L. D. Jackle

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THE RIVAL.

By the Author of "Recollections of the Peninsula."

CHAPTER I.

"What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?"
CYMBELINE.

Talk of a dukedom, a captain-generalship, a grand cross of the Order of the Bath, all glorious as they are—sorry promotions, cold, unfelt distinctions are they all, compared to a lad of eighteen's appointment to the lieutenancy of a light company, on a death-vacancy, the day after his first battle.

The army of Wellington contained no happier or prouder being than Harry Blount, when, the day after the fierce engagement at Talavera, the adjutant of his gallant corps, an old soldier, as brown as a berry, and as stiff as a bamboo, stepped across rather quicker than ordinary from the colonel's tree to the front of the lines, where a group of the officers were lounging, and called out, "Master Hal, the colonel has made a light-bob of you. I said all I could against you. I told him you were the idlest dog we had—a very bad boy for drill—always too late—always laughing—couldn't run—couldn't jump."—What more he was going to add we cannot tell, for Harry Blount had thrown his cap sky-high in the air, and having run behind the brave old adjutant, who was a universal favorite, had sprung upon his shoulders, and well-nigh throttled him.

"Carry me, you old sinner, carry me down the lines. This is the leg for the light infantry," said Harry Blount, urging the old boy's iron sides.

"A pretty leg you made of it yesterday. If you had had a run in you, you would have caught that slack-breeched Mounseer with the eagle, when the vagabonds went to the right-about in double-quick time to get out of the way of our persuaders. You might have had your toasting-fork through him, though he got clear of the bayonets."

"Confound you, you old rogue, you know I did my best; and if it had not been for fat clumsy old Serjeant Rounder, I should have caught the fellow."

"Ah! you would not have done much good with him if you had. One link from old Rounder would have settled his accounts to some purpose. There's to be a sale, at twelve o'clock, of poor Hardy's rattle-traps. You must go and secure his wings*, my boy."

At the mention of Hardy's name, Harry Blount slipped quietly off the old adjutant's shoulders, and seemed ashamed of his high spirits.

"Poor Frank!" said he; "if I could see you alive again, I would be content to remain a flatfoot† to the end of the war."

"Well, well," replied the rough adjutant; "every bullet has its billet. It's a bad wind that blows nobody good. Don't you mind his old song,

'Why, soldiers, why,
Should we be melancholy, boys?
Why, soldiers, why,
Whose business 'tis to die?'

I like that song—there's some sense in it. Ah! I have not got such a clear pipe as poor Frank had: it did me good to hear him."

"I believe," said another of the party, "Frank had some notion he should not live long; and, knowing it was a soldier's business to die, he thought more of preparing for it than the most of us."

"Come, come," said the other soldier, "no preaching. Where the tree drops there it will lie; there's no fear but Frank has got good quarters.

'We come into the world naked and bare,
We go out of it, nobody knows where;
But if we do well here, we shall be well
there.'

There, that's a sermon my grandmother taught me before I first 'listed; and she gave me a prayer, too, which is not much use in this country, seeing I have not put my old bones between sheets since we landed. But in barracks, every night, I said the old woman's words; and good ones they were:—

'Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John:
Pray God bless the bed I'm on.'"

Harry Blount, who was a clergyman's son, had been well educated and taught the truths of his Bible, checked the old soldier with a squeeze of the hand, and told him, "that though a good drill, he would make but a sorry parson." A truth old Plummet readily assented to, saying, "he didn't know much about parsons, and didn't like what he did."

The party now moved off to the rear of the centre to the sale, where, in a few minutes, by right of purchase, Harry Blount put on Hardy's neat-cut jacket and wings, and the sling belt, with silver whistle and chain.

"A fit—a glorious fit," several voices exclaimed; "the jacket has as neat a set as if made by Allen himself." "Turn about, Hal!" "Capital!" "But you'll have some trouble to get the blood out of that belt," said Plummet, "the stain is soo deep."

"I like it all the better," said Hal, "for that glorious stain; 'twill remind me of that noble fellow, Frank."

"Aye, aye," said Plummet, "that's all very well while scrambling about here after the Mounseers, never looking up, never keeping step, and marching in lines crooked as rams' horns; but dirty belts won't do at a guard-mounting in Dublin, under old Square'em."

"Well, it will do here," cried Harry; and away he ran, bounding and springing along, to thank the colonel for putting him in the light company. Several of the men of it jumped up in their lines as he ran past, and with a cry of momentary familiarity, half-shouted to him, and half to each other—"Go the rig—go the rig—that's your sort—that's the chap for my money—we're fitted, the company will play the whole regiment now: that's the cricketer, bat or bowl, that's the boy; he's the lad to ride: the horse knows his master that's got him on his back. O! he's a broth of a boy."

Some of this Hal heard as he passed, and the rest they spoke standing in their shirt-sleeves, with folded arms, and looking hard after him.

He found the colonel sitting on the ground in his forage cap, and writing a letter on the top of his canteen. The colonel was a very gallant officer; strict but considerate; not a cheerful man himself, but rejoicing to see others so; and he received the breathless youth's acknowledgments with a smile.

"Well, young man," said he, "I am very glad to see that you feel the honor as you ought. I promise you I would not put you in the light-infantry if I did not thing you would do credit to it: but I say to you, as I said to poor Hardy, three years ago, 'In all things remember the end.' It is an old and a good caution; 'twill keep your head cool and your heart light."

"I hope I do, sir," answered Hal.

"Have you written to your father," asked the colonel, "to tell him you are safe and sound after yesterday's pelting?"

"No, sir."

"Well then, do so; for friends often suffer a great deal of uneasiness at home, when they hear of a battle until they receive letters. I shall mention you in mine to my wife. I am now writing to poor Hardy's father, and I am very much perplexed about it. I feel for the old people; they are most worthy, and he was an only child. I have heard his father, who was a major of veterans in Jersey, say, that Frank never cost him a tear in the way of trouble, beyond sorrow at partings, in his whole life; that he never asked him for a shilling, and never contracted a debt. And to this I add, that I never heard him swear an oath; never knew him make a bet; and never saw him intoxicated but once, at a battle anniversary. Make him your model, boy! And may your end be as honorable, though not so untimely, as poor Frank Hardy's." With that the colonel dashed away a tear that stood trembling in the corner of his eye, as if vexed at being betrayed into emotion, and, dismissing Harry, took up his narrow portable inkstand, and twisting his pen impatiently in it, to get ink enough for the tracing of a line, resumed the occupation which the youth had a few minutes interrupted.

After this battle the army retreated to Estramadura, leaving most of their severely wounded in the hospital at Talavera.

Although the movement of retreat is not very agreeable or animating, still there was not, in this case, any moral depression. The troops, who had just gained a brilliant victory after a hard-fought field, marched away with a hope that the French would follow, that they might turn and beat them again. They were not like dogs with their tails between their legs, but like lions lashing them about in proud menace as they slowly retired. Commissaries and musquitoes called forth their most heavy curses; and quarters, rest, soft tommy,* and rations of wine, were among their most agreeable anticipations.

Every vineyard they passed was laid under contribution by them, and "Sta bon the grapes," was the usual war-cry, when they had piled arms and were dismissed on their halting ground. Harry was enjoying all the bright novelty of his new dignities,—"Light infantry, to the front;" "Light company, form the advance guard;" bugle sounding double-quick time, and all the rest of it. Oh! that trotting up from the rear to the head of the column, with the arms trailed and the saucy toss of the head as they gave the grubbiest the go-by, calling out, "Incline to the right! Make way for your masters!" Or, on some occasions, when the enemy was looked for, and they were detached to form a rear-guard, the insolent joy, and the—"We'll take care of you, my children;" and to the grenadiers, "We'll take çare of you, my *babies*."

Harry was as happy as the day was long: ready to run a couple of miles for milk, or bread, or wine, at the close of the longest march; learned himself to make an Irish stew, oxtail soup, and to fry a bullock's kidneys in a camp-kettle lid; and, when night came, lay down wrapped in his cloak, with a knapsack for a pillow, and slept as sound as a top, and so fast, that he was wont to laugh when he arose, and say he had been sleeping at the rate of ten knots an hour, and felt fresh as a four-year-old, and ready for any thing.

Harry was handsome—a manly beauty: dark hazel eyes, a profusion of dark brown hair, a well-cut mouth, fine teeth, and a very sweet smile. He took the sun well, had no peeling of his skin, no sprithes, no swelling of the lips, no scorching of the nose, but was well-tanned in complexion, with a fine healthy glow on his cheek, subdued by the heat into the color of a well-sunned peach.

As the light infantry of his corps led the march into the city of Badajos, he as lieutenant commanding the section in advance, the populace and peasantry which gathered about them were pointing him out to each other, and remarking upon his fine figure and graceful carriage; and though Harry was not exactly vain, yet, as he was looking forward to some weeks of sojourn in this city, and as he had heard a great deal about Spanish ladies, but had as yet seen very little of them, he was not a little gratified to have the letter of recommendation he carried in his cheerful face so readily and generally acknowledged by the frequent-uttered "hermoso—hermosissimo:" and taking his billet with a little flutter at the heart, he made his way to the house of Don Gaspar de Ribera, in a back street, not far from the gate of las Palmas.

CHAPTER II.

"I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye,
That liked, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love."
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

DON GASPER DE RIBERA was a little yellow-visaged morose old gentleman, the veriest churl in all the city, and was sitting in the inner gallery of his mansion, which overlooked the Patio, with his cloak wrapped loosely about him, and a paper cigar in his mouth, when the joyous Harry entered with his billet.

He could see the youth through the rails of the balcony, but he neither moved nor spoke.

Harry, after calling quietly below for some servant of the house, and waiting a minute or two without seeing any one appear, looked up, and made an obeisance to the Don, and asked if this was the house of Gaspar de Ribera?

The Don thrust forth from his cloak an arm in a shirt-sleeve, took the cigar slowly from his mouth, and, without bowing or rising, answered "Yes."

"I have a billet on it," said Harry, "for one English officer."

"A hundred thousand devils take all the English," was his courteous reply; "it cannot be—it is a mistake—I have got an exemption—go away—take it back to the alcade—there is no room for you—go away—take it back."

Albeit Harry was a cheerful good-tempered youth, yet, what between dust, heat, and fatigue, to go back through the scorching streets and upon the raw and burning stones of Badajos, in search of another quarter, was not agreeable. He, therefore, marched up-stairs to the infuriated Don, who was now pacing up and down in considerable wrath, presented his billet, and said, if there was any mistake the Don might himself either go or send and have it rectified; but that, as the day was hot, and he was tired with his march, he would in the meantime sit down and rest himself; and he accordingly seated himself in a chair near him.

"Insolence—it is my chair,"—said the old man, coming up with eyes of anger.

"I did not observe," said Harry, "that it was the only one in the gallery, and designed not to offend you. I will get another," looking into a room near.

"No, no, you will not—I am master of my own house. Do the English mean to take that as well as the country's strong places? I tell you there is no room—I will not receive your billet—go back with it."

The youth now felt sadly tempted to enforce his right of quarter; but the temper of the choleric old gentleman rendering it difficult to do so, without at least the push and action of violence, he restrained himself, told him he was no true Spaniard that would not receive an ally with common civility, and that he would rather lodge in a stable than sleep under his roof, and then sallied forth to procure quarters elsewhere.

His baggage-mule with his soldier servant were below, and the man had already begun to take off the things, when Harry announced the difficulty, and bade him load again. The man, sweating with heat, and now yet more with vexation, as his master moved off, saluted the Don, who put his yellow face out of one of the front windows, with a sharp volley of as many oaths and as much abuse as his knowledge of Spanish tongue and breeding had enabled him to acquire, which was replied to in Spanish billingsgate, about as intelligible to the red bull-dog soldier as were his quaintly-pronounced words to the white ferret-eyed piece of Spanish nobility.

However, it was but some minister of little Cupid's who had contrived to raise all this hubbub, in order to assert his power over two young rebels, who had laughed at every arrow he had as yet expended on them.

The donna Montalvo came into her balcony, and looking down where Harry was passing with the air of one provoked and weary, and on towards the house of Don Gaspar, she at once comprehended the dilemma, and called softly to the Senhor Inglese to come in and rest himself. He turned his eyes at the summons, and there was such a fine expression of unaffected good-humour and hospitable kindness in the look, the air, and manner of this good lady, that, with a graceful bow, he entered the portal below, ran up a wide staircase, and found the lady at the head of it ready to receive him. She led him into a large cool apartment, where he found an old woman of sixty, with her gray hair drawn back, and tied with broad black ribband, sitting on a mat in one corner knitting, and near her, seated on a low stool, and bending over a square embroidery frame, a girl, who, as she quickly rose, and came forward a pace or two to join in the courtesy of the welcome, so startled and confused Harry, that eyes less dim than the duenna's and more fixed than the Lady Montalvo's chanced to be, would have discovered the sudden and victorious impression made upon the youth by the beauty of Juliana.

Juliana was, in truth, a most enchanting girl, of a character frank, free, and fearless: no sudden blushes, no eyes downcast with simulate modesty. There was a grace about her when she came forward that won Harry on the instant. She looked him full in the face as naturally and artlessly as an innocent and happy child; she put no expression in her glance with design to kill; she neither sought nor thought of admiration; she joined her mother in the welcome with an easy, engaging cordiality; and the confusion of Harry appeared to her only as the awkwardness of a stranger unable to speak Spanish, and unacquainted with their manners. To relieve him, she went into an anti-room and brought out a plate of delicious grapes, presenting them for his refreshment, and with playfulness pressing him to partake of them. Harry poured out his thanks in superlative Spanish, which was taken as it was meant, although his attempt at the sentence which contained his "*muchisimas gratias*" was, beyond those two words, utterly unintelligible. At this they laughed, not as we English do at foreigners, with rudeness, but with a kind, bright cheerfulness, as extracting from it a new pleasure, a new interest, in the stammering stranger.

Here, in this house, for two months Harry was quartered: for the Lady Montalvo, pleased with his address, caused his billet to be given upon her; and, while her servant was gone to the alcade for it, she bade him direct his baggage-mule to be unloaded, and led him into a very pretty and cheerful apartment, which he occupied during the rest of his stay.

Oh! no, never before in his young life had Harry passed two such months. It was sunshine, continual sunshine in his heart. They joked him in the division about the pretty girl in his billet, whenever he missed a cricket-ball in their play, or made a mistake at drill; but no body ever thought him in love, neither did he suspect it himself. He had a good appetite, slept soundly, and looked content and joyous all the day long.

The Montalvos were seldom abroad, except for about half an hour in the cool of the evening on the Alameda; and here, as they were usually surrounded by their female acquaintance, and by a few formal old Spanish dons, the only gallants left to them by the war, excepting the officers of two Spanish levies in the town, who chanced to be no favorites with either the Lady Montalvo or her daughter, Henry never joined them. But at home he had long secure hours of free and happy intercourse with this charming family, which only flew too fast for his wishes. During the whole of his sojourn beneath the roof, he never once saw Juliana alone. It was in the same chamber, where he was first introduced to her, that she was almost always to be found—never, however, without her mother or her duenna. But whether Ursula was in truth a bright exception to the whole sisterhood of duennas, or whether the influence of her young charge was of a nature so bewitching as not to be resisted, certain it is that Harry never saw upon the old lady's kind face any other expression towards Juliana than that of a confiding maternal fondness, or rather a manner of nurse-like endearment.

The Senhor Henrico was an immense favorite with the old duenna; even the thought of his being a heretic, which at first alarmed her, and whenever it arose to her mind caused her immediately to make the sign of a cross, and put up a petition for him to St. Jago of Compostella, even this worried her no longer; he could make her smile whenever he choose; and he chose to do so very often, because Juliana always smiled too; and hers was a smile white and bright as the flower of the cistus flashed suddenly upon by a cheerful sunbeam.

Harry made a quick proficiency in Spanish with Juliana for his teacher, and long after he well knew how to aspirate this letter, and melt that into the softest liquid, and to give the lisp to another, he would sit a whole morning feigning a difficulty, that he might compel her to give the sweet lesson of her hard words, so prettily pronounced, that he began to love them as the very charms and fascinations of the language. Latterly, Juliana began to detect him at this trick, and, while old Ursula with all gravity was adding her instructions, and the Lady Montalvo was scolding him for his idleness and bad memory, she would burst out with a laugh and then clap her hands, and accuse him of making a sport of their patience, he knowing how to pronounce the words, as well as themselves; all which the Senhor Henrico would playfully deny in better Spanish than he should have used on the occasitn if he wished to be believed. There were three or four balls at Badajos during his stay, but these did not give him all the satisfaction he looked for; to be sure he always contrived one dance with Juliana, but, what between old beaux of rank and young beaux on the staff, he was forced to stand apart more than he liked, or sit vacant and restless by the Lady Montalvo, watching Juliana as she moved and waltzed with the grace and lightness of a sylph in the arms of another; not that he felt jealousy, though, to be sure, a twitch resembling it. He saw that the girl cared nothing about her partners, and it seemed not that she cared about himself. She appeared to like the dance for dancing's sake, for the sound of the music, and the softness of the exercise. Her eyes sparkled with animation, but their expression was but the common gladness of high spirits; and the strangers who danced with her, and who chanced to be men either indifferent, or else seeking to make an impression rather than to receive one, voted her insipid and cold, without sentiment, without passion, or, in plain truth, without the wit to find out their merits, and without the coquetry to flatter them.

All this was very contenting to Harry, for it prevented his quarter being beset by the rank and the flirters of the division; and, with the exception of now and then a priest, an old Spanish don of the city, or one of the superior officers of the Spanish troops, evening after evening passed away, without any addition to the happy trio he had the privilege of joining. Sometimes, but not often, he would bring with him his friend and chum,* Ralph Harland, a rough, manly old officer, like himself, only a lieutenant, but some ten years his senior in age; a man who was himself indifferent to the society of women, and thought ill of the whole sex: his excuse was, that he had been ill-treated by a cruel step-mother when a child, and jilted by a light-minded girl since he came of age.

He was a thorough soldier; his temper a little soured by slow advancement, but not so much so as to spoil him for duty. On the contrary, he was a zealous, brave, pattern man, attached to the life of the army, fond of his regiment, and both feeling it and making it his home. He was sensible, moral, prudent, yet generous; fond of all field sports, and manly games; hence his first fancy for Harry Blount, who excelled in these matters, and was a prime favorite with him moreover for his many amiable qualities. Indeed, it was no small piece of good fortune for Hal to have so steady and safe a companion and messmate as Ralph Harland.

They messed at Ralph's quarter, who being an old soldier, and a man of imperturbable coolness of manner when he willed it, had established himself with Harry's billet, in the house of Don Gaspar de Ribera. Hal had the infinite diversion of seeing his friend Ralph take possession. In vain Don Ribera stormed and fumed: with unbroken silence, with a smile in his black eye, a twirl of his black whisker, and a beckon to his soldier-servant, a room was soon ornamented with the old bear-skin on which he always slept, with a small pair of canteens, and a rusty portmanteau.

Here, to the vain and inextinguishable wrath of Don Gaspar de Ribera, they had eaten their Irish stews, drank their country wine, discussed the night tumbler of punch, and smoked their cigars, sometimes by themselves, and sometimes with an addition to their party of three or four cheerful comrades, ever since.

Ralph never professed to come to the Montalvos for any other purpose than hearing the guitar, which Juliana played exquisitely, accompanying her own clear voice.

"This," said he, "I like. She has got no tricks and flourishes—no sigh-away, die-away quavers; and she does not turn up her eyes to give your heart a side-shot. There's something about her a man who knows less about women at bottom than I do, might almost trust to; but I suspect there's something behind, something that would soon show the devil in her. Take care of your heart, Master Hal; you must not fall in love."

"Not I," said Harry; "I have wedded the colors. I care nothing about her; but she is a pretty, lively girl, and makes my billet pleasant."

"I hope, boy," said Ralph, "you do not play any tricks either with her heart or her hand?"

Harry fired with a sudden flash of anger, but knowing it was kindly meant, and knowing that every day brought forth some such occurrence in the army, he replied, with a grave smile, "No, Ralph; as the old song has it, she canna be my wife, and she would not, and should not, be any thing else. No, Ralph, I only like her, and shall always wish her well; but you know we shan't stay here forever."

They were sitting together before their quiet supper, as thus they talked, when suddenly in rushed one of those busy news-announcers, whose delight it is to run panting from house to house with first intelligence of any thing.

"A route,—a route!—march at one o'clock in the morning."

CHAPTER III.

"The lover, too, shuns business and alarms,
Tender idolater of absent charms;
Saints offer nothing in their warmest prayers,
That he devotes not with a zeal like theirs;
'Tis consecration of his heart, soul, time,
And every thought that wanders, is a crime."
COWPER.

The unwelcome messenger had hurried forth again, almost as soon as he had given the news, to run elsewhere, and, according to the feelings and wishes of his hearers, to gladden or depress them.

When the servant of Ralph Harland brought in the tall brass lamp, with its three wicks trimmed and blazing cheerfully, and put it on the table, preparatory to serving up their wonted meal, Harry Blount started from his seat, and went to the window. He leaned far out of it, complaining of the heat, though, of a truth, it was one of the most chilly and gloomy nights they had as yet experienced that autumn.

Ralph said nothing—for he had observed the paleness and emotion of the youth's countenance as he rose; and he sat down to supper by himself, without a word of banter, and without pressing him to come to table.

Upon Harry, that which sooner or later must have happened, and which, in fact, they had been constantly expecting for weeks past, fell like a sudden and never-contemplated calamity. He was to be torn away from his new and sweet connection—no delay, no weaning. He was not to see to-morrow's sun rise on Badajos. Now, for the first time, he made the strange discovery that he was a lover; now, for the first time, he sighed, and his frame shook with the ague of a new and undefined fear. It was a part of his life, his being, that he was to lose. However, he mustered a little courage, thrust his sorrow as far down into his heart as possible, and chased it from his cheek as well as he could, then turned, and, coming to the table, took a crust of bread and a tumbler of wine without seating himself; and declaring it was too hot to eat any supper, and that he wanted to pack up his rattle-traps, and do many little trifles at his own quarters, he left Ralph supping heartily off a tough beef-steak, with love-apple sauce,* and inwardly half-laughing at and half-envying the boy those sweet pangs that belong to a first and fervent love, when any Providence crosses and troubles its smooth course.

When Harry got home, he ran up into his own apartment, and gave full vent to the anguish of his heart. He freely wept, even as a child. It relieved him. He washed his face into brightness, brushed his shining hair, and went in to pass his last evening with the Montalvos. The night was so chill that they had a braceiro in the chamber, and were seated round it in one corner. The lamp was on the table, at some distance, and they were therefore in a soft shadow. He drew one of the low Moorish chairs, such as those on which they were sitting, and placed himself near them. They had heard the news from Harry's servant. The Lady Montalvo unaffectedly expressed her regret; and old Ursula said, she would never know another soldier, because, just as you began to know them, they marched away, and you never saw them again.

Something like a sigh was breathed by Juliana, but she checked it, and said, with a struggle to be cheerful, "Oh! but we may see him again."

"Ah! well, if we do," rejoined old Ursula, "by that time he may have forgotten us."

Harry was forced to suppress the "never," that was about to burst energetically from his lips, for he dared not, in his nervous state, to entrust his voice with the utterance. But his bosom thrilled with rapture as the noble Juliana replied to Ursula, "Oh, he will not forget us. I am sure he will never forget us."

"How, my silly dear, can you be sure of any such thing?"

"Because I judge by myself; and I am sure I shall never forget the Senhor Henrico."

The effort made, her feelings overcame her; and, turning her face into old Ursula's bosom, she there hid it, as a child might in that of its nurse.

"Bless you, lady," cried Henry, with a voice half-stifled by emotion; "bless you, lady, for those kind and noble words. I were indeed insensible, unworthy, ingrate, ever to forget any of you,—though, perhaps, it were well for my peace that I could; for where and when shall I ever again find such beings in all Spain as the family of Montalvo?"

"Oh," said old Ursula, "take my word for it, there was never one good but there's another as good, as the old proverb has it. That is what I said to the young Don Alonzo Altamira Carvajales de Castillejo, when, the night before he left Seville for Madrid, forty-three years ago it was the last festa of Saint Jago, I remember—he swore by all the gods and goddesses on Mount Olympus, (that was his wicked oath, I remember,) that I was the very prettiest girl, not only in all Andalusia, but in the wide world; and that he would come back again, if it were twenty years after, and make me his bride: and, in three weeks from those false words, he married a silly chick of a child at Madrid, whom he had only seen twice. However, dear Senhor Henrico, as you are a heretic, (here she crossed herself,) and can't plight troth, or make love vows to a Spaniard, why, I think we may trust you to think of us sometimes, when they ask you where you learned Spanish."

Even in her young sorrow there came a smile of merry mischief to the eye of Juliana at old Ursula's first, last, and often-related love. The Lady Montalvo smiled also, and feeling moreover with Ursula, that a heretic and an Englishman could never be a suitor for her daughter, she thought but little of the natural partiality just manifested by Juliana, or the equally natural emotion of Harry. She had never before witnessed any thing like tenderness in their manner to each other, and she considered the present expression of their regard as something that, if it remotely partook of the sentiment of love, would, in a week's absence, lose all such character in their memories. She accordingly went out to give directions for placing in the baggage of Henry a few bottles of the old wine of Plasencia.

Dame Ursula, too, like most single females at her time of life, was meditating some mark of her favor for the departing youth, and bethought her of the last supply of rare confection from her cousin Theresa, in the convent of Santa Clara, at Truxillo. Full of her cupboard kindness, away she doddled to her chamber; and thus, for the first time, a favorable conjunction of the planets left Juliana and Harry together. They rose—he took her hand and pressed it, and put it to his beating heart, and raised it to his lips, and printed on it a kiss, then dropped it, and turned away fear-smote as though he had done wrong. "You have no right," his conscience whispered, "no right to declare your love, and win, perhaps, a heart which you can never wear;" but what, that tongue could utter after, would make the declaration plainer than that soft action?

"Forgive me, Juliana," he cried, turning, and again taking her fair hand, "forgive me, I would they had not left us. I have no right to tell you what I feel; and, of a truth, I can find no words to paint my love."

"It is I, Henrico, I who am afraid to think how you will judge *me*. It was not maidenly to speak so light—forget what you have heard me idly utter. Ah! Henrico, I would you were a Spaniard, then you might think of me; but—"

"Love is of no country," said Henry, "love is of no sect; he rules young hearts, he lights young eyes. I feel my heart is yours, now and forever. I have a mind's eye, Juliana, it will gaze upon you evermore:—till we meet again, be true to me; and here I pledge my truth to thee. There is a something tells me we shall be wedded, Juliana."

"Sweet word!—Say it again, Henrico, that I may live upon it when you are gone. I am a foolish girl—too lightly won you'll think,—but I cannot feign the strangeness that I do not feel. I have heard it should be so; and that a woman should deny she loves, nay, seem to frown upon her lover. I see not why—it is not simple, it is not true, as you shall ever find me, Henrico. But then, alas! we part, and you may go to England—and your English father may be stern;—and, oh! those English women—they are so fair!—I am but a brown and freckled girl of Spain, but I will not be forgetful."

"Angel," said Harry, "I feel a destiny upon my vow—I feel it bright. There may be time and trouble come between, but you will, you shall be mine."

"May our good angels," said the fond girl, "hear and confirm the troth I plight thee, and speed its fulfilment! If thou diest or failest me, I will wed no other. My grave shall be my marriage-bed, my winding-sheet my wedding-garment."

With a pure and fond embrace they sealed their vows. Juliana took from out her bosom a white cornelian cross, and put it round the neck of Henry. He asked a lock of her silken hair, and she hid her head upon his arm, and flung her luxuriant tresses over it, that he might take his choice; then, looking up, took again from the table by their side the scissors he had dropped, and with a blush half fear clipped from the lordly neck of Harry a clustering curl, and put it beneath the folds of her robe there, where it swelled above her big and throbbing heart.

They were both of them ill composed, and scarce recovered from the agitation of these sweet avowals, when the Lady Montalvo, followed by old Ursula, returned. The family did not retire to rest until after the troops had marched, though Harry, being suddenly called on for duty, saw nothing more of them but the bend of their figures, the kissing of their hands, and waving of their white handkerchiefs, as, in the gloom of night, the troops filed past the bottom of the street, in a sort of sleepy silence, and moved out of the gate of Las Palmas, on their march to Portugal.

Harry would not have had it light for the world. Instead of contriving to walk his horse with two or three brother officers, and while away the dullness of a night-march by a little social talk, he rode away upon the flank of his section, wide of it, and quite alone; reined back if any man overtook him with intent to join his side, or pushed forward if any fell back towards him with the same object. He had gotten good company in his own sweet thoughts—a happy sorrow—a gentle grief—a sad delight. How busy was his mind's eye and ear!—Such was her look—such the expression of her eyes—that was the word she used—such was the tone which she spoke it. I love her—I am loved again. What are mines of gold—what are the crowns of kings—what are the laurels of all the conquerors from Sesostris down to our time—what are they all, to the felt wealth of "I love, and am beloved again?" This wealth Harry carried with him,—this was left behind with Juliana. Indeed, for a few days, they were neither of them so much affected as they had expected to be by separation. They thought more of each other than when they had lived daily together. *Then*, being both of frank, chaste, and happy natures,—present, they had talked, laughed, jested innocently with each other; absent, Harry had played his fives and cricket, or gone out coursing with Ralph Harland's greyhounds, and never thought about her till they met again in the evening:—while she in like manner, embroidered, spun, touched her guitar, rattled her castanets, and felt no diseased inquietude about him. Now the matter was widely different; before a week was past, she began to feel the daily decline of the sun cheerless—it brought not her soldier home. She was no longer playful with old Ursula; she became more pale, and thinner, never touched her castanets, and could not bear to hear the sound of those lively toys in the hands of others; while, on the other hand, her fancy for the guitar increased: but Ursula complained sadly of her minstrelsy, saying that all her songs sounded as grave as the *Rogativa* psalms, and that she had lost all her true spirit as a Spaniard.

In less than half a week Harry had discovered that Portugal, which had so much delighted him when he traversed it a few months before, was the vilest country upon the face of the earth; that the language was a barbarous and execrable compound of all the nasal, squeaking, and discordant sounds with which the builders of Babel had been scattered abroad; that the men were undersized, ignorant and dirty; that the women were all dumpy and hideous; and that the

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*Military ornaments worn on the shoulders instead of epaulettes by grenadiers and light infantry.

†A cant term applied laughingly by grenadiers and light-infantry men to the battalion men.

*The cant term of common soldiers for soft bread.

†A cant term—corresponds with flatfoots.

*"Intimate," "Messmate."

*The *tomatis*.