

Literature, &c.

From the Monthly Chronicle.
AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF
ZUMALACARREGUY.

On the evening of the 22nd of May, 1834, five persons were seated at a table in a house in the village of Alsazua, which is situated at the foot of those mountains which separate the kingdom of Navarre from the province of Gulpuzcoa. It was about three o'clock, and though the afternoon repast had been concluded, the party still lingered at the table, sipping coffee, and tasting at intervals the small liqueur glasses of brandy with which, in Spain, that odoriferous beverage is qualified. The house was one of those old baronial mansions, vast, massive, and gloomy, which are yet to be found in the rich valleys of Navarre, the last relics of Basque feudalism. The apartment in which the party was assembled had been an oratory, and was adorned with niches in which stood the figures of various saints and martyrs, some of them executed with that exquisite art which conveys the startling and painful reality of the most intense suffering. In a sort of alcove at the lower end of the room was a small figure of 'Our Lord of Sorrows,' wrought with the utmost perfection that mortal hands can bestow upon its own work. It was clothed in the dark habiliments of the convent, and no part was visible except the face, on which was imprinted so death-like and so ghastly a melancholy, increased still more by the unnatural lustre of the black eye, as to present the appearance of a dead body which had been restored for a moment to the living world. Before this shrine burned a small glass lamp encased in silver, the rays from which timidly essayed to penetrate the thick gloom in that corner of the apartment. The large windows had been thrown open, and the rich and fragrant perfume pervaded the room from the fruits and flowers beneath. The scene without was one of wild beauty: deep valleys sheltered alike from the cold of winter as from the heat of summer; gentle slopes basking in the sun; mountains wooded to the summit; and here and there a naked and pointed crag cutting the blue sky, on the very edge of which was perched, like an eagle on his eyrie, the chapel-churri sentinel, who, with bayonet glittering in the sun, was watching the rude telegraph as it sent its signals over a thousand hills, and announced the slightest movement of the enemy, at that moment in full retreat. Groups of guerrillas, divided into outposts and picquets, were seen in glimpses through the drapery of vine leaves which hang in festoons about the balcony, the snow white *buina*, or flat cap, with its green tassel, contrasting strongly with the sharp but well-formed features, the raven-black hair, and the eagle eyes of the Navarrese mountaineer. The persons who for the last quarter of an hour had gazed in silence on the beautiful scene so lavishly spread out before them, were military men. One was a young officer who wore the *galones* of a lieutenant-colonel. His light blue eye and fair complexion announced a more northern descent than that of his companions, and his countenance bore an expression of gentleness almost incompatible with his profession of arms. He was gazing intently on the path which led from Segura to Alsazua. Three other individuals were seated at the table, and they conversed in a low and hushed voice amongst themselves; but the conversation seemed to be forced and constrained, and they now and then looked with an air of pity at the young officer near them: they were aides-de-camp. But there was another man seated opposite, whose every movement was regarded with anxiety by all. In appearance he was low in stature, but his frame was cast in a robust mould. Sternness and impetuosity formed the predominant expressions of his face, and his quick black eye shot forth glances of fire. His brow was large and high; his nose rather long and well formed; his mouth small, the lips thin and compressed, with a character of the most unbending firmness; his chin round and large, whilst an expression of ferocity was added to the large black moustaches which united with his thick whiskers. His bust would have been a model for a sculptor were it not for a slight inequality in his shoulders, one of which was somewhat higher than the other, and which had the effect of making his head appear to incline more to one side than the other. His hands and feet were delicate and small; his dress was simple in the extreme, and presented a strong contrast to the embroidered ornaments on the uniforms of those about him. Red

cloth trowsers strapped to his boots, *zumara*, or sheep's-skin jacket, adorned with silver clasps and chains, left half open at the breast, and which exposed a shirt surpassingly white and fine, a black silk neckcloth tied carelessly around his broad and well-formed throat, a white *buina* partially concealing his raven-black hair, formed the whole of his attire. Though thus simply clad, a stranger would at a glance discover that individual to be superior in rank and authority to those around him. After a silence which lasted some time, the person whose appearance we have just described called, in an abrupt tone of voice, 'Montenegro!' 'General,' answered the aide-de-camp, starting to his feet. 'The messenger has not yet returned from Segura; send out two lancers with a corporal to meet him. Let them bring his despatches here; this suspense can be no longer borne,—it must be over before sunset:—waste no time—quick!—do as I order.' 'It shall be done, general,' and the aide-de-camp left the room. 'It were better it were over at once, Leopoldo,' he resumed, speaking to the young fair complexioned officer. 'I should desire that Quesada complied with your request. I should like to spare you, were it but for your father's sake.' 'I should like to live for my mother's sake,' said the young man, 'but the will of Heaven be done!—I am prepared to die:—I shall die a soldier's death.' 'Quesada cannot be so great a wretch as to refuse,' said the other; 'but for your rash and daring conduct two days ago in the valley of Aranaz, he himself, with his three battalions, might be now where you are. I should like to save you; but if he refuse the exchange much as I love your father's son, you die before the sun goes down!' The terrible announcement imparted no terror to the countenance of the young man. He clasped his hands a moment, bent his face to the table, and muttered the words '*mi pobre madre!*' (my poor mother!) A loud knock was heard at the door: 'Come in!' cried the terrible chief. The aide-de-camp entered. 'Ha! you have the despatches:—let us see;—let us see.' The messenger that had been sent to Quesada's head quarters entered the room: he was pale and breathless, and handed to the general a slip of paper. He gazed at it, and grew deadly pale, he bit his lip till the blood started from it. The scroll only said, 'Let the robber now at Alsazua demand from the bearer my reply.' 'What reply?' The messenger told that on communicating the commission of his general, Quesada replied not, but ordered fifteen prisoners, amongst them four officers, to be paraded before him where he stood. They were commanded to kneel down, and an entire company fired on them, and shot them to death. 'Tell what you have seen,' said Quesada, 'to the robber who sent you: that is my reply.' 'Enough,' said the general to the messenger, 'be gone! Montenegro, order out a party of twelve men to parade at the back of the house; let the muskets be loaded. Send the chaplain here. Leopoldo, a confessor! You die in half an hour!' The Chaplain came. Leopoldo having first written to the queen-regent, accusing Quesada as the cause of his death, on account of his refusal to exchange prisoners, spent the moments that remained in prayer. He was led to the spot supported by two aides-de-camp; he knelt down unbandaged and unpinned, dressed in his uniform, with his decorations, his spurs, and his sword. The sun had not yet set,—three men fired on him, and in an instant the gallant, intelligent, and beautiful young man was a bleeding corpse! This brave officer, who had some days before saved Quesada and his battalions from falling into the hands of his ferocious enemy, and who was in return thus abandoned to his fate, was Leopoldo O'Donnel, a lieutenant-colonel in the Christiano army, and the first cousin of the present General O'Donnel:—and the inexorable chieftain whom we have just described was the celebrated Zumalacarreguy.

From a Summer's Day at Greenwich.
TOWER OF TONDON.

To what a host of historical recollections does this antique building give rise. What a number of celebrated characters in the eventful page of history have been committed to its gloomy precincts, from which they have emerged only to end their lives by the hands of the executioner. The two young princes, Edward V. and his brother the Duke of York, were both murdered here by the cruel mandate of Richard III. The pious and virtuous Lady Jane Grey and Lord Guilford Dudley, her husband, were also put to death within the verge of the

Tower. The last time this fortress was used as a state prison was in 1820, when Thistlewood and the other Cato street conspirators were confined here. Four of them were found guilty and suffered at Newgate. Tradition states that in one of the rooms of the White Tower Sir Walter Raleigh wrote his far famed History of the World.

THE WIDOWS HOPE.

BY H. F. GOULD.

SLEEP on my babe, and in thy dream
Thy father's face behold,
That love again may warmly beam
From eyes now dark and cold.
His wonted fond embrace to give:
To smile as once he smiled,
Again let all the father live,
To bless his orphan child.

Thy mother sits these heavy hours
To measure off with sighs;
And over life's quick wither'd flowers
To droop with streaming eyes.
For ah! our waking dreams, how fast
Their dearest vision fade,
Or flee, and leave their glory cast,
For ever into shade.

And still, the doting, stricken heart,
In every bleeding string
That grief has snapp'd or worn apart,
Finds yet wherewith to cling;
And yet whereon its hold to take,
With stronger, double grasp,
Because of joys it held to break,
Or melt within its clasp.

A Blast has proved, that in the sand
I bas'd my fair, high tower,
Pale Death has laid his rending hand
On my new Eden bower,
And now, my tender orphan boy,
Sweet bud of hope, I see,
My spice of life, my future joy,
My all, wrapp'd up in thee.

I fear to murmur in the ear
Of him who will'd the blow,
And sent the king of terrors here
To lay thy father low.
I ask his aid my grief to bear,—
To say 'Thy will be done,'
That Heaven will still in pity spare
The widow's only son.

THE LOVE OF A HAT.

Oh Alfred, I have been out shopping all the afternoon, though I bought nothing. I called at Mrs Hall's the milliner, and she showed me such a love of a hat I was completely enchanted, I tried it on, and found it so becoming, I was tempted to wear it home. It is the color of a damask rose, with a splendid ribbon to match, a graceful drooping snowy plume and a curtain of exquisite blonde a quarter of a yard in depth. I know you would say it was a perfect love; should you not like to see me come out in it?

That is quite a broad hint my dear Sarah, I like to see you in any thing but what is the price of this so much admired bonnet?

Mrs Hall said it was worth thirteen dollars; but as she wished to be as reasonable as possible with such a customer as myself, she would let me have it for twelve.

Well she is quite accomodating, but is not that too much to lay out upon an article so soon to be thrown aside? Then you know Sarah, there is your white one, not yet two months old; I had rather see you wear that longer. I do not like to have people say that my wife is extravagant, and we cannot very well afford to follow every new fashion, are you willing to give it up?

The young wife pouted, and was half inclined to cry. It were better if she had, for tears are more excusable than anger.

Oh I suppose I can wear the old dud of a white hat all the winter, if you will not allow me a better one; but do not call me extravagant; I am sure a twelve dollar bonnet need not drain your resources. Look at my friend Mrs Haight, she has a new head gear once a month, I believe. She has a French hat which cost her sixteen dollars. She only wore it twice, and then taking a fancy to alter it, spoilt it entirely, so that it was fit for nothing but paper rags; and not long since she gave eight dollars for a turban which she has never worn and never will wear. But I see what I am to expect. I did not believe you were so parsimonious.

Sarah was vexed. She tossed her gloves and handkerchief upon the carpet, and drawing her chair towards the grate sat in sullen silence twirling the tassels of her purple mantilla till summoned to the tea table. The meal was hurried through without transgressing the rules of politeness, and the evening hours passed slowly and uncomfortably away; for though Alfred sought to enter into conversation with his wife, she would only answer in monosyllables; but she had

time to reflect upon the folly of her conduct, and at last began to feel very unhappy.

Alfred and Sarah had not been long wedded, and this was their first disagreement—

'For oh how slight a cause will move
Dissentions between hearts that love.'

The wife was young, gay, playful and affectionate, and had been chosen by a man of sense, more for the qualities of her mind and heart, than her beauty, though that was of the rarest kind; but she possessed a spirit impatient of contradiction; and indulged a fondness for dress which her husband hoped she might overcome, if dealt with rightly.—He felt that it was hard to begin a reform, and almost repented having given the first lesson, though more than ever convinced that it was necessary. But Sarah's was an April temper, and she appeared on the morrow with a face all sunshine, and ruby lips dropping kind words, for though too proud to confess herself in fault, she felt that she was wrong, and while no allusion was made to the past, she appeared, by her affectionate manner, to ask a reconciliation, as soon read forgiveness in the eyes of her husband. She seemed content to wear the old dud of a hat, and a few months passed away in undisturbed happiness; but another evil genius crossed their path in the guise of a fifty dollar shawl, which so exceedingly pleased the lady's fancy, that she ventured to ask her lord and master for leave, and money, to purchase it: and here beginneth the second lesson which he saw fit to give her upon that subject. He stood by the window, his hand was in his pocket, and the money in his hand, I verily believe;—for he would much rather have given it than denied her, but he hesitated a moment ere he replied.

Sarah it is hard for me to refuse you anything; but a shawl is what you do not certainly need at present. Have you not an elegant cloak, a rich Cashmere, a Rob Roy, which if not handsome, is very serviceable, and others of all sorts and sizes?

Don't talk to me about serviceable, I hate the word, and I shall never wear the old horse blanket again; they are only fit for Irish women and wenches. You seem to know all about my articles of dress; I suppose you keep a written inventory of my wardrobe.

Oh Sarah, you grieve me, but look here; see this poor object passing along through the bitter snow storm, with no covering outside her calico dress, to shield her from the weather: I will raise the window and bid her come in if you will run up stairs for your horse blanket.

You can be generous to every one besides me, but she may have it in welcome.

Sarah was charitable and kind, and as she gracefully threw the shawl over the poor woman's shoulders, the shade of anger on her countenance gave place to a smile of satisfaction. Heaven bless you!—Heaven for ever bless you! said the grateful woman, as she turned to depart. You are a young and happy couple, trust in each others affection, and never let unkind words pass between you; they are easy said, but hard to be forgotten. You have wealth, friends, and home! may your riches never take wings and fly away, your friends follow, and your home become the abode of distress. Be of one mind, loving and forgiving always; and once more I say, trust in each other's affection.

Again was the difficulty amicably adjusted, and though as a true historian I must allow that a few similar scenes occurred, yet Sarah soon began to see the error of her ways; and was gradually reforming, when Alfred one day entered and found her weeping over the following letter.

My Dearest Sister.—You have probably learned from public report that my husband has been unfortunate in business, but his pride has hitherto kept me from informing you of the extent of his losses. He is ruined; completely; without a dollar in the world that he can call his own, and now lying dangerously ill of a fever brought on by exertion, exposure and anguish of mind. I kept up my courage and spirits till now, but they are fast leaving me. I shrink from poverty, not as the worst of evils, but as one which I at present know of no means to avert; and though my children are not literally calling for bread, they are subsisting upon charity, for we owe it to the kindness of our creditors, that we have a morsel to eat, or a roof to shelter us. Did you think that I could ever be brought to this? It is the will of heaven, and my proud spirit is humbled in the dust. Come to my sister—console me with your sympathy—help me with your advice. Alfred will not object; he is always kind.