prepared for me! And behold me here again, safe, sound, and happy, with

fortune beyond my most avaricious wish, and the prettiest and best wife in the world. And yet, in this peaceful and healthy place, where the greatest exploit has been a sleigh ride, and the farthest peregrination to Boston, how many in the full tide of youth and promise have gone to their everlasting home; while I, from the journeyings and dangers of so many thousand miles, have returned to see the same sunbeams playing on the gilded vane of yonder spire that did when I left it. After all, dear Martha, there is nothing permanent, nothing important but religion, the grand point of relation between things changing and things perpetual, the grand bond that unites this point of existence with eternity. Let it be our grand aim, since God has given us such ample means of enjoyment and of doing good, that our happiness shall consist in rendering others happy. Look, Martha, yonder are the pines whose moaning tops, sounding with the east wind, first gave me the mingled feelings of awe, sublimity, and melancholy. Yonder is the sweet stream where in my boyhood I culled flowers as I carelessly sauntered to church, and in which I have bathed and angled a thousand times. I can now distinguish the door of the church. Venerable old pastor! Thy loud and earnest voice, which resounded there for the sabbaths of more than half a century, is still in death. Thy worn out frame is removed from the pulpit to the church yard, and a young man, who knows not Joseph, has arisen in his place." Feelings of this sort, a thousand of which always rush upon a traveller on such a return, if he has a heart, continued to crowd upon me, and I had more than once felt the pressure of Martha's lip on my cheek.

"By this time I was recognized by my native villagers. It was a perfect press. Nothing could equal it, *parva componere magnis*, but the rush about La Fayette the past summer. In a few minutes I had the satisfaction of embracing my good father and mother, my brothers and sisters, and finding all well. I paused with astonishment

in looking at my mother. I had been gone nine years, and at the first look, she seemed nine years younger than when I left her. On closer inspection I saw she wore false 'everlastings,' false teeth, every thing false but her maternal heart, and I felt in a moment, that this was as true as the needle to the pole. My father had attained the dizzy eminence of his aspirations. He was a squire, a member of the General Court, carried a large silver-headed cane, and wore a long tailed wig. My sisters, bless my heart, I should not have know them? They had long Italian faces and calash bonnets, and made my wife as pretty dancing-school bows as you could imagine. My brothers were more unsophiscated, and received me with true Yankee welcome. There was something of mincing and restraint for some time, and apparently a touch at ceremony. But Martha, foreigner though she was, had native good sense and instinctive perception of what is right every where. She soon put them all at their ease by a joy so evidently sincere, by an affection for every thing that appertained to me so manifest, that in half a day she was a mother, sister, and daughter in the family. There was the old sofa, the cat on one side and the dog on the other, and my father in his corner and my mother in hers, just as the thing used to be. What an air of tranquillity and repose prevailed in the old place! What a train of recollections rushed upon me as the family came in for evening prayer, and the magistrate laid aside his dignity to fall on his knees before God!

I can hardly convey to you an image of our happiness. As for Martha, they soon vibrated from the extreme of respect to the extreme of fondness! I had to tell my story and my travels as often as poor Robinson Crusoe and Friday. The people were willing to give me a title, but they were not exactly agreed what it should be. Some called me Don, some Duke, but the greater part fairly dubbed me General. Then we had invitations, and dinners, and parties without number. All our relatives to

the fifth degree hunted out the pedigree of our relationship. I pitied the poor generation of turkies, for it was a hard business upon them. Mince pies, and pumpkin pies were never seen in this village in such abundance before. I heard Bryan telling a brother Irishman, that he had stuffed himself so long on turkey, that he had often felt a strange inclination to gobble. "Ireland, honey," said he, "may be a green place, and a pleasant and good for parates, and New Spain has plenty of lean beef and *mezcal*, but for cheap rum and the vegetable called a turkey, there is no country, honey, like yours."

"The villagers, as might be expected, had soon incredible stories of my wealth and importance, and the battles in which I had been engaged, and generally my adventures and 'hair-breadth 'scapes.' It was curious to observe, according to the prevalent taste and feelings of the manufacturer, according as his inventions were the fruit of malignity or not, I had been a hero, a redresser of wrongs, and a deliverer of distressed damsels, or a murderer, a buccaneer, a Robert Kidd, and all that. There were some of the villagers and their daughters who were not in habits of being familiarly admitted among us, and who, of course, saw me through the least favorable medium. They soon had a fine string of tea-table stories, as how I had murdered, and split heads asunder, and plundered peaceable Spanish families, and carried off whole bars of gold. But I had the satisfaction which every honest man is sure to have in that country soon or late, of being estimated somewhat according to my merits. The people there all possess, at least, a most accurate sense of the real and practical utility of dollars; and much as they look down upon all assumption of every sort, they think none the less of a man for being rich. ✓

"It was soon divulged that I purposed to spend part of every year in the village, and that I intended to purchase me a handsome farm, and to build on it a first rate house of pure Chelmsford granite—that I meant to plant fine

orchards and woods, and drain meadows, and paint my trees, and improve the breed of cattle, and rear Merinos and Saxon sheep, and start a cotton factory, and make a dyeing and bleaching establishment, and build an Academy, and furnish a bell, and new dress the pulpit, and give the militia company uniforms and standards, and be put up for congress, &c. &c. For all these expectations I received no little court—at least I got as much as I wished.

“Part of this homage to me was adventitious, I being ‘a prophet in my own country.’ But I had the satisfaction to see, that the respect for my dear Martha was sincere and real. The fresh air of the north freshened the tints of the rose in her cheek and added new radiance to the brilliance of her eye. She was literally, a study among my fellow town’s-women. There was a visible affectation of Spanish costume and manner among them. The young girls imitated her gowns and caps, and they even tried to catch her air, walk and manner. Ten times a day she received billets, requesting the loan of some little article of dress, and then these billets were so respectful, and expressed so much fear of being troublesome, that there was no denying requests so sweetly urged.

She on her part, comprehended our manners at once, and by a wise and regulated conformity won a general tribute of good will. She regularly goes with me to our worship, and is solemn in her deportment there. She is charmed with our singing and our young minister, but returns to the religious strictness of observance in the forms of her own worship. By the marriage settlement, if we have sons, they are to be educated as protestants, and the daughters, more or less, as catholics. The very strictness of her observance shames me into something like a decent regard for my own. With respect to our discipline and manners, she has all the hearty admiration of an ancient Puritan. She says, “my dear Francis, I admire the cleverness and industry of your young women. I reverence those institutions, especially your free schools,

which spread intelligence and emulation through the community. My heart is affected with the kindness of your ordinances in regard to the suffering and the poor, and with your numerous and efficient charities." She was in raptures at the first ball which she attended, and insisted that I had brought her to a select community of beauties. She reverences the unchanging order and peaceableness of the people, and their aversion to revolution and blood.

We mean, as I said, to have a good house and grounds at the north, and every season, when circumstances will permit, we propose to start in the spring for Natchitoches, and thence by the steamboat to Cincinnati, and as soon as the canal to the lakes is completed, by that route to the lakes, and thence by the New York canal to Albany, and thence to Boston. I grant you it is an immense journey. But we are very comfortable on board the steam and canal boats, and we can read, and write, and teach children, as well there, as elsewhere. We generally have pleasant company, and, on the whole, the time of this passage is not the most unpleasant of the year. In this way we mean to imitate the birds of passage, and with them take our migrations from the south to the north, and the reverse. We are not so foolish as to expect "no sorrow in our note," though we mean to have "no winter in our year."

Much as Martha is admired and beloved, and I could not wish it more, yet we find human nature enough here to take off the curse laid on those with whom there is no fault found. We have for instance, in my father's family and she has been there as a kind of heir-loom ever since I can remember, a maiden aunt, called Charity, I suppose, '*ut lucus a non lucendo.*' She has striven with time and against wearing spectacles, with a womanly fortitude and has finally settled into a kind of religious blue-stocking. She reads all the religious controversial matter that is going, and discusses the subject *con amore*. She

seems rather shy of Martha, and she, discovering it, has redoubled her assiduities and attentions. She gave her complete editions of Edwards, and Hopkins and Emmons, and the other divines of that school, as a present, but all to no purpose. My aunt finally let me into the causes of her coolness. "Ay, nephew Frank," said she, "you have intermarried with the Philistines, and I fear you will 'eat of the fruit of your own doings.' She is beautiful I grant you, and she looks so winning and sweet upon me, that my sinful heart tempts me to something of the same admiration that others bestow upon her. But beauty, after all, is only skin deep. Furthermore, it has been to many a trap and a snare, and I doubt not, Frank, it was what carried your carnal heart away. Beauty, like good works, is but a filthy rag, unless it be sanctified. I asked her the other day if she believed the 'five points;' and do you think that the poor thing did not admit that she did not so much as know that there were 'five points.' I did hope that I might be the humble instrument of opening her eyes to the truth. But that is all gone by, and I fear she will grope on in Popish darkness to the grave." I discovered in the course of this conversation, too, that she was little satisfied with our minister, who, she allows, is a very exemplary man, but somewhat liberal in his opinions.

The other rub was my own heritage, and from my father, too. He was remonstrating with me on the folly of ever returning to New Spain. He would have me sell all there and fix myself permanently here; and he expressed so much reluctance at the idea of another separation, that I invited him to share my journey with me, and spend the next winter in Durango. "Look you here, son Frank," said he, "I would not swap that orchard, and the broad meadow, and the barn hill field for all the lands in Mexico. As to your Dukes, and your Condes, and all that stuff, see this long-tailed wig; I would rather be a justice of the peace, and of the sessions, in this town,

and Massachusetts State, than to be the first Lord in *Mahico*, as you call it.—By the way, I wonder if that's the pronunciation, that Morse came to write it Mexico.—No. No. Your wife is a sweet woman, that's not to be disputed; and the Mahican dollars are all very well in their place. But you will never catch me beyond the great river Connecticut."

Although my father was not disposed to emigrate with us, there were enough others, that were full willing; and we could have carried back half the village, had we chosen. I have a pretty sister called Temperance, who did actually accompany us back, and Martha loves her next after me, the boy, and her mother. It was a sad day for the village when we returned. I would not choose to tell how many tears were shed, and even Martha's bright eyes were red with weeping. Aunt Charity herself yielded to the sinful motions of the flesh, and kissed her, and prayed for her conversion until we were out of hearing.

One word about Wilhelmine to satisfy you on that score, and this story is at an end. '*Sat prata biberunt.*' I have now been at the north to see if our countryhouse will be ready for us next Spring, and to attend to Wilhelmine's money affairs. I should have remarked to you, but I did not wish to break the thread of discourse, that on my trip with Martha to the north, we found Wilhelmine in the family of the Methodist minister. He lived in a small village on the Mississippi, where he was a local preacher. The steam-boat stopped there to take in wood. I sent in my name and was instantly admitted. At sight of me she sprang from her chair, and the transitions in her countenance from crimson to deadly pale, showed that she was deeply affected. She heard that I was married, and her countenance soon became calm. There was the same lovely face and there sat on it a kind of pale, pensive, and indefinable melancholy. As soon as I told her that Martha was on board the boat and

wished to see her, she instantly seized her bonnet, and after the ordinary ceremonies of civility to the family, she accompanied me on board the boat. I felt happy to see these lovely women exchange all the tokens of a most cordial regard, although each knew how I had stood in the affections of the other, and my wife had been informed that Wilhelmine had had the first offer of my hand. She related to us how she had passed her time since she had left me. It was a scene of sad and tiresome uniformity. Disappointed in the warmest affections of the heart, and that heart peculiarly constituted to receive the purest impressions of religion, it was in a state exactly fitted for the moulding of such a man as he was, with whom she sojourned. With religion always in his mouth, and enough of morals and strictness to be always respectable; full of long and reiterated observances, and apparently always having, as his phrase was, the world under his feet; aiming always, too, in his religious exercises at the feelings, placing much dependence upon frames of mind, and considering the exaltation or the depression of feeling, as the graduated marks of nearness to God, or distance from him, it was no wonder that he gained an increased hold upon the sensitive and thoughtful nature of his fair associate. There was something imposing, too, in this assumed austerity of a young and handsome man, something sublime in this apparent conquest of all earthly affections. Wilhelmine became a regular attendant upon their class meetings. She made, indeed, she confessed, a poor hand at relating her experiences. But some considerate sister in the meeting was always ready to eke it out with something of her own. She discovered in the end, that she had always been in training, always under an invisible and unobserved inspection. "She admired," as she said, "the strictness of the observance in his family." But her native taste and tact always rose against all the cant of their sect, the nasal twang, and the uproar, and riot of their worship, and the

outrage upon the king's English, and taste, and common sense in many of their performances. She thought their ardor, their devotedness to their cause, the tie of kind and fraternal feeling towards each other, which binds them together with an '*esprit du corps*,' and which is so little like the cold selfishness of other denominations in their intercourse together, worthy of all imitation, and all praise.

In this way, without any particular affection for this man, she was in a fair train to become his wife. He had offered himself, and in her lonely condition she painfully felt the want of a protector, and in her state of mind she probably thought one good man would do as well as another. Unhappily for him a scheme of deep contrivance, and a plot to bring this about, admirably sustained, was defeated by one of those accidents by which Heaven seems to delight to frustrate the deepest laid plans of human wisdom. A letter sent by the minister to his sister, who was abroad on a visit, was lost by a little black boy, who did errands for the family. He was carrying this letter and was overtaken by a thunder storm. He was frightened at the storm and lost the letter; and to avoid the whipping generally consequent upon such an act, he declared that he had put the letter in the post-office, as he was charged. It was dropped, as it happened, in a grove through which Wilhelmine was accustomed to take a daily walk. She saw the letter lying on the ground, and recognised the handwriting of her host and admirer. It had been wet in the storm, and the wind in driving it against the bushes had broken it open. Wilhelmine took it up, and her name struck her as the first word that she saw in it. Some vague suspicion that she was practised upon, stimulated her curiosity to read, and as it was from her future husband to her sister, she felt justified in availing herself of this unsought opportunity of entering into their secret thoughts. Such a disgusting scene of palpable contrivance between them to

bring about this union, disclosed itself, feelings so basely mercenary, such curious replies to the sister, who seems in a letter to which this was an answer, to have been stipulating, and rather disposed to complain about her share of the dividend in the concern, that she tore the letter in pieces and indignantly broke off the negotiation, and told the gentleman she had changed her mind. Nothing could exceed his disappointment and even exasperation. From that time she had suffered every thing, had been hinted at, and talked at, and had endured every sort of persecution. They had even resorted to the despicable revenge of defaming her with the villagers, and she had been seeking for a change of place when we arrived. "Dear Martha," said she, "I hope you will allow me to accompany you?" Martha told her it was the very thing she intended to propose. We sent for her trunks immediately. We called for her bill, and when sent, we doubled the pay, but still they sent her away with deep murmurs and denunciations of the wrath of Heaven, which threw a gloom over her countenance long after we were under way. I told her that it was well for us all that there is a higher and more equitable tribunal than mere human opinion.

She went on with us, loving and beloved; and Martha regards her as another sister. In my native village I have observed the old minister was dead, and a young one settled in his place. I considered him an exemplary, amiable, and accomplished man. Wilhelmine was received in my father's family as a child. The minister saw her there, and loved her at first sight. He made his offer through me, and she in making her decision, consulted my wife and me, acknowledging that she hardly thought that she should love him with that ardor and romanticity, that some ladies consider necessary to marriage; but that she thought him a serious man, and a gentleman, and liked him very well, and would be guided in her answer exactly by our opinions. My wife and I were unanimous for him. I waited on him with the

decision. Poor fellow! He is a nervous man, and loves with all his might, and I could see that he thrilled with the agony of apprehension and suspense to the deepest nerve of his frame. I had once sat on that gridiron myself, and had a suitable fellow feeling. He was not long in suspense. His rapture of course, was proportioned to his doubts and fears. We saw them married, and happy; and he has secured a most amiable wife and an independent fortune, and we a most delightful appendage to our society when we reside in the village."

I have only to add, that when I parted from this amiable man hurrying back to his Martha with the eagerness and impatience of love, my fancy ran on to sketching his meeting with his family in Durango. I was verging towards something like envy at the idea of the rare felicity that seemed to have fallen to his lot. But on the whole, I remembered how soon the great leveller, Death, will set all these things on a footing of equality, and every emotion of that sort died away. I returned to the retirement and obscurity of my own family, blessing God, that he had once more restored me to them in peace.

THE END.



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