

**FRANCIA: A TALE OF THE
REVOLUTION
OF PARAGUAY FROM
AUTHENTIC SOURCES**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649229598

Francia: a tale of the revolution of Paraguay from authentic sources by E. Clarence Shepard

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

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E. CLARENCE SHEPARD

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FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

BY

E. CLARENCE SHEPARD.

LONDON:

RICHARD BENTLEY,

PUBLISHER IN ORDINARY TO HER MAJESTY,
NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1851.

THE FOLLOWING TALE

IS DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION,

TO

THE RIGHT HONORABLE

VISCOUNT PALMERSTON, G.C.B.

HER MAJESTY'S SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN
AFFAIRS, ETC. ETC. ETC.

BY HIS LORDSHIP'S

MOST OBLIGED AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,

E. C. SHEPARD.

175410

FRANCIA.



CHAPTER I.

IN the Calle Mayor of Cordova del Tucuman stands the ancient and hoary buildings of the University founded by the Jesuits. It was eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and the morning lectures seemed to be just concluded, when the students in their scholastic antiquated costume, with short black cloaks, stood in respectful silence as the Professors passed one after the other before them. It was then their youthful spirits burst forth in unrestricted glee; the dry classics were thrust into the breast pockets, and numerous parties were rapidly formed for rides and excursions in the neighbouring Cordilleras. The merry troop quickly disappeared, leaving only two young men standing beneath the

porch of that part of the College which was allotted to the law students; but whether in expectation of some one to join them it would not have been easy to guess. The elder of the two stood gazing fixedly before him with a thoughtful and gloomy aspect. The younger looked up into the beautiful blue sky above him, so joyously and confidently that it seemed as if he awaited thence consolation and cheering for his companion.

“Will you then never shake off your heavy thoughts?” exclaimed he, after a long pause. “Cuerpo de Christo, I would not be cast down for the space of one half hour by the loss of a couple of hundred miserable coins, and it is now eight days since one has been able to get even a word from you.”

A flash of half suppressed bitterness played over the countenance of him to whom these words were addressed.

“Would that you!—” burst painfully from his lips. “But no, I will not swear my Rodrigo; swearing is a vile sin; especially when often indulged in. Men of your sort are incapable of

forming a true conception of the value of money, or of what the loss of money is. Oh!" thrusting his hands into his hair and gnashing his teeth, "of that you have not the slightest idea. Four hundred and fifty ducros at one stroke!"

The younger of the friends laughed immoderately. "Now truly am I happier than you poor Jago," said he, gaily. "Many a time have I thought that it would be right pleasant could I command a few doubloons. I should be at no loss how to employ them! But *me hercle*, I would far rather be poor than thus tear my hair for the loss of a little money!"

"The jew, the negro, may he burn in hell for a thousand years!" muttered the other to himself. "Had I at least not trusted him with the whole sum!"

"You are rightly served," retorted his friend quickly. "'To trust your money to a jew is to throw it into the river,' says an old proverb. You are justly punished for your avarice; I do not pity you one jot."

Jago was silent, but he raged within. "Be it

so, my young friend," said he at length, with a sarcastic smile, as he tapped Rodrigo on the shoulder. "I will do without your compassion, but the time will come when *señor* Rodrigo will be ready enough to pay a visit to the poor miserly Jago. Probably when the *Chiquita* at the Gate del Carmen, or the charming *Carazon* in the Calle Mayor, wants a new mantilla, or a fashionable french bonnet! But then perhaps Jago may not be at home."

"Be not a fool," replied Rodrigo, flinging his arms round his friend's neck. "Such little jests only cement friendship. See now, I want your advice even this very day," resumed he, with some embarrassment, and after a pause, "What is the best way of escaping the admonitions of a creditor by whom one is incessantly persecuted? It is in itself a mere trifle, thirty *pesados*, but if one does not happen to have them, what then?"

An ironical smile played over the countenance of Jago, which however quickly resumed its previously cold expression.

"Make yourself easy friend," said he, "I will

provide the remedy; I have done it many a time already."

The other was about to utter some words of acknowledgment, but Jago instantly interrupted him.

"Think not," continued he, with apparent vehemence, "think not that I omit to keep an account against you. I reserve my claims, whether sooner or later. By the Holy Virgin do you imagine that all those sums are so many free gifts to you?"

His youthful friend looked up surprised. "I have never wished that," said he in a tone not unmingled with reproach. "Mark you, Jago, I am a wild fellow but not an unprincipled one, and amidst all my foolish pranks I have never neglected my studies. The Professors give me the best of characters, and so I hope by God's help to become an able lawyer. When that time arrives I will pay my debts."

"Speak not to me of restoring the money," rejoined the other, looking fixedly before him. "I deal rigorously, but not with you. Ask, require of me as much as you will, so long as you do not