

"For a thousand reasons."

"Give me one?"

"You might be assassinated."

This one reason sufficed, as any one can understand, and I did not attempt to go any farther.

However, at Valencia, as was the case elsewhere, in my slight dealings with the people, I never met with any thing but courtesy as a stranger, and, as an Italian, received a friendly welcome, even from those who wished to hear nothing of foreign kings in general, and princes of the house of Savoy in particular, and who, although in the majority, were polite enough to say to me in the first place: "Don't let us touch on that subject." To the stranger who, when asked where he is from, replies: "I am a Frenchman," they give a civil smile, as much as to say: "We know each other." To those who answer: "I am German or English," they make a slight inclination of the head, which means: "I bow to you;" but to those who respond: "I am an Italian!" they extend their hands quickly, as if to say: "We are friends," look at them with an air of curiosity, as we do for the first time at a person whom we have been told resembles us, and smile complacently at hearing the Italian language spoken as we do when we hear some one who, without wishing to make fun of us, imitates our voice and accent. In no country of the world does an Italian feel less far from home than in Spain. The sky, language, faces, and costumes remind him of it; besides, the veneration with which they utter the names of our great poets and painters, that vague and pleasant feeling of curiosity with which they speak of our cities, the enthusiasm with which they listen to our music, the demonstrations of affection,

the fervor of the language, rhythm of the poetry, eyes of the women, and the air and sun! Oh! An Italian must indeed be lacking in love for his own country if he does not feel drawn toward this one, is not inclined to pardon its errors, sincerely deplore its misfortunes, and wish it good luck. Beautiful hills of Valencia, smiling banks of the Guadalquivir, enchanted gardens of Granada, little white houses of Seville, superb towers of Toledo, noisy streets of Madrid, venerable walls of Saragossa, and you, kind hosts and courteous travelling companions, who talked to me of Italy as of a second country, thus dissipating with your gaiety my fits of melancholy, I shall always retain for you, in the depths of my heart, a feeling of gratitude and affection, shall keep your image in my memory as one of the most precious recollections of my youth, and shall ever think of you as one of the beautiful dreams of my life!

I said these words to myself, looking at midnight at Valencia still illuminated, as I leaned over the railing of the ship, *Genil*, which was on the point of leaving. Several young Spaniards, who were going to Marseilles, to sail from thence to the Antilles, where they were to remain for several years, had embarked with me. One of them was weeping by himself. Suddenly he rose, looked toward the shore, between the ships that were lying at anchor, and exclaimed in a tone of despair: "Oh, my God! I hoped she would not come!"

A few moments later a boat approached the steamer; a little white figure, followed by a man enveloped in a mantle, hastily climbed the gangway, and, giving a great sob, threw herself into the arms of the young man, who had rushed forward to meet her.

At that point the boatswain cried: "Gentlemen, we are going to start!"

Then we witnessed a most heartrending scene; they were obliged to separate the young people by force, and carry the girl, almost fainting, to the boat, which moved off a little and stopped.

The ship started.

At this moment the young man dashed like one desperate to the railing, and cried, sobbing in a voice that went to one's heart: "Adieu, darling! Adieu! adieu!"

The little white figure stretched out its arms, and perhaps replied; but the voice was not heard. The boat moved off and disappeared.

One of the young fellows whispered in my ear: "They are betrothed."

It was a beautiful night, but a sad one. Valencia was quickly lost to sight, and I, too, wept, thinking that I should perhaps never see Spain again.

THE END.



APPENDIX.

[SEE PAGE 33.]

“Yo os quiero confesar, don Juan, primero
Que aquel blanco y carmin de doña Elvira
No tiene de ella mas, si bien se mira,
Que el haberle costado su dinero :
Pero tambien que me confieses quiero
Que es tanta la beldad de su mentira,
Que en vano à competir con ella aspira
Belleza igual de rostro verdadero.

Mas que mucho que yo perdido ande
Por un engaño tal, pues que sabemos
Que nos engaña así naturaleza ?
Porque ese cielo azul que todos vemos
No es cielo, ni es azul ; ¿ lástima grande
Que no sea verdad tanta belleza !”

[SEE PAGES 290-291.]

Mark that excellent wonderful work,
Greater than all ever painted,
That Buonarrota created with his hand
Divine, in the Etruscan Vatican !

Mark how that new Prometheus, in high heaven
Uprising, extended so his wings,
That astride the star of heaven
He obtained a part of the sacred fire ;
Therewith returning enriched to earth

With new marvels and new wonders,
 He gave life with eternal brightness
 To marble, to bronze, to color.
 O more than mortal man ! Angel divine !
 O what shall I call thee ? Assuredly not human
 Canst thou be—for from the empyrean circle came
 Life and harmony to style and brush.
 Thou hast shown to men the way,
 For a thousand ages hidden, uncertain
 Of the queen virtue ; to thee is owing
 Honor, which the sun renews on the fitting day !

[SEE PAGES 424-425.]

God, Sovereign over all,
 One day created mortals,
 And made us all equal
 With his powerful hand.

He knew not nations,
 Nor colors, nor mixtures,*
 And to see men happy
 Limited his desires.

The king, who is his image,
 Should imitate his goodness ;
 And the people need not ask
 Is he French or German.

Why with angry frown
 Repel him—be he good ?
 A king full of kind acts
 Has the world for his country.

Came from a foreign nation
 The Emperor Charles V,
 And his valor conquered
 Thousands of laurels for Spain.

And it is of glorious memory,
 Although founded in war,
 The fortunate reign
 Of Philip the Courageous.

* *i. e.*, of colors.



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