

## Literature, &amp;c.

IGNACIO GUERRA AND EL SANGRADOR.  
A TALE OF CIVIL WAR.

On a June evening in the year 1839, four persons were assembled in the balcony of a pleasant little villa, some half league from the town of Logrono in Navarre. The site of the house in question was a narrow valley, formed by a range of wood-covered hills, the lower limbs of a mountain chain that bounded the horizon some miles in the rear of the villa. The house itself was a long, low building, of which the white stone walls had acquired the mellow tint that time and exposure to the seasons can alone impart. A solid balcony of carved unpainted oak ran completely round the house, its breadth preventing the rays of the sun from entering the room on the ground floor, and thereby converting them into a cool and delightful refuge from the heats of the summer. The windows of the first and only story opened upon this balcony, which in its turn, received shelter from a roof of yellow canes, laid side by side, and fastened by innumerable packthreads, in the same way as Indian matting. This sort of awning was supported by light wooden pillars, placed at distances of five or six feet from each other, and corresponding with the more massive columns that sustained the balcony. At the foot of these latter, various creeping plants had taken root. A broad leaf vine pushing its knotting branches and curled tendrils up to the very roof of the dwelling, and a passion flower displayed its mystical purple blossoms nearly at as great a height; while the small white stars of the jasmine glittered among its narrow, dark-green leaves, and every passing breeze wafted the scent of the honeysuckle and clematis through the open windows, in puffs of overpowering fragrance.

About two hundred yards to the right of the house, rose one of the ranges of hills already mentioned, and on the opposite side the eye glanced over some of those luxuriant corn fields which form so important a part of the riches of the fertile province of Navarre. The ground in front of the villa was tastefully laid out as a flower garden, and, midway between two magnificent chestnut trees, a mountain rivulet fell into a large stone basin, and fed a fountain, from which it was spouted twenty feet into the air, greatly to the refreshment of the surrounding pastures.

The party that on the evening in question was enjoying the scent of the flowers and the song of the nightingales, to which the neighboring trees afforded a shelter, consisted of Don Terribio Olana, a wealthy proprietor of La Riopa, and owner of the country-house that has been described. He had been long used to pass the hot months of each at this pleasant retreat; and it was no small calamity to him when the civil war that broke out on the death of Ferdinand, rendered it scarcely safe, in Navarre at least, to live out of musket shot of a garrison. Sometimes, however, and in spite of the advice of his friends, the worthy Riogano would mount his easy going, round quartered cob, and leave the town for a few hours' rustication at his *Retiro*. After a time, finding himself unmolested either by Carlists or by the numerous predatory bands that overran the country, he took for companions of his excursions his daughter Gertrudis, and an orphan niece, to whom he supplied the place of a father. Five years of impunity were taken as a guarantee for future safety, and Don Terribio now no longer hesitated to pass the night at his country house so long as he found it convenient. It was observed, also, that many of those persons who had at first loudly blamed him for risking his neck, and that of his daughter and niece, in order to enjoy a purer atmosphere than could be inhaled in the dusty streets of Logrono, at length gathered so much courage from his example, as to accompany him out to the *Retiro*, and eat his excellent dinners, and empty his cobweb covered bottles, without allowing their fear of the Carlists to diminish their thirst or disturb their digestion.

Upon this occasion, however, the only guest was a young and handsome man, whose sun-burnt countenance and military gait bespoke the soldier, while two rows of lace on the cuff of his frock coat, marked his rank as that of lieutenant colonel. Although not more than thirty years of age, Don Ignacio Guerra had already attained a grade which is often the price of so many years' service, but his rapid promotion was so well justified by his merit and gallantry that few were found to complain of a preference which all felt was deserved. Both by moral and physical qualities, he was admirably suited to the profession he had embraced. Slender in person, but well knit and muscular, he possessed extraordinary activity, and a capacity of enduring great fatigue. Indulgent to those under his command, and self denying in all that regarded himself personally, his enthusiasm for the cause he served was such, that during nearly two years that he had been the accepted lover of Donna Gertrudis Olana, this was only the second time he had left his regiment for a few days' visit to his affianced bride. He had arrived at Logrono the preceding day from a town lower down the Ebro, where the battalion he commanded was stationed; and Don Terribio, with whom he was a great favorite, had lost no time in taking him out to the *Retiro*; nor perhaps were the lovers sorry to leave the noise and bustle of the town for this calm and peaceful retreat.

It was about an hour after sunset, that Don Terribio sat dozing in an arm chair, with his old black dog Moro coiled up at his feet, and his niece Teresa beside him, busying herself in the arrangement of a bouquet of choice flowers, while at the other end of the balcony Gertrudis and her lover were looking out upon the garden. The silence was unbroken, save by

the splashing noise of the fountain as it fell back upon the water lilies that covered its basin. The moon was as yet concealed behind the high ground to the right of the house; but the sky in that direction was lighted up by its beams and the outline of every tree and bush on the summit of the hill was defined and cut out, as it were, against the clear blue background.

Suddenly Gertrudis called her companion's attention to the neighbouring mountain. "See Ignacio!" exclaimed she, "yonder bush on the very highest point of the hill! Could not one almost fancy it to be a man with a gun in his hand? and that clump of leaves on the top bough might be the *boina* of one of those horrid Carlists!"

While she spoke the officer ran his eye along the ridge of the hill, and started when he caught sight of the object pointed out by Gertrudis; but before he could reply to her remark, she was called away by her father. At that moment the supposed bush made a sudden movement, and the long bright barrel of a musket glittered in the moonbeams. The next instant the figure disappeared as suddenly as though it had sunk into the earth.

The Christine colonel remained for a moment gazing on the mountain, and then turning away, hastened to accompany his host and the ladies, who had received a summons to supper. On reaching the foot of the stairs, however, instead of following them into the supper room, he passed through the house door, which stood open, and, after a moment's halt in the shade of the lattice portico, sprang forward with a light and noiseless step, and in three or four bounds found himself under one of the large chestnut trees that stood on either side the fountain. Keeping within the black shadow thrown by the branches he cast a keen and searching glance over the garden and shrubberies, now partially lighted up by the moon. Nothing was moving, either in the garden, or as far as he could see to the adjacent country. He was about to return to the house, when a blow on the back of the head stretched him stunned upon the ground. In an instant a slip-knot was drawn tight round his wrists, and his person securely pinioned by a strong cord to the tree under which he had been standing. A cloth was crammed into his mouth to prevent his calling out, and the three men who had thus rapidly and dexterously effected his capture, darted off in the direction of the house.

Desperate were the efforts made by Don Ignacio to free himself from his bonds, and his struggles became almost frantic, when the sound of a scuffle in the house, followed by the piercing shrieks of women, reached his ears. He succeeded in getting rid of the handkerchief that gagged him, but the rope with which his arms were bound, and that had afterwards been twined round his body and the tree, withstood his utmost efforts. In vain did he throw himself forward with all his strength, striking his feet furiously against the trunk of the tree, and writhing his arms till the sharp cord cut to the very sinew. The rope appeared rather tightened than slackened by his violence. The screams and noise in the house continued; he was sufficiently near to hear the hoarse voices and obscene oaths of the banditti—the prayers for mercy of their victims. At length the shrieks became less frequent and fainter, and at last died away entirely.

Two hours had elapsed since Ignacio had been made prisoner, hours that to him appeared centuries. Exhausted by the violence of his exertions, and still more by the mental agony he had endured, his head fell forward on his breast, a cold sweat stood upon his forehead, and had it not been for the cords that held him up, he would have fallen to the ground. He was roused from this state of exhaustion and despair by the noise of approaching footsteps, and by the arrival of a dozen men, three or four of whom carried torches. They were dressed in the sort of half uniform worn by the Carlist *volantes*, or irregular troops; round their waists were leathern belts filled with cartridges, and supporting bayonets and long knives, in many instances without sheaths. Ignacio observed with a shudder that several of the ruffians had their hands and weapons stained with blood.

"Whom have we here?" exclaimed a scowling, evil-visaged fellow, who wore varnished epaulets. "Is this the negro you secured at the beginning of the affair?"

One of the men nodded assent, and the chief bandit, taking a torch, passed it over the face of the captive officer.

"Un militar," exclaimed he, observing the uniform button. "Your name and rank?"

Receiving no reply, he stepped a little on one side, and looked to the coat cuff for the usual sign of grade.

"Teniente colonel!" cried he on seeing the double stripe.

A man stepped forward, and Ignacio, who knew that death was the best he had to expect at the hands of these ruffians, and was observing their proceedings in sterna silence, immediately recognized a deserter from his battalion.

"Tis the Colonel Ignacio Guerra," said the man; "he commands the first battalion of the Toledo regiment."

An exclamation of surprise and pleasure burst from the Carlists on hearing the name of an officer and battalion, well known and justly dreaded among the adherents of the Pretender. Their leader again threw the light of the torch on the features of the Christine, and gazed at him for the space of a minute with an expression of cruel triumph.

"Ha!" exclaimed he, "el Coronel Guerra! He is worth taking to head quarters!"

"We shall have enough to do to get away ourselves, laden as we are," said one of the men, pointing to a number of large packages of plunder lying on the grass hard by. "Who is to take charge of the prisoner? Not I, for one."

A murmur among the other brigands approved this mutinous speech.

"Cuatro tiros," suggested a voice.

"Yes," said the leader, "to bring down the enemy's pickets upon us. They are not a quarter of a league off. Pedro, lend me your knife. We will see," he added with a cruel grin, "how the gallant colonel will look creped."

A knife-blade glanced for a moment at the torchlight as it was passed round the head of the Christine officer.

"Toma! chicos!" said the savage, as he threw the ears of the unhappy Ignacio amongst his men. A ferocious laugh from the banditti welcomed this act of barbarous cruelty.

The leader sheathed the knife twice in his victim's breast before resigning it to its owner; and the Carlists, snatching up their booty, disappeared in the direction of the mountains.

At day break the following morning, some peasants going to their labour in the fields saw the body of the unfortunate officer still fastened to the tree. They unbound him, and perceiving some signs of life, carried him into Logrono, where they gave the alarm. A detachment was immediately sent out to the *Retiro*, but it was too late to pursue the assassins; and all that could be done was to bring in the bodies of Don Terribio, his daughter, and niece, who were lying dead in the supper room. An old groom and two women servants had shared a like fate; the horses had been taken out of the stable, and the house ransacked of every thing valuable.

For several weeks Ignacio Guerra remained wavering, as it were, between life and death. At length he recovered; but his health was so much impaired, that the surgeons forbade his again encountering the fatigues of a campaign. Enfeebled in body, heartbroken at the horrible fate of Gertrudis, and foreseeing the speedy termination of the war, consequent on the conclusion of the treaty of Bergara, he threw up his commission, and left Spain to seek forgetfulness of his misfortunes in foreign travel.

In all French towns of any consequence, and in many whose size and population would almost class them under the denomination of villages, there is some favourite spot serving as an evening lounge for the inhabitants, whither, on Sundays and fete days especially, the belles and elegants of the place resort to criticize each other's toilet, and parade up and down a walk varying from one or two or three hundred yards in extent.

The ancient city of Toulouse is of course not without its promenade, although but poor taste has been evinced in its selection; for, while on one side of the town soft well trimmed lawns, cool fountains, and magnificent avenues of elm and plane trees, are abandoned to nursery maids and their charges, the rendezvous of the fashionable of the pleasant capital of Languedoc is a perched and dusty alley scantily sheltered by trees of recent growth, extending from the canal to the open square formerly known as the Place d'Angouleme, but since 1830 re-baptized by the name of the revolutionary patriarch General Lafayette.

It was on a Sunday evening of the month of August 1840, and the Allee Lafayette was more than usually crowded. After a day of uncommon sultriness, a fresh breeze had sprung up, and a little before sundown the fair Toulousaines had deserted their darkened and artificially cooled rooms, and flocked to the promenade. The walk was thronged with gaily attired ladies, smirking dandies, and officers in full dress. In the fields on the further side of the canal, a number of men of the working classes, happy in their respite from the toils of the week, were singing in parts, with all the musical taste and correctness of ear for which the inhabitants of that part of France are noted; while, on the broad boulevard that traverses the lower end of the allee, a crowd of recruits whom the conscription had recently called under the colours, stood gazing in open mouthed astonishment and infinite delight at some rudely constructed booths and shows, outside of which, clown and pailasse were rivaling each other in the broad humour of their lazzi. Parties of students, easily recognizable by their eccentric and exaggerated style of dress, and the loud tone of their conversation, were seated outside the cafes and ice rooms, or circulating under the trees, puffing forth clouds of tobacco smoke; and on the road round the allee, open carriages, smart tilburys, and dapper horsemen were careering.

Among the various groups thronging the promenade was one, which, in Hyde Park or on the Paris boulevards, would have attracted some notice; but the persons composing it were of a class too common of late years in the south of France to draw upon them any attention from the loungers. The party in question consisted of three men, who, by their bronzed complexions, ragged mustaches, and sullen, dogged countenances, as well as their whole air and tournure, were easily distinguishable as belonging to the exiled and disappointed faction of the Spanish Pretender. Their threadbare costume still exhibited signs of their late military employment, probably from a lack of means to replace it by any other garments. The closely buttoned blue frock of one of them still had upon its shoulders the small lace straps used to support the epaulets, and another wore for head-dress a *boina*, with its large starlike tassels of silver cord. The third and most remarkable of the party, was a man in the prime of life and strength, whose countenance bore the impress of every bad passion. It was one of those faces sometimes seen in old paintings of monkish inquisitors, on viewing which, one feels inclined to suspect that the artist has outdone and exaggerated nature. The expression of the cold, glassy, gray eye, and thin, pale compressed lips, was one of unrelenting cruelty; while the coarsely moulded chin and jaw gave

a sensual obscurer cut extended from the forehead nearly to the upper lip, parting off the nose, and giving a hideously fixed and unnatural appearance to that feature. The man's frame was bony and powerful; the loose sheepskin jacket he wore was thrown open, and through the imperfectly fastened shirt-front, it might be seen that his breast was covered with a thick felt of matted hair.

It was the moment of the short twilight that in the south of France intervenes between day and night. The Carlists had reached the upper end of the walk, and turning round, began to descend it again three abreast, and with the man who has been particularly described in the centre. On a sudden the latter stopped short, as though petrified where he stood. His countenance, naturally sallow, became pale as ashes, and, as if to save himself from falling, he clutched the arms of one of his companions with a force that made him wince again, while he gazed with distended eyeballs on a man who had halted within half-a-dozen paces of the Spaniards. The person whose aspect produced this Medusa-like effect upon the Carlist was a man about thirty years of age, plainly but elegantly dressed, and of a prepossessing but somewhat sickly countenance, the lines of which were now working under the influence of some violent emotion. The only peculiarity in his appearance was a black silk band which, passing under his chin, was brought up on both sides of the head, and fastened on the crown under the hat.

"Que tienes, Sangrador?" What ails thee, man?" enquired the Carlists of their terror-stricken companion, addressing him by a non-de-guerre that he doubtless owed to his bloody deeds or disposition. At that moment the stranger sprang like a bloodhound into the centre of the group. In an instant El Sangrador was on the ground, his assailant's knee upon his breast, and his throat compressed by two nervous hands, which bid fair to perform the office of a bowstring on the prostrate man. All this had passed in far less time than is required to narrate it, and the astonishment of the Carlists at their comrade's terror and this sudden attack was such, that, although men of action and energy, they were for a moment paralyzed, and thought not of rescuing their friend from the iron gripe in which he was held. Already his eyes were bloodshot, his face purple, and his tongue protruding from his mouth, when a dozen darms came up, and aided by half a dozen those agents who, in plain clothes, half-spy and half-policeman, are to be found in every place of public resort in France, succeeded, but not without difficulty, in rescuing the Carlist from the fierce clutch of his foe, who clung to him with bull dog tenacity till they were actually drawn assunder by main force.

"Canalla! infame!" shouted the stranger, as he writhed and struggled in the hands of his guards. "By yonder villain have all my hopes in life been blasted—an adored mistress outraged and murdered, myself tortured and mutilated in cold blood!" And, tearing off the black fillet that encircled his head it was seen that his ears had been cut off. A murmur of horror ran through the crowd which this scene had assembled. "And shall I not have a vengeance?" shouted Ignacio (for he it was) in a voice rendered shrill by furious passion. Aid by a violent effort he again succeeded in shaking of the men who held him.

El Sangrador, whose first terror had perhaps been caused by astonishment at seeing one whom he firmly believed to be numbered with the dead, had now recovered from his astonishment.

"Adios, Don Ignacio," cried he with a sneer, as he walked away between two gendarmes, while his enemy was hurried off in another direction.

The following day El Sangrador was sent to a depot of Spanish emigrants in the interior of France. On his departure the authorities, who had made themselves acquainted with the particulars of this dramatic incident, released Don Ignacio from confinement; but he was informed that no passport would be given him to quit Toulouse, unless it were for the Spanish border.

At the distance of a few leagues from the town of Oleron, and in one of the wildest parts of the Pyrenees, is a difficult pass, scarcely known, except to smugglers and lizard-hunters whose hazardous avocations make them acquainted with the most hidden recesses of the rugged and picturesque mountains. Towards the close of the summer of 1841, this defile was occasionally traversed by adherents of the Ex-Queen Regent Christina, entering Spain secretly and in small parties, to be ready to take share in the abortive attempt subsequently made to replace the reins of government in the hands of Ferdinand's widow. Not a few Carlists were weary of the monotonous inactive life they were leading in France, prepared to join the projected insurrection; and, leaving the town in which a residence had been assigned them, where they might lie *perdue* until the moment for active operation arrived, subsisting in the meanwhile by brigandage and other lawless means. Owing to the negligence, either accidental or intentional, of the French authorities, these adventurers usually found little difficulty in reaching the line of demarcation between the two frontiers; but it was there their troubles began, and they had to take the greatest precaution to avoid falling into the hands of the Spanish *carabineros* and light troops posted along the frontier.

Among those who intended to take a share in the rebellion, Don Ignacio Guerra occupied a prominent place. Being well known to the Spanish Government as a devoted adherent of Christina, it would have been in vain for him to have attempted entering Spain by one of the