

cular loopholed tabor, or redoubt, and the church wall was barely sufficient for a full-grown man to pass sideways; and that space was now blocked up so as to completely enclose and barricade the gallant Urbanos, who nevertheless called through the loopholes in front, and told the mother to go round to the side. She did so.

'Madre,' said one of the sons, whose head appeared above the wall of the tabor, his lips all black with gunpowder from biting his cartridges when loading his musket over and over again—'madre, what brings you hither?'

She delivered her appalling message.

'Wait a moment, madre,' said the son, and disappeared.

Presently the anxious mother heard stifled sounds in the tabor, as though heavy stones were being removed with caution; then the upper part of the narrow barricade just described was removed, and she saw her other son's bust in the space it had filled. She stretched forth her arms to greet him, but he said in a low voice, 'Come close to the wall, madre mia,' and he disappeared, but only for an instant. Another layer of large stones was rapidly removed, and saw the figures of her two sons as low as their waists, and the crescent-like interior of the tabor crowded with her armed neighbours and friends, with blackened lips and flushed faces. Whilst they were greeting her, and inquiring all together, about their families, the two brothers pulled down two more layers of stones. The mother imagined that they were about to sally forth, and with the rest of the little band, lay down their arms, rather than allow their nearest and dearest connexions to be sacrificed.

'Mother,' said the oldest son, 'give me your hand.'

She held it out, and her son drawing her gently towards him, took her up in his arms, lifted her over the remaining part of the narrow barricade, and carried her across the inner space of the tabor into the church; his comrades replacing the stones, and again completely blocking up the entrance to the tabor with surprising rapidity. All was performed in much less time than has been occupied in thus briefly describing this singular scene.

A voice was now heard through one of the troneras or loopholes calling on the Carlist officer—'Tell the rebel Zumalacarguy to come himself for the answer, and he shall receive it a balazos (in a volley of bullets). His messenger is with her children and her friends; and among her betide all Carlist prisoners now in the power of the Cristinos if a hair of the head of one of our female relatives, or of any Christiano prisoners, be touched!'

The astonished Carlist officer, filled with alarm lest Zumalacarguy should wreak condign vengeance on him for having allowed the mother of the two Urbanos to be snatched from him, departed with his escort, after having been warned by the voices from the troneras, and the apparition of the musket-barrels thrust through them, and pointed at him, that should he tarry longer, his mortal career would probably be terminated.

The firing on both sides immediately recommenced, and was continued until nightfall.

After dark, the Urbanos held a consultation upon the course to be adopted during the night. They felt that it was more than probable that the Carlists would take advantage of the darkness to endeavour to take the tabor by assault, and that against so large a force it would be impossible for them to defend so comparatively fragile a work, the reduction or abandonment of which would enable the Carlists to batter down the gate and occupy the church. They therefore wisely decided that the only way to enable them to act efficiently, would be to retire to the tower, and, after accumulating all available offensive and defensive resources within it, to block up the entrance, and to fortify themselves notwithstanding the brunt of an attack, however furious it might be.

With the promptitude and energy inspired by the impulse of self-preservation, and of indomitable fidelity to their cause, the gallant Urbanos commenced their willing labours immediately. First, they loosened the large ancient grave-stones or slabs, with which the church was paved; for in the olden time the dead were interred in the sacred edifice. With these thick slabs they formed a strong wall by placing them inside the door of the tower, so as to completely block it up; leaving, however, a few small spaces or loopholes to fire through, and a very narrow opening for the Urbanos to pass through, one at a time.

At about half-past nine at night—it was a very dark night—a stout party of Efciosos silently crept close up to the wall of the tabor, placing themselves below the loopholes, in order that the bullets from the muskets of the Urbanos might pass over their heads. With pick-axes, which they had collected in the town they began to loosen the stones in the lower part; whilst the brave Urbanos fired through the loopholes, but with little effect, until they perceived that the wall was giving way. They then retired into the church, as preconcerted, and closing the gates, placing against them the props and supports which had been accumulated beforehand for strengthening them. That wall of the tabor soon fell, and the Carlists rushed over the ruins to pounce upon the Urbanos: all they found, however, was stones and rubbish, and the church gate closed! But this did not damp their exertions. A quantity of wood was speedily collected, piled up against the strong gate, and set fire to. The gate, which was studded with large iron bolts with massive heads, soon ignited, and whilst it was burning, a ponderous beam was brought from a neighbouring timber-yard, and being lifted up horizontally by a number of facciosos,

was used as a battering ram, with tremendous force, against the half-consumed gate.

But they were not permitted to pursue their work of destruction unmolested. The brave Urbanos pelted their assailants with tiles from the roof of the church, and wounded a great number of them, some very severely; but they were promptly replaced by others from the battalions, which were drawn up close at hand.

At length the gate gave way; its shattered remnants falling inwards with a loud crash carrying the internal barricade along with them. The Carlists rushed impetuously over the ruins, thinking to make an easy pray of the Urbanos. The church was, however, deserted; but two large wax flambeaux were burning on the altar.

The Urbanos retired to their last stronghold, the tower; but before doing so, the mother of the two young men had called upon all who were in the church to prostrate themselves before the altar, and implore Divine support in their great strait. They obeyed, and, on rising, swore, one and all, to perish rather than surrender. Whilst making this solemn vow, they heard the gate yielding to the repeated assaults of the Carlists, and had barely time to reach the stair and close up the narrow entrance, before the crush took place.

Zumalacarguy directed this desperate attack in person. A volley from the lofty roof, which stretched several of his men dead on the church floor, announced that the Urbanos had availed themselves of the apertures caused by the removal of the tiles, which had wounded so many of his men, as a passage to the inner roof, in which they had made holes, and from that novel, elevated, and impregnable battery, they fired upon the facciosos; whilst a discharge from the troneras or loopholes of the fortified entrance to the stairs leading to the tower, imperatively called Zumalacarguy's attention to the place whence they had mounted to the roof. 'Pensions for life,' cried Zumalacarguy, 'for those who force the door of the tower!'

A company composed of daring fellows stepped forward, and rushed to the barricade. They were welcomed by a discharge of musketry from the loopholes. Sixteen were killed, and their panic-stricken comrades fled in different directions, running to and fro about the church in the utmost confusion. An officer hastened to Zumalacarguy, who had left the church, and reported what had occurred; adding, that the tower door could not be stormed and taken without immense loss, and that it was even doubtful whether it could be obtained possession of at all. But the Carlist chief would not give ear to those representations. 'Cowards!' he cried, and called for more volunteers, promising instant pecuniary rewards and pensions for life to the successful storming party.

Another vain attempt followed by the loss of many lives, convinced Zumalacarguy that this well-contrived and admirably defended barricade could not be taken. He therefore adopted another plan. He ordered a large quantity of wood, and whatever other combustibles could be procured, to be heaped up in front of the parapeted door. The townspeople, whom he held as prisoners, were forced at the point of the bayonet, to assist in collecting these materials. The terrified inhabitants, buffeted and maltreated by the ruffianly facciosos, were forced to deliver up their chairs, bedsteads, and areas or trunks, which serve the purpose of chests of drawers; all of which were added to the pile.

Those who advanced first to cast down the combustibles in front of the barricade met their death from a volley from behind it. But more and more was heaped up, until it formed a huge mass. Several sacks of red pepper had been found in a shop, and in another warehouse the Carlists discovered some casks of spirits of turpentine. The pepper was thrown upon the wood and furniture, and the whole drenched with the spirits of turpentine, and immediately set on fire. But in the confusion, the spirits of turpentine had been spilt in considerable quantities on the floor of the church. It ignited; the strong fire ran along the ground with the rapidity of lightning, catching the old woodwork of the church, which blazed furiously, and all was confusion and dismay. The Carlists, in their trepidation and haste to escape from the flames, fell over each other; the smoke blinded and nearly suffocated them; and many were burnt to death, after suffering the most excruciating torments, from their clothing having become saturated with the spirits of turpentine. A poor man whom they had forced to carry wood into the church, was also burnt to death.

And what was passing in the tower during this frightful scene? The gallant Urbanos, though they beheld the church on fire, and were half-choked by the pungent smoke from such a medley of turpentine-anointed combustibles, rendered doubly fierce by the red pepper heaped up in front of their loopholed barricade, far from contemplating a surrender under such fearfully trying circumstances, called out to their comrades above them to cast down the mattresses and bed clothes; for the last guard of Urbanos in charge of the church had removed their bedding to the tower, when the building was invested. This was done in an instant, and the bedding was compactly placed against the interior of the barricade, so as to fill up every aperture. Thus the smoke was kept out of the tower, to the summit whereof all the Urbanos who had been defending the barricade now hastened. The interior of the church was burning throughout the night, and the Carlists could do nothing against the Urbanos in the tower.

At daybreak, when the flames had subsided, though the heat was still intense, the Carlists made fresh attempts to gain an entrance into the tower; but they found the brave citizens still at

their post. They had removed the mattresses, and though confined to the heated region of the half-calced stone staircase, they still kept firing through the loopholes, and killing several Carlists, whilst their comrades were flinging tiles, with fatal aim and force, from the perforated ceiling, on those who had again ventured into the church; until at last—at noon—the surviving facciosos fled precipitately from the spot where so many of their companions lay dead in the frightful postures into which their agony had cast them, and where the ashes of others were mingled with those of the combustibles which they had collected and ignited for the purpose of forcing the gallant Urbanos to surrender.

News now arrived that a division of the queen's army was on its way, by forced marches, to Cenicero. Zumalacarguy, therefore, lost no time in collecting his troops together, and they recrossed the Ebro, by the same ford of Traconegro which they had crossed over so gaily thirty six hours before. They found time, however, to plunder the houses of all the Urbanos, and of others known to be attached to the constitutional cause, and what they could not carry away they destroyed.

The loss of the Carlists was about forty killed by balls, besides those who were burnt to death in the church, and upwards of a hundred and twenty wounded, who were placed on mules, with the exception of some who were in so pitiable a state as to be obliged to be carried on mattresses, borne by four men each. Several died before they reached La Guardia.

The fifty Urbanos who had so nobly defended their post, and had thereby rendered such invaluable service to their country, were received with enthusiasm by their relatives and friends: and it is worthy of remark, that though they had sent so many of their foes to their long homes, and had wounded between one and two hundred men, the only casualty in their little band, was the wound in the finger of one of them at the commencement of the attack on the tabor.

The writer passed through Cenicero repeatedly in the course of the late civil war, and often visited the church in company with some of the Urbanos who defended it with such determined bravery. The stone staircase of the tower—bereft of its lower steps the ladder, the half-calced walls, all these palpable mementoes remained unchanged until the end of the war. The tabor was rebuilt, and the fortified church was always confided, as a post of honor, to the Urbanos, even when the town was occupied by the regular troops.

Cenicero was never revisited by the Carlists, who had too painful a recollection of the tremendous lesson they had there received. To run the risk of encountering a repetition of it.

To the honour of the Urbanos be it added, that though some of their neighbours aided the Carlists during the attack, and otherwise conducted themselves obnoxiously, they were not molested in the slightest degree afterwards. 'Thus,' said the exemplary cura, to whom the writer was, on various occasions, indebted for the most frank hospitality, and to whom he never failed to pay his respects when passing through Cenicero—'thus affording a practical proof of the sincerity of the principles which they professed.'

New Works.

LEGENDS OF THE ISLES, AND OTHER POEMS. By Charles Mackay.

THE CRY OF THE PEOPLE.
ON, it is litter-hard to roam the earth,
Aliens to joy, with sad thoughts overflowing,
To hear the young birds carol in their mirth,
To feel the sunshine, and the warm winds blowing,—
To see the beauty in the fields and floods,
The plenty of the meadows, green or golden,
The fair fall orchards redolent of buds,
And know that we, by a hard fate withholden,
Must keep our appetites aloof, nor dare
To taste the stores which happier birds may share.

'Tis hard to know that the increase of wealth
Makes us no richer, gives us no reliance;
And that while ease, and luxury, and health
Follow the footsteps of advancing science,
They shower no benefits on us, cast out
From the fair highways of the world, to wander

In dark paths darkly, groping still about,
And at each turn condemn'd to rest, and ponder
If living be the only aim of life—
Mere living, purchased by perpetual strife.

We ask not much. We have no dread of toil;
Too happy we, if labour could provide us,—
Even though we doubled all our sweat and toil,—
Raiment and food, and shelt'ring roofs to hide us
From the damp air and from the winter's cold;
If we could see our wives contented round us,
And to our arms our little children fold,
Nor fear that next day's hunger should con-found us.

With joys like these, and one sweet day of rest,
We would complain no more, but labour,
bless'd.

Rich men have kindly urged us to endure,
And they will send us clergymen to bless us;
And lords who play at cricket with the poor,
Think they have cured all evils that oppress.

And then we think endurance is a crime;
That those who wait for justice never gain it;
And that the multitudes are most sublime
When, rising arm'd, they combat to obtain it,

And dabbling in thick gore, as if 'twere dew,
Seek not alone their rights, but vengeance too.

But these are evil thoughts; for well we know,
From the sad history of all times and places,
That fire, and blood, and social overthrow,
Lead but to harder grinding of our faces
When all is over: so, from strife withdrawn,
We wait in patience through the night of sorrow,

And watch the far-off glimpses of the dawn
That shall assure us of a brighter morrow.
And meanwhile, from the overburden'd sod,
Our cry of anguish rises up to God.

From Cidder's Brazil.

CAPTURE OF WILD CATTLE.

For the pursuit of wild cattle horses are admirably trained, so that when the lasso is thrown they know precisely what to do. Sometimes, in the case of a furious animal, the rider checks the horse and dismounts, while the bull is running out the length of his raw-hide rope. The horse wheels round and braces himself to sustain the shock which the momentum of the captured animal must inevitably give. The bull, not expecting to be brought up so suddenly, is thrown sprawling to the ground. Rising upon his feet, he rushes upon the horse to gore him; but the horse keeps at a distance, until the bull, finding that nothing is to be accomplished in this way, again attempts to flee, but the rope again brings him to the ground. Thus the poor animal is worried, until he is brought wholly into the power of his captors.

From Knight's Weekly Volume.

ANECDOTE OF THE BLIND.

John Stanley, the musician, lost his sight when only two years of age. He had so correct an ear, that he never forgot the voice of a person he had once heard speak. An instance is given when he recollected the voice of a person he had not heard for twenty years, who then accosted him in an assumed voice. If twenty people were seated at table together, he would address them all in regular order, without their situations being previously known to him. Riding on horseback was one of his favorite exercises, though it would seem a very dangerous one for the blind, and towards the close of his life, when he lived in Epping Forest, and wished to give his friends an airing, he would take them the pleasantest road, and point out the most agreeable prospects. He played at whist with great readiness and judgment. Each card was marked at the corner with the point of a needle, but these marks were so delicately fine as scarcely to be discerned by any person not previously apprised of them. His hand was generally the first arranged, and it was not uncommon for him to complain of the party that they were tedious in sorting the cards. He could tell the precise time by a watch. He knew the number of persons in a room when he entered it; would direct his voice to each person in particular—even to strangers after they had once spoken; and would miss any one who was absent, and could tell who that one was.

From Whewell's Elements of Morality.

RATIONALE OF "NOT AT HOME."

There are various understood conventions in society, according to which words spoken or written under particular circumstances have a meaning different from that which the general laws of language would give them. I have already noticed such phrases as—I am your obedient servant, at the foot of a letter; which, though not literally true, is not to be called a lie. The convention is here so established, that no one is for a moment misled by it. In the same way, if when I wish not to be interrupted by visitors, I write upon my door—Not at home, and if there be a common understanding to that effect, this is no more a lie than if I were to write—Not to be seen. But if I put the same words into the mouth of a servant, and if the convention be not regularly established in all classes of society, the case is different. It is a violation of duty in me to make the servant tell a lie! it is an offence against moral culture. He may understand the convention to be so fully established in the class with which my intercourse lies; that the words, though not literally true, convey no false belief. In this case he may use them, and I may direct him to use them, blamelessly. But it is my duty to ascertain that he does thus understand the words as a conventional form; and in order to give them this character, he should not be allowed to deviate from that form, or to add any false circumstance—as that his master has just gone out, or the like.