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REVELATIONS OF SPAIN.

VOL. II.

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REVELATIONS OF SPAIN

IN 1845.

BY

AN ENGLISH RESIDENT.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

NATIONAL MANNERS 1

CHAPTER II.

EL TITIRITERO—UNIVERSALITY OF SMOKING—MODE OF LIVING—THE APPLIER OF LEECHES 15

CHAPTER III.

EDUCATION—SPANISH NAMES 26

CHAPTER IV.

THE ROADSIDE VENTA 38

CHAPTER V.

BULL-FIGHTS 46

CHAPTER VI.

THE NAVY OF SPAIN 59

CHAPTER VII.

THE INFANTE DON FRANCISCO DE PAULA—GRANDES AND HIDALGOS . 66

CHAPTER VIII.

GRANDES, HIDALGOS, AND TITLES OF NOBILITY (*continued*) . . 74

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER IX. PAGE

THE UNIVERSITIES—LOS SALAMANQUINOS 82

CHAPTER X.

THE MEDICAL AND SURGICAL PROFESSIONS—QUACKS . . . 90

CHAPTER XI.

THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH IN SPAIN 103

CHAPTER XII.

REVOLUTIONS—THEIR EFFECTS—THEIR ANTIDOTE 119

CHAPTER XIII.

REJOICINGS FOR QUEEN ISABEL'S MAJORITY 130

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CAMPO OF GIBRALTAR—NOGUERAS' ATTEMPT 141

CHAPTER XV.

THE SLAVE TRADERS 154

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SLAVE TRADERS (*continued*) 165

CHAPTER XVII.

ASPECT OF ANDALUCIA 173

CHAPTER XVIII.

CADIZ AND ITS BAY 184

CHAPTER XIX.

CADIZ AND ITS BAY (*continued*) 195

CHAPTER XX.

AGRICULTURE 206

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XXI.

PAGE

AGRICULTURE (*continued*) 216

CHAPTER XXII.

FARMING IN SOUTHERN SPAIN 223

CHAPTER XXIII.

MENDICANCY—STATE OF THE LOWER CLASSES 231

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE NATIONAL MILITIA—THE GALLEGOS 241

CHAPTER XXV.

THE AYUNTAMIÉNTOS, OR MUNICIPAL CHAMBERS 249

CHAPTER XXVI.

COMPOSITION OF THE AYUNTAMIÉNTOS AND CÓRTES . . . 260

CHAPTER XXVII.

PARLIAMENTARY ELECTIONS (*continued*) 268

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE POLITICAL CHIEFS — THE PROVINCIAL DEPUTATIONS — THE JUDICIAL BENCH 275

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS 287

CHAPTER XXX.

ACTUAL STATE OF SPANISH LITERATURE AND ART . . . 300

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE DRAMA—THE LANGUAGE 313

CHAPTER XXXII.

FAMILIARITY WITH BLOODSHED 328

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XXXIII. PAGE

THE WINE COMMERCE OF SPAIN 336

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE WINE COMMERCE OF SPAIN (*continued*) 347

CHAPTER XXXV.

FINANCE AND FINANCIERS 359

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE COLONIES OF SPAIN 379

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE COLONIES OF SPAIN (*continued*) 391

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

COLONIAL SLAVERY—THE CONSPIRACY OF MATANZAS . . . 401

CHAPTER XXXIX.

PARTY AND FACTION—GENERAL DEDUCTIONS 414

Digitized by Google

REVELATIONS OF SPAIN.

CHAPTER I.

NATIONAL MANNERS.

It is singular, upon landing in the Peninsula, and making a short excursion for a few miles in any direction, to see reproduced the manners of England five centuries back—to find yourself thrown into the midst of a society which is a close counterpart of that extinct semi-civilisation, of which no trace is to be found in our history later than the close of the fourteenth century and the reign of Richard the Second—to behold the scant and ill-tended roads frequented by no vehicles but the rude and springless agricultural cart, now laden with manure, and now with village beauties, and the resort of no other passenger but the weary plodder upon foot, and the rudely accoutred equestrians of the Canterbury Tales; and if you extend your journey a little further, to light perhaps upon a party of skirmishers, a besieged town, a hurried detachment of marching troops, as in our own days of civil strife and our wars of the rival Roses.

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Or passing into the interior of the dwellings of men, to find in the comfortless venta not even a chair to repose you, in the cheerless posada no cup of wine to refresh, although it be the land of luxuriant vines—for by a curious perversity of wrongheadedness, the posada and venta are almost never found combined, though their disunion is as obvious a violence as the divorce of knife and fork. Methinks our victuallers and vintners in the days of the Crusaders were no such inveterate dunces; that no gentle knight nor stalwart man-at-arms, nor even unnurtured tramper, was forced in Merry England of old, as in Spain at the present hour, to sup in one house and sleep in another!

The face of the country is as little changed since the time of Cervantes, as the popularity of his inimitable *Don Quixote*, and bating a little dissimilarity in the strictly professional costumes, the panorama is as dirty and as picturesque as ever. The greater preponderance of mules and donkeys, round hats, red belts, and jackets, forms the only striking difference from the *cortège* of Chaucer's pilgrims, the high-peaked saddle and heavy iron stirrups being pretty much the same as in England of old (for the iron-work here, from the stirrup to the plough, is the same as at the birth of Christ). The very horses are branded as a protection from thieves, as they were in Chaucer's time by statute. Romerias, or pilgrimages in Spain, are still commonly resorted to by the votaries of piety and pleasure; and there are more highwaymen than ever met at Gad's-hill, to strip them on their journey.

The paletó is now the almost universal summer wear of gentlemen, and those who would pass for such in

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Spain. It is an alteration of a Parisian mode, and a combination of the principle of the modern coat with the ancient Spanish capa. Innumerable loops and buttons set off this garment in that taste for external decoration which is here so prevalent, and frogs and braid are sometimes added with a love of oddity and finery which has a touch of the semi-barbarous. The sleeves of this singular surtout are looped and buttoned, sometimes left open to the elbow; for the influence of climate, and the relaxing effects of extreme heat, show themselves in everything; and the linen thus exposed to view is not always snow unimpeachable.

But the genuine local costume is magnificently appropriate. With all the charm of local colouring it combines great ease and comfort. No straggling and draggling skirts, no strapped-down pantaloons, no dandified hats that press the throbbing temples,—the perfection of inconvenience and annoyance. Jackets are nearly universal, and the small round easy Spanish hat, jauntily tufted, peaked in certain districts and set off with silver tags, is covered almost invariably with black velvet, and displays to marvellous advantage the embrowned lineaments and dark moustaches and eye of these natives of the southern soil.

The effect of the ever-lighted cigarrillo is likewise extremely picturesque. White costume in summer is very prevalent and effective. Bear-skins, black-dyed sheep-skins, and the warm Catalan jacket of *punto* are much worn in winter, while braces are unknown to the bulk of the men, whose trousers or small-clothes are supported by the *faja* or sash (usually red) encircling the middle. The leathern legging is still

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universally worn by the common people even in the midst of summer. In illustration of the same principle of omnipotent convenience, and the oppressiveness of the extreme heat, no one ever yet saw an Andalucían peasant's gaiter buttoned, and many of the people have never worn a stocking, which they say the perspiration makes disagreeable, but supply its place with a bandage swathed over either leg, from the ankle up to the knee, the interstices of which serve to let in the air. Porters and hard-working peasants rarely wear any but hempen shoes, just catching the toes and heels, and tied over the ankle like an ancient sandal, the foot being otherwise, as with the ancients, entirely naked. The effect is more picturesque than pleasant. But the hempen shoe being left of its natural colour, and the cord which fastens it round the leg of a pale blue, it is not disagreeable to the eye.

Stays are not worn at all by the common class of women, and the corsets of the higher orders lace in front. You will confess that I have been curiously minute in my examination. These corsets closed only in front, are becoming very general here, and the chances of fair ladies breaking their arms by hideously twisting them behind their backs and lacing till they are ready to faint with exhaustion, fatigue, and perspiration, while the thermometer is at 100°, have thus become happily lessened. Many a beautiful shoulder is spared an ache and a distortion. I suppose you will say that it was not my business to investigate the more recondite mysteries of ladies' toilets; but "*humani nil alienum!*"

The Spanish tertulia is a charming relaxation. It

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is the absence of all constraint which constitutes its peculiar attraction. There is no formality, no needless ceremony. Every one enjoys himself in his own way. You dance, chat, sing, lounge, just as you feel inclined, and provided you do not violate the essential conventional proprieties, no one takes you to task. In the southern cities these entertainments take place during summer in the open air, for the *patio* or central court, which resembles the *atrium* of Roman houses, is exposed to this loveliest of skies, and adorned with fountains and the choicest aromatic plants and flowers, growing naturally in large fixed vases.

The southern *patios*, too, are for the most part supported by arabesque pillars. But in whatever part of Spain you enter society of an evening, you find the same delightful freedom from constraint, and your northern stiffness is perforce relaxed by the graceful unbending which pervades the tertulia. A tolerable proof of the fascination which this new aspect of society exercises over young English people of both sexes, is the facility and rapidity with which for the most part they acquire a conversational knowledge of Spanish. Repugnance vanishes, difficulties are overcome, our northern organs acquire a flexibility to which they were hitherto strangers, and our eagerness to take part in all that is going on makes us accomplish lingual miracles.

The manner and address of young Spanish ladies have a natural simplicity, a candour and primitive artlessness, above all, a benevolent kindheartedness, which win and enchant all that come near them. It is not an undue freedom, but a cheerful and con-

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fiding innocence, which none but demons would abuse.

The pomp of "your grace" and "your lordship," the literal translation of ordinary Spanish phrases, is happily got rid of amongst relations and familiar acquaintances, as well as in addressing servants. Although the *usted* and *usia* prevail ever in familiar conversation outside the hallowed circle of intimacy, they are not carried beyond it; and an intimate friend, if addressed thus formally, would deem his acquaintance disagreeable, or a son thus accosted by his father would conceive himself disowned and on the point of being disinherited. You are no sooner acquainted with a family than your christian name is inquired, and you are addressed by it ever after. Brothers and sisters, husbands and wives, parents and their children, invariably address each other with the *tu* and *ti*, answering to the French *tu et toi*. So likewise do cousins, uncles, aunts, nephews, nieces, and schoolfellows. Masters and mistresses adopt the same formula in addressing their servants.

Students of the same college or university likewise adopt it in their intercourse, and members of the same profession, soldiers, sailors, and in general all who are on a footing of particular intimacy. It may fairly, therefore, be assumed that half the Spanish people address each other constantly by *tu* and *ti*, and in this view the formality of the more ceremonial style stands to a certain extent excused, the endearing *tu* becoming the test of a more exquisite friendship, the rapturous seal of the intercourse of fond lovers, and the tender and undying privilege of married life.

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Spain still retains universally the excellent and healthful habit of dining early; and even the Queen's state banquets take place for the most part no later than five o'clock. It is thus possible to attend a theatre as well as dine, and suppers are not an invasion on the breakfast hour. The Spaniards eat light breakfasts—a cup of coffee and a little toast, or in the season a bunch of grapes with dry bread, and no accompanying beverage—for those who take wine at breakfast are the smaller number; and the dinner follows for the most part at two or three o'clock. The first meal is almost strictly the Roman *jentaculum*.

The old custom of aguinaldos, or the exchange of presents on the new year, is still kept up, with considerable spirit, but is chiefly confined to the younger branches of families. Sweets and toys are the chief things given away, with now and then the smaller articles of dress, and sometimes (I grieve to say but rarely) books, music, and engravings. The aguinaldos answer to the French *étrennes*, and the style of presents is pretty much the same as in France.

The *juguetes* or toys are for the most part imported from beyond the Pyrenees, British hands having not yet, it seems, attained the necessary degree of "spirituel" execution of these fabrics to find favour in the eyes of the smugglers who provide them. A favourite mode of conveying the treasured sweets to the expectant señoritas and niños is in boxes of transformation-paper, which produce different profiles and landscapes, according as they are held up to the light—a style borrowed from Paris. It is needless to say that the *dulce* is devoured before the picture.

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Pastillas de boca, or eating-pastiles, are much in vogue on these occasions, and they have a proverb: *Gastar pastillas de boca*, "To waste fine words of flattery."

The imperfect construction of Spanish houses has caused the sacrifice of many a life, not alone by cold winds and rain beating in, in winter, through enormous fissures and crevices round every door and window, but by means still more extraordinary. Conspirators are constantly overheard through the want of close rooms, and the chinks on every side of an apartment make amply credible the paradoxical proverb that "stone walls have ears." Except the representative Chambers and Municipalities, and the Junta of revolutionary times, there are none but secret political bodies in the country. Those who do not constitutionally meet and resolve in public will naturally conspire in private.

Intrigues and plots are likewise more congenial to the Spanish nature. Masonic lodges and political clubs, of whose doings you never hear a word save *sotto voce*, are the active levers of political society, and subversive and sanguinary conspiracies are too often on the carpet. These cling, till they ripen in the recesses of private houses, but even here they are not exempt from the *surveillance* of police spies, who are frequently attached to suspected individuals. The ricketty confines of the chamber, too, often betray the plot which is hatched within, and clumsy Spanish keyholes divulge the secrets of their masters. Thus curiously do they pay for their lagging in the march of civilisation.

A common plan with burglars here is to bore through the roof, which, from the thinness and rottenness of the tiles, is easily effected, or to descend in the middle

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of the night from the apartments overhead. As none but the rich have entire houses, and each flat or floor constitutes a house in itself, when the rooms overhead are vacant, look out for squalls in the shape of robbers, since, no matter how strongly secured is the lower part of the house—no matter how impregnable a fortress you may think it made by "locks, bolts, and bars," —the wolf may still be inside.

The common staircase, which is open all day to all the world, enables the burglar to secrete himself readily in the unoccupied apartment. But he will sometimes even take them for the half-year to effect his purpose, should he have the scent of a rich prey beneath. Thus, it was but the other day that the apartments of Doña Maria de A. were robbed at noonday, while she was absent with her family at Rota, on the Bay of Cadiz, for the summer bathing. They slit the windpipe of the poor old woman left as care-taker; but that was nothing! The house was a very good one, but the garret or upper story went for little, so as to come within the dimensions of the robbers' purse; and it was a joint-stock concern, there being four of them.

Burglaries, however, are not very frequent in this country. There is a prejudice in the best houses against the upper story, which is commonly termed "*El Zaquizami*," or, still more comically, "*Las Aguas Hurtadas*,"—stolen waters; intimating that the occupant's supply of water comes in from the sky through the roof, whereby the water-carriers are "robbed."

There is a brief, off-hand, business-like, and matter-of-course mode of recording homicides and attempts at assassination here, which is at least as amusing as

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dangerous. The official accounts, and the notices in the journals, are never longer than this: "Yesterday, the body of a man, name unknown, was picked up in the Guadalquivír, stabbed in several parts of the chest." "In the Triana some market-people and Gitanos quarrelled; a female, named Maria del Carmo, was despatched with half-a-dozen *puñaladas*."* "The night before last, in the Calle de la Sierpas, a quarrel arose between some paisanos;† high words were exchanged, when, in the exaltation of the parties, one drew out a pistol, and shot his opponent dead. It is said to have been a love dispute. Justice is informing itself." This last sanguinary affair took place in front of my hotel. The assassin escaped. Justice is rather slow here in "informing itself," for it has not yet detected the murderer. That pistol-bullet might clearly have been as readily put into any other man in Seville.

"Juan Pedro, soldier of the 2nd battalion of the regiment of Arragon, was arrested for a disorder in the Alameda Vieja, having wounded seriously with a knife two men and one woman, at eight P.M." What a singular contrast this to the three or four columns which such an event would have occupied in the London journals.

A very peculiar feature of the semi-civilisation which prevails in all parts of the Peninsula, is the savageness and approximate starvation of the canine population. Many thousand dogs in a state of *ferœ naturæ* prowl through the streets of all the great towns, acting in fact as the only effectual scavengers, and removing with great gusto into their own stomachs

* Blows of a knife. † Town's-people.

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offal, which the laziness of the inhabitants would leave, perhaps, in the streets, to inevitable putrescence.

In 1808 the French, who then occupied both the Spanish and Portuguese metropolis, combined grand military operations against the dogs of Madrid and Lisbon; but though they shot many thousands, the dogs soon re-appeared in the same numbers, and had the satisfaction shortly afterwards of seeing their Gallic enemies expelled by British valour from both Peninsular kingdoms.

It was but a sorry aim for the gallantry of Murat, then Grand Duke de Berg, and of Junot, Duke d'Abrantes, which latter title was the only fruit of the French expedition to Portugal; but the dogs, to be sure, had their enemies, who asserted that their depredations far exceeded their usefulness, and that their howling at night in the public squares was more pernicious to the health of the inhabitants, by depriving them of sleep, than their scavenger-work could be advantageous in cleansing even such streets as then rotted in the sun. I incline to the belief that the baying was far less prejudicial than the noxious exhalations. The wise men of Madrid are, however, of a different opinion, and the Ayuntamiénto of that capital have this year taken measures for the extermination of all these *perros vagabundos* by administering poison.

It is nearly incredible, yet I am a personal witness to the fact, that the instinct of these animals attained to such a pitch of exquisite sagacity, that, finding a few of their numbers to die from poisoned meats thus administered at night, they fled in troops out of Madrid every evening, and entered the city in the

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morning, the moment the gates were opened! They thus out-generalled the municipality as well as Murat.

The administrative authorities of Madrid have latterly shown some substantial proofs of progress, having prohibited servile work on Sundays and holidays, as well as the sale of articles which are not of extreme necessity. But they were soon obliged to modify the order.

The private vehicles for the conveyance of individuals, which one meets at singularly rare intervals in the country parts of Andalucía, are of the most primitive simplicity of construction, without springs or any contrivance to subdue the bumping of the aboriginal roads, and drawn almost invariably by oxen rudely harnessed with ropes. There is no attempt at ornament, unless ornament may be called a tall frontlet composed of parti-coloured pieces of cloth or calico, sometimes of green boughs and flowers, built over the foreheads of the labouring *bueyes*, as they trudge with parting legs and opening hoofs, to keep off the plague of flies. There is no driver or driver's seat, but the oxen are impelled by a lazy, clouted hind with the goad, just as when they drag the plough. The ordinary carro is a horrid creaking vehicle of the roughest-hewn planks, upon wheels of solid timber—the lightness and elegance of whose ingenious construction is enhanced by the music of the ungreased wheels and axles, varied by the screeching soprano of a crazy draw-well or two, a little off the road.

When this primitive cart is used as a carriage, a couple of mats or blankets—sometimes a mattress of

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the indian-corn straw—is thrown over it, and then it is fit for a substantial farmer's family. Ascending a little in the social scale, we arrive at the Tartana, still upon lumbering, solid wheels, and without springs, but provided with several different seats, and with a temporary cover rigged up,—a sort of *char-à-banc*—an occasional rich *labrador* or ambitious alcalde sports at intervals his calesa, a species of cab, with short, thick butts of shafts, adapted for mule or horse, the cover permanently fixed and thrown well forward, like that of an Indian buggy, as the climate requires, and baskets of flowers and other gewgaws gaudily painted over the entire body of the vehicle. Lastly, the coach of the hidalgo, whether titled or untitled, may be sometimes met, the long-tailed horses or mules arrayed in heavy harness, and their heads and necks tinkling all over with bells, to announce the great man's approach—as the bell-wether of the district.

His coach in some sort aims at what was a Paris or London fashion thirty years since; and is staringly painted in some dead, unvarnished colour, perhaps, too, with some village painter's flowers stuck over it, to demonstrate his and the owner's taste. And at times, when his children go out in it for an airing, it may be seen swinging on its rough springs, and progressing at the rate of a league per hour, behind a brace of oxen.

The pride of the hidalgo class in these lumbering vehicles is a singular comment on the folly of human vanity. A butcher going to his box at Highgate,

> And buckling to his one-horse chair
> Old Dobbin or the foundered mare,

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would profoundly scorn so antediluvian an equipage, yet here the *orgullo* of its tenants "is rank and smells to heaven," so entirely are we the creatures of position, and so content to shine by comparison. A coach is a coach, be it ever so crazy, and perhaps a wheelbarrow at the antipodes would be faultless rank and fashion. Do not enter the noble classes of Spain, if you would not cease to admire the national character, and, like Washington Irving in the Peninsula, "have the illusions of a life dispelled." *Ay, ay, pardiez!* perhaps your blue-blooded grandee is descended from aboriginal hidalguia, and Father Adam himself was an hidalgo. *Fú, fú!* give that bone to another dog. By the relics of my father and the dust of my mother, by the age of all my forefathers, your grandee may be a very great hidalgo, but he cannot wall in all Spain!

In my excursions through these wild rural districts, I fell in once with the same Titiritéro or mountebank-showman whom I met at the Triana dance in Seville,—an extremely diverting character, from whose conversation and antics I derived so much amusement that I should not be doing justice either to him or to my readers were I to tack him to the tail of a chapter.

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CHAPTER II.

EL TITIRITÉRO—UNIVERSALITY OF SMOKING—MODE OF LIVING—THE APPLIER OF LEECHES.

THE popular name of my friend the Titiritéro was José Nabo, or Joe Turnip, and his life had been marked by strange vicissitudes. Now the sole proprietor of a booth, and now obliged to run for his life; now candle-snuffer; now the stock tragedian of a barn; now a showman on a smaller scale; and now hired as a clown for "the chance of the hat." José was everything by turns, and nothing long. He had travelled from Navarre to La Mancha with a nomad company of Volatineros, or rope-dancers and tumblers, as the *bufon*, or facetious man of the establishment. Like Liston, or the pretty milk-maid in the song, "his face was his fortune." His goggle eyes were capable of realising the perpetual motion; his nose was like red-tipped dough, which he could twist into any shape, and leave so for the day; and his mouth was so singularly convolved that it laughed in spite of him, and extended from ear to ear the wide domain of merriment. "A laugh," he would say, "is better than a breakfast."

"Hay tantos bajos 'esta vida,
Es mejor reirse á carcajadas."

"This life's so full of pitfalls curst,
'Tis best to laugh out till we burst!"

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So José Nabo made an accomplished *gracioso*, arriving, without any process of ratiocination, at the same conclusion as Abdera's philosopher, and laughing through the long comedy of life with a zest that would have delighted Democritus.

José's brain-pan was a rare repertory of old saws and proverbial sayings, which he rattled out at times with a singular felicity. Thus, when he saw a strapping young *majo* with a blooming maiden by his side, in the whispering familiarity of approaching wedlock, José would slily say, as he tumbled up to them,

"Antes que cases, vea lo que haces!"
"Before that you marry, a thoughtful year tarry."

Sometimes he would promise to array himself in full dress for the purpose of duly paying his court to his friends, the public, and would presently make his appearance in nothing but a shirt; a shirt, however, twelve yards long, with a piece of white bone sticking out of his mouth, which he declared to be an ass's tooth fastened in his jaw by the court dentist, to supply the place of a tooth he lost in his last exertions to be funny! "*Mas vale un diente que un diamante.*" "A tooth is better than a diamond!" Talkativeness and giggling he called ways of young asses, and obstinacy and cunning, tricks of old mules. Wherever he heard a wordy squabble, where noisy assertion took the place of argument, he would exclaim:—

"Vanms al grano
Que de paja y de polvo
Ya estamos hartos."
"Now come to the grain, if there's grain in your store,
For with straw and dust crammed, my poor throat 's getting sore!"

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José had a box of very primitive simplicity of construction, to which, with a resistless leer, he invited my particular attention. The showman's invitation was certainly enticing; it was no less than to obtain a peep through a hole three quarters of an inch in diameter, at the sublime spectacle of the Last Judgment. I thought it might be a rude copy of Michael Angelo's picture; it was a very different thing. In curious illustration of the mocking spirit of the Spanish populace, and of the smack of irreverence which they contrive to associate with religious practices, it was a burlesque upon the terrible *Dies Iræ*, and a caricature upon the assemblage of resuscitated humanity.

He who showed it was a bold man, but he who painted it was a bolder. El Titiritéro announced it thus:—"There is nothing to be alarmed at, *hermanos mios*,* since, hermanos, we all are pickaninnies, from the Duke to the drab, of Adam and Eve, who were the moving cause of what we call this world. The final judgment, which is to follow the ending of the same, has not yet been verified, and El Titiritéro seeks merely to assist your imaginations for the better reproving of your sins, and to furnish you with a programme of the spectacle for the better understanding of your parts and places, in the grand drama of the Resurrection of the Flesh:—

"Y será cosa de ver,
No saber de nadie el nombre
Y ver en cueros al hombre,
Y en cueros á la muger."

* Brethren—a quiz upon the style of preachers."

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"A thing it will be to see!
Of none shall we know the name,
The men in their pelts will be,
And the women will be the same!"

"Now, tell me, *ustedes*, while you step forward to see this wonderful thing, isn't it true that Juan and his better-half, in the dresses they wore when they were born, will cut a brilliant figure? It will make all the world die of laughter, and thus there will be an end of the General Judgment."

I shall not treat my readers to a peep inside the box, which I am not profane enough to describe, and have recorded José's verbal embellishment merely as an illustration of the audacious character of popular Spanish wit. For lack of argument, and in the riot of animal spirits, they do not hesitate here to make merry with their saints and gods. I handed El Titiritéro a dollar as his *honorarium*, upon which he kissed with tears of exaggerated loyalty the image of "the beauty" Ferdinand, rubbing it to the tip of his nose; pronounced it good, exclaimed to a wandering child, "*Es una cosa para untar los dientes*," "It's a thing to grease a tooth with!" and taking the cigar out of a strange bystander's mouth, coolly smoked it to the butt.

Smoking has become so universal here that it is practised by the gravest characters, and invades the most refined societies. At the first *tertulias* in Seville, in the bosoms of the consular families, and in noble houses of an evening, the *cigarillo* is often lit when tea is done, and very elegant ladies think no more of it than of using a scent-bottle. The Ayuntamiéntos all smoke while they are met in their corporate capacity;

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and in the last year's municipal accounts of Cadiz, appears an item of eight hundred reals vellon, or *eight pounds sterling*, for cigars, for one member only of the Provincial Deputation during a journey to Madrid.

The journey is charged at six thousand reals, or sixty pounds, for travelling and hotel expenses; and the item for cigars amounts to one seventh of the entire. Even this, perhaps, is as legitimate as the turtle soup and venison of municipal men in London; yet it is impossible to defend the outlay of a large sum, without the slightest authority, in providing a fine funeral for a deceased member of the Deputation, and the squandering of seven thousand reals, or seventy pounds sterling, out of the sacred municipal funds, upon a portrait of Espartero. But five thousand reals in presents of cigars to the garrison appears even still less justifiable.

This filthy practice, in which Spaniards regularly indulge while seated at dinner, and even in the heat of military skirmishing, led during the last siege of Barcelona to a shocking disaster. A citizen, who had volunteered to serve as an artillery-man upon the wall, was ramming the charge home, when another citzen serving the same gun carelessly dropped the end of his paper-cigar upon the touch-hole. The cannon was instantly discharged, and the man in front of it blown to pieces!

While Espartero was bombarding the Catalan capital, the Ayacuchos of Cadiz carried his portrait in triumphant procession through their streets, and twelve thousand four hundred reals were spent that day out of the municipal funds in wine and cigars for the troops.

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The practice of smoking has at last crept into the church, encouraged, perhaps, by the example of the deposed Bishop of Leon, who used to smoke between the courses at Don Carlos's table. Inveterate smokers bring their cigars into the churches, during the long and somewhat theatrical *funcions*, and take an occasional whiff under shelter of their cloaks, the puffs being so distributed as to be barely discernible by those in their immediate neighbourhood.

Last summer I met a small band of political prisoners, marching in the intense heats under a strong escort, their arms tightly pinioned with cords, and bound together two by two. Most of them were military officers. They smoked their *cigarillos* with inimitable coolness, and chatted and laughed with the soldiers who formed their escort, as if they were on a rural party of pleasure. They were to be shot next day.

In the magnificent Café del Turco at Seville, one of the most splendid establishments in Spain, which comprises an extensive hotel with a *café* and billiard and gaming-rooms, and could upon a pinch accommodate an army, the characteristic *insouciance* of Spaniards may be seen in perfection. There is no purer type of the national practice. Here, while I dined in what they gave me as a private room,—an immense gallery open to the whole world,—a *fille-de-chambre* entered as by right and unpapered her curls before a dusty mirror at my elbow, while the *mozo* puffed his *cigarillo* as he waited to change my plate some forty times in the innumerable courses of savoury but unclean viands which constitute a Spanish dinner.

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Neither waiter nor housemaid had obtained or sought my permission; and though I coughed at both, the hint was intensely disregarded.

Having detected some dust in my tumbler, and pointed it out to the *mozo*, he quietly rinsed out the glass and flung the contents on the floor! I laughed outright in astonishment, when, with imperturbable gravity, he said that it would lay the dust. "It is needless," I remarked, pointing to a neighbouring table which was white with blowings from the street, "dust is the Spanish table-cloth." This complacent youth let the lighted end of his cigar fall on my white duck trousers, and extinguishing it by throwing water on my leg, exclaimed, "*No es nada*," "That 's nothing!" No, indeed; for though smoking is not yet introduced into the Córtes, and on the judicial bench, the deputies in a long sitting obtain their darling narcotic, the judges obtain it on the bench and the jury in their box, by chewing their cigars and spitting about on the floor.

The consumption of coffee and chocolate in Spain is enormous. That of tea, on the other hand, is extremely limited. The middle classes, with few exceptions, use it very rarely, and the proper mode of drinking it is even unknown. It is served, for the most part, poured into tumblers, a barbarous profanation of the most glorious of all beverages, and two parts of milk are added to one of tea. The rustic female who threw away the tea-water as waste, and brought the leaves to table buttered, scarcely committed a more horrid sacrilege. The living Goths who profane the sacred liquor should be deluged to death,

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with sealed lips, beneath the spouts of a million tea-pots, and buried under heaps of the leaves! Coffee, too, here, is generally made worse than in most continental countries, (not much better, indeed, than in England,) but the defect belongs to the article itself, which they procure for the most part from their own colony of Puerto Rico. Chocolate is better in Spain than in any other European kingdom. They almost invariably manufacture it mixed with sugar, and spiced with cinnamon, the latter being excluded for the sick and convalescent.

The hams as well as wine of Xerez are famous; the hams of *Mallorca* * are more so; but those of the north of Spain are of still more distinguished excellence: indeed, I had much rather predicate this attribute "excellence" of an Asturian boar than of the bulk of Spanish statesmen who claim it as their title. The right of a plump and healthy pig to be addressed as "Vuestra Excelencia" is far more indisputable than that of a Castilian patriot.

The porker munches acorns for the good of the community; the patriot fattens on place for the good of himself. The porker offends no one with his grunting; the patriot grunts so that all the world must hear him. The porker thrusts his snout into the ground for his own behoof alone; the patriot thrusts it into the affairs of other people. The porker's tail is twisted and curly; it is the patriot's conscience that is twisted. The porker has no corruption of the flesh, for he is natural in his habits, and sound—he has no corruption of the soul, for,

* Majorca.

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luckily, perhaps, he has none; the patriot's body and the patriot's soul—but let me not push the parallel! Suffice it that I love the Asturian hams, both of bear and swine—the Pyrenean likewise—and, above all, the succulent paws of a Basque bear stewed, which are better in the mouth than round the neck.

The Andalucians, Valencians, and Catalans, get the bulk of their salt fish, of which they use immense quantities, from the coast of Algarve, and Larache; they proceed thither in their stout native vessels to pay for their supplies in dollars to the trafficking Portuguese. The salt fish which they receive is the immense and excellent tunny, and the small and sprat-like sardine. The shores of the Mediterranean are comparatively ill supplied with fish, which prefer the turbid waters of the Atlantic. Before the ports of Spain were closed against us, we supplied her with immense quantities of *bacallao*, or Newfoundland cod.

The *dollar* is called *par éminence* "the hard piece," "the strong piece," *peso duro, peso fuerte*,—and a lumbering and inconvenient piece it is. The five-franc-piece circulates much more freely here than the dollar, and, indeed, all Spain is deluged with this coin and with the head of Louis-Philippe. A slight advantage in the exchanges accounts for the curious phenomenon that for one Spanish dollar in Spain you meet a hundred French crown-pieces. The latter coin is rather ignorantly termed a "napoleon;" and, to show how history is written, I may remark, that, during the disturbances of last summer, when a sackful

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of this useful commodity was seized by Espartero's adherents, from Concha's commissariat, it flew over all Europe that the French were bribing the Spanish army with napoleons, as if the coin had not been in circulation here for many years before.

When Spain, some centuries hence, shall be able to issue a respectable coinage of her own, I would recommend that the bulk of it be in the form of half-dollars, as more commodious both for hand and pocket.

Amidst the variety of characters which I met in my pilgrimage, not the least amusing was one who slept on top of me from Gibraltar to Cadiz;—I mean that he reposed in the steamer in the berth above me. He was a contrabandist on a limited scale, and an applier of leeches at Seville—Señor Sanguijuela, let me call him, and he imported his own supplies of that invaluable reptile illicitly, from Tangier, by way of our possession. He was very communicative, and when I cut him short with a—

"But where the *diablo* are the leeches?"

"Why, look you, Don Fulano!" he replied, unstrapping an enormous handkerchief which was swathed round his waist next the skin. The handkerchief was streaming with water to keep the leeches alive, and had at least two thousand coiled within its folds.

The application of leeches is here a separate profession, and the surgeon or apothecary will not meddle with such things, but refer you to him whose *spécialité* it is. Every town has its two or three *sanguijuela*-shops for the sale of "leeches of the kingdom, of the first quality." Everything here is "of the kingdom," even

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English cottons and French frippery, for so excessive is the nationality, that the tradesman must lie to court it. My friend Don Sanguijuela proved a very talkative and pleasant person—a second "Barber of Seville;" and it would be well worth your while to lose a pint of blood for the pleasure of a chat with him, and the satisfaction of gorging himself and his suckers. He is singularly eloquent in commending to public esteem the invaluable services of the leech,

> "Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
> Still bears a precious jewel in its *bite*."

He swears that the black little beast is the saviour of the human race, and that its swill is infinitely better than phlebotomy. Sangrado was not a more eloquent advocate of hot water and bleeding than Sanguijuela of cold cream and biting; and, to make sure of inserting his "serpent's tooth" in your tumours, contusions, and extravasations, he alone, of all the townspeople, has a dormitory close to his shop, where you may arouse him and his blood-suckers at all hours of the night.

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CHAPTER III.

EDUCATION.—SPANISH NAMES.

THE system pursued at the College of St. John the Baptist, in Xerez, may be taken as a fair specimen of the ordinary education provided for the children of the poorer and middle classes in Spain. There is an extensive class of elementary or purely primary education open to the public at large without charge, the expense of maintaining which is provided by the Government; and there is also a superior school, in which the foundations of a liberal, but not a classical education, are extensively laid. In this superior school the pupils pay a part, and the Government the rest. Both are under the superintendence of one patrono, or president.

The elementary school is managed by a moderately well-informed layman; the superior school by a priest, who may be considered well educated, but whose views can scarcely be pronounced either liberal or enlightened. The Government appoints to both these posts.

There is an inspecting and consulting committee, composed of the four principal teachers or professors (so called) of the school, one of whom, Don Diego Gallardo, received and executed a commission from the Spanish government in 1834 to examine into the methods of primary instruction pursued in England and France, and was subsequently superintendent

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of the practical normal school at Madrid from 1835 to 1839.

Don José Rincon, the clerical head of the establishment, exercises over it a very complete control, and announces with an amusing *naïveté* in his programme that in his school are taught "the principles of Christian doctrine, religion and politeness," [an odd, but reasonable juxtaposition], "orthology, calography," [these derivatives from the Greek are different from ours, but they are nevertheless correct], "arithmetic, Spanish grammar, geometry, physical sciences, linear drawing, natural history, geography, and history."

There are likewise classes for drawing from nature, and for modern languages; but for these the payments are extra. For the previous long list the charge is two dollars per month, paid quarterly in advance, a requisition rigidly adhered to. This is just five pounds per annum, which, for such a liberal course of instruction, must be confessed to be very moderate. The fault seems to be, that there is rather too much aimed at; but the well-disposed child, of average capacity, can never fail to carry away a foundation, at least, for very respectable attainments. There is a drawback in the want of satisfactory advanced classes. But, to be sure, those who aim at higher things, may repair to the Lyceums and Universities. A general and just outcry has been latterly raised against the irregularity of the government payments to these schools throughout the kingdom.

Private education here is almost entirely in the hands of the clergy, and it is a singular feature that

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there is no fixed charge, the prices being wholly conventional and proportioned to the rank and means of a pupil's parents. The circumstances of each particular case are patriarchally considered, and one-fifth of the pupils in the school are usually educated by the good padres gratuitously, being chosen by lot from a number of candidates. This feature belongs exclusively to private education.

The system of instruction provided by the State, considering the anarchical condition of the country, would be creditable if the allotted funds were paid. No district is without its primary school, to which the poor children, if their parents are so disposed, may have ready access. But many of these have latterly been closed through non-payment of salaries. The advantages of education are little prized amongst the humbler classes in the Peninsula. Children are looked upon precisely as young calves, or colts, or donkeys, and the grand object is to get the greatest possible amount of work out of them—when the youngsters are so inclined. In every town of any importance there is also an Institute of secondary instruction.

I may take Sanlucar for an example. Here, in the month of October, the matriculation for the year's course is opened, and a small subscription entitles to attendance upon any of the classes formed. There are classes of Latin, of Greek, and of Philosophy, as well as an elementary course of *cirujanos-sangradores*, or surgeon-phlebotomists—the respectable practising surgeon, as distinguished from the barber-surgeon, and the mere *hernista*, or surgeon-bandager.

The general fault of these national institutions is,

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that they proceed too much by form of public lecture, to produce sound results in the education of youthful minds. Lectures are not only a very popular but a satisfactory medium of instruction, when applied to grown persons; but with youths, the information thus communicated too often tends to the flimsy and superficial. Pains-taking and laborious toil with the individual mind appears to be indispensable, and, in imparting classical knowledge, seems especially essential. Effective preliminary instruction in the classics must be had, therefore, in Spain, at unauthorised schools, or by means of private tutors.

The grandiloquence which naturally springs from the Spanish character, is seen very prominently in the new scholastic system. The *ci-devant* "school of the first letters" is now a 'College of Humanities;' and where, a few years back, the *silabario*, or spelling-book, alone was taught, there is superadded an ambitious course of philosophy; while the schoolmaster has exchanged his whimsical but honoured title of "Domine," for the more ambitious appellation of "Catedratico," a more pompous mode than is known in any other country for announcing that he is a Professor.

Of the same character is the display of a female teacher of languages at Cadiz, advertised by herself everywhere as the "Trilingual Profesora," who teaches English, French, and Italian to children desiring to possess those accomplishments, at moderate charges, and will attend those señoritas who may please to require her services, either in private houses, or academies, at whatever hours they may choose to appoint—and at whatever price, might be likewise added.

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But I am very far indeed from desiring to ridicule or depreciate the teachers in the Secondary Institutes and Universities, or even in the Primary schools, some of whom do honour to their country, and most are a credit to its literary attainments.

Spaniards have long been reproached for the ostentatious length of their names, and the familiar story where a Castilian hidalgo calling at an English inn at midnight, is refused accommodation on the ground that there are not beds for so many different gentlemen, Boniface and his nightcap being unable to distinguish whether his visitors are one or more in the dark, was fairly applicable to former times.

But if Spain has not been constitutionalized *intus et in cute*, she has at least been modernized and cut down to more rational dimensions; since all are allowed to participate the "Don," a plurality of names is not so much regarded; the British "John Short" school is more in vogue, and a taste is in some sort diffused for republican simplicity and convenience.

But the Portuguese retain to this day the old long-winded nomenclature of the Peninsula, and are subject in this respect to many jokes from their Spanish cousins, as I was a witness in a city of southern Spain, where a Portuguese resided with three daughters, bearing the formidable names of Dona Maria Emilia Correa de Vasconcellos de Sousa Vereira Coelho Henriques, Dona Sofia Amelia Correa de Vasconcellos de Sousa Vereira Coelho Henriques, and Dona Carolina Amelia Correa de Vasconcellos de Sousa Vereira Coelho Henriques! They were dueña-ed by a maiden aunt with a name even still more alarming, Dona Eugenia de Aguilar e Almeida Monroy de

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Gama Mello e Azambuga de Penalva! I pledge myself that there is not a particle of caricature or exaggeration in any one of these names.

We are accustomed at home to attach notions of nobility to the well-known name of "Don Juan"—a name which Lord Byron and several dramatists have so popularised amongst us, and so identified with aristocratic dissipation, that we look upon it as equivalent to "Lord John," or "Lord Jack." I have now before me a circular, which has been just sent round Seville to some fifty customers, and which may tend to open your eyes:—

"Don Juan Rodriguez, on his return from Paris, where he has been to collect the fashions, announces to his kind friends and patrons that he has removed *his tailoring shop* from the Calle del Sacramento to the Calle de San Miguel; hopes," &c.

The fact is, that the Spaniards, with the diffusion of the "Don," have beat us hollow in the race of "Esquires." Everybody is now-a-days a Don—your tailor, your hosier, your shoemaker—if at all aspiring to fashionable establishments. The actor is announced as a Don in the play-bills, and a mannikin-fiddler is called "Don Jesus!" The captain of every little vessel that plies to the port of Cadiz, is a Don in every superscription of a letter, advertisement, and title of lading; and so is the little ship-broker and custom-house agent. We do not as yet give the "Esquire" to these worthies. How will it be in ten years' time—*quien sabe?*

There has been a great deal of fiddling this autumn in the Teatro del Balon, the second theatre of Cadiz.

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Start not, devout reader, the fiddler was *the Infant Jesus!* See in what puzzling predicaments the freedom of Spanish manners involves us. The violinist (only seven years old), was christened, doubtless through a pious intention, after the name of the Redeemer, and the child being extraordinarily gifted, the sacred name thus came to be as commonly spoken of as Paganini or Fanny Ellsler with us. I confess this familiarity very much disgusted me; and though I went to hear the child, I listened to him without much pleasure. His name always rung in my ears, and I thought I should have seen him in the Temple disputing amongst the doctors. Fancy the difference of his fiddling a number of common operatic airs, amid bobbing heads and applauding hands. It was the child's benefit night, and its own and its parents' vanity took full fling. Its hair, which weighed apparently more than its whole body, was curled down to the small of its back; and dressed in the showy costume of a *majo* or Andalucían buck, it fiddled away the overture to Figaro with a rapidity perfectly astonishing. But it was all fiddle or rather kit-music. I could not, for the soul of me, imagine that I heard a violin. Then he played a bolero, then another national dance, the Jota with variations, and lastly he played and danced the fandango himself at one and the same time. Clever, though pretty, as the performance all was, I could have whipped the urchin in consideration of his name, irreverently profaned by such farcical doings. I never felt before how much there is in a name!

The favourite baptismal names of the two sexes all through the Peninsula are "José" and "Maria,"—

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an obvious consequence of the universal devotion to the Virgin, which is carried, perhaps, to greater heights here than in any other Catholic country. "Anna," for the same reason, as being the name of the Virgin's mother, is likewise frequent, and even the sacred name of "Jesus" is not uncommon. Men are often christened by a female as well as a male appellation, and there are "José Marias" in tens of thousands.

The system universally practised of calling people by their Christian names only, leads to curious results. Among the lower orders there are many who have entirely forgotten their surnames, and some even in the middle classes, who for thirty years have not been called by them. In a list of twenty prisoners arrested for a riot, returning to Seville from the annual pilgrimage to Torrijos, I found the same names frequently recurring. There were two José Marias, two Juan Franciscos, and three Antonio Josés. In none of these cases was a surname appended, and indeed every third name was similarly crippled. So prevalent is the custom that the authorities sometimes do not ask for a surname, and the double Christian name is adopted, even amongst the humblest classes, for the sake of distinction.

Try the same system for a moment amongst ourselves: how could we ever distinguish amongst the multitude of Tommy Jacks and Jacky Toms? The name of "José Maria" is so common, that a full fifth of the Spanish male population have received those names in baptism. To English ears, a man bearing a feminine name sounds odd, but it is given

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through a religious feeling, nearly all women in Spain having a particular devotion to the Virgin. During the French usurpation, King Joseph Napoleon was so hated by the people, that they were said, in some instances, to have declined to pronounce the name at all, and to have addressed those so christened, "*Esposo de la Virgen!*" (Breton's *L'Espagne*, Vol. I.)

The cumbrous length of Spanish names leads to curious devices for the purpose of evading the endless toil of signing the name in full, when persons hold official situations. The national pride never will stoop to compound, in a matter of such fancied importance, to the extent familiar in England, of signing all but the surname in initials, by which means much superfluous trouble is got rid of. No, the six or seven names must be all of them displayed at length. Official men abridge, sometimes, thus: "Flor°. Ger°. Franc°. Gon^z.^, for Florentino Geronimo Francisco Gonzalez," &c.; and a bank clerk, who had a troublesome name and was obliged to sign it frequently, had the string of Christian names printed in the forms which he filled up. "Joaquim Pedro Antonio Manuel," and had only then to sign for purposes of verification his ugly surname, "*Helés.*"

The odd and ostentatious custom of reduplicating family names, when different branches of the same patronymic intermarry, which is sometimes the case in England, but still more frequently in Wales, may be likewise found in Spain. Don José Alvarez Pestaña y Pestaña, is a respectable member of the Senate, and the President of the College of St. John the Baptist at Xerez is called Don José Gonzalez y Gonzalez.

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One is struck at times with extraordinary names and predicaments. On the municipal guard-list of Seville, which is a record of offenders caught *in flagranti*, or consigned upon formal informations to the tender mercies of *esbiros* armed with huge pistols struck by *ganchos* into the small of the back, I saw during the summer the following entries:—

"Arrested last night for the theft of two quarts (a halfpenny worth) of paper-cigars, from a shop in the Calle de la Princesa, José de la Cruz *Cid!*"

"Maria Rita de Jesus, for strolling through the streets adjoining the Alameda Vieja, clothed indecently, and uttering dishonest words." I thought it a hideous profanation.

The name of Ferdinand, in Spanish *Hernan*, *Hernando*, or *Fernando*, has some remarkable historical recollections attached to it. It was the common name of the conquerors of Mexico and Peru, Hernan Cortés and Hernan Pizarro. It was the name of the founder of bull-fighting upon a grand scale, Ferdinand de Vanezuela, and of the greatest of human liars, Ferdinand Mendez Pinto. It was the name of the expeller of the Moors from Seville, St. Ferdinand, and of the vanquisher of the Moors at Granada, Ferdinand the Politic. The first Ferdinand who united the crowns of Castile and Léon was an active and warlike prince, and had the Cid for his general. The reigns of all the five Ferdinands who preceded Charles the Fifth were glorious. The two who have reigned since then were little better than fools and madmen, though one of them was called "The Wise." The wise man starved himself to death.

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The Spanish have a class of patronymics, such as Rodriguez, the son of Rodrigo, Fernandez, the son of Fernando, Sanchez, the son of Sancho, Alvarez, the son of Alvaro (the reader will be reminded at once of the author of the Latin Prosody), which answer to the English Thom*son*, Robin*son*, Dick*son*, William*son*, &c., and to the Scotch and Irish *Mac*, the distinction of the O' for grandson being peculiar to the latter country.

It is astonishing what a number of Scotch and Irish names one meets disguised in Spain. Don Ramon Onil is a descendant of the Irish O'Neils. The Silvanos were Sullivans, the Léods, Macleods, the ancestor of the celebrated General Seoane was a Sweeny. Many of our countrymen, without absurdly altering their names, have at this moment the highest military commands, as Generals Shelly, Arbuthnot, and O'Donnell. The system of diguise is more prevalent than is generally imagined. In the person of "Don Daniel Rafert," an officer somewhat distinguished in the Spanish service, may be recognised the *ci-devant* Dan Rafferty, with a Don before the Dan; in "Don Rafael Grego," the *quondam* Ralph MacGregor; and I have met frequent instances in France of the same needless masquerading amongst the descendants of stray scions from the north of the Tweed or the west of St. George's Channel. A very remarkable living instance is a gentleman named Reilly, who being promoted to the rank of aide-de-camp to the Duke of Némours, calls himself "Le Capitaine Reille!"

The polite conclusion of a Spanish letter is an odd-

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looking heap of initials preceding the signature of your name. The initials are for the most part these: "S. S. S. Q. S. M. B." (*Su seguro servidor que sus manos besa*—"Your sure servant who kisses your hands.") This led once to a ludicrous mistake. A raw *attaché* to the British legation, having received a letter with this cabalistic termination, and pervaded by a tone of *badinage*, from a much more able diplomatic acquaintance, called on a friend to consult him as to whether he should not send a message to the writer of the letter for a supposed insult conveyed stenographically by the initials recorded above, which he supposed to represent these words: "*Simpleton, Sumph, you're a Quizzical Servant of Sa Majesté Britannique!*"

The *Don*, it is needless to say, is an abridgment of the Latin *Dominus*. The old form of the word was *Dom*, which still prevails in Portugal, in the rare instances where this prefix is used. The title was transferred to Italy during the Spanish domination, and lingers there to this hour. It used to exist also in France upon a limited scale, where it was given as a title to the members of certain religious orders; but they always prefixed it to their family names, while it is before their baptismal names that the Spaniards invariably place it. When a Spaniard wishes to insult or deride another, he calls him *Don Ladron* or *Don Diable*, and beggars sometimes use it amongst each other as an *apodo* or burlesque *sobriquet*. The name is in one instance found in Ireland, but following the surname instead of preceding the Christian name, and therefore not of Spanish origin.

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CHAPTER IV.

THE ROADSIDE VENTA.

THE Spaniard is as great a lover of porker's flesh in its various forms as ever was Gentile openly, or Jew in secret. The pigs of Estremadura and the Asturias are particularly fine animals, and being fed on wild acorns, their roasted flesh is remarkable for its delicate game-like flavour. The fault is, that they are for the most part too fat. They luxuriate through the forest like a cow in clover, till they almost burst from indulgence. They are generally black, with hair short, strong, and erect; and very spirited.

The perfection of a pig would in my mind be a "slip" caught in his youth in the Asturian wilds, fed occasionally upon hard diet in-doors, and turned out every second month into the forest. A layer of lean should be alternated with each stratification of luscious acorn fat, and the animal should be trained to mix rather than save his bacon. Perhaps the greatest consumption of this article in Spain is made in the shape of chacina, or pork-sausage, a coarse, yellow, and unseemly substitute for the elegant affair known under this name in London. But in point of flavour, which is the main consideration, it may be doubted whether the chacina of Spain has not the advantage. Cleanliness is the last consideration which enters into Spanish calculations.

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The tocino, or bacon, is of two qualities; the tocino de la Sierra, or mountain-bacon, which is leaner and more serviceable than the ordinary description; and the tocino de tinaja, or jar-bacon, which, being of the finest quality, is preserved in large earthen jars. The price of the latter is nearly two shillings per pound.

The blood of the unclean swine is likewise, perhaps, more generally utilized here than in any European country, and the morcilla, or black-pudding, is in very general use. A larger description of sausage, called the chorizo, is in still more frequent requisition; it is made like the other, but constructed more solidly, packed more closely into a larger and firmer gut, steeped in white wine, and then hung up the chimney till it becomes perfectly smoke-dried. The wine and the process of drying impart to it a richer and more racy flavour (bating the smoke), and it is an immense popular favourite. From the peculiar anti-simplicity of Spanish cookery, a bit of everything is put into every pot, and there is no one, perhaps, of the fifty soups (excepting the lenten ones) which figure in the Spanish list, into which chorizo does not in some shape enter.

The irregularities of Spanish life make these various prepared meats quite indispensable. The contrabandist, the muleteer, the marching soldier, take their snap of food and wine rapidly at the *tablero* or counter of the road-side venta; they will not wait for delicacies of cookery; something rough and ready is what they require. Except in the great cities, cookshops are unknown, and the perishable sorts of meat are never kept on sale. Along the sea-coast the smaller descriptions of fish, the meleta, the sargo, the succulent

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sardina, are kept cold-roasted, or constantly frying, for the behoof of hungry passengers. Small, coarse cheeses and bread, garlic, and onions, with the several sausages and black-puddings before described, are kept for the same purpose, and on the great lines consumed (as may be supposed) in prodigious quantities, the flow of the wine-cask being scarcely for an instant suspended.

The liquor is drawn off in glasses holding about a pint, two pints, or half a pint each; and enormous tubs repose beneath the cock to catch what escapes when the wine is drawn. These tubs are as black as ink with the incrustation of the vinous sediments, for it is red wine that is almost universally drunk, and even in districts, such as Xerez, renowned for the production of white wine, the red wines of Catalonia and Valencia alone are generally consumed.

The drinking-vessels are few in number, for ceremony is regarded as little as may be, and three or four glasses will serve twenty persons at the same time. When a party call for their *azumbre*, or good-sized quart of wine, but one glass is supplied them, unless they particularly ask for more. The same vessel passes rapidly from mouth to mouth, until the earthen measure is exhausted, for nothing more astonishes a denizen of the north of Europe than the short pause these people make over their wine, and the impossibility of inducing them to take another glass when they think they have had enough. A Spaniard drinks merely to refresh: rarely, almost never, to intoxicate.

The interior of the road-side venta is thus a rapidly changing and always picturesque spectacle. The

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Muleteros, with their hybrid convoy of mules, donkeys, and small mountain horses, heavily laden and creeping at a snail's pace, the labrador and farm-servant going to and from market, with their leathern leggings open at the sides to let in the air, and display the calves (their own, and not the produce of their herds), the contrabandists always travelling in numerous convoy upon mules of choice excellence, possessing qualities for which their masters would not exchange them against the choicest Andalucían barb,—the masters themselves, daring and roystering fellows, wearing the round or peaked velvet hat, which is so admirably becoming to the Spanish face, and which, like the mantillas of the women, constitutes so truly a national costume.

The smuggler may be known by something of daring impudence in his eye, but without the bandit's ferocity. He is perfectly conscious that his craft, although not legalised, is necessary. He boasts that about the court contraband is all the rage, and that much of the Queen's *bijouterie* and apparel is smuggled. His profession has access to the highest places, and is protected by the loftiest patronage.

There is something of style in his mode of wearing the red *faja*, which is swathed round his middle. It is carried almost with the dignity of a capitan-general's scarf. His jacket is of better cut, and of much more costly material than those of the ordinary wayfarer; his shirt is of a finer linen; around his dark bull-neck is twisted a valuable silk handkerchief of a showy French pattern; there is a handsome waving arabesque indicated in thread, and stitched into his leggings,

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which are not old, discoloured, and condemned-looking, but tolerably fresh and often renewed, indicating the thriving condition of the wearer. Then his breeches are of a very good velvet, open at the knees, as almost every Spaniard wears them, but with innumerable little silver buttons dangling from short chains, and perhaps, if he is vain of his legs, extending all up the outer seam as far as the hip. Add a very serviceable double-barrelled gun slung at his saddle-bow, the ammunition being carried in the left pocket of his jacket, place a cigarrillo in his mouth—you have him complete, and when he has done smoking he perhaps may sing:

"Yo que soy contrabandista!"

The rencontres in these Ventas are often very strange, and invariably picturesque. Perhaps, a custom-house carabinero drinks out of a contrabandist's glass, and pays for the next *quarto de azumbre*, or pint of wine, out of the dollar, with which the contrabandist bribed him. Perhaps, the bandit, or guerrillero, takes a light from the soldier sent to hunt him, and dips in the same dish. Perhaps, the curaparroco, or parish-priest, fanning himself with his huge coal-scuttle hat, and dusting his shoe-buckles with the tail of his dark gown, drops in to get a glass of water, a want which in Spain overtakes one so often in the sultry summer weather, that there are standings erected round all the southern towns to sell it in the open air. The padre inquires the latest political news from the contrabandist, for he knows full well who is best supplied in Spain with that and all other commodities.

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The Escribano, too, perhaps drops in, or one of the constitutional Alcaldes, and calls for his measure of wine like the rest, and for a few olives to refresh it. Boniface, a huge, flabby, broad-faced man, with muzzle unshaven for a week, dips his immense brown horny fist, hirsute all over the back down to the tips of the fingers, unwashed for a fortnight, and perfectly resembling a bear's paw, into a large earthen vessel, filled with olives steeped in salt and water, and passes them over the counter into the lawyer's hand.

This polite process has often occurred to myself, as I am particularly fond of the large brown Spanish olive. Were you to ask him to serve them up on a plate or saucer he would stare bull's eyes, and take you for an undoubted lunatic; and, moreover, he wouldn't do it,—for you might as well think of whipping a milestone into locomotion, as of persuading or goading a Spaniard into any departure from his own preconceived notions of propriety. When the olives have been handed to me in this primitive fashion, I have usually dropt them quietly on the ground, making a semblance of eating them; but this was far too cold for the local colouring of the picture,—and the Spanish man of station eats away quite unconcernedly out of the landlord's fist.

The same luxuriant nature abounds over the entire scene; Boniface's wife serves out the fish and flesh with her own hands, taking up the savoury sardinas by the tail, the meletas by the head, grasping the black-puddings and sausages boldly by their full length and breadth, and transferring them to her guests in succulent simplicity; while a Murillo boy,

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of peculiar activity, keeps washing the glasses with a hand that seems to have been lately in the mud, and scarcely turning out the rinsings (for towels are generally unknown here), mixing with each drinker's measure a portion of his predecessor's leavings.

The lawyer has his crack with the bandit, who knows very well that he has been before him once in his official character of escribano; but neither minds that circumstance much, and secret denunciation is what no man dares. The weather and the crops are here, as elsewhere, a frequent topic; there is no distinction of the classes, or nearly none (the strictness in England, the laxity here, is the vice); and the crown prosecutor and culprit take a friendly horn together; the padre and chief contrabandist discuss the proceedings at court; while a leash of minor smugglers and custom-house officers, gitanos and farmers, or beggars and soldiers, rattle away in that fluent conversation and picturesque expressiveness of gesture which strike with peculiar force the temporary sojourner in Spain.

The elements of society still bubble up here, intermixed in a brave old cauldron; the lubricious *oil* has not yet settled on the top, with the various spirits which compose the world, superimposed in strata, each according to its specific weight (of pocket), and the sediment despairingly supine at the bottom. These blessed results of excessive refinement, of enormous enlightenment, of stupendous civilisation, have not yet been developed in Spain. In every direction prevails a patriarchal simplicity of manners and character, and the hidalgo does not deem himself degraded

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by giving to the ragged man the time of day, a civil word, a kind look, a smile.

The detestable aristocratic *morgue*, which *was* in Spain, which *is* in England, has disappeared from the former country amid the earthquake tossings of revolution,—and for this at least they may be thanked. *Gracias á Dios y á la Revolucion!*"—was not that the expression I heard just now from that hungry contrabandist, as he covered his bread with *manteca de cerdo* "pork-butter," and cut off a slice of raw sausage, which he demolished with primitive gusto?

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CHAPTER V.

BULL-FIGHTS.

ALTHOUGH some writers allege that bull-fighting, as practised by the Spaniards, is derived from their Gothic ancestors; and others, confounded by the scenes of the Circus, trace it back to the Roman era; everything combines to demonstrate that these darling Peninsular spectacles are of Moorish origin. The *Romancero de romances moriscos* gives a description of a bull-fight at the court of Almazor, king of Granada, in which all the fighting and slaying was done by one picador, the Algarvian hero, Gazúl.

Los toros saleno al cos
Y al riesgo de su pujanza,
El Moro toma un rejon
Y el diestro brazo levanta:
Furioso acomete y pica
Uno encuentra y otro pasa,
Del toro el aliento frio
El rostro al caballo espanta,
Y la espuma del caballo
Al toro ofende la cara.

"The bulls come forth into the arena, and risk the force of his blows. The Moor seizes a short lance, and lifts his right arm. Furious, he attacks and thrusts at them, meets one and passes the other. The bull's cold breath and his face frighten the horse, and the foam of the steed is dashed in the eyes of the

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bull." Of course Gazúl kills the bull; for, with both Moorish original and Spanish translator he is evidently a favourite hero. The passage, however, is sufficient to shew that these spectacles were popular amongst the Moors, and that the chief difference between their and the modern bull-fights is, that the Moors had no banderilleros nor matadors, and that the picador (being, as originally among the Castilians, invariably a noble knight) himself did all the duty. If, indeed, there be no exaggeration in the description above, Gazúl's was a terrible hazard; for he at once and singly exposed himself with three bulls in the ring, depended chiefly on good horsemanship, and was supplied with javelins from the side. The same practice of fighting the bull on horseback exclusively prevailed throughout Spain until towards the end of the seventeenth century, when the admixture of foot combatants was first introduced.

The Arab chroniclers preserve the records of a school of bull-fighting at Granada, where a Moor, famous in the art, gave instruction to the Castilian nobility in his perilous game. The most brilliant epoch in these sanguinary popular feats was the reign of Carlos II., the contemporary of Louis Quatorze, whose favourite, Ferdinand de Vanezuela, to restore his forfeited popularity amongst the people, upon a principle similar to that more recently adopted by Don Miguel in Portugal, introduced bull-fighting upon a grand scale, and may be properly regarded as the founder of these spectacles as they now exist. Vanezuela was himself a native of Granada, and to this circumstance he owed his minute acquaintance

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with the game. Now, for the first time, were introduced banderilleros and matadors on foot—for, previously the toreador fought invariably on horseback, unless he chanced to lose his saddle, or his lance or sword dropt from his hand. It was then forbidden to him to put foot any more in stirrup, and the fallen sword could not be lifted unless he killed the bull with another sword or lance.

Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru, was a very celebrated toreador; and Charles the Fifth, to do honour to the birth of his son and heir, Philip II., slew a bull with a single thrust of his lance. The celebrated Don Sebastian of Portugal (contemporary of Philip II.), who died fighting against the Moors on the banks of the Alcacuquivír, in the north of Africa, in that memorable battle where three kings perished, was likewise a renowned toreador. In the reign of Carlos II. these spectacles were more splendid than at any former period, and none but nobles were permitted to take part in them. The great Isabel, two centuries before, sought in vain to put an end to the sanguinary sport; but the passion of the nobility for it was such, that she could only succeed, for a short time, in getting the points of the horns covered with balls—the harmless mode which at present prevails in Portugal.

The best picador of our days is Sevilla, who rides with peculiar grace and dexterity, and can elude or hit a bull with marvellous skill. The best matador or "espada" (sword) is Montés, a cousin of the passionate and rather celebrated Andalucían dancer, Lola Montés, who was so near stabbing a Russian captain

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at Warsaw the other day. I have often watched Montés with great interest, and terrible are the risks which he runs in his perilous pursuit. He frequently stopped at my favourite hotel in Seville, the Café del Turco, and shewed me numerous wounds which he had received in the arms and body: one inflicted in his side last summer was within half-an-inch of proving fatal. He confessed to me that it was his usual aim to master the bull *con el ojo*, "with the eye," which quite confirmed my previous impression from repeated observation that the matadors put in practice the principle of animal magnetism. But the power of the human glance is not always available, when the wounded and maddened bull tosses his head about, furiously bellowing, with his crest lowered, and his eyes fixed on the ground, and the moment he raises them rushes on the matador like lightning. The man is planted full before him, with nothing but a naked sword and scarf; and though the latter in the rush arrests the bull's attention and his aim, it is not always that the matador can leap aside so as to avoid collision with "that dread horn." Again; the wound is often imperfectly inflicted, and it is dreadful to witness the energy with which the goaded bull dashes the sword from his neck five feet or more into the air. But the matador is again at his post with another sword.

The bull now views him in his fury, sees his enemy before him, snorts and paws and pants for his destruction. With the steady glance of courage the eye of the man controls the brute; the latter winces, becomes sick with fear, or blindly rushes on to destruction. This time the aim is surer; the sword is thrust

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to the very hilt into the only part of the beast's neck which is fatally vulnerable; it has penetrated to the spine, he falls on his knees amidst a flood of gore, and is despatched with the "dagger of mercy." Instantly four horses, caparisoned with ropes, are gallopped out, the prostrate bull is fastened to the traces by the horns, and whirled off by the flying team amidst a cloud of dust. One or two dying horses, partially, perhaps, disembowelled, are kicking out, in their final struggle, on different parts of the arena—the despised victims of the barbarous pursuit: the same process is repeated with them, and they are dragged off the ground amid the dusty *tourbillons*, by their gallopping brethren of the brute creation, to make room for fresh destruction: the parched soil laps up the gore; with a little dust it disappears.

The *vivas* which salute the victorious matador have not ceased to ring through the boundless Plaza, when a fresh bull comes thundering forth, with crest lowered and horns set to charge upon his antagonists, like a knight of old with couched lance, but far beyond him in power, for that neck indeed is clothed with thunder; those eyeballs flash with living fire; those nostrils steam with animal might and fury, and lust of carnage:

"Sale un bravo toro,
Famoso entre la manada,
Bayo, el color encendido
Y los ojos como brasa,
Arrugados frente y cuello,
La frente bellosa y ancha,
Poco distantes los cuernos,
Corta pierna y flaca anca,
Espacioso el fuerte cuello,
A quien se junta la barba:

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Todos los extremos negros,
La cola revuelta y larga,
Duro el lomo, el pecho crespo,
La piel sembrada de manchas."

"A wild bull comes forth, famous amongst the flock, bay of a flaming colour, his eyes like burning coal, wrinkled his forehead and neck, his forehead wide and beautiful, his horns not far asunder, short his legs, his haunches thin, spacious his strong neck, commencing at the throat; all his extremities black, the tail large and twisted back, hard his loin, his breast crisped, his skin strewn with spots." Such is the minute description of an amateur bull-fighter 300 years ago, and the popular criticism is as close at the present day.

The picadors are fine-looking men, and for the most part excellent riders, but their horses are sorry nags, for the expense of slaying half-a-dozen high-priced steeds would be insupportable. The matador is, therefore, a monopolist of all the glory; for him the ferocious *viva* rends the sapphire sky, for him lace-bordered handkerchiefs are waved by fairest hands—happily with a daily decreasing frequency—for the lovely Españolas are beginning at last to declare against the game as barbarous, and the popular butcher sees less of feminine ardour;—

"Oyendo los parabienes
De caballeros y damas."

The bull-fighters are the most dissipated race in Spain. They deem themselves privileged, when in undress, to outrage every conventional propriety. Montés' legs are nearly paralysed, and he runs with

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the greatest difficulty. Yet still he confronts his terrible foes in the bull-ring, at the constant and imminent risk of his life. Great is the golden lure that tempts to such encounters. For every day on which Montés appears as chief matador he receives 300 dollars. The picadors receive from 80 to 100 each, and have to find and peril their own horses; the difference both of danger and reward are condensed in the saying, "*es todo el matador.*" I have fenced more than once for amusement with Montés, each of us armed with a bull-sword, but with little success, for before such a man the boldest might tremble. The bull-sword is more like a spit than a rapier, being of great length and prodigious strength, rusted in every part, and the handle coarsely lapped with dirty whipcord. It is clearly for use, not shew, —a murderous weapon.

The fighters are a most unruly and *picaron* tribe —great, strong, fine-looking fellows, but blackguards of the first water, primed with slang in the gipsy dialect, and dwelling with singular effect on all their last syllables, like the entire of the *gente rufianesca* of Spain. Often have I seen them drinking rum and brandy in the forenoon, calling, in mockery of sobriety, for a glass of water, and spitting the contents in each other's faces. True Zangadongos, they are never happy but in the midst of a *zipizapi* or noisy quarrel. "*Saben un punto mas que el diablo,*" says the proverb. "They know a trick more than the devil!"

Whatever else is neglected here, the bull-fight is sure to come off punctually; and there is even a

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saying, "*ciertos son los toros*," indicating a thing of which there is no possible doubt. The rage for this national sport seeks to gratify itself by variety. In addition to the ordinary and magnificent corrida in the great plazas of the several capitals, in which, for the most part, half-a-dozen full-grown bulls are fought in the usual manner, there is the Corrida de Novillos, or of young bulls, whose friskiness and harmlessness, their horns being tipped, afford an amusement of a peculiar description, in which all the juvenile male population share; the Toro de Cuerda, where the bull is tied, and runs round and round, seen only in small localities where there is no regular plaza; and the corrida, with banderillos de fuego, or squib-harpoons, which are resorted to when the beast is not sufficiently savage. The flames dancing about his neck excite both bull and spectator in an extraordinary degree. For the same purpose there is likewise sometimes a preliminary worrying by dogs, to make the animal wild or *bravo*, which ceremony extracts from the assembly "bravos" in abundance. The Toro de Campanilla, or bell-bull, is one that has an enormous dewlap, and the Toro de Asta is a beast prodigiously horned.

Upon particular occasions of festivity and rejoicing, in localities where there is no Plaza de Toros, a couple of bulls are tied in succession to a strong post by a thick rope of considerable length. Thus far the process resembles our rare bull-baitings at home, but dogs are never employed except as preparatory stimulants to rouse the courage of the bulls. In the minor bull-rings which I am now describing, and

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which are a natural offshoot of the passionate love of the people for this strangely-absorbing amusement, there is a picador employed, as well as the banderilleros, and, lastly, a matador, who generally contrives to accomplish his work in safety, with the bull on the stretch of his cord. These are called Correrias de Cuerda, and are usually followed by a rustic ball, in which the fair sex, after witnessing the ensanguined spectacle and its dying agonies, play off all their fascinations. It is only in the towns that coquetry begins to be humane.

The bulls of the south are famed all over Spain for their fire, strength and spirit, and for the length and sharpness of their horns. The Southerns have a contempt for the Corridas of all other districts but their own, and certainly those of Seville outstrip competition. "The bulls of Navarre are no better than goats," says an Andalucían proverb. An old authority enumerates thus the most famous localities for the breed of bulls, together with his own preference:—

"No de la orilla del Betis,
Ni Genil, ni Guadiana;
Fue nacido en la ribera
Del celebrado Jarama."

Thus, even the banks of the Guadalquivír yielded, in the Moorish times, to those of the Jarama,—and to this day a Jaramenian bull is famous. The bulls of Utrera, a few leagues from Seville, are now the most celebrated in Spain. Through this district Espartero passed at full canter in his flight. It is as famous for bulls as Ireland.

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The most singular variety of bull-fighting which it has been my lot to witness was at Puerto Real, in Andalucía. There being no regular circus, a temporary plaza was made in the Calle Ancha, where it is crossed by several streets, called *boca-calles*, or mouth-streets, like the Seven Dials, in London. This space was enclosed with high boards, and three bulls were regularly fought and killed within, the spectators thronging the adjoining houses, swarming on the roofs, and piled on platforms in the cross-streets.

The worst feature of these spectacles is not so much the blood that is shed in them, as the tremendous excitement in which they hold the passions. You enter the bull-ring at Seville and see a new world. The aspect of the place and people, the costume of the majos with their round velvet hats, bedizened jackets, red *fajas* or waist-scarfs, and sticks six feet long in hand, the Señoritas with their arch looks and golden-pinned mantillas worn with grace inimitable; the ancient splendour of the picador's attire; the slashed and satined finery of the clean-limbed toreadors on foot; the sultry air; the diamond-rayed sun; the flashing eyes and darkling faces; are all as different from anything European as the costumes of Ispahan. Here, too, revolutionary violence displays itself at times, and the first Corrida of the present year has been marked by serious disturbances.

The bull-circus, like the Roman amphitheatre of old, with all the glory of opening to the magnificent skies of the south, has likewise its disadvantages. The part of the circle exposed to the sun is like a blazing furnace, and natives even sometimes with difficulty

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withstand the glare. None, indeed, but the very poorest classes ever think of going to any part but the sombra or shady side, where the prices are double. A three hours' roasting opposite is like the stewing of a fried meleta. Our cloudier clime and milder skies are not without their advantages. Again, in October, when the rain begins to fall, and when casual showers in Andalucía are like a deluge, the performance in the open arena, either of bulls, horsemanship, or rope-dancing, has often to be postponed, owing to the state of the weather, and sometimes even till the ensuing year.

The Plaza de los Toros, at Seville, is not always held sacred to bulls, but is sometimes opened with rope-dancing, tumbling, and feats of agility and strength. Here may be seen tall Moors revisiting the scene of their ancient splendour in the unworthy character of clowns, and contorting their powerful frames to divert their conquerors; posturing for money, by the side of the despoiled Alcazar, with the cream of the Koran indelibly engraven on its walls, and in the long shade of the tall Moresque Gualda, which has been made the minaret of a Christian temple. But the Saracen of Barbary is at this day so degraded that, except in his efforts to withstand the French, he presents no relic of his former greatness,—no ashes of his olden fires. It comes to him but as a dream, at times, that these magnificent tracts were once the dwelling of his fathers, that Seville, Tarifa, Granada, Almeria, Córdova, the Pillars of Hercules, were the guerdon of his conquering sword, his heritage, his hearth, and his home. Out from the ring, degenerate, where

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your conquerors make sport of your contortions, as of the roarings and stampings of their baited bulls! They were once, too, your fathers' Matadors!

The only answer is the laugh resounding brutally at the grotesque dancing of some distorted Moorish children, chosen for this very distortion, and called "Los Niños Dislocados"—trading on the horrid ridicule produced by their infirmities!

Bloody spectacles are familiar in Spain. Few others are popular on the stage, and in real life the stain of murder is on a hundred public acts. The crucifix on every altar has painted blood trickling on it from head to foot; the images of martyred saints are clotted with mimic gore. The common class of church and convent paintings is ensanguined in every portion of the canvas, bespattered with crimson gouts. The familiar horrors of civil war, the severity of judicial, still more of political, sentences, and the recent remembrance of the atrocities of the inquisition, make the taking of human life not much more seriously regarded than that of the domestic animals bred for food. The torchbearer laughs as he accompanies the funeral procession, and the priest grins in the churchyard within a minute of performing the obsequies. The citizen, when politics run high, is tried by court-martial, and the soldier is shot for asking a lawful question. General O'Donnel, last year, in Havana, with true Spanish instinct, gratified this passion of his countrymen for the public effusion of blood. A criminal cut his throat to escape the indignity of being shot next day. But the General had him shot notwithstanding. His cold and lifeless

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body was tied to a stake, with his head drooping over the further shoulder, to expose to the public gaze the red and yawning gash. When his soul had passed its account before another dread tribunal, human justice was wreaked upon a corpse — for criminal law is here a bloody revenge. Remorseless hatred triumphed over clay inanimate. A party of musketeers was drawn up, and twenty bullets were driven through an unbeating heart!

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CHAPTER VI.

THE NAVY OF SPAIN.

The Spanish Navy, which little more than two centuries since was the most powerful in Europe, and which, even after the defeat of their grand attack on Gibraltar in 1782, still comprised seventy sail of the line and frigates, and forty vessels of smaller size, is now reduced to a single ship of the line at sea, two more, dismantled and needing extensive repairs, four armed frigates, two more disarmed, two corvettes, nine brigs, three very middling war-steamers, three of still slighter dimensions, fifteen schooners, many of them dismantled, and nine other vessels of smaller size.

The entire of these small craft scarcely merit the name of ships of war, and are only useful as packets, or in the preventive service. The Spanish colonies are not very considerable; but such as they are, there is no fleet to guard them: they are at the mercy of surrounding nations, or rather they are protected by the jealousies of rival powers. The latest report of the Minister of Marine announces that even these few vessels are all undermanned, and that the excellent natural qualities of the seamen are exposed to the imminent danger of extinction, through being ill-clad, ill-paid, ill-disciplined, and "groaning under

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the weight of misery." To this sad picture I must add, on the same authority, that the *matériel* is in a very decayed condition, and the forests of valuable timber in the Asturias and elsewhere extremely ill managed; that for nine years past no uniforms have been made for the service, and that to every member of it, without exception, eighty-six months' pay is due. To remedy this shameful neglect of successive governments, Narvaez and Bravo conferred the portfolio of marine upon a *colonel in the army*.

The adhesion of the Spanish navy to the movement against the Regent, last summer, appears to have given to that institution the last touch of demoralization. In the crumbling decay and prevalent ruin of Spain, there are no more melancholy fragments than those which may be seen, or scarcely seen for their rarity, in the glorious ancient ports, from whence went forth the Conquistadores in one century, and the Armada, deemed invincible, in the next; and into which, for three hundred years, flowed, in lordly galleons, the freighted wealth of both the Indies. The Armada has left no remnant behind; a ship of the line, a few frigates, corvettes, and brigs, are all that remain of the proud navies of Spain! The merchant-service, which once extended through the world, has sunk into a handful of generally inferior vessels, and a great part of the passenger and carrying trade is transferred to the ships of England and America. "How are the mighty fallen!" Is there here a requital for the cruelties of Mexico and Peru? The only recent honour achieved by the Armada Nacional, is the accession to it, in the rank of lieute-

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nant, of the Infante Don Enrique, first-cousin to Queen Isabel.

Nothing more contributed to the surprise of Europe, throughout the late proceedings, than the announcement that the Spanish fleet had emulated the improprieties of the army, and had its own little Pronunciamiénto! Since the mutinies of the British fleet at Spithead and at Sheerness, just forty-six years before, no wavering of this arm in its loyalty had been heard of, but in one other wreck of empire —Turkey; and the straightforward honesty and single-heartedness of sailors, were proverbial in every European country. Those outbreaks in the fleet of England were well redeemed by the great success of Duncan in the same year, and the still greater action of the Nile the year following; and it is curious that they should have succeeded by only three months the glorious victory gained over the Spanish fleet by Jervis off St. Vincent. From the effects of that decisive blow the naval power of Spain has never since recovered, and her proud declaration of war against Great Britain in the previous year, will not soon be repeated. Her retrocession since that period has been almost as notable as the advance of England; and weakened, ever since the foiled but unexampled effort to regain possession of Gibraltar, her fleet has shared in the general decadence.

The demoralization of the existing navy of Spain is as extensive as that of her army, and owing to similar causes. The most obvious of these is irregularity and utter failure of payments. How long would the military machinery of England and France

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continue in their present perfection, were the wheels and springs not lubricated? They would feel too soon the force of the Spanish *refrain*:—

> " A tree that yields no fruit,
> Or a gun that fails to shoot,
> Or a friend that will not lend—
> To the deuce all these we send!"

Don José Rodriguez de Arias, commandant-general of the naval department of Cadiz, made a present of his arrears of pay the other day to the national treasury, up to the year 1840. These arrears amounted to 250,000 reals, or 2500*l.*, a pretty sum on paper, but not worth a mendicity ticket. He took care to reserve the last three years, for which alone there was any chance of payment; and for the rest he thought he might as well have the cheap *éclat* of presenting a sounding gift to Queen Isabel and the nation, on her thirteenth birth-day. Poor fellow! he got neither decoration nor advancement, but the royal thanks were published in the Gazette; and Dona Isabel thought him as great a patriot as Riego or Torrijos. Perhaps, as he munched this *migaja del Rey*, he consoled himself with the Castilian proverb: " More worth is a king's crumb than a golden gift!"

As money is the root of all prosperity in national establishments, it is worth inquiring to what extent this institution is fostered by the treasury. In the balance-sheet for the present year, the estimate for " marine, commerce, and colonies," is set down at 83 millions of reals, while that for the army is 381 millions. Setting apart the colonial expenditure and that which belongs to commerce, as the light-

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houses of the kingdom and the hydrographical department, the item for the support of the navy comes down to about 40 millions of reals, or 400,000*l.* This would be very well indeed if it were paid. But the actual payments amount to little more than a tenth part of the sum. Everything is sacrificed to the army, the loyalty of whose steel is indispensable to ministerial existence; and while the naval arm is thus scurvily treated,—amputated, indeed, like a lopped old veteran's,—the military arm is pampered and shampooed with near four millions sterling per annum!

"— Poor, infirm, weak, and despised old" navy! You have fallen amongst thieves, with all your other afflictions. Stript Armada, you are stript the more for your desperate, tottering condition, and the robbery has been planned, the fleecing accomplished, by the minister entrusted with your charge! Such is official life in Spain. Gonzalez Bravo's minister of marine, whose name, Portillo, deserves in one sense to be immortalised, on being dismissed from office the other day with his colleagues, left behind him the records of a strange transaction. The grand feature of his administration was negotiating a contract with Señor Buschenthal, by which two large steamers were to be built for the royal navy, and a loan of ten millions of reals was to be advanced in cash to the government. With this, if you credited Portillo's report, the crazy wheels of the venerable Armada were to be oiled, and it was again to be set a-going. But the moment his successor, Arnino, entered the office, he found that no cash whatever had been paid in, but

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that bills at long dates had been substituted, with, doubtless, a fee for the juggle, which the modest man had penned a royal order to accomplish! When this fraud on the state was detected, Portillo levanted. Poor old navy of Spain,—poor old navy!

That any portion of the naval or military forces should have escaped demoralization appears humanly impossible. When the army last summer had "pronounced" in every direction, the fleet was next invited to "pronounce;" and how did their majesties the juntas proceed? They made every midshipman a lieutenant, and every lieutenant a captain—they, the rebel juntas, the tinkers, and tapemen, and snuff-sellers, who chose to constitute themselves into local supreme governments—and modestly issued their commissions to the naval service, superseding those of Queen Isabel. The *guardia marina* they promised to make an *alferez*, if he would "pronounce," the *alferez* a lieutenant, and so on to the highest rank. The worthies "pronounced" accordingly, blockaded the coast, and completed Espartero's moral discomfiture. All these absurd appointments by the slop-sellers of Algeciras and Malaga were subsequently recognised by the government of Lopez and Narvaez.

Though the Spanish navy is reduced to a shell, and though Cadiz is lowered from its lofty eminence by a system of closed ports and prohibitory tariffs, to a position which does not present even a shadow of its former greatness, with scarcely a vestige of ships or commerce, and with smugglers in the place of merchants, yet the pride of its olden days is far indeed from being extinguished, and the lack of solid strength

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is supplied, as it best may, with an abundance of high-sounding titles. There is still a port admiral, who flourishes a grand cocked hat, a fine pair of epaulettes, and an enormous telescope.

There he is—Don José Maria Orozco, Knight Cross and Badge of the illustrious order of San Hermenegildo, Brigadier of the Armada Nacional, Commandant of Marine of the Plaza and Province of Cadiz, and Judge of the port-arrivals from all the Indies. Pity that the Indies do not remain together with the titles! The pompous little man, who sinks beneath such a weight of dignity, has rarely any more important duty to discharge than to look to the conservation and sale of whatever portions can be saved from any chance wreck flung on the shores of the Isla Gaditana. The other evening I saw him very busy near the noble castle of San Sebastian, superintending the salvage of the wreck of the Goleta *San José*, which was dashed to pieces in a heavy south-wester upon the tremendous rocks extending far into the Atlantic at this part of the fortifications. Her cargo was scattered in every direction, consisting of such humble materials as staves, trunks, and planks of the walnut-tree, oak, and beech, which the rare growth of wood here makes valuable. A different waif this from the spices, silks, hard dollars, and ingots of gold and silver, which the rich galleons were accustomed of old to waft into this noble bay!

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CHAPTER VII.

THE INFANTE DON FRANCISCO DE PAULA.—GRANDES AND HIDALGOS.

SPAIN is perhaps unique in possessing journalists of royal rank. The Infante Don Francisco de Paula, the Queen's uncle, and his consort Doña Carlota, recently deceased, figured some time in this capacity, having purchased the *Eco del Comercio* (the leading journal of Spain) last summer. Their Royal Highnesses' Mayordomo, Count de Parsent, bought the newspaper upon their account for 300,000 reals, or 3000*l.*; and the public evidence of a contract which was very well known in private was the fact of the *Eco* immediately wheeling round to the formation and support of what was called the *Francisquista* party, and the advocacy of a marriage between Queen Isabel and their eldest son, Don Francisco de Assis.

After a series of disgraces and banishments, rarely exampled in the history of modern Royalty, and after having been lately confined on parole in the Escurial, with the sympathy of no party, and the respect of few individuals, these personages subsided in the slough of bribery and corruption, having been won over by Narvaez and Bravo on the easy terms of conceding to their two sons a colonelcy of cavalry and a lieutenancy in the Navy. In their intense gratitude for these miserable boons, the Royal pair,

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by advertisement, published that they never had any connexion or understanding with the *Eco!* They pocketed their bribe, and were envied instead of despised, for the Palace of Buena Vista was placed at their disposal.

Don Francisco de Assis consoles himself as well as he can for the loss of Queen Isabel's hand, and the substantial rank of king, with the command of the sixth regiment of Castile. This promotion was the poor concession which spunged his royal parents' unprofitable connexion with the press, and their leading (marriage) articles in the *Eco* had positively the effect of frightening the diplomacy of Europe into the determination that, come what would, the Queen should not marry into such a set. The young man is harmless, but his mother was *mucho diabla*, and clutched at Isabel with such barefaced and trembling eagerness, making her son continually dance with the Queen in his handsome uniform, that his regiment and he had to be removed from Madrid. The diplomatists resolved that it should not be a match; and Carlota died in spite.

The Spanish nobility have almost entirely lost ground in modern Spain. Although retaining the forms of a monarchy, this country is perhaps the most perfect realisation of a republic in Europe. High birth is no longer respected, unless it have personal merits, and the sole recognised aristocracy is of genius. Even the Upper Chamber is subject by rotation to election; and the principle of royal nomination is but slightly in force. Where nobles retain their fortunes, have rich equipages and splen-

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did palaces, they of course possess the inseparable *representation* of wealth; but even enormous riches command infinitely less consideration than in England; and respectable independence, even decent poverty, maintains a social standing. A nobleman, no matter how high his rank, is by no means entitled, as with us, to a vote in either Legislative Chamber; and a duke or marquis is no more thought of as a legislator than a shopman, unless he have useful abilities.

The consequence is, that Titulos and Grandes, Counts and Marquises, set up for the humbler offices of Alcalde in the Municipalities, and Grand Juror in the Provincial Deputations. A solitary one or two stray into the Chamber of Deputies, where the titled mass has neither ability nor intelligence to obtain a seat or a hearing. In the Senate there are of course a good number of titles to be found, but this is precisely because the debates are of very secondary importance; and even here men of the highest rank have no larger ambition or capacity than that which is suited to the post of one of the Secretaries to the Chamber. The Marquis of Peñaflorida held this post throughout the greater part of last year, and was succeeded by Don Joaquin Aldamar; one of the five candidates, the Marquis of Falces, receiving only five votes. About the court there are a number of Titulos and Grandes, but filling no more intellectual offices than those of Chamberlain or Mayordomo.

The female nobility have indeed made their influence felt lately, but to the probable discomfiture of

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their order; and the people may prove at last too strong for the Camarilla. The cause of the depression of the Spanish nobility is not more in the tendency of revolutionary times than in their own deficiency of personal merit. They despise learning, and are despised in turn. The education of the hidalgo class is of the most imperfect description; and from the enlightened lawyers of Spain almost all her statesmen spring. The titled men who take a part in politics are almost invariably found on the Moderado side. Several of the Grandes are Carlists, and abstain from all contact with the constitutional system.

The rage of the Spanish nobility for high-sounding titles is very remarkable; this trait in the national character is universally apparent; and even hidalguia is nothing without its accompanying grandiloquence. The ducal families of Medina Sidonia and Medina Cœli would seem, but for their antiquity, to have chosen their names, like actors or romance-writers, for effect. Amongst the present great officers of state there are likewise many cases in point, as the Duke of Castroterreno, President of the Grandeza * of Spain; the Conde de Espeleta, Vice-President of the Senate, or Upper Legislative Chamber; the Marquis of Peñaflorida; the Marquis of Sanfelices, and Don M. Golfanguer, Secretaries to the Senate; the Marquis of Santa Coloma, the Queen's Mayordomo Mayor, or Grand Chamberlain; the Marquises of St. Adrian, Malpica, and Polacios, &c., &c. It must be confessed that there is a magnificence in the

* The body of Grandes (Grandees).

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language itself, which naturally tends to the production of sounding names; and yet some that one meets daily are as uncouth as a Cockney patronymic. Take the following list of odd names, grouped together in a memoir of notabilities of the Cadiz College of Medicine:—"Our super-salient accoucheur, Don Miguel Arricruz; our admirable oculist, Don Antonio Rancez; our experienced chemist, Don Francisco Jaen; our profound anatomist, Don Nicholas Farto; our European celebrities, Don Antonio Puga, Don Francisco Lasso, Don Serifin Sola, and divers others."

The origin of the term Hidalgo is most remarkable, and well illustrates the peculiar love of Spaniards for proverbial wit and sarcasm. I have not seen this derivation anywhere, and am not aware that it has ever before been made public. The original phrase is Fijodalgo, which, in old Spanish, signifies "the son of somebody," *fijo d'algo*. There is a charming air of popular gaiety about this, for which we might vainly trace a parallel in other nations. It far outstrips the old French *prud'homme* (prudent man), who was the prototype of the modern Deputy. It likewise quite eclipses our Saxon "Witten." This curious origin of the word Hidalgo is illustrated by the familiar Spanish proverbs: *Algo es algo*, "Somebody is somebody!" applied in ridicule of fine airs; and *Es hijo de La Nada*, "He is the son of Lady Nobody!" The least consideration of the humour of their proverbs and sayings must dispel the prevalent illusions about Spanish gravity. Wherever it exists, as amongst the Grandes, it is assumed.

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Perhaps the gayest, liveliest, most mocking and mirthful people of Europe, are the people of Spain.

The oldest families, in their parchment *cartas* or patents adhere to the ancient orthography, which throws a venerable light over their houses, and differs materially from that now in use. Thus, instead of the modern word, they figure as *Hijodalgos*, *Fidalgos*, and *Fijadalgos*, titles which retreat into the mist of Gothic antiquity. Amongst the various descriptions of Hidalguia, recorded in the rich proverbial and colloquial language of Spain, are the *Hidalgo de devengar quinientos sueldos*, or noble who has earned his royal pension, signifying one of a well-known and meritorious race; a list of these having formally been annexed with an annual pension to the Royal household; the *Hidalgo de ejecutoria*, whose letters of nobility have been verified juridically; the *Hidalgo de privilegio*, whom the Crown has ennobled for some service rendered; and amongst terms of opprobrium, the *Hidalgo de bragueta*, or noble of the breeches-tie, intimating that the patent was obtained by unworthy means; the *Hidalgo de gatera*, or gutter-nobleman, who is reckoned noble by himself, but a plebeian by the rest of the world; and the *Hidalguillo*, or *Hidalguejo*, a little squireling of doubtful extraction, who gives himself the airs of a gentleman. The epithet "Hidalgo" generally answers rather to our term "gentleman" than "nobleman;" and though it may likewise include the latter, by no means necessarily implies it.

The mystification of Englishmen with regard to foreign titles is proverbial; and the Cockney venera-

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tion for an animal with the showy handle of "Count" affixed to his patronymic, provided he wear sufficiently *farouche* moustaches, is only reduced by the unpleasant suspicion, of late becoming every day more prevalent, that foreign Counts and swindlers may be found in the same category. I may observe that the real Spanish Count or Conde is a rare zoological specimen, rarer perhaps than in any other European country, new creations being extremely unfrequent, and confined for the most part to the rank of Baron. Peninsular Barons abound, and too often they are equivocal adventurers.

The title is, however, not so disreputably diffused in Spain as in Portugal. But above all things let not young ladies be imposed upon by the "Don." There are some unwarrantable assumptions of high title in London, and some ludicrous mistakes. Thus the Brazilian Envoy is called uniformly in the Court Circular, "Marquis Lisboa," he being in fact as much a Marquis as my grandmother. His genuine address is plain "Senhor José Marques Lisboa;" the "Marques" is a common family name, but the mistake is in this instance collusively encouraged. If the Brazilian diplomatist were really a Marquis, his title would be written "Marquez."

If natives of the Peninsula flash with their insignificant non-hereditary title of Baron in England, and especially whisk it, like the tail of one of those kites with which they are familiar, upon our Stock Exchange, their obscurer countrymen at home are sometimes found to emulate their bright example. At a fête last year in Barcelona, at which I was

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present, two showily-dressed men made themselves conspicuous by the impudence with which they ogled several ladies, audibly commenting to each other upon their charms respectively, and one continually addressing the other with great emphasis as "Baron." They were very hirsute fops, with ponderous whiskers, moustaches, curls, pommade, and perfumery. A young and spirited Hidalgo, thoroughly high-bred, and of "*sangre azul*," became much excited on their eyeing a very beautiful lady of his acquaintance (the charming Doña Eugenia Maria de L——) with more than common effrontery, and was on the point of making a savage demonstration, when mastering his excitement he approached the sham Grandes with a smile. The pair bowed to the ground; and the "Baron," in a tone of profound veneration, inquired "How is your Excellency's most important health, and his Excellency, your noble father? I do not see him here."—"*Pardiez* he couldn't come. *You didn't send home the new wig!*" The exquisites were hairdressers of the town, and "Baron" was a surname.

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CHAPTER VIII.

GRANDES, HIDALGOS, AND TITLES OF NOBILITY.
(Continued.)

Although social distinctions have to a considerable extent been obliterated in Spain, it would be ridiculous to suppose that in a country where pride, both national and personal, forms so distinguishing a characteristic of the inhabitants, the pride of birth should ever lose much of its force. It depends on the nobility of Spain themselves whether they may not yet re-ascend to a very high position. But their new power must be derived from knowledge. If they would sway their countrymen, they must, besides displaying the most illustrious escutcheons, form the most enlightened class of the community. They must give to the youth of their families the best and most careful education which it is possible to obtain, must rub and brighten them by foreign travel, and imitate the wise discretion which has preserved to the British peerage its undisputed ascendancy. The recent abolition of entails in Spain has done much to complete the ruin of this class.

But if the Moderados manage to retain their position at the head of affairs, there will undoubtedly be a bill brought in for the formation of majorats of some 500*l.* or 600*l.* a-year, which in Spain will be sufficient as a foundation to secure *representacion*

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to the head of a family. Whether to this be added, or not, a re-admixture of the hereditary principle, in the case of high titles, with the constitution of the senate; at all events the legal annexation of property to primogeniture, will enable families once ennobled to maintain a position, if not of splendour, at least of becoming dignity. It rests entirely with them whether they are to have the popular contempt for ignorant and powerless rank, or the influence and esteem which belongs to superior enlightenment and honour. It is, indeed, a miserable ambition which is satisfied with hanging on by the skirts of a Camarilla, and leaves the proud work of government and parliamentary leadership to clever plebeians. The Grandes should either become statesmen, or should make the statesmen Grandes.

The Spanish Hidalgo is not necessarily, according to English views, a nobleman. He may or he may not be; but to be a true Hidalgo, he must be indubitably sprung from a noble stock. Although there should not have been a title in his family for centuries, he must be able to trace his pedigree in the line male to one who obtained a patent of nobility or of knighthood from his sovereign. The proudest Hidalgo is the *Hidalgo de quatro costados*, the purity of whose blood is attested by four quarterings of nobility.

In conversation the Hidalgo is not entitled to anything more than the ordinary *Usted*, which, except in the case of domestic servants and familiar acquaintance, is equally used in addressing the humblest member of society. An analysis of the word *Usted*,

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which is the corruption arising from the hasty colloquial abbreviation of the two words *Vuestra merced*, "your honour," more literally "your grace," shows this indiscriminate application of it to be decidedly incorrect. But the Spanish is essentially the language of courtesy and politeness, and it is perhaps unreasonable to object to anything which tends to smooth down the rugged diversities of social standing and asperities of fortune. Still more peculiar and strange to English ears, is the practice of addressing every person with whom you converse in the third person; but this is a necessary corollary of the phrase *Usted*, which, signifying "your grace," obviously requires that all the pronouns in the same sentence should be possessive, since "your grace" cannot put on "your hat," but "his hat;" just as "your majesty," cannot receive the prayer of "your subjects," but of "his" or "her" subjects. The Spaniards, in the lapse of time, have softened the hard features of their colloquial obsequiousness, and the *Usted* in its present form signifies no more than our "you;" while in writing, the formal representation of the *vuestra merced*, "vmd," has been dropped, and "vm" substituted, thus evincing a desire to simplify and modernize as much as possible.

There are six different modes of address in Spain. The highest, *Majestad*, belongs of course only to actual kings and queens. The next, *Alteza*, belongs to the heir apparent, or to the regent, as in the case of Espartero. The heir apparent alone is regarded in Spain as a prince of the blood royal, and the other children of the sovereign are called, according to their

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sex, *Infantes* or *Infantas*. One cause of the jealousy of the Queen's uncle, Don Francisco de Paula, towards Espartero, was the fact, that the latter had the title of "highness," while to the former it was denied. How singularly constituted Spain is, how curious is the effect of both representative Chambers being elective, and how absorbing the vortex of revolution, may be seen from the fact of Don Francisco de Paula, the brother of a king, the uncle of the reigning sovereign, having proposed himself as a candidate for the representation of Madrid in the Chamber of Deputies. The Royal *Infantes* and *Infantas* are merely entitled to be addressed as "your excellency," which third title of honour, *Excelencia*, belongs also to the Grandes of Spain, the principal Ministers of State, the Grand Crosses of the various orders of knighthood, Ambassadors and Envoys, Captains-general, Lieutenants-general, Admirals, and Vice-admirals, with one or two other high functionaries. The privileges annexed to the title of Grande are still considerable, and at all great functions and ceremonies which take place at Court, or at which the sovereign assists, a deputation from the Grandeza of Spain attends.

The military orders only retain the title of "Excellency" for their Grand Crosses, though formerly every member received a stated annual pension, and the Commanderies of the several orders had attached to them some of the richest domains in Spain. These were confiscated by the Constitutionalists, together with the property of the Church, and in the rage of confiscation they perhaps alienated rather too much;

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for undoubtedly the blow which they struck at the order of nobility by the abolition of entails, was more favourable to demagogic than to well-understood democratic influences, and no sincere friend of Spain will rejoice to see its ancient noblesse so crippled and degraded.

It appears rather anomalous that the title of *Excelencia*, which answers strictly, although not literally, to our "lordship," should be withheld, by the foregoing arrangement, from many Marquises and Counts, who, not being Grandes of Spain, have only the simple title of *Usía*, the abridgment of "Vuestra Señoria." The same title is given to viscounts, barons, brigadier-generals, rear-admirals, municipal alcaldes, colonels in the army, and captains in the navy, whenever they are addressed officially, though, except with those who have actual titles of nobility, the plain *Usted* is most commonly used. Some Ayuntamiéntos, or municipalities, have the title of Excellency conceded to the body corporate, by virtue of historical renown or of some political service. Bishops have the title of *Ilustrisima* (*Señoria* understood), and so likewise have the Gefes Politicos. The Archbishop is "*Excelentisimo y Ilustrisimo Señor.*"

In Spain, all the Royal Infantes and Infantas, as well as persons of ducal rank, are Grandes. The other orders of the peerage, even Countdom, and Marquisate, do not necessarily confer Grandeza. This rank is conceded only by special favour of the Crown. It is the highest dignity in Spain; and it is a strong goad which impels the leading politician, when, if successful in grasping a ministerial portfolio,

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he becomes an *Excelencia* like the best of them, and stands upon an equal footing with the "Grande de España." The democratic men of Spain rather scorn titles, and there are few, very few, instances in modern times, of parliamentary men merging their plain *roturier* appellations in the high-sounding, but unsubstantial, designations of nobility. Poverty is perhaps, much more than dignified pride, the bar to this promotion; for where much wealth is accumulated, a title for the most part follows; but this belongs to the fitness of things.

The orders of nobility are the same as with us, ascending from baron to duke, there being no princes except the Principe Real, or heir apparent. Godoy broke through this aristocratic chevaux-de-frise, made himself "Prince of the Peace," and "Highness," and got more detested by this assumption than even by his official crimes. The Central Junta of 1808, in one of its proclamations, denounced "Don Manuel Godoy, the self-styled Prince of the Peace, who, during eighteen years of favour, appropriated to his own uses the domains of the Crown, and the treasures of private individuals, who arrogated to himself all honours and titles, even that of *Highness*, reserved exclusively to the royal family."

Knighthood, as a distinctive title, and baronetage, are unknown in Spain, as in all other continental countries. There are numerous orders of knighthood, for the most part military; but these do not give any prefix to the name, like "Sir," or "Lord." The "Don" belongs to all, from the duke to the dancing-master. There is no permanent and

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constantly visible distinction attached to any name, until a place is obtained in the peerage. Between the Spanish peerage and ours, there are three striking distinctions. First, the titles are not all hereditary. Second, there is no hereditary right to a seat in the Legislature. Third, there is no entailed property. The first order of the peerage, that of baron, is for the most part conferred for life only, and in such cases is inferior to an English baronetcy. To a man of feeling there is something extremely disagreeable and embittered in the idea that his title is a purely selfish acquisition, and cannot be transmitted to his children. The Crown, by special favour, may make it hereditary. The titles above that of baron are, for the most part, made hereditary in the Carta of Concession. The absence of an hereditary right of legislation takes away the spur of ambition, and throws the young nobleman into the career of frivolous amusement, and vicious indulgence; while the abolition of entails has gone far to destroy the order of nobility in Spain, and left the representatives of noble families at the mercy of their younger brothers and sisters. These, however, for the most part, through a feeling of honour, decline to abridge the provision of the head of the house, and do not avail themselves of the legal privileges thrown in their way by the Progresistas within the last seven years, but prefer the status and *representacion* of the family.

The Grandes of Spain have seen all the highest offices of the kingdom slip through their fingers, and the best of them are now no more than hangers-on

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on the Palace. It is an instructive lesson, that they have been pushed aside by lawyers in almost every instance. The means of resuscitating their order are thus clearly presented to them—the only means which, in an age like this, can be made available—education, and superior intelligence. The glories of history will not avail, except to make them more contemptible, if personally deficient. The days are gone when the Ricohombres, more anciently still, the Ricohomes, were immeasurably more powerful than the Sovereign. The Grandes were thus designated, until 1690, when Carlos II. substituted the term "nobles," and the phrase into which the epithet may be resolved, "ricos hombres," signifies noble and illustrious men, as well as rich men. The days are gone when the Order of Grandeza was addressed with the solemn *vos*, like the King and the Deity, when an Estremaduran Marquis had a million sheep in a flock; when a Chancellor of the Council of the Indies had an annual stipend of 100,000 ducats, when a Marquis of Caralvo derived 62,000 dollars of yearly income from a sinecure connected with the South American mines, and an Archbishop of Toledo, richer than the richest Popes, had a more than princely revenue of 200,000 ducats. The *prestige* of enormous wealth and exaggerated power is gone from the order for ever; there is but one *prestige* which it may yet retain, which depends entirely on itself to secure, which, in legitimate worth, transcends its bygone greatness, and which it is more than doubtful that it will ever command—the influence of intellect and virtue.

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CHAPTER IX.

THE UNIVERSITIES—LOS SALAMANQUINOS.

The university system of Spain has in some respects been modernised; and, amidst the prevalent anarchy and misgovernment, has inevitably become relaxed. In the Carlist war, fighting rather than philosophy, was the practical avocation of the student, and still more so in the Peninsular war; when, amongst other *zagales* subsequently known to fame, Espartero rushed from the bosom of his university, doffed the collegiate gown, and put on the military garb, which was never subsequently laid aside till it was replaced by the regal mantle.

The same vicissitudes still prevail, and amongst the youthful Andalucían soldiers, I have frequently met well-instructed *élèves* of Granada, whom the chances of the *alistamiénto* had made familiar with the shako and the musket. The relaxation of the previously rigid university system became so extensive, that degrees were frequently conferred without the shadow of matriculation, and with scarcely the shadow of an examination, the signature of the collegiate rector, or secretary, being dispensed with, and the whole being too often the result of an arrangement with the Catedraticos, or professors, who, receiving most irregular payment of their small stipend from the Government, were too ready to

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be swayed by a pecuniary consideration. The evil became so glaring, that in 1838 it was found requisite to overhaul the whole system, and at the same time liberalise the ancient university rule. The expenses of matriculation were dispensed with, in the case of the poorer students producing certificates of their inability to pay, and proving, by the ordeal of a special examination, their capacity and solid acquirements. In Spain, it will be observed, that to become a practitioner in law or medicine, an university course is an essential pre-requisite (unlike our English system), and various shifts were naturally resorted to for the purpose of evading this rigour. Hence matriculation and regular advancement were frequently parried, and a subscription to the professor's lectures, and incorporation with the two or three courses connected with the particular faculty aimed at, became a common practice, a handsome fee quieting the professor's scruples.

The reform of 1838, which struck a determined blow at these and other abuses, again became relaxed, and in 1843 the matriculation and successive examinations were still more strenuously enforced. Attested poverty was no longer allowed to dispense with matriculation, which was granted, however, upon sound answering, free of any expense. The change was very judicious. Matriculation and humanities were made equally indispensable, whether the aim of the student was the course of philosophy, or the higher faculties of medicine, law, or divinity. Alumni failing to inscribe themselves, through whatsoever motive, in the corresponding *matricula*, are

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never acknowledged in any other character save that of Oyentes, or hearers of the lectures, and are excluded both from the examinations at the end of the course, and from the extraordinary examinations of October in each year, the matriculated alumni alone being awarded the right of proving, by a successful examination, that they have passed through their academical course, or, in other words, being alone entitled to graduate. The chiefs of the collegiate establishments were forbidden to yield under any pretence to solicitations (bribes), for permission to attend any particular course, without regular matriculation; and the rectors and directors of all public establishments were warned not to permit the Catedraticos to grant certificates of attendance, upon their courses respectively, to any class of students, no certificate being valid unless signed by the college secretary and attested by the rector, with the customary "V°. B°." (inspected and good).

The old and time-honoured system of a limited number of universities has, of late years, been abolished in Spain, and the chief town of each kingdom or province has now its Universidad Literaria, where degrees in Arts and Litteræ Humaniores are conferred. The only advantages possessed by Salamanca, Valladolid, and Granada, are the special faculties of canon and civil law, and the higher branches of divinity; and in the unsparing rage for change by which nothing is respected here, it is not impossible that these will, before long, participate the fate of medicine and surgery.

The rage of *pronunciamiéntos* and the plague of

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politics have unhappily penetrated into the Spanish Universities, with a pernicious tendency to divert the stream of science, and choke the too scanty seeds of knowledge. Yet it is impossible to see how it could well be otherwise, for the growing minds of Spain are great and generous, and could not fail to sympathise and vibrate with the events and emotions passing around them. Last autumn, in Salamanca, there was a mutiny, because of the threatened removal of the school of medicine from that university, and curtailment of the *ninth* year in the course of jurisprudence, under the new government plan of reform. Had not the project been immediately withdrawn, the students would have drawn their swords, and proclaimed the Junta Central. Lopez and Narvaez prudently succumbed; and the agitation gave way to rejoicing, the ferment to public festivities, in which all the inhabitants of the town participated. The Andalucían youth have acted a still more decisive part, the University of Granada having, through the medium of some of its *alumni*, shared in the *pronunciamiéntos*, first against Espartero, and next in favour of the Central Junta, of which the former was successful, and the latter, by brute force, extinguished.

The noble Salamantines felt deeply the indignity offered to their ancient university; if their halls were dusty they were likewise venerable, and they relished not to see them visited by an unceremonious besom of reform. The proud Estudiantes could but ill digest this tampering with their professional chairs, or brook the wholesale expulsion of their revered Catedraticos. The schools of medicine, said the

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slippery lawyer, Lopez, and the insolent drummer, Narvaez, must be entirely suppressed at Salamanca, and the course of jurisprudence lopped of its fair proportions. Sooner would they lop off Lopez's head, and bury Narvaez in his biggest drum! Loud was the *alboroto* that grew up in an hour within those ancient walls, and bold conspirators ranged through the college *huertas*. Muskets and sword-canes were in speedy requisition; bludgeons were lustily grasped and wielded; pistols loaded and their priming looked to. "*Vivan los Catedraticos!*" was the cry, "*Abajo el Gobierno!*" and a compact body of the students marched towards the Plaza de la Constitucion. A buzz of approbation rose from the townspeople, and black-eyed girls smiled approbation upon chosen gallants in the academic throng, their glances raining dangerous influence. The authorities took the alarm, the somaten or muster-bell was sounded, and the Nationals speedily made their appearance by twos and threes in the square, until they formed a serried column. The Gefe demanded a parley, and the students replied, with even growing energy, "*Los Catedraticos!*"

The Ayuntamiénto assembled in its council-hall, the Gefe grew irresolute, the Nationals evidently, so far from being hostile to the students, were prepared to fraternise with them upon the slightest plausible ground. Composed entirely of the townspeople, the Nationals for the most part lived by the university, and were well acquainted with the youngsters who had conditionally taken up arms against the government. The Gefe saw by the frequent nods and

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winks interchanged between them that the milicianos would not act against the alumni—that a *transaccion*, in fact, was the only safe issue out of the perplexities of the case; and full of this notable thought, he proceeded to enforce it upon the Ayuntamiénto. The moment the Gefe absented himself, all began to smile,—the very children knew how it was (for in Spain they become politicians the moment they are weaned); the proud Estudiantes had gained the day, and the Salamantine Nacionales would scorn to molest them. Nearer and nearer to each other did the opposite groups extend themselves, until there was nothing but the Stone of the Constitution between them in the centre of the square—an excellent ground to shake hands on! The Gefe returned with the leading members of the university, and undertook to forward, by special courier, to the Government a statement of the wishes of the students as the irresistible will of the entire population; and thus the alboroto ended.

Independently of this inroad upon their long-established medical schools, the Salamanquinos had already to complain of the break-up of their renowned university in other particulars. The new-fangled scheme (of rather doubtful success) for establishing "Literary Universities," with a power of conferring degrees equal to that of the old universities, in the metropolis and in every provincial capital, struck down at once much more than half the number of the Salamantine alumni: the *prestige* of the old institution was in a great measure lost, and the means of subsistence of the townspeople most materially impaired.

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With some of these modern reforms it is, however, impossible to quarrel. Madrid, as the centre of letters and civilisation, was not to be left without an educational and literary institution upon the most extensive scale; it is there alone that lectures, in many interesting departments, could be made largely available to the intellectual public; and as an instance, I may specify the valuable lectures of the newly appointed Professor of Arabic, Pasqual de Gayangos.

There are some curious features connected with the Spanish universities. Thus amongst the degrees which they confer are those of Doctor and Licentiate in Philosophy. The distinction between Licentiate and Doctor in all the faculties is still rigidly preserved. The number of Doctors of Divinity has very much decreased of late, and the study of the higher theology is not much prosecuted. Controversy, in its modern acceptation, is wholly unknown. A taste is at last springing up for archæological studies, and a royal order was published in March last, for the appointment of a Professor of Arabic. Shortly afterwards came the disturbances which eventuated in Espartero's exclusion from the kingdom. The rage of *pronunciamiéntos* of course repressed the nobler rage of knowledge, and it was not until the 5th of October, seven months after, that this royal decree was carried into effect.

The complete legal course, requiring a nine-years' residence in the university, is too onerous and tedious for the bulk of aspirants, and hence, in many instances, the legal practitioner now contents himself with the degree of bachelor in jurisprudence,

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which may be obtained after four years' residence. The baccalaureate may be conferred either simply or *in claustro pleno*—a full assembly of the dignitaries of the university. The latter is usually preferred, as involving more *éclat*. This degree must be qualified for by strict examinations throughout the *carrera*. In the recent reform of the Spanish universities, the delusive and jejune subtleties of the scholastic system have been for the most part exploded, and replaced by more useful learning and sounder principles of human knowledge. It is only in the ecclesiastical seminaries that the profitless distinctions of entities and quiddities still find a tottering home, and even here a partial sweeping-brush has been applied, and the cobwebs have been sprinkled with the modern philosophy.

The distinction between *Estudios menores* and *Estudios mayores* is still kept up in the universities. The former comprises grammar, rhetoric, and the *litteræ humaniores;* the latter, philosophy, theology, and the severe sciences. The undergraduates, who are occupied with the first-mentioned, are superciliously regarded, as elsewhere, by the big-wigs occupied with higher things. The former are known as the *estudiantillos* or petty students, the latter as the *estudiantons* or huge book-devouring slovens.

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CHAPTER X.

THE MEDICAL AND SURGICAL PROFESSIONS. QUACKS.

In Spain, the eminent members of the medical and surgical professions almost invariably belong to both faculties, and for the most part practise in both. Their universities, unlike ours, which scrupulously conserve many ancient prejudices and blunders, place surgery now in the same rank with medicine; nearly the same preliminary education is requisite to qualify for both, and in each faculty the same degrees are taken. There are still pure physicians and pure surgeons, but in most cases they are united. The old gradations are rigidly adhered to, and there is a regular series of bachelors, licentiates, and doctors, in medicine and surgery, as well as in divinity, law, and philosophy. There is scarcely a practitioner of note who is not a doctor in surgery, as well as in medicine.

A certain amount of university education, or of general education in colleges qualified to confer degrees, is a requisite preliminary to graduation in either faculty; they are not content, as at home, with the shambling examinations in classics or science which are suffered to pass muster at our colleges of physicians and surgeons, and which permit grossly ignorant men to qualify, if they have a sprinkling of professional knowledge. The squabbles lately

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witnessed in England, are not visible here, the faculties being on a precisely equal footing; and the highest interests of both professions are superintended by the Academy of Medicine and Surgery of New Castile, which has a limited number of members, and where none can become candidates unless highly qualified.

A comparison of standing between the highest practitioner at home and abroad may be interesting; and to assist it I will give the list of offices and titles of two eminent Spaniards, in the highest ranks of the profession. One is a doctor of medicine and surgery, and professor of surgery, physician-surgeon to the royal family, and fellow of the Academy of Medicine and Surgery of New Castile by *concursus*, fellow of various scientific bodies, professor *emeritus* of mathematics pure and mixed, editor of scientific journals, official opposer of candidates for professorial chairs, and proposed as one of three aspirants for the post of Catedratico, in the suppressed college of San Carlos.

The other is likewise a doctor of medicine and surgery, titular and corresponding fellow of various learned bodies of the kingdom, and of foreign countries, author and translator of various works on medicine, surgery, and the physical and natural sciences, rewarded with a premium by *concursus*, proposed for the academy of medicine and surgery of New Castile, as one of the most distinguished professors, by the title of honorary academician of the Royal Academy of Belgium, first officer of the ministry of the government of the Peninsula, commissioner of public in-

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struction in relation to medicine, surgery, pharmacy, and veterinary surgery, and ex-deputy to the Córtes. This gentleman with the swelling list of titles, is Don Pedro Mata; the other is Don Gabriel Usera —neither of them known, to any extent, beyond the precincts of their native country.

The Provisional Government gave great offence, last autumn, by abolishing the school of medicine and surgery at Cadiz—apparently in revenge for the well-known Esparterist feeling of a large party in that town. The medical college of Cadiz was a very ancient institution; and shared with those of Madrid and Barcelona the medical and surgical faculties of the kingdom, there being likewise chairs of medicine in the three Universities. With a blind rage for inconsiderate reforms, Señor Caballero abolished the schools of Cadiz and the Universities, limited the concession of faculties to Madrid and Barcelona, and distributed the preliminary education through five colleges for the various provinces, in the cities of Seville, Valencia, Saragossa, Valladolid, and Santiago. The Andalucíans, who could heretofore perfect their professional education at Cadiz, must now repair to Barcelona or the capital; and Cadiz, it may well be conceived, was justly indignant. Upon her strong remonstrance the decree was ultimately revoked.

The secret of all these huxtering and peddling reforms, is the endeavour to extricate the medical and surgical professions from the inadequate consideration in which they are unfortunately held in Spain; the true cause of which is, that the fees are so

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wretchedly low as to present neither a prize nor an encouragement. Hence, most inevitably, an inferior order of practitioners. How could it be otherwise when you are attended at a shilling or two the visit?

Injudicious interferences with the course of professional studies in medicine and surgery, have been a prevailing vice with the Spanish government for some years past. A few winters back, a ministerial decree was published, prohibiting all physicians from practising, who were not furnished with certificates from the Fisico-mayor. This led to the most curious, and unhappily, vexatious consequences in some remote towns. The business of physicking and healing, in a regular way, was entirely suspended, the strong-minded were cured by their lucky exemption from the visitations of recognised practice, and the weak and hypochondriacal were thrown into the hands of quacks. In one instance, the only physician resident in the locality was called in. His answer to the staring patient was, that it was impossible for him to cure him! The horrible word "*incurable*" gurgled in the patient's throat. "By no means," said the suspended physician, "but if I dared to prescribe for you, it would be as much as my neck is worth." The patient inquired of his relations, who surrounded the bed, whether he was not in a state of high delirium; they declared that no symptoms of such a state were observable. The patient tried again, and imagined that his medico must have taken a bath in Lethe, and forgotten all his professional studies, or else that one of the two must be staring mad. At length, he implored him for the love of God and of the

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Virgin, to come and see him daily. The physician came as desired, shook his head each day, and said that the patient's state was indeed serious, but that he would not write a recipe for one hundred dollars, seeing that his carta or diploma had been invalidated by a late ministerial order. "*Ay Dios!*" exclaimed the patient, "and must I die without advice, by virtue of a late ministerial order?" The doctor again shook his head, and chewed the head of his cane—a common resource when doctors are posed. It was evident that medicine was banished from the Andalucían territory, as it formerly was from Rome. A beneficent government withheld the permission to kill or cure; and if physic was sent to the dogs, the patient might go there too. He certainly had one consolation left,—he might wait till the medical alumni, in the various universities of Spain, had finished their course, and graduated regularly; and if he survived so long—perhaps some three or four years—might then have the benefit of duly authorised advice. Or he might make the journey to Madrid for the purpose of consulting the Fisico-mayor—a distance of some 230 miles—and die on the road. Or again, he might have recourse to some Herbolario, or empirical Curandero, who would shorten his term of suffering by the most approved quackery. He wisely had recourse to none of these alternatives; and, relying on Dame Nature, a practitioner who needs no diploma, he was miraculously well in a very few days, and, from the bottom of his renovated heart, thanked his paternal government.

In other cases, where the agency of irregular prac-

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titioners was in defiance of the law resorted to, the prescriptions were sent to the village apothecary; but the botica was found shut up, the licences of the boticarios under the new regulations, with the approved metropolitan medicines, not having yet arrived; and when they did come, which was after the lapse of several weeks, they lay for some days at the Ayuntamiénto, awaiting the inspection of the newly-appointed Council of Health, who, of course, could n't *funcionar* till their appointments came in due form; and no one dared remove them to the boticario's, till they paid the *esportula* of the Fisicatura-mayor. The villagers had full time to imbue themselves, by dint of slow reflection, with a full sense of the benevolent intentions of the government in establishing this state of close medical siege. When their wives had completed their periods of parturition respectively, and the Partera was sent for, there being no departure here from the venerable system of female midwifery, the lady sent for answer that she no longer practised in her peculiar profession, being prohibited by the government order, until she was furnished with a fresh carta of licence. It was thus wisely forbidden to augment the population, save by virtue of a ministerial order; which, considering the prevailing distress, spoke largely for the progress of the government in the science of utilitarian economy.

Hundreds of young Spaniards came into the world Heaven knows how! most probably head-foremost; but it has not been ascertained that the Government restrictions proved anything of a serious preventive check, any more than the speculations of Parson

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Malthus. It is certain that a score of children died, but I never heard that bread was cheaper or more plentiful. Yet even in death itself the masterly policy of the Government made itself felt. A friend of mine, who lost a fine boy, because his wife could have no *sage-femme* of experience, informed the Parroco of his desire to have the infant buried; but the priest acquainted him in return of the necessity to provide him with a medical certificate, and an order for the Regidor, in accordance with the new and stringent regulations. "*Santo Dios!*" exclaimed my friend, "they will not have men either live or die, be cured or be buried. What is it they want? They banish medicine from the province, and then they require a medical certificate. We can neither live in security, nor die in peace, *por vida de sanos*—a beneficent Government!" From all which it may plainly be seen that centralised administration, and the application of standards of advanced civilisation, to a country like Spain, so pre-eminently "slow" and immovable, is a delightful illustration of the chopping of blocks with razors; and that after the temporary inconvenience of new systems has blown over and merged into the accustomed desuetude, which laughs at legislation as love laughs at locksmiths, men are born to live and die here pretty much like their forefathers, and snap their fingers at the Fisicatura-mayor.

There are two descriptions of medical attendants in Spain, as in other countries—the ordinary or family physician, and the physician called in to hold a consultation in cases of emergency. The former is styled the *medico de cabecera*, or "bolster physician,"

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the latter the *medico de apelacion*, or "doctor of appeal."

The phrase for taking out one's doctor's degree is a little curious. It is this—"Such a one has doctored himself." Heaven forbid that this should be done literally in the English sense, for there is no limit to the youth of graduates. It is only the other day that a *mancebo* came to settle here in Seville from Salamanca. He was a doctor of medicine and surgery, and his age was under twenty! The puffing system extends over the whole world, where there are types and presses. Accordingly these young practitioners are usually ushered into notice by the puff preliminary in the papers. Sometimes these paragraphs are malicious. Thus—"El Doctor Luiz Maria, who is married to a daughter of his uncle, el Medico Silva, while he was a first-year's-student, displayed no very praiseworthy conduct; but afterwards his conduct was more regular. He is a *mozo* of good memory, and if he can be brought to apply himself seriously to the study of medicine, and leave off gambling, he may make a good practitioner." This barbed arrow came from Salamanca, as the date of the anonymous epistle testified, and was probably dictated by jealousy on the part of some other aspirant too dull to "doctor himself." Lampooning and sarcasm are perhaps more prevalent in Spain than in any other European country, and the healing profession comes in for its full share. The most ordinary term of ridicule is *medico de media tigera*, or "doctor of half a tonsure," a reproach in which the briefless barrister likewise shares, and which answers to the French "*avocat à*

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simple tonsure." The phrase has descended from the old times, when all the learned professions wore the tonsure. The *medico galenista* is a peculiar theorist, and the *Sangrado* is the vulgar bleeder.

It is little to the credit of surgical science here that a man of great merit lately lost his life in consequence of the irresolution of the two surgeons who attended him, in not proceeding to a timely amputation. He had accidentally wounded two of the fingers of his right hand, from which gangrene ensued. There is no doubt whatever that his life would have been saved by prompt amputation of the arm; and the willingness of the patient to undergo the operation may be inferred from the fact that he said, when the subject was mooted to him: "Si, *señores*, cut away as you will—arm, leg, thigh—everything but the head—I can't spare that!" He was a naval officer, and a worthy successor of the Colons and Corteses. The surgeons trembled to run the risk of amputation. When the gangrene had reached this true sailor's wrist, and hollowed out a black circle in the back of his hand, he characteristically exclaimed, looking at it—"Here's a cheap, ready-made, snuff-box!"

Spain is the classic land of quacks. Its immense extent, its imperfect civilisation, the unfrequency and irregularity of communications, all combine to produce this result. But more than all else, the reluctance of the people to read, and the absence of a wholesome and popular current literature. The Curandero has an immense extent of ignorance and gullibility to practise on, and, to do him justice, he

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exploits it successfully. In the country villages and remote parts there is often no regular physician or surgeon, sometimes not an apothecary; and where there is one of this latter tribe, he generally practises without scruple in all the faculties. The Curandero does the same: with this difference, that he invents his own *materia medica*, or takes it from traditional quackery, and the oldest women around him.

The Curandero is of various kinds. There is the vender of Orviétan, or counter-poison, who has an antidote for everything; the barber-surgeon, who, like Sangrado, bleeds for everything; the Curandero Maravilloso, or Spanish Morison, who has a pill or a powder to cure everything (I don't suppose Englishmen have any right to inveigh against Spanish quacks); the Nevero, or snow-vender, who makes up an imitation of snow, and vends it in phials at fairs as a remedy for aches and pains; and the Caracol-Curandero, or snail-doctor, who, with snails and frogs, professes to cure every inward complaint. Finally, there is the Gusano-Curandero, or worm-quack, who attacks the thousand diseases which flesh is heir to with decoctions or plasters of powdered reptiles; and the Saludador, who kisses the most dangerous sores, and undertakes to cure them with his breath.

A Curandero, in the district of Cuenca, had, perhaps, the most extraordinary pharmacopœia that has ever been heard of. His name was Campillo, and his renown spread far and wide—into Castile on the one hand, and into La Mancha on the other. He was endued with extraordinary eloquence, and his influ-

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ence over his patients was immense. He wrought upon their imagination and enthusiasm, and was thus probably indebted to a species of natural magnetism for many of his triumphs. He was the Napoleon of quacks, and some of his cures, though nearly incredible, are well attested.

A dropsical patient, thirty years of age, applied to him. He had passed through the hands of the most expert members of the faculty, and had vainly tried every recognised remedy. He was so weak as to require to be carried about. Campillo resolved, in this man's case, to try a most extraordinary species of allopathy. He carried him to the hospital, where a number of children then were lying, and purposely infected him with small-pox! The disease was completely developed in him, his sufferings were excessive, and his face and body were pitted for life. But his dropsy disappeared for ever.

One would suppose that the remedy here was almost worse than the disease. Not so, however, thought the good Cuencans. Scores of dropsical and other patients flocked to him, requesting to be cured by small-pox. And Campillo records I know not how many cases, but does not say a word of those he killed. This genius had a great contempt for all ordinary sorts of plasters, whether designed for cuts, contusions, or ulcers, and accordingly he invented lotions and plasters of his own. A rich proprietor wounded his leg against a tree in hunting. His ordinary surgeon applied cataplasms, composed of bread-crumb, milk, and saffron, to allay the inflammation. A large ulcer unfortunately ensued, the limb became

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swollen, and acute pains were felt. He tried another surgeon; worse and worse. He lost his appetite and his sleep. Such was the fruit of sundry decoctions, ptisans, and medicines, prescribed (said the doctors) to make his blood fluid, and correct its acrid humours. He next applied to the Cirujano-mayor of the royal armies, who left nothing untried; applied the most powerful alteratives, and salivated him most effectually. The ulcer, notwithstanding, became so large that there was soon a talk of amputating the limb. Before this last resort, Campillo was applied to, and told him to pour three times a day on the limb the contents of a pint bottle with which he supplied him, rigidly enjoining him not to taste the contents of the bottle. The leg was speedily cured, and Campillo afterwards confessed that the cure was effected with common water!

But Campillo's grand remedy—start not, fair reader—was oil of earth-worms! For rheumatism, gout, lumbago, and all other pains and aches, friction with this odd embrocation of the parts affected was invariably prescribed by him, and, he declares, with uniform success. It was thus prepared:—Half-fill a quart bottle with garden-worms, wash repeatedly to free them from the mould, and after having wiped them well with a white linen cloth, carefully cork and bladder the mouth of the bottle. Bury it afterwards for a fortnight in a heap of manure, by the end of which time the contents of the bottle will have rotted and been converted into an oil of marvellous efficacy. Señor Campillo has written a treatise, from which the foregoing directions are extracted for the benefit of

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our amateur hydropathists and homœopathists. He adds with inimitable *naïveté*, that "the smell of this oil is somewhat disagreeable, but that the pains of gout and rheumatism appear still more so."

One of the most renowned of Spanish quacks was the so-styled Doctor Juan Perez de Montalvan, who anticipated our modest British empirics in trumpeting forth and vending to an enormous extent pills of alleged universal efficacy. Montalvan was in fact the Spanish Morison. It was upon this Curandero, whose address was most imposing, and his eloquence truly electrifying in puffing his infallible panacea, that the following pleasant pasquinade was written:—

"El doctor tu te lo pones,
El Montalván no lo eres,
Luego quitandote el Don,
Te quedas solo Juan Perez."

"The 'Doctor' you yourself clapt on;
You ne'er were yet, in all your days,
A Montalván; take off the 'Don,'
There's nothing left but 'Jack Peréz!'"

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CHAPTER XI.

THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH IN SPAIN.

British interests in the Peninsula are happily recovering from the effects of unfortunate partisanship. Our devotedness to the cause of Espartero, which caused us to forget for a time that it is with the Spanish nation alone we have to deal, is in the course of obliteration by the more correct position which we have assumed, and the irrepressible feelings of Españolismo are no longer outraged. The excellent speech of Mr. Bulwer, on presenting his credentials to Queen Isabel, has produced a very decided and beneficial effect; and the noble and glorious Peninsular people are prepared to regard us as brothers. Englishmen, too, during the events of the last year exercised their official influence, in more than one instance, to the great advantage of the Spanish nation. Our Consul at Seville, Mr. Williams, did much to allay excited and revengeful feelings during the siege and bombardment, as an eminently impartial arbiter.

Our Consul at Barcelona, Mr. Penleaze, effected, upon terms satisfactory to all parties, the surrender of last November; and the negotiations opened upon that occasion, as well as those which subsequently led to the evacuation of the Castle of Figueras and to the entire pacification of Catalonia, were in a great measure conducted to a successful issue by Colonel

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Delamere, formerly an officer in the British Auxiliary Legion, and now an aide-de-camp of Baron de Meer's, who rode to Madrid and back, a distance of 1100 English miles, in six days! Again, our energetic young Consul at Cartagena, Mr. Turner, saved all the compromised from death by extraordinary exertions and at the repeated risk of his life—acts all worthy of England, and which Spain will indelibly remember.

The finger of France may be traced in every disturbance of the past year through the Peninsula. When the Regent's power was merely tottering, ere the so-called Parliamentary League was formed against him, and before he had dismissed Lopez and called Becerra to his councils, French diplomatic agents were busied in every corner of Spain, undermining his influence and blackening his name. The Embassy at Madrid and the Consulates in every port were constant foci of intrigue; and military agents scattered through the Peninsula, having no visible means of subsistence nor power to maintain a heavy scale of expenditure, except as specially commissioned from beyond the Pyrenees, poisoned the minds of the army, and debauched both officers and sergeants with glittering lures. A vast propagandism of ingenious falsehood, radiated from the agents of French diplomacy, and journals, supposed to be Spanish, but giving currency to French ideas, supporting French views, and enforcing French interests, rivetted the chains of prejudiced ignorance around the minds of their countrymen. Not one defeat nor a succession of failures could relax the tenacity of these crafty

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emissaries; perseverance endured till resistance slept —discomfiture was met by redoubled activity; and through the chequered vicissitudes of blundering and successful *finesse*, their efforts were unscrupulous and unintermitting, until French interests were finally triumphant, and the overthrow of Espartero was accomplished.

Four years since, France had her best intriguers scattered through Syria. When the complication of the Eastern question ceased, she transferred these to the Peninsula, and the powers of sap and mine which we had caused to fail against the Sultan, were directed with renewed ardour, and with the bitterness of previous disappointment, against Espartero. Her diplomatic abilities, great and small, were concentrated in Spain, and the money-power was applied with a vigour which I heard remarked in all parts of Spain visited by me last year, from Cadiz to Barcelona.

I was likewise a witness to the fluent declarations about the perfidious plans of England to destroy Spanish commerce and to absorb their political independence—about the ambitious islanders, the grasping shopkeepers, and our Machiavelian uses of the right of search, which, heard in the same identical terms in twenty different quarters, seemed strongly to indicate that *all was rehearsed;* and it needs no prophet to divine the cause why Narvaez and Concha, why Pezuela and O'Donnell, were despatched from French to Spanish ports, by a purely accidental relaxation of a most stringent passport system,—why trunks and portmanteaus accompanied them, which no single porter could lift,—why two sums of a million each

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openly crossed the Pyrenees, and why permanent Councils, directing the operations against the Regent, sat at Bayonne and Perpignan. The plot was admitted, and its excellence extolled, by the very Afrancesados themselves; by men so ridiculously Frenchified in their ways, as to affect to speak Castilian with a French accent—for even this absurdity may be found in Spain. It is convenient for French statesmen to deny all this; but they may be answered from Mendoza's charming "*Life of Lazarillo de Tormes*," where the young rogue having sucked the blind beggar's wine through a straw, "*Pensais*," says the latter to the bystanders, "*que este mi mozo es algun inocente? pues oid si el demonio ensayara otra tal hazaña.*" "Perhaps you thought this youngster innocent? But you have heard his exploits, and see if the devil can match them!"

The first advantage which the French possess in their continental and eastern diplomacy, is derived from their profession of Catholicism, which, feeling generally but little respect for any religion, they play off most successfully against the interests of heretic England. The next is from their habitual politeness and refined dissimulation. John Bull, even in an embroidered coat, is blunt, downright, and candid—virtues in themselves, but misplaced when they exist in excess in such an atmosphere as that of Madrid. We were belied in the politest way in the world, misrepresented with the civilest assurance, beslandered with the most courteous effrontery. We are no such accomplished Palaciegos as the French, such whisperers of a Camarilla; we are rough, plain-spoken,

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and undissembling; and were politely jockeyed by the politest of Embassies.

It is odd how soon people forget the dirt they have been made to eat. The generous obliviousness with which Spain has thrown herself of late into the arms of France, seems an improvement on the Christian endurance of coblers' wives, who love their hammering consorts the more, the more vigorously they have plied them with strap. When Ferdinand VII., then Prince of the Asturias, was in appointed residence at Valençay, his trembling existence hanging on the beck and power of France, this worthy namesake and descendant of that Ferdinand who dealt somewhat differently with the Moors of Seville, repeatedly wrote the most servile letters to Fouché, Duc d'Otranto, soliciting the high honour of being allowed to ally himself in marriage with some relation, however distant, of the Imperial Family of Bonaparte. This lowly suit was refused, a Castilian Prince of the Blood Royal being held unworthy the hand of a *parvenue* Corsican drab. Spain has ate her leek since then with the dexterous rapidity of a Fluellen. We hear much of Castilian pride and revenge. *Erreur!* Their bosoms are the quintessence of charity, meekness, and all Christian virtues. The lofty-minded Ferdinand used to kiss the policeman Fouché's hand whenever he chanced to see him; and Fouché used to say, "I always washed it after, for the man was *très-sale!*"

The doctrines of centralization imported from France, and sought to be arbitrarily enforced by Narvaez and Bravo, will never become popular

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amongst the Spanish people. Spain, it must never be forgotten, is not, like France, a long-compacted and homogeneous kingdom, but an union of different states and principalities, each retaining its own strong distinctive peculiarities—its essential differences in habits and modes of thinking. The Castiles and Andalucía, the Basques and Estremadura, are as unlike as distinct states in any part of the continent of Europe; Valencia and the Asturias have few points of resemblance; Catalonia and Galicia are wholly dissimilar. Local interests and feelings, provincial differences and jealousies, special institutions and privileges closely cherished, are as little to be reconciled or fused as any other elements most heterogeneous; and an assault on this independent action would necessarily lead to disaffection.

When the Prince de Joinville came in his frigate, the *Belle Poule*, to Cadiz, in 1842, some of his countrymen, who had been compromised in certain political conspiracies at Paris, posterior to the House of Orléans ascending the throne, and who, having served in the Carlist war till the Convention of Bergara, were consuming their spirits in vainly pressing on the Spanish Government their claims to large arrears of pay, and to a permanent pension, according to the terms of their entering the service, waited on His Royal Highness to represent their wishes. The Prince, surrounded by his naval staff, received them with an airy urbanity, and the principal members of the deputation having been withheld by considerations of *convenance* and politeness from nakedly stating the

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hardships of their case, a Herculean and broken-nosed Gascon, who held the rank of captain, and the bridge of whose nose had been shot away while defending a bridge in Navarre, stepped forward, and stripped the question of all its obscurity, thus:—"Ils sont tous des polissons, des traîtres, des infâmes, mon Prince—" "Mais, mon ami, il ne faut pas parler comme ça," interrupted the Prince. "Les voleurs!" roared out the Gascon; "ils nous ont pillés. Ce n'est qu'un brigandage ouvert." (All further interruption was unavailing.) "Ce ne sont que des fourbes, des filous, des fausseurs, des flibustiers; ils tromperaient le bon Dieu lui-même. Que diable, mon Prince! Faites que nous rentrions en France. Parlez tout doucement à votre père, il est assez bon enfant au fond. Oui, faites que nous rentrions en France; c'est un pays où l'on peut vivre. Il n'y a que les Français et les Anglais qui sont des hommes!"

Perhaps such a speech was never before addressed to a royal personage. But it came from the heart, and was efficacious for its purpose. The Prince appealed to Louis-Philippe's generosity; the case of these exiles was made to include itself within the terms of the last amnesty, and the parties are now in France, waiters upon the financial providence of Spain, which will probably shed its rays on them at the Greek kalends, beaming from the Salamanca contract. But I am assured, upon good authority, that M. de Joinville acted a characteristic part upon this occasion, frowning when the Gascon blurted forth his compliment to the English, and thereupon cutting short his speech as appears above.

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"Prince, vous nous rendrez justice," said the deputation.

"*Avec ceci, s'il est nécessaire!*" rejoined the brave De Joinville, drawing and flourishing his sword after a fashion familiar in the booths at Bartholomew Fair. The deputation stared, bowed profoundly, and retired.

It is curious to observe what tricks are played with national emblems. Each nation's own emblem is of course the only genuine article. The Russian eagle, the Austrian eagle, the American eagle, each looks with a jealous and surly eye on its ornithological rival. When France sported on her banner the imperial bird, if a man spoke of *L'Aigle* in a Frenchman's presence, the Frenchman would take it as an insult if any but his own great goose were intended; and Jonathan, at the present day, takes every allusion of the kind to mean, as a matter of course, the Yankee bird. If meanings were sifted, there would be much more sense in a roasted chicken than in the embroidered Halicætus Leucocephalus.* The jealousy extends to the British lion, whose claims, ridiculous to relate, are not acknowledged in Western Europe. France scouts them through jealousy, and Spain through a more intelligible motive—she has lions of her own. Her national standard displays a pair of castles and a pair of lions—the visible type and embodiment of the united crowns of Castile and Léon. All Frenchmen and Spaniards, therefore, combine, of malice prepense, to lower us on the zoological scale, and our national emblem is converted to a *leopard!* Neither in Spain nor in France do you ever hear of the "British lion;"

* The bald eagle, the United States emblem.

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no, it is always "the leopard," "the cruel and bloodthirsty leopard," with divers absurd variations to the same tune, at which England can well afford to laugh. It is curiously illustrative of the national wealths respectively, that a Spaniard when he talks of "millions," means millions of reals or twopences; a Frenchman, millions of francs, or tenpences; but an Englishman, millions of solid pounds sterling.

France appears for ever destined to set the fashions to the rest of Europe, and in politics as well as tailoring, she has her imitators in all directions. No sooner had she scoured her musket after the Three Days, and completed her last Revolution, than the youthful heroes of the Barricades, bearded and flowing-haired, paraded the Boulevards in triumph, and called themselves Young France. Young Belgium followed in a few months, Young Poland, Young Italy next, and then Young Germany. Germany having overcome her feelings of hereditary hatred, and taken to copying France, it was time that England should subdue hers; and accordingly, we have lately seen a small but powerful party spring up in the British Senate, resolved to renovate the present, and restore the past, and known as Young England. The vogue of renovation has at length reached the Peninsula, where it was most wanted, and where I trust it will be most unflinchingly applied. But if Young Spain has no better champion than Gonzalez Bravo, the hope is illusory.

There are points of affinity between Spain and England, which will doubtless surprise. St. George is the patron Saint of Britain, and likewise of the

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Kingdom of Aragon. The lion rampant figures on the national standard of both countries. Both have been for the most part in constant hostility with France. Spain and England had once a common King in Philip II. The Kingdom of Galicia is the exact counterpart of Ireland, in the mountainous and sea-girt character of the country, and in the manners, habits, and appearance of the people. The Castilian monarchy is fused out of eighteen distinct kingdoms—ours is consolidated out of ten, the Heptarchy, Ireland, Wales, and Scotland. Spain had once the dominion of the sea, to which England has succeeded. We drink more of her wine than all the rest of the world, take more of her oil, her bark, and her fruit. We lend her our money; we work her mines. To our arms alone is she indebted for her triumph in the War of Independence, and to our negotiation for the close of the wasting War of Succession in the Convention of Bergara. We have fought for her, bled for her, died for her. We have squandered in her behalf our gold and our lives. Why should the ports of Spain be closed against us?

Spain has produced its bards to sound the praises of St. George, as well as Merry England. Camporedondo in his "Armas de Aragon en Oriente," thus invokes the Cappadocian knight:—

"Tú de la celestial caballeria
Insigne capitan, Marte christiano
Que de agarenas huestes la osadia
Mil veces quebrantaste por tu mano,
Tú en quien el pueblo Aragonés confia,
En cuya protecion gozase ufano!"

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Captain of the celestial chivalry,
Renowned St. George, unconquered Christian Mars!
Whose powerful hand has crushed a thousand times
Insulting hosts of recreant Agarenes;
Thou in whom grateful Aragon confides,
Proud of her patron, safe beneath his shield!

Aragon and Catalonia, not content with these exploits against the Moors, fitted out expeditions against the Turks, and gave powerful assistance to Andronicus Palæologus before Byzantium fell, thus evincing their uncompromising hostility to both sections of the Agarenes or Mahometans. They uniformly fought under the patronage of Saint George, whose name with them sounds far less musically than in our northern throats, for Spaniards pronounce it "Gchorgchy." The Spanish language, as spoken, has more affinity with that of England than of France.

I shall not push the parallel so far as Victor Hugo does, who comically, yet seriously, extends it to tea and cocoa; "*Chose singulière—le thé est pour l'Angleterre ce qu'était pour l'Espagne le cacao,*" and finds a "shameful" resemblance in the fact, that Spain held Francis the First in captivity, as England did Napoleon; but I shall accept his *rapprochement* of the national characters of Britain and Iberia, and hold with him that both countries possess in common the great and ennobling qualities of resolution, pride, and perseverance.

The English, resident here for some time, usually become attached to the Spanish ways and customs. Ladies resident but for a year or two, whether English, French, or natives of any other country, almost

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invariably wear the *mantilla*, and its inimitable grace and suitableness to the summer heats, make the most tastefully trimmed bonnet look inelegant by its side. They likewise soon learn to speak Spanish; and if they settle permanently, the probability is, that their children will forget the English language, or, what comes pretty nearly to the same thing, will have never acquired it. It is amusing to see the way in which English names are masqueraded, where the parties have been long enough resident out of England to prefer the Spanish mode. Thus I find "John Duncan Shaw" metamorphosed into "Don Juan Duncano Schau"—"Salter," into "Saltero," and plain "Paul Cross," into "Don Pablo Mariano Crosa." But the oddest of all these metamorphoses is that effected in a few years time in a person who, for political purposes, was desirous to appear as Spanish as possible; and he who went forth masquerading as "Don Jacinto Rosel," had some time before been little "Jack Russell." I have elsewhere dwelt on this peculiarity.

If people in England were generally aware of the ridicule, almost contempt, which foreigners, more especially Spaniards, with their chivalrous courtesy towards the fair, evince for our mode of styling and addressing young ladies, with the blunt, stiff, and odious "Miss,"—the only expression which the language supplies—they would take steps for the speedy reform of this social grievance. "How do you do, *Miss?*"—"The pleasure of wine with you, *Miss?*"—"Pray, do you know so-and-so, *Miss?*"—"May I have the honour of dancing the next set with

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you, *Miss?*" The rude, disagreeable, hissing, serpentine sound, would seem to have been invented by some sour old monk to throw a wet blanket on all elegant intercourse between the sexes. Think of the difference between this and the refined and softened courtesy of the dew-dropping French word, "*Mademoiselle*," or the Spanish "*Señorita*," "*Niña*," "*Doncella*," "*Doncelluela*,"—so numerous are the pleasant varieties of sweetness. The coarseness and bluntness of our language in this respect have very much impeded its cultivation on the Continent, and combined with rude and insolent manners to make us unhappily unpopular, amongst other serious consequences cramping the extension of the productions of British skill. To what important results may the most trivial causes lead! Victor Hugo, in his "*Letters on the Rhine*," has a passage curiously illustrative of this subject, in describing his conversation in English with the three young ladies in Falkenburg's Castle:—"M'adressant de mon air le plus gracieux à la plus grande des trois: *Miss*, lui dis-je, en corrigeant le laconisme de la phrase par l'exagération du salut, *what is, if you please, the name of this castle?*" Unquestionably the phrase is not "fit to throw to a dog;" pray you, amend it. I would humbly suggest the adoption into the English language of the word "*Madámsel*," as a substitute for the abominable "*Miss*," which henceforth should be used as a stigma a sense in which it is now so frequently applied. Having already modified the French "*demoiselle*" into "*damsel*," to "*Madámsel*," is but an easy step. If the change were adopted at Court, it would imme-

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diately become popular; and to begin, the Queen's maids of honour might be described in the Court Circular as "the Honourable Madamsel So-and-so," instead of "the Honourable Miss Such-and-such." For this suggestion, I expect to be rewarded by a round of valentines from all the unmarried ladies in the kingdom.

The prejudices against us in Spain are as old as the days of Philip II. It is a remarkable illustration of the feelings of that period, that Cervantes makes one of his heroes, an English Catholic, ask pardon of Heaven for violating "his Catholic duty, which forbids him to draw his sword against Catholics," even at the bidding of his royal mistress—an infidel, and therefore incapable of lawfully commanding him! Think of this from the conceiver of Sancho Pança—from so keen a satirist as the powerful painter of the Knight of the Rueful Countenance! The dread of being reported to Queen Elizabeth as "a *Christian* or a coward," was not sufficient motive in Cervantes's judgment to influence his hero to perform his patriotic duty; he must also be swayed by the dread of losing his mistress.

It was habitual amongst the old Peninsular poets to call our island "Snowy England;" and Camoens in his Lusiad, more than once applies to us this chilling epithet. The proud contempt with which Philip deigned to visit our barbarous island, and put up for a brief space with his outlandish wife, as both he and his courtiers deemed Queen Mary, illustrates feelings which the subsequent destruction of the Armada burnt into hatred.

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In one of Cervantes's novels, he speaks of a young Englishman, professing the Catholic faith, who was about to be married to a Scotchwoman, also a Roman Catholic, or, as he phrases it, "a secret Christian like himself!" ("*asi mismo secreta Christiana como el.*") To this hour the English are not held to be Christians by the common people in the Peninsula; and murder is immeasurably less criminal in their eyes than heresy.

How little was known of England in the Peninsula at the period of the "Invincible Armada," may be inferred from the fact, that the Spanish admiral was looking for Bristol where Dover stands. Cervantes, in his "Española Inglesa," placing an imaginary English lord at the head of the Channel fleet, dubs him "El Baron de Lansac," a curious corruption of the renowned name of Lancaster. It is a pleasant illustration of the passage—"*Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus,*" that the creator of Quixote makes our glorious Queen Elizabeth, in the same story, confer the command of one of her line-of-battle ships, *ex abrupto*, upon a stripling who had never been aboard a ship! The name which he invents for the Scotch lady before referred to, is equally unfortunate—*Clisterna!*

And the patronymics of his *English* noblemen, Clotaldo, and Count Arnesto! But his Caledonian heroine, with the pretty romantic name, the greatest beauty, too, in all London, quite captivates my fancy. Bewitching *Clisterna!* Similar mistakes, however, abound in the nomenclature of Shakspeare. It is amazing what a bound the world has made since then

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in accuracy of diction and drapery, in truth of geographical and ethnographical accessories. The whole globe and its languages are more familiar to us now than the process of counting on our fingers. Queen Isabel cannot wink at Madrid, or cough at Barcelona, but it is straight conveyed by telegraph to Paris, and whisked by steam to London. The persecutions of Ferdinand, and the wars of Independence and Succession, have made the streets of our metropolis thick with Spaniards, who are grown familiar with our ways, and slowly imitate our civilisation.

An amusing sensation was created by the news of Espartero's having been invited to a public banquet by the Lord Mayor of London. Most Spaniards translated the word *Mayor* literally, according to its meaning in Castilian, "greater," and took it that the ex-Regent had been invited to dine by the *greatest* lord in England.

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CHAPTER XII.

REVOLUTIONS—THEIR EFFECTS—THEIR ANTIDOTE.

A LEADING cause of the frequency of Revolutions in Spain is the frequent dissolutions of the Córtes. When the governing power exercises this severe act of the prerogative upon slight or flimsy grounds, the national ferment thus unjustly produced, the stagnation of business involved, the suspension of ordinary callings and legitimate gains, the bad blood excited, the angry political passions raised in strong tumult, the great turbulence engendered, the personal violence done, the acts of moral violence perpetrated or attempted, the odious constraint upon conscience, practised in every most unscrupulous shape, and the array of military drawn up for intimidation before the approaches to the urn—all these combine to make the people hate their rulers; and they rush into revolution as a preferable evil to the continuance of so reckless a despotism. Not even the dirty money-bribes of England are so pernicious as the all-corrupting influences which are set to work in Spain, and which constrain or seduce the young and the old (and all their connexions), who either hold, or expect to hold, any office or profitable calling, down to a beadledom or a snuff-shop. The political chiefs everywhere, with the whole disposable force of the local civil governments, are nothing but ministerial

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election agents, corruptors or dismissers-general, unscrupulous coercive screw-drivers. And the nation, made desperate by these iniquities, was too often driven to revolution during the regencies of Cristina and Espartero.

The result is, that subordination is unknown, and that the spirit of resistance to unlawful aggression soon merges into a propensity to insurrection against all authority. In the fatal facility of revolt, the lust of rebellion grows with that it feeds on; striplings even are turbulent; —

——— "omni que è parte feroces
Bella gerunt venti, fretaque indignantia miscent."

It has been said that for forty pounds a revolution may be got up in any Spanish town. But the tariff of rebellion has been much reduced of late by the excitement of perpetual encroachments on the constitution; and there are few towns in Spain in which a revolution might not be got up at the present moment for half the money. The name of Narvaez, however, inspires a strong terror.

There is no cranny or crevice of the social machine into which the evil effects of revolutionary violence do not penetrate, nor wheel that is not stopped, nor cog that is not displaced. The custom-house carabineros were draughted off as soldiers last summer, and the smugglers had possession of the coast. The works for the improvement of the harbours of Barcelona and Coruña were suspended, the repairs of the fortifications of Cadiz and Badajoz were suspended, the restoration of the beautiful Alcazar, or Moorish palace, at Seville, was suspended. There was no

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money to pay for, no government to direct them. The only work that was not suspended was the demolition of the magnificent Church of the Inquisition at Seville—characteristically persevered in because it was a demolition. The very business of education was suspended in the primary schools of the kingdom. The examination of the maestros and maestras* should take place each year in the month of September; but as the fighting was scarcely finished then, and the cry of Central Junta was raging over the land, these examinations did not take place until three months after—from the 20th to the 30th December. Everything here is racy of the soil. These teachers, male and female, must present certificates of good conduct, "moral and *political*," as well as an attestation from the cura-parroco of their perfect religious conformity.

The mining operations of Andalucía were interrupted like everything else. These, it will be observed, are almost entirely carried on by English capital and enterprise, but the miners would be politicians. The resident engineers and superintendents of works are all English, and until late years there were enactments, both in Spain and Portugal, making it penal to disturb the entrails of the earth! It was looked upon with superstitious horror, as an impious violation of the designs and dispensations of Providence, and even now it is popularly held to be work only fit for heretics, who are scarcely Christians. Scientific knowledge is regarded by the better informed with proud scorn, and those members of

* Male and female teachers.

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the military profession who read, and endeavour to make themselves acquainted with the theory of tactics, and with sound belligerent principles, are sneered at by their brother officers as *Padres* and *Professors*. Military and civil engineering share one common fate, and both are rather despised. A new English company having lately required to fix the demarcations of a mining district, where a rich vein of antimony had been discovered, and scientific witnesses being necessary to perfect the act of surrender by the Government, the province could furnish none more competent than the village apothecary, and a country *accoucheur*.

The mode of transacting official business at Madrid is so slow, unpractical, and tedious, that no Englishman, unacquainted with the ways of the Peninsula, would credit its exquisite absurdity. Before you can see a minister, or an important official, you must call, generally, half a dozen times, cool your heels for an hour or two each time, curse your fate, or take lessons in patience; and when you see the great man at last, (who frequently turns out to be a particularly little man,) his professions are so smooth, satisfactory, and plentiful, that your business, you feel assured, is done. Heaven bless you, it is not yet begun! Smooth words and hollow civilities are a coin which he has prepared for universal circulation, and often the only coin in which he will pay the creditors of the state. You must rough it for a season, and get accustomed, like the Irishwoman's eels, to be skinned, before you can become thoroughly convinced of their insincerity, and imbued with a just

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sense of their turpitude. Even to the announcements in the official Gazette, a Spanish Minister's declaration almost always means the contrary; and those who understand the thing interpret for the most part by opposites. When your affair is at last *en train*, it has to be referred to so many different quarters for consideration and report, and each so resolutely remiss, so scandalously negligent, that before it is prepared for submission to the Council or the Córtes, there is a new ministry—and you have to roll up the Sisyphæan stone again!

It is a curious illustration of the lagging propensities of Spain, that the Christian era was not introduced into it until the latter end of the fourteenth century. The Augustan era prevailed throughout the country from the time of the Roman occupation, except in the kingdom of Granada, and in Gibraltar, to which the Moors were then confined, down to the year 1383, when by a decision of the Córtes convoked at Segovia by Juan the First, the Christian era was adopted. With the views of Españolismo which now prevail, and the sturdy indisposition to take anything from the "outer barbarians," it is doubtful whether the change would now be adopted.

The most fatal taint in the political and social state of modern Spain is what is emphatically termed Empleomania, or the rage for place. Too lazy for commerce, too proud to be tradesmen, the bulk of the educated or partially-educated classes will sell their souls for places under the Government. To be an Empleado Publico, though as a mere writing-clerk in a Government office, and with a salary of but 50*l.*

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a year, is regarded by needy Hidalgos as the only gentlemanly post which they can fill beyond the range of the regular professions, and by clever and ambitious plebeians as the means of utilising their talents for intrigue, acquiring influence with a party or a ministry, and pushing themselves forward to more important offices. The unambitious Empleado is a mere idler, spending hours over the shaping of a pen, the settling of his paper, the picking of his teeth, and the smoking of cigarrillos. The ambitious Empleado is indeed active, but it is only in irregular and dangerous intrigue. The business of the nation in their hands is as stationary as a moss-grown milestone. Such are the men in place; while those out of it will scruple at nothing to effect an entrance, hundreds having been expelled to make way for the present inmates. Revolutions here have rarely any other end but a seizure of all the offices of the state. A party of desperate gamblers surround a roulette-table, and keep it in ceaseless revolution to see who will win. At whatever point it may stop, nothing turns up for the people.

There might be a hope of reform in the Peninsula if you could but discover an instant of time to begin, if you could find a *point d'appui*, a place where to plant your lever, a 'vantage, a purchase, a fulcrum. But as each new set of official men are, for the most part, worse than those who preceded them, to aim at amelioration seems a hopeless task. Whenever a good and virtuous man is lifted by the force of circumstances into a leading place, and his principles are found to be unbending, his eye unwinking in the

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detection of jobs, he is forthwith unceremoniously hustled out of office, and his fate deters all but the hardened and loose-principled from venturing to succeed him. To talk of patriotism to these men generally, is to get laughed at for a simpleton. Address yourself to their interests. Nay, they positively deny the name of "*un hombre político*" to a man of large, liberal, pure, and philanthropic views, and give it only to the practised intriguer. Whenever a popular Pronunciamiénto has been successful in bringing in a new set of men, forgetting too commonly both the people and the objects for which they have been raised to power, they set to work immediately and carve both places and finances for their own advantage. In the words of a Castilian proverb, they "eat up the victuals and send the stewpan in the cook's face." How many such lessons have the Spanish people received?

The diffusion of political education and intelligence will best counteract the frequency of revolutions. Everything in the shape of legitimate popular movement is yet to learn in Spain. Public meetings, petitions, memorials, are not understood nor practised.

Speeches are never delivered, even at professedly political banquets. The custom of dining together to commemorate remarkable events has been introduced very recently, being imported from France, whence such of our English customs as are to be recognised have come for the most part second-hand. The French, with our custom, have adopted our English word, "toast"; but the Spanish are too proud for this, and have invented a term of their

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own, "brindis." All their speechifying is concentrated into the delivering of the toast; and a party whose health is drunk never thinks of replying in set phrase, but nods his thanks, and then delivers a cut-and-dry toast of his own. The toast is often far more lengthy than there is any precedent of in England—an obvious result of the desire on the part of each individual to say as much as he can without launching into an harangue. Of this I was a witness at a banquet held at Seville to commemorate the "glorious defence." General Figueras' *brindis* took five minutes in the delivery. Of the other toasts many were in a poetical shape—sonnets and madrigals, recited without any accompaniment, and then received with all the honours. Concha thus toasted Narvaez:—

"Tú, que del Turia en la feraz ribera
Alzaste de la union el estandarte,
Tú, que de Ardoz en la campaña fiera
Corriste de laurel á coronarte,
Tú, en el árabe torre y altanera,
Emulo de Guzman, hijo de Marte:
Llenad los vasos de la dulce espuma
Y supla vuestra voz mi humilde pluma, &c."

The retrogressive measures of the Moderados in relation to the Córtes, the Municipalities, and the National Militia, were accompanied—so subtle and all-pervading was their system of reaction—by a correlative restriction of the tinkers and blind newsvenders of Madrid. The former were said to have a peculiar modulation in their twang of the Castilian equivalent for "kettles to mend!" by which they could announce to the fermenting populace a rebellious or quiescent purpose. And the latter, in

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crying through the streets their Hojas Volantes, or Flying Sheets, a sort of halfpenny popular newspaper, appearing at irregular intervals, (of which cheap and authentic style of publication there are specimens likewise in London,) were said to lay too marked an emphasis on the announced attempts to assassinate, poison, and blow up Narvaez, as well as on the "extraordinary *revelaciones* of Olózaga" and the "full exposure of the Camarilla." Señor Benavides, the new Gefe Politico of Madrid, on receiving his appointment, issued a Bando by which the sale of these hojas was prohibited after dark, excepting (impartial discrimination!) extraordinary editions of the Government Gazette; no man having the use of his eyes was permitted to sell them, and the real title alone was to be announced. The tinkers were likewise prevented from tinkling a piece of iron against an old tin can—their ancient and prescriptive privilege—which was abridged lest they should make a noise in the world as political characters.

Amidst the conflict of parties one thing is sufficiently apparent—that the sober sense of Spain is sickened with revolutions. Other arms are sought, and other weapons will be found, for restraining the flights of ambition and controlling the excesses of power. They will be forged, moulded, and polished, in the constitutional armoury, and will be vigorously wielded in accordance with the laws. Many things point to this result: the slow, but certain, growth of intelligence, the consciousness how little has been won by past struggles in the field, the resolution recorded by the Progresista leaders in a meeting

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held at the house of Señor Madoz on the despotic closing of the Chambers. Appeals to brute force will be changed for *stoppage of supplies*, and taxes will not be paid for which there is not the fullest warrant of the Córtes. This is the only programme worthy of a great nation; and the last resort of armed insurrection should be reserved for mighty occasions. Thus will the constitutional dynasty be upheld without retrograde tendencies, and a strong Parliamentary Government supersede the rule of Camarillas. Thus will the harmonious action of the laws result in public order; and the throne have immeasurably greater strength than in the support of a demoralised soldiery.

It is a mighty organ to play on—a representative monarchical system—and needs a master-hand to modulate, a master-mind to direct it. The firm middle scale of the Commons, the high treble of the Upper Chamber, the soft harmonies of the Crown, the gruff diapason of the popular voices below—to keep all attuned, all in unison; to play at once on each, and be master of all the stops; to walk over the pedals, yet firmly retain your seat; to glide from diatonic to chromatic scale, to fly over all the keys, seem to touch them all instantaneously, accompany, command them with the swelling voice, and be master at once of the entire instrument—this is indeed to feel the consciousness of power. It is gross blundering which, affrighted by a difficult passage, discontinues the attempt, breaks off the exciting fugue, kicks the blower from his stool, and rushes into revolution. This is their mode of constitutional-organ-playing in Spain. In England we know better. We

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are assured by experience that there is no passage which may not be played successfully on this sublime instrument; and when any of the scales, no matter which, becomes discordant, we leisurely tune and adjust the instrument, cut short some pipes, and add to the length of others, but are never the fools to knock it asunder.

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CHAPTER XIII.

REJOICINGS FOR QUEEN ISABEL'S MAJORITY.

The declaration of Queen Isabel's majority was celebrated throughout Spain with unusual rejoicings. The event was naturally regarded as one of primary importance, for it was delusively held to be the close of those turbulent scenes by which the frame of the nation was convulsed and emaciated during a long and stormy minority. I was at Cadiz during the three days fixed for these demonstrations; and some account of their leading features will afford an interesting specimen of the manners of living Spain. The first morning was ushered in by a royal salvo of artillery, and a solemn mass and *Te Deum* in the cathedral of Cadiz, where the concourse was immense. At the conclusion of the ceremonies, the authorities repaired in a body to the Ayuntamiénto, or municipal-house, where they saluted, before entering, with great form and devotion, a portrait of the youthful Queen, which was placed in the *façade* of the building. The windows, as well as those of numerous private houses, were adorned with external curtains, old tapestry, and hangings of silk and velvet. *Mâts de Cocagne* were erected in the squares of Isabel Segunda and General Mina, on the tops of which reposed a handful of inviting dollars, and the populace exercised upon these their agility and prowess of climbing, in

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the midst of a numerous crowd of mirthful spectators, while the more select and elegant promenaded the public Plazas to the music of military bands.

The claims of humanity were not forgotten, and during each day that the rejoicings lasted, there were extensive distributions of good white bread amongst the poor of the city, the indigent householders, the Casa de Beneficencia, the Convents of Desvalidas Monjas, or nuns without means of subsistence, of which there are several, and the prisoners in the National Carcel. Each soldier of the garrison received three reals vellon per day while the demonstrations continued, and two were given to the recruits and prisoners of war. At night the illuminations were very extensive, and it might be truly said to be another day, so brilliant was the spectacle which presented itself on every side, and so great the proportion of coloured vases, waxen torches, lanterns, and chandeliers, which in that pure and motionless southern air burned more brightly than in a northern saloon. Music arose on every side, bells pealed merrily in a hundred churches, and joy beamed on the faces of old as well as young. The sentiment of "Españolismo" appeared to have taken possession of every heart, and if any grudged allegiance, it was not shown in their air or aspect. The inhabitants of Southern Spain give themselves up with great abandonment to what with them is the business of amusement, and life being somewhat monotonous here, every pleasing variety is embraced with a proportionate ardour. Loyalty came in aid of constitutional lightheartedness, for with all its

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occasional turbulence, there is no nation in Europe more essentially monarchical than Spain.

At noon, the solemn act of proclamation of the Queen's majority was read by the First Alcalde in the principal balcony of the Municipal House, and a salvo of artillery announced the departure of the authorities for the Consistorio. A picket of cavalry opened the procession. Thirty municipal guards followed, headed by their commander. Next came the gastadores, or pioneers, followed by detachments of the several regiments in garrison. Next a military band. The mace-bearers and trumpeters of the municipal Ayuntamiénto of Cadiz. The mayordomo of the city, followed by two suisses, or door-keepers. The committee of these public festivities, and the body of invited guests, composed of the authorities and notable persons of the city, amongst whom were twelve advocates arrayed in the toga, and the members of the Ayuntamiénto, headed by the third and fourth Alcaldes. The provincial deputation (analogous to our grand jury) followed, with several generals and titulos de Castilla, or titled noblemen. Behind these were four kings-at-arms on horseback, wearing rich heraldic dresses; and next came the first constitutional Alcalde, with the royal standard of Spain in his right hand, mounted on a very handsome white Andalucían charger, magnificently caparisoned. This first magistrate of Cadiz, Señor Urintia by name, was richly attired in a long robe of velvet, and his snorting and pawing steed, with his hoofs gilded, his mane intertwisted with golden threads, his rich and high-peaked Spanish saddle,

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and the dignified Castilian air of the rider, recalled the prouder era of the Philips, and the richer days of the galleons. Four palafreneros or grooms led the Alcalde's charger, two at the bridle, and two at the stirrups. At the right and left of this principal figure in the pageant, rode the political chief, Taleus de la Riva, and the commandant of the province, General Pavia, both in grand uniform, and the latter followed by his aides-de-camp. A chariot covered with a crimson-velvet mantle, fringed with gold, drawn by two handsome horses, preceded the regiment of Asturias, with its banner, a military band marching at the regiment's head; and the procession was closed by a troop of cavalry, and eight led coaches, amongst which were two rich and handsome carriages belonging to the Marquis of Castillo, and Don Rafael Rivero, provincial deputies for Xerez. After passing through all the principal streets, and making proclamations of the Queen's majority in the four leading plazas, the procession returned to the Municipal House amid the roar of artillery, and the pealing of a hundred joy-bells. The proverbial good-breeding of the Cadiz people was throughout remarkable.

The Casa del Cabildo, or town-council-hall, was decorated in the manner usual in Spanish cities upon occasions of public rejoicing. The whole *façade* was hung with small square lamps and festoonery, narrow curtains being united outside around the windows, and banners placed everywhere that a flagstaff could be thrust. Simplicity, and the just disposition of a few well-chosen objects, seemed not much studied; an abundance of inexpensive, and, therefore, some-

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what mean, decorations was displayed, and the effect was slightly tawdry. On the balcony of the Ayuntamiénto was placed a portrait of the young Queen in oil, the shiny surface of which had evidently just received the last coat; the royal standard of Spain waved overhead, and a military guard took charge of the canvas majesty.

An imitative obelisk, cleverly representing stone, arose in the centre of the Plaza de la Constitucion, and tablados, or orchestras, for bands of military music, in the squares of General Mina and San Felipe. In the Calla Ancha (the best street of Cadiz), fronting the ex-convent of San Paolo, was raised a handsome arch of green boughs and flowers —the brilliant flowers even of winter time in this climate — a symbol, said the passing crowd, of the green and joyous youth of their beloved Queen. The arch was not ill constructed, of the Gothic order, crowned with the national standard, and illuminated at night with a multitude of rustic lamps. From the balconies of this long and handsome street (the balconies where the Spanish woman lives) fell banners with loyal inscriptions; and, in the act of proclaiming the sovereign's majority, silver and copper coins, struck for the occasion, were distributed amongst the people.

From each of the houses in the Calla Ancha was extended a lance, from the extremity of which waved flags of different colours, presenting a very gay and animated appearance. The windows here were, for the most part, curtained outside, and tastefully illuminated at night.

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In the principal balcony of the Casa Capitular, an elegant municipal edifice, was exhibited throughout the three days the portrait of her Majesty, under a very rich canopy, and guarded day and night by two sentinels. In front of the portrait was planted the royal standard, six chandeliers being hung from the balcony to display it perfectly at night.

The stone of the Constitution, situated in the square to which it gives its name, was adorned with an elegant group of national banners, and illumined with chandeliers. Here the military bands put forth their fullest vigour, and the tinkle of a guitar might now and then be heard, claiming the attention of its own peculiar group; nor was there wanting at times the charm of a dance, the Majo's gallantry, and the Gaditana's grace, in seguidilla and bolera.

The doings in the theatre at night, which were the same all over Spain, were of a peculiarly peninsular character. At the commencement of the performances two curtains were raised simultaneously, the one appertaining to the stage, the other to the principal box in front, called the royal box, but of late never visited by royalty. Here was displayed a portrait of Queen Isabel, the unveiling of which was the signal for loud applause, and beneath was ranged a guard of honour. The commandant of the garrison rose (in other towns it was the political chief, or the first alcalde), and gave forth *vivas* to the Queen, the Constitution, the inhabitants, the municipality, the army, all of which were enthusiastically responded to.

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At the close of the performances the actors read from the stage a number of sonnets appropriate to the occasion, sent in by persons in the audience; the royal march was struck up by the orchestra, and the curtains fell together over the stage and the Queen's portrait, amidst "strepitous acclamations" and the lighting of a hundred cigarrillos.

Obelisks and triumphal columns were erected in all the principal squares. These were constructed of planks and pasteboard, and painted to imitate marble. Their general style was rather flimsy and gaudy—prevailing characteristics of Spanish decorative art. On the four sides of one appeared in letters of bronze the words "Valour," "Loyalty," "Honour," and "Talent," a curious instance of bathos. This composition was crowned with a real palm-tree (of which there are several in Cadiz), which magnificent trophy was intended as a symbol of victory, and an emblem of the duration of the reign of Isabel. A multitude of coloured vases were strewn over these temporary obelisks and columns, which, being lighted at night with oil, produced a very agreeable effect. The national banner, of course, waved everywhere, regimental bands played with little intermission, and the dark and lustrous eyes of featly-footed dames, wearing beneath that brilliant sky no head-covering but the mantilla, and raining forth glances with an influence as gently powerful as that of the stars overhead, made the Plazas of Cadiz delightful promenades.

But loyalty on this occasion was not confined to one locality: it radiated through the entire province.

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The peasant donned his holiday suit, and celebrated the occasion with a rude splendour:—

Como el amor y la gala
Andan un mismo camino,
En todo tiempo á tus ojos
Quise mostrarme polido.

With love and gala suit I strive
To win those eyes of brightness,
And shew my Queen, while I 'm alive,
My thoroughbred politeness!

At Medina Sidonia the Queen's portrait was borne in procession upon a triumphal car through the town. On the second day a high mass and *Te Deum* were performed by the Bishop of Sidonia, and at night there was a ball and supper in the Sala Capitular. The people here are primitive in their tastes,—and, there being no theatre, repaired in crowds to the Plaza de la Constitucion upon two successive evenings, to witness the performances of a Titiritero, or puppet-showman. A masked ball wound up the third day's amusements.

At Puerto Real, besides the usual rejoicings, there was the favourite entertainment of the Toro de Cuerda. A bull was led through the streets by a man in a dress imperviously padded; and all who chose to encounter the hazard, becoming improvised Banderilleros, rushed forth from the houses, planted their arrows in the bull's hide, and then rushed in again. Much rough merriment, sprinkled with a seasoning of danger, marked this singular diversion. The cry of "*Los Toros!*" set women and children running in a wild confusion that reproduced the Lupercalian feasts; trains of tripped-up fugitives,

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with garments fluttering to their heads, were to be seen in every direction; and when the cord was fastened the excitement did not subside till the matador, in the Queen's honour, had consummated his bloody sacrifice.

In Villanueva de Córdova the Queen's portrait was carried in state from the Consistorial House, amidst the ringing of bells. The first alcalde bore it under a silken pallium, used in ecclesiastical processions, to the parish church, where the clergy in a body received it at the door. The national militia fired a salute, and the portrait was placed beneath a canopy, richly adorned, on the gospel side of the altar! A high mass was sung, at the conclusion of which the pulpit of the Holy Ghost was ascended by Señor Don Francisco Calero, who delivered a profound discourse, which, unhappily, has not been preserved.

The oaths of allegiance to the Sovereign and Constitution, taken by the authorities, and by all who hold office, were administered, not in a court-house, as with us, but in the principal church of every district. Perhaps this greater solemnity is a reason why these formal engagements are violated with greater facility. Upon all occasions of accessions, coronations, and declarations of majority, or of new fundamental laws, there is a public swearing of allegiance by the entire kingdom. The Córtes, and all public bodies in the metropolis, begin. Next come the provincial capitals, where the Gefe Politico takes the oath from the first Alcalde, and all the rest take it from the Gefe; the various towns and *pueblos* follow, where the first Alcalde takes it from the second, or

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from his chief Regidor. The oath is then administered to the populace, and taken by them *en masse*, the church being lit up, decorated with flowers, portions of the floor carpeted, and all arranged for a gala. The question not being put to the people individually, the whole resembles a theatrical pageant. The crowd is asked, Does it swear to observe fidelity, &c.; and it answers, *Si juro*, "Yes, I swear." The Alcalde then says, *Si asi lo hiciereis, Dios os lo premie, y si no, os lo demande!* "If you do, may God reward you; if not, may he call you to account!" Then swells a loud *Te Deum*.

The military swearing was fixed for Sunday, the 17th December. In all the garrison towns throughout Spain, the troops were formed in line that day at three in the afternoon, none being excepted but those actually mounting guard and in hospital, to whom the oath was afterwards separately administered. The troops being drawn up in the principal military rendezvous, the commander of each regiment, or battalion, placed himself in front, with a drummer beside him. The drummer beat a little *redoublé* to call attention, and the commander, in a loud voice, so as to be heard by all the battalion, recited the following words:—"Do you swear to God and to Doña Isabel Segunda, whom God guard, constitutional Queen of the Spains, declared of age by the Córtes of the kingdom, to bear to her henceforth constant fidelity?" The troops replied: *Si, juramos*, "Yes, we swear," and the commander added: "If thus you do, may God reward you; if not, may he call you to account!" Next the same military chief gave the

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word "*Batallon!*" and a *viva* to the constitutional Queen Isabella arose from all the ranks; the drums beat, the bands struck up the Royal Hymn, the Excelentisimo Commandant-General cantered away, and the troops filed off to barracks.

All this was very imposing, but at this very moment the royal plot was exploding at Madrid, the Camarilla, perhaps, seeking dull consolation in the words of Sancho Panza—"Si esta nuestra desgracia fuera de aquellas que con un par de bizmas se curan, aun no tan malo; pero voy viendo que no han de bastar todos los emplastos de un hospital para ponerlas en buen termino siquiera!" "If this disgrace of ours were of those which a pair of poultices may cure, it would not be so bad; but, alas! I see that not all the plasters of an hospital would suffice to put us in good condition again!"

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CHAPTER XIV.

THE CAMPO OF GIBRALTAR.—NOGUERAS' ATTEMPT.

The Campo of Gibraltar has been permanently established in its present form since 1782, when the Spaniards were defeated in their gigantic attack upon our naturally envied possession. Though Spain since that period has ceased to bite, she perseveringly shows her teeth and maintains a hostile attitude, or call it, if you will, a defensive position—a circumstance at which no one can be surprised. The frowning fortress of Calpe forcibly wrung from her, and in the occupation of another power, palliates, if it does not justify, an unceasing effervescence of feeling, and, to judge of the thoughts which tenant Spanish bosoms, we have only to ask ourselves how should we feel if Dover Castle were occupied, in spite of us, by France? This Campo is, next to the garrison of Cadiz, the most considerable station for troops in the south of Spain; and the service of the lines is as rigidly kept up as if the two countries were still at war. It seems as if the Spanish impression was, that, where the clenched fist has entered, the arm might like to follow; and the prevailing notion as to British unscrupulousness leads to the ready inference that, as we have plundered Spain of her Mediterranean key, we might use it in an unguarded hour to open and rifle her territory.

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Under the influence of such impressions, the Spanish government has always several regiments distributed through the Campo, which embraces Tarifa, Algesiras, San Roque, the Barrios, and the lines along the neutral ground. To this quarter Espartero, and his adherents in London, naturally looked, when they made their unsuccessful attempt in November last to recover their position in Spain. A trusty and unscrupulous agent—Nogueras—was despatched to Gibraltar, to reconnoitre the ground and prepare a revolutionary expedition. He was well supplied with money, and it is likewise said with arms; and how little liable was his zeal to be checked, diverted, or controlled, may be inferred from the fact that he was heard to express his regret that Espartero had not caused his now successful rivals, Narvaez, Concha, and Pezuela, to be shot, as well as Diego Léon, upon the failure of the attempt on the palace at Madrid, in November, 1841—a sentiment worthy the murderer of Cabrera's mother.

Nogueras' preparations were patent to all the world. The resources of the Spanish consul, Llanos, were devotedly at his disposal; the contrabandists, who swarm in Gibraltar, and are masters of the land and sea passages into all parts of Andalucía, were continually at his beck; the custom-house carabineros were early won over; and trusty couriers were seen hastening daily from the Rock to Tarifa and Algesiras. But an energetic man was there to counteract him—the second in command, Brigadier Córdova—brother to the illustrious General of that name, who attained to such distinction in the Carlist

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war. I met this gentleman at Cadiz last autumn, at which time he received the command which he now holds in the Campo; and rarely have I met a Spanish officer and gentleman more calculated to produce a favourable impression.

Brigadier Don Hernando Hernandez de Córdova is an elegant man, in the prime of life, of stature rather tall, and extremely graceful figure; scrupulously neat and gentlemanly in his attire, of manners very courteous and refined, and combining military frankness with a touch of Hidalgo reserve and self-respect. He is well informed upon all ordinary topics, extremely fluent in French as well as Spanish, and enters with spirit into nearly every subject of conversation. He is evidently enthusiastic, almost to a fault—yet surely a generous fault it is, in an age when the positive and money-making spirit holds such sway over the human heart. The Brigadier is of a very noble name and lineage, and if it were his study to appear to the world like a Paladin, with a chivalrous openness of disposition, and an universal yet manly courtesy of bearing, he could not better succeed than through the promptings of his natural character. He was severely tried upon the occasion to which I refer.

It was during dinner at a Casa de Pupilos, or boarding-house, where some subalterns from Gibraltar, took occasion to bring some sweeping charges against the character of the Spanish army, attributing indirectly to cowardice the fact of their fraternizing, not fighting, and railing at them

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for deserting their standard in consideration of a money bribe. It is impossible to deny the truth of all this; but the facts were so patent to the world, that the brightness of original genius displayed in the discovery, was certainly not Newtonian; and the taste was most questionable which introduced such a topic in the presence of a distinguished Spanish officer, known to them as such, and introduced to them by name. The very floundering French of these young and inexperienced men happily failed in conveying to Córdova's ear more than a portion of what was meant to be so very stinging; but enough reached him to rouse the lion in his breast, and without once departing from the language of courtesy, though the veins in his forehead swelled like whipcord, and his eyes sparkled with intensest fires, he started to his legs and administered to the youngsters a reproof so strong, and yet so politely conveyed, as entirely to silence them, and at the same time deprive them, by the total avoidance of rude words, of the opportunity of entering on a boyish quarrel. I never witnessed a more successful combination of enthusiasm, politeness, and vigour; and the Brigadier's management of the affair completely won my esteem. When the dessert was over, Córdova, like all Spaniards, retired, "being too much of a gentleman," in the words of Cervantes, "to be a drunkard," and left his opponents to digest their bile with their claret, which they continued to discuss all the evening, sallying forth at night in a condition to make hundreds exclaim, in words familiarly used by the Spanish peasantry when they

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witness the tipsy pranks of Gibraltar subalterns: "*No es posible que sean caballeros!*"—"It is not possible that they can be gentlemen!"

It was against the energetic and high-spirited Córdova that Nogueras had to contend in his attempt to revolutionise the Campo, and create a diversion in favour of Espartero in the south. The General in chief, Montés, was not remarkable for activity; and the brains belonged to the second in command. I was in Gibraltar during the period of Nogueras' preparations, and being aware of the movement both there and in the neighbouring Campo, was present at Algesiras on the evening of the 31st of October, when the conspiracy exploded, and can therefore answer for scenes of which I was a witness.

The designs of Nogueras, which had taken three weeks to mature, were to be carried into effect that night. The Central Junta was to be proclaimed, as the most popular rallying-cry, the real object being to erect an Avatar for Espartero; troops of Contrabandists, and nearly all the sergeants, were won over by the potent agency of bags full of dollars—a useful sort of heavy luggage with which Nogueras came out liberally provided from London—and that valiant phlebotomist was to repair from Gibraltar with certain Ayacucho aides-de-camp, and place himself at the head of the movement, the moment the Central Junta was successfully proclaimed. Córdova's resistance was anticipated, and the military conspirators were directed to commence by arresting him, the Commandant Don Juan Antonio Loarte, and the leading officers of the first battalion of Asturias,

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together with the General-in-chief, Don Felipe Montés. The wolfish principle of slaughter was likewise, if needful, to be in operation, and the shooter of the woman Cabrera, directed that the man Córdova should, if troublesome, be shot to keep her company.

A simultaneous movement was arranged at Tarifa, on the cession of which important point the Ayacuchos reckoned as a matter of certainty; an influential Captain, named Campos, having been won over to their party. Campos commanded a company of Galicia, quartered in this garrison; he was one of those who had followed Espartero up to the latest moment, and his adhesion to the movement was not to be questioned. Superadded to the ordinary causes of disaffection existing amongst the troops, irregularity of pay and insufficiency of food and clothing, fertile seeds of discontent had recently been sown amongst the regiment of Galicia, which was just re-organized upon a severe footing, and subjected to new and stringent regulations.

It was to Algesiras, however, that their views were chiefly directed, as being the General's head-quarters, and the principal station in the Campo, in a civil as well as military point of view. The sergeants of the regiment of Galicia had been won over, and three of the first battalion of Asturias; and according to the programme of the movement, these were to raise their comrades in detail as nearly as possible together, and, in the act of rising, to isolate them from all their chiefs and officers. These sergeants were liberally paid with promises as well as gifts, and distinct

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engagements were entered into, that, if successful, they were to be advanced to the post of captains in the same battalion, which the revolt would leave officerless; seeing that, with the exception of the two brothers Campos, all were known to be opposed to Nogueras' designs.

No part of the Campo was left unvisited by the spirit of seduction. A company detached at Los Barrios was to come up to support the movement, under the guidance of sergeants nominated for that purpose. The dépôt of arms of the Galicia battalion, which contained more than three hundred muskets, with a good store of ammunition, was to be opened by one of the accomplices, to arm the Ayacucho townspeople, who were affiliated to the conspiracy, and prepared to assist it. A great number of Contrabandists were to hover on the outskirts of the town, provided with the usual arms of their nocturnal expeditions, to enter at a given signal, give their aid to the military Pronunciados, and form a troop of three hundred horse, under the command of Capitan Buiti. No active co-operation was to be furnished by the Carabineros of the Hacienda,* but their neutrality had been purchased, and the movements of the Contrabandists were thus left unmolested. Iriarte, in the contemporaneous rising in Galicia, obtained the aid of these custom-house Carabineros; but this was owing to special causes, that general having been Intendant of the force. Nogueras was not wanting even in worse devices, for the keeper of the Carcel or town-jail had been won over, and was to

* Revenue Guards.

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set at liberty the prisoners in his charge. So at least said the adherents of the Government, but the fact I must be permitted to doubt. The squadron of the regiment del Rey, not a man of which could the Ayacuchos succeed in winning over, was to be disarmed; and if the disarming could not be readily accomplished, they were to be besieged in their barracks; and houses in the town commanding the soldiers' quarters had been fixed on, to be occupied by the Pronunciado troops, who by their fire were to prevent the men from sallying forth to form in the square. All had been meditated, combined, and prepared, and even a supply of wine and brandy had been laid in to sustain the courage of the troops and Jaramperos.*

But Córdova, too, was prepared. All needful measures of defence were taken with the utmost energy, and in perfect secrecy, so as not to reach the ears of the conspirators. While the General-in-chief was picking his teeth, the second in command was all activity and foresight. A confidential officer was sent to Tarifa, and to San Roque an *ordenanza* with precise and specific orders. The Gefes (field-officers) and some confidential subalterns charged themselves with the constant observation of the several barracks, to meet danger on the first moment of its appearance; the plan for defeating in detail the project of the conspirators was agreed on, and no one slept at his post.

At eight in the morning Córdova mounted his horse, and accompanied only by his orderly, proceeded to the barracks of the squadron del Rey, commanded

* Town *gamins*.

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by Don Victor Garrigo, who did not delay more than five minutes in forming his troop of horse. With this he directed his steps towards the barrack of Asturias, where the small force of Galicia was likewise stationed, and ordered the *llamada* or call to be sounded, and the troops to form. The order was speedily obeyed, and the commandants of the two regiments, who with their respective officers had kept watch in the barracks, arrested the sergeants implicated in the conspiracy, while the companies formed were in the act of passing through the gate. Some murmurs were raised, but they led to nothing.

The entire garrison formed in front of the fort of San Felipe; the regiment of Asturias in close column, with the cavalry which could be entirely depended upon drawn up alongside of it, and the force of Galicia forming a rear-guard, flanked by the Carabinero horse. Córdova then commanded the banner of Asturias to be planted in front by his side, and commenced an energetic and impassioned harangue, which evidently took the soldiers by surprise, and which even upon me, who was prepared for the scene, produced an electric effect. So powerful is the influence of military eloquence, addressed before action, or under the immediate excitement of expected mutiny, amid all the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war." The enthusiasm of the soldiery was caught slumbering, but revived in all its force; their generous emotions were successfully appealed to, and their cheers for the Queen, the Constitution, and Córdova, were loud and repeated. In the noble

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language of Spain, "*espontaneamente lo victorearon.*"* Córdova's address was as follows:—

"Soldados—The enemies of the Queen and Constitution spare no means to plunge our unhappy country once more in civil war. Abusing the credulity of some, and the evil disposition of others, they have put into play all their engines of seduction to separate these men from the path of duty, forgetful that the great bulk, the overwhelming majority, of those whom I am now addressing are the faithful soldiers of their Queen and country, and determined to defend the Constitution and the throne; the throne and the Constitution, soldiers, which the Spanish army has gloriously defended for so many years, and shed its precious blood in torrents to preserve those sacred interests triumphant and respected."

(Cries of "*Viva la Reina!*" "*Viva la Constitucion!*")

"Some sergeants, unworthy of you, have listened to the promises of vile seducers, and conspired against your good reputation, and your loyal discharge of duty. These ill-advised men are already prisoners, and will suffer the rigour of military discipline. Their tempters shall likewise fall beneath the avenging arm of the law.

"Soldados—It is your glory to have been the first, led by your valiant officers, to take up arms in Granada to defend the Constitution and the Queen; both these objects are to-day assailed by traitors, against whom I know how to use your well-tempered bayonets."

* They applauded of their own accord.

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("*Si, si; Viva la Reina!*")

"Soldados—I have too strong a confidence in you to doubt for one moment your fidelity and courage. Yet still I wish to prove to the traitors, should any such observe us, that in your ranks lurk none but good Spaniards, and brave and disciplined soldiers. I desire to confound those who flattered themselves yesterday that they could separate you from your officers. (Here he crossed his sabre upon the banner of Asturias). Do you swear to defend with me the Constitution, the Queen, and the national representation?"

("*Si, si, juramos!*" exclaimed the astonished soldiers, the staunch delighted, and those who had been tampered with carried away by the ardour of their comrades; and yielding to the warmth of an unexpected enthusiasm, "*Viva la Reina y la Constitucion!*" burst from every side).

"Do you swear it, soldiers," he continued, "before this glorious standard, which has ever led you through the path of victory and honour? ("*Si, lo juramos!* Viva el valiente batallon de Asturias, viva la caballeria del Rey, viva Galicia!")

This very pretty specimen of drum-head eloquence, in which it is easy to trace such rhetorical artifices as prove the gallant Brigadier, "*tàm Marti quàm Mercurio*," and in which the acted part was quite in place in Spain, was in the highest degree successful. The plans of the conspirators were at once destroyed, their hopes crushed in the bud. The large force of Contrabandists, amounting to full 400 mounted men, lurking in the vicinity of the town, and prepared to

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enter upon a given signal, learning the utter failure of the design, departed precipitately from the Pueblo. Some of their leaders, more compromised than the rest, abandoned their horses in the posadas of the town, while others were pursued and made prisoners in the Campo by the lancers del Rey. All the sergeants, without exception, affiliated in the conspiracy, were arrested, tried by court-martial, and sentenced to long terms of imprisonment: a fate which likewise fell upon several of the townspeople, who were amongst the leading conspirators and instigators of the troops, and whose names the sergeants valiantly divulged.

At Tarifa and San Roque Córdova's measures were equally well taken, and with the same success. At the former place, a shoemaker was designed for prime minister; and at the latter, Colonel Linares dispersed another auxiliary force of 200 mounted Contrabandists, whom Nogueras had enrolled at Gibraltar, and who were drawn up in a sort of battle array in the outskirts of the town. Brigadier Córdova was rewarded with the post of one of the Queen's Chamberlains, and the elevation was well deserved. Nogueras' squib fizzed prematurely in a ludicrous explosion, and his projects and plans were blown out of the water. The Ayacuchos were out-generalled first, and out-plotted afterwards. Córdova has since been appointed commander of the movable brigade which has been organised expressly by Narvaez for the suppression of insurrection.

Nogueras was made most uncomfortable during his subsequent stay at Gibraltar, by the contempt

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with which all parties *cut* him. From the first, the English acted as became them, and shunned him as a pestilence; while even his countrymen, for the most part, regarded him with cold indifference. From the neighbouring fortifications of Cadiz came thundering denunciations of his new intrigues; and the fittest place for the man, who gave proof of his valour by causing a helpless old woman to be murdered, was declared to be in close proximity to the barbarians of Africa. For some time after his arrival, the post of Spanish Consul continued to be filled by Señor Llanos, a hot Ayacucho, and therefore an eager promoter of his designs. But Llanos was speedily dismissed by the Provisional Government, and Nogueras was thus deprived of his right arm. He had now no party but that which he could manage to keep together with the gold which he carried from London—a host of grasping Contrabandists, and a leash of abandoned schemers. His staff and his army were the rogues and vagabonds of the colony. He never emerged from contempt; and upon the defeat of his grand attempt by Córdova's superior address, he subsided into mere derision. Every one remembered Cabrera's mother, and was anxious to get rid of him at any price—but *how* was the question of questions, his face being blush-proof. The Government demanded his removal; but Sir Robert Wilson replied that this was impossible, England having invariably given shelter to Spanish refugees of all parties.

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CHAPTER XV.

THE SLAVE TRADERS.

The relations of Spain and England, with regard to the slave trade, have been singularly changed. A century back, our highest ambition was to furnish her colonies with negroes! By the peace of Utrecht we had accorded to us the right of supplying the Spanish possessions *exclusively* with slaves, as well as of sending annually to the fair of Portobello a vessel of five hundred tons burthen, laden with European merchandise. By virtue of this agreement we established factories at Carthagena, Vera Cruz, Buenos Ayres, and Panama. Permission was likewise accorded to the Asiento Company to fit out, in the ports of the South Sea, vessels of four hundred tons burthen, for the transport of negroes to all accessible points on the coasts of Peru and Mexico. Our active slave traders of those days were exempted from all duties of import or export, and empowered to carry home the produce of their sales of human flesh, in gold and silver. What a wonderful mutation public opinion has undergone since then! No one probably regarded the execrable and murderous traffic as in the smallest degree criminal. Jamaica was then the head-quarters of the slave trade, and we now sweep from the seas what we then chuckled to monopolise. Our amended course has the sanction of earth and Heaven.

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Of the four islands which constitute the Great Antilles, Spain, which once had all, has now but two, Cuba and Puerto Rico; England one, her Cromwellian acquisition, Jamaica; the fourth, Hayti, after a frequent change of masters, is comprised within itself and independent. Here goes on the strongest conflict between freedom and slavery in the world—a conflict, not of the sword, as between Russia and Circassia, but of dexterous fraud with honourable vigilance. Cadiz has her eye upon this conflict, and contributes the secret weapons and her share of the covert supplies. Since the ports of Spain were closed, her commercial capital is in great part invested in the slave trade, in the furnishing of slave vessels, and the purchasing and forwarding of cargoes to be bartered for human flesh: a process at which Governor O'Donnel grimly smiles. I could name twenty houses which have their capital thus employed. Puerto Rico is coming nearly as much into play for the purposes of this traffic as Cuba, and the Portuguese convention with England has served but as a stimulus to the irregular enterprise of Spaniards. Their attention is strongly directed to the African colonies of Portugal, and they have taken chiefly into their hands the slave carriage to Brazil.

The Portugese flag is now a most convenient cloak for the murder-traffic, since, in consequence of the treaty lately concluded with that country, and the decree pronouncing the slave trade piracy, vessels under their flag are but little suspected; and the Spanish wolf goes forth in sheep's clothing. The Portuguese colonies in Africa are inveterately infected

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with the slave trade taint, and of these, Mozambique is the worst.

A sea-captain, whom I met at Cadiz, informed me of some strange doings there. A man high in authority, named Rodrigo Luciano de Abren e Lima, effected an arrangement last year, twelve months after the slave trade treaty with Portugal was signed, by which no vessel laden with slaves was to leave Quilimane, the chief port of Mozambique, without paying down in hard cash 9,000 dollars, to be divided amongst the Portuguese authorities. He added that the colonial officers of Portugal laugh at the home government, which never makes any energetic attempt at controlling their malversations; that there is evidently no sincerity amongst them, either at home or abroad, as to suppressing slavery; and that all who have place in the colonies regard it only as a means of plunder—making napkins of decrees and treaties.

The slave-mongers of Cadiz complain that, as England monopolises all the regular trade of the world, she would monopolise, likewise, the irregular trade, which she herself professes to condemn. That bodies of immensely large volume should, by their enormous force of gravitation, attract the little particles of matter floating around them, is only natural; but they bitterly feel—these virtuous men do—that Spain, which, as a country, has never "pronounced" against the slave trade, should be *choused* out of its advantages by London merchants, supposed to concur in the national verdict, which declares it felony. If France has her groundless sneer at "perfidious Albion," the Spaniard has his fling at British hypo-

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crisy, and you cannot persuade him that it is groundless. In the eyes of nearly all mankind, the right of search is but another name for the empire of the sea; and absurd as is the supposition that the allocation of a portion of our fleet to a particular and dangerous service upon the African coast can strengthen that naval power which is thus, in fact, weakened; it is the sincere or professed creed of nine-tenths of Spanish politicians. Upon the same principle it would be a great addition to the muscular force of the arm to tie up some of the sinews; and if you desire to strike like a Hercules, you must lop off a few of your fingers!

The blinding power of prejudice was never so strongly manifested as on this question. Mouthing does not prove sincerity, professions do not prove it, declarations, asseverations, oaths, do not prove it; by the common consent of mankind, solid acts are taken to be the test of sincerity, and the most unequivocal of these is admitted to be the payment of money. Be mute and confounded, slave-mongers of Spain, for the falsehood of Belial could not gainsay the irresistible fact, that we paid, to prove our hatred of slavery, two thousand millions of reals!

The slave dealer, you will suppose, is a sort of buccaneer—a piratical, dare-devil, swaggering, vulgar fellow? So wide from the truth is this supposition, that the slavers of Cadiz are amongst the most elegant men in Spain! They are the only successful merchant adventurers; their profits are many hundreds per cent., and enable them to live in refinement, magnificence, splendour: *bonus est odor ex re quâlibet!*" At

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a tertulia in Cadiz, where I chanced to be present, I was struck by the superior appearance of one individual in the company, a man in the prime of life, of very handsome features, and exquisite neatness of attire, gloved and booted to a perfection that would have excited envy at Paris, moustached in a demi-military style, and collared with linen of spotless whiteness, turned down upon a black satin neckcloth, most gracefully tied.

Like Cortés, the ornaments which he wore were few but priceless; and his manners, the connecting link between courtesy and freedom, were characterised by a profound devotion to the fair sex, which sits like a waving plume upon the Spanish cavalier. I soon became engrossed in conversation with this admirable, yet by no means rare, specimen of his countrymen, and found in him the notorious slaver, Don Antonio Vinente, formerly a captain in the Spanish navy, whose slave ship, known (like a more vulgar thief) by the *aliases* of the *Gloria*, the *General Marinho*, and the *Grande Antilla*, was seized three years since at Mozambique, condemned, recovered by a juggle, and now figures as a corvette in the navy of Spain. From this handsome pirate I learnt that the principal slave-traders of Cadiz were present, and a long discussion ensued upon that engrossing topic.

Vinente was inveterate and invincible in the obstinacy with which he urged the argument that England was proved hypocritical in her violent declamations against slavery, by the fact of her permitting its existence throughout her Indian possessions; and that

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her design in putting down the slave-trade was doubtless sincere so far as other countries were concerned, with a view to the destruction of their commerce; but that, with a truly accommodating morality in reference to her own interests, she transported thousands of Hill Coolies annually from India to the Mauritius, who of course were said to be free labourers, but in reality were miserable bondsmen.

It was useless to point out to him and to his eager circle of listeners the impossibility of England introducing European opinions, customs, and manners, instantaneously and by the magic of a proclamation, amongst the countless millions of India, or establishing social equality by a formula, any more than Republican principles or the spirit and forms of Christianity. Suttees, the honours paid to Juggernaut, and the solemn transport of the Gates of Somnauth, were topics on which the fine sarcastic powers of Vinente dilated with extraordinary eloquence. I had indeed one clincher for him—the disuse, discountenance, and general condemnation of all these practices, and the impossibility of avoiding occasional malversation in the vast extent of the British dominions; but above all, in the recent order issued by Lord Ellenborough for the extinction of slavery throughout our Indian territory. Vinente smiled incredulously, proclaimed his little reliance on *on-dits*, and urged the staring fact, that for ten years after the boasted Slave Emancipation in the West Indies we retained the branded institution of slavery within the largest portion of our dominions. Not slavery alone, but the slave trade, he averred, existed in our

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Eastern empire to an extent far exceeding what was commonly supposed; and referred to the results of his experience as a captain in the royal navy of Spain, who had made numerous voyages to the Philippines, and to whom the seas from Manilla to Singapore, from Borneo to Bengal Gulf, and from Matapan to Bombay, were as familiar as the waters around those Balearic Isles of which he was a native.

The fluency of the man was overpowering. The kidnapping of Coolies he averred to be a more flagrant juggle than the open purchase of slaves on the coast of Africa, where they were brought to the market and hard dollars paid for them; while the Cooly was merely cheated and crimped under false pretences. He likewise supposed, that, as the result of our victories in the Celestial Empire, we should immediately proceed to the crimping of Chinamen; a prediction which has been to a certain extent verified: not, indeed, in Vinente's dishonourable sense, but in one both equivalent and objectionable, since the project recently started for promoting emigration from China to the West Indies will be universally interpreted by foreign nations as a dishonest approximation to that slave trade which we are persuading them to condemn. Onerous contracts for labour, entered into before reaching the colony, will not fail to be regarded by the asperity of our continental critics as merely another phase of slavery; and it is impossible to deny that they amount to a substantial bondage.

The benefit of the importer, and the reduction of the wages of labour, are here, as in our unhappy exportation of free labour from Africa to our West

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Indian colonies, most obviously aimed at; and Don Antonio made himself exceedingly merry in demonstrating how much less enviable, in his estimation, was the condition of the free African kidnapped by our countrymen, than that of the *bonâ fide* slave transported by the Spanish dealer. All my bile was roused by his contrasts of the slave, whom it was the interest of his master to feed and clothe well, and the free negro, from whom all the work that could be extracted for his wages, even though death should ensue, was a positive gain to his employer. I spoke of humanity and justice, but Vinente and his listeners laughed with unusual loudness, and contended that humanity consisted in feeding well and clothing comfortably (not like the pauper labourers of England and Ireland), and justice in seeing to the preservation of life and health, which the slave-owner's interest compels. It may thus be seen in what opposite lights the same subject may be viewed and estimated; with what difficulties an Englishman has to contend abroad, when he finds himself in the midst of a perverted community, by whom neither slavery nor the slave trade is regarded as an abomination.

Amongst numerous instances of "British hypocrisy" narrated by Vinente, many of them probably apocryphal, was one to which undoubtedly parallel cases have occurred of recent years, and which, from his earnest protestations of truth, and circumstantial accuracy of detail, it was difficult not to believe. Whilst lying before Calcutta in the *Cristina* frigate, and smoking his after-dinner cigar (for, unlike his countrymen, he limits his fumigatory

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processes to after-dinner), he observed a human being, evidently drowning, floating rapidly down the Hoogly. He directed two of his men to follow the body in one of the boats.

The drowning man was speedily picked up, but greatly exhausted by his lengthened struggles, and on being lifted into the boat, lay motionless on its bottom until he was subsequently lifted on board the frigate. Here animation was before long restored; and the man observing Vinente's epaulettes and sword, crawled up to him with difficulty, clung to his feet, and kissed them, and with expressive signs implored his protection. It was soon ascertained that the wretched man was a Cooly, who had jumped overboard from a ship lying in the neighbourhood, and bound for the Mauritius, from a forced emigration to which, he took this mode of escaping. The local chief magistrate was immediately applied to, officers were sent on board the vessel indicated, an effective search was instituted, and the result was, that no fewer than seventy persons were liberated from the horrors of a compulsory transportation. With very few exceptions, they all expressed their reluctance to proceed with the ship on her voyage, and one of the number was a woman in the prime of life, but of delicate constitution, who said that she had been persuaded to go on board under the pretext of being carried for the good of her health no further than Balbasore! The generality were told that the Mauritius was only four days' sail from Calcutta.

Many were decoyed from Benares, Gyah, and

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Midnapore, others crimped in Calcutta and the surrounding villages, huddled on board ship, and fed there on miserable *choorah*, and sometimes two or three months elapsed in this state of confinement before the vessel sailed. I asked whether there was not an emigration agent in Calcutta, to which he replied in the affirmative; but added that there were obvious means of mystifying both the agent and the authorities, and that the Duffadars or kidnappers were commonly provided with printed documents signed by this agent himself, and addressed to the various functionaries in the interior, including the police, requesting that the bearers might be neither molested nor hindered in their search after individuals who might choose to proceed as labourers to the Mauritius. When the fruits of this forced conscription reached Calcutta, they were too often kept away from the observation of the emigration agent, or that gentleman yielding to the indolent habits of the climate, interfered but imperfectly with the money-making propensities of the Duffadar. He added, that two of these Coolies had thrown themselves overboard at the same time, and that one was never seen more! I must observe that subsequent inquiries confirm Vinente's statement with reference to the treatment of these unfortunate natives of India, which is continued up to the present hour. May the stain be speedily removed, and the sneering of slave-dealers everywhere silenced, who say that we have peopled the Mauritius with upwards of 40,000 slaves in the guise of Coolies.

Don Antonio indulged in a well-bred smile of

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triumph, when he perceived that I did not deny the truth of his latter statement. "Come, come," said he, "*en la cuestion del trafico de negros mas es el ruido que las nueces.*" "The slave-trade question is more noise than nuts—more crack than kernel."

"No, no, Señor Vinente," I exclaimed with irrepressible feeling. "The voice of conscience is not to be so easily silenced—the yearnings of the heart so lightly lulled. You may gild the shackles, but they eat as far into the flesh—you may paint the lash of a roseate hue, but it cuts no less deeply to the bone. The fan which you have now borrowed, and use so gracefully to cool your delicate face, is no relief to the African bondsman as he gasps in the middle passage. The insufferable odours of the low-roofed slave deck are not less productive of disease and death, because Cologne water sprinkles the snowy cambric that courts your throbbing temples. Better sackcloth, the fruit of free toil, than silken gauds that spring from human suffering. Sophistry may gloss over many things, may distort many things, but cannot alter one atom of eternal Truth. Slavery, by heaven! will yet go down; crushed in no propagandist war, shattered by no hostile cannon, but crushed by the mightier weight of opinion. Excommunications now are spiked artillery, yet it is Moral Power that rules the world. Yes, Slavery will soon go down!

'El anima feroz en lazo eterno
A unirse con Mahoma en el infierno.'"

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CHAPTER XVI.

THE SLAVE-TRADERS

(Continued).

An old and venerable-looking man, with the most beautifully curling gray hair I have ever seen, here unfolded his views upon the subject, and to my utter astonishment proved to be a hoary sinner and inveterate slave-monger. He moralised on the question with the unction of a Paley—on the law of nations like a new Vattel. Unfortunately his views were strongly perverted, and the stain of human blood made to look as agreeable as possible—a delicate crimson, a soft and blushing pink—was over them all. He felt persuaded, he said, that slave emancipation was only *filosófico* in theory [he meant *filantrópico*, a common mistake in the Peninsula], that the traffic in slaves was blameable where it was abolished by law, but blameable in no other respect; that the violation of positive human enactment constituted the sole offence, and that when its existence was legally sanctioned, slave-dealing was no crime. A *priest* who stood by his side, nodded assent to every word of this, and was evidently as sincere as if he were treating it as a case of conscience! But the Padres of the Peninsula are wanting in general information, and their erroneous ideas may therefore

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be in some degree palliated. This man strikingly evinced the perils of a little learning, for he quoted St. Paul in support of the consistency of slavery with Christianity.

I remarked that he confounded the permission accorded to individuals to remain in this state, with the horrors, crimes, and murders, of the battles done in Africa, to subjugate and sell into slavery whole tribes and districts, the atrocities of the middle passage, the infliction of the chain and lash; and that humbly to bear these ills was a widely different thing from their fiendish perpetrations upon others and from subsisting upon human flesh! The Padre, the gray-haired venerable-looking man, Vinente, and the whole circle smiled; and the latter said that, bad as they were, he believed they had never for the love of lucre done their best, like the English, to poison the three hundred millions of their neighbours in the Filippina possessions, the Chinese. This was deemed so good a hit, that my strong reclamations only got me laughed at: a result which it is most difficult to avert, and most dangerous to the cause of truth to invite in Spanish circles. Above all things, be not too hot an enthusiast, and let nothing send you into loss of temper. A laugh against you is nearly fatal. Breasting the rolling tide of prejudice, I asked the Padre whether the murders of Mexico and Peru were done with opium or the sword? The good man stared, and seemed puzzled in his geography; apparently somewhat doubtful whether the places named were in the earth or moon. Upon reflection he had heard of Peru and "*Meghico*," but as to any

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asesinatos * there committed, they had not reached his knowledge. "Now, thumb thy breviary, enlightened man!" I said, "and mutter the martyrdoms therein recorded; and when thou shudderest at the name of Domitian, be assured that it is a mistake, and that thou shouldst read Pizarro!"

Amongst the circle, and with eyes malevolently flaming upon me, because I was an Englishman, was the most extensive and inveterate slave-dealer in the world—the notorious Pedro Martinez. This man has carried on the trade in human flesh since boyhood, and has realised by the vile traffic 3,000,000 dollars, or upwards of half a million sterling. He has established two great commercial houses thus supported, in Cadiz and Havana, trading under his own name alone in Cadiz, and in Havana under the firm of "Martinez y Compañia," and limiting their operations chiefly to the carrying trade between the coast of Africa, the Brazils, and West Indies. Martinez is a very common and sinister-looking person, upon whose brow the iniquities of his profession seemed to me to be stamped and furrowed. He is gaunt, and stoops; and looks what the Spaniards call a "*furca ambulante*," or walking gallows. Honest men here, for the most part, dislike his society. In Havana, where the mask is entirely thrown off, and where slave-dealing carries with it much less opprobrium, Don Pedro Martinez is quite a popular character, and a large portion of his early days were spent there. He began life as a smuggler, and passed from that, by an easy transition, to the more con-

* Murders.

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genial pursuit of the traffic in slaves. The first field of his operations was the carrying trade between Havana and Mexico.

Having amassed a great deal of money in what he calls "the good old times," by successful contrabandist transactions, he extended his sphere to the more productive war on humankind—purchased ship after ship, till he had a regular fleet on the seas, and his vessels were perennial visitors at every port on the western coast of Africa. For many years this man has not dared to enter any English possession, or touch at any British port, having been fined some thousands of pounds, a few years back, in a court held for the trial of a slaving vessel at Gibraltar; and notwithstanding his proximity to that possession, and his frequent occasions to visit it in connection with his business, he would probably as soon set his foot inside the Plutonian gates *before his time!*

Martinez, as a great authority upon all questions connected with the slave-trade, must needs assert his opinions, and this he did with a barefaced and disgusting levity which even in him was astounding. He ridiculed, like all his countrymen, the notion of English sincerity, and spoke of slaves and slavers as the only profitable investment of capital—a fact (he added) so well known to London merchants, that there were many there who still preferred it to all other speculations, and conducted it covertly but in perfect and unassailable security. He alluded to the recent trial in London, which was then at Cadiz the subject of universal conversation, and pointed to its results as clearly demonstrating the impossibility of

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reaching the secret dealer, with the law. "*Valga me Dios!* here I am," said he. "Am I the worse for all their gabble? I wish to know whether I may not turn an honest penny by supplying the markets of the world with the goods most in requisition? The *palavrada* amongst the most trafficking people on earth shall not put down our traffic, though doubtless it would be very convenient to have all the profit to themselves. They may poison China, and pay 30,000 dollars a year for the support of Juggernaut's temple, but they shan't juggle Spain! The London stock-jobbers scorn all transactions but those in the funds; but, *caramba!* the slave is a still more money-making animal. They may seize on vessels, if they will, *because they are rogues*—but where we lose one we gain ten!" I did not answer the fellow, but looked at him with ineffable scorn. "There is not a more comfortable creature in the world," he proceeded, "than the settled slave. He is cared for in every possible shape."

"Yes, like the ox," I said, "which is fed, but goaded."

"*Ea pues!* a few lashes only give him an appetite for his dinner."

"Cruel man, you might vindicate an assassin thus. He only puts his victim out of pain."

"This comes," proceeded Martinez, "of tea-drinking in *Exeter Hall*. The English are a pious people, religiously intent on promoting their interests, and crying down all traffics but their own. 'There is nothing like leather;' and there was nothing like the leathern thong before *los Britanicos* discovered that

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they could not monopolise its virtues in promoting activity in the slave."

"Heartless fiend!"

"Yes! we are heartless, because we do not take pity on the grasping decay of British trade." And the whole slave-dealing circle laughed immoderately.

"*Buenas noches*, Señores!" I turned on my heel, and retired.

A common argument with Spanish slavers is, that England is alone in her views of "pestilent philanthropy;" that neither in France nor in Holland are these ideas received with favour; that the measure of Slave Emancipation was passed in the British Parliament through motives purely political (an enormous lie); that some fifty supporters of the government in the House of Commons had threatened to pass over to the opposition in a body, unless the bill were carried; and that a government, too enlightened itself to harbour so ruinous a project, was thus constrained by a junta of enthusiasts; that the extinction of slavery and the slave-trade has involved the British West Indian possessions in ruin; that much of our island agriculture has been abandoned because of the exorbitant wages demanded for free labour; and that the bitterness of British repentance for this foolish act is proved by the corresponding bitterness with which the prosecution of the traffic by other nations is hunted by the fleets of England; and still more by the eagerness with which the natives of India are crimped and shipped off to the Mauritius, to do precisely, under another name, what Spanish subjects do more honestly. Thus does perverting and infernal

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sophistry explain away this glorious sacrifice—an act unparalleled in ancient or modern times—an act which posterity will hail with wondering admiration, which stands alone in historic records, the brightest triumph of humanity; the cautery self-applied, the probe self-inflicted, the loss and destruction self-endured—an act which, like every effort of self-denying virtue, bears within it the germ of future heroic enterprise, and carries in the approval of conscience and the sanction of high honour its own and best consolation. Let Spaniards boast of this wreck of their golden trade, put slave-decks in all their ships, and shackles in all their ballast; let them hug the blood-money which Virtue would scorn to touch; let them amass gigantic wealth from human tears and suffering; let it be known that the richest men in Cadiz have made their fortunes by slave-dealing, and that at this hour slaves are insured there by private notes-of-hand—we envy not their feelings; we touch not their monopoly of shame!

If enormous outlay of money can prove sincerity—and at the present day it seems the least fallible human test—it is surely enough to silence the most calumnious, that in 1842 we had fifty-eight ships employed solely for the suppression of the slave trade, at a total expense for materials and wages of 575,000*l*. It will be more intelligible to Spaniards to say that, after paying in compensation money to the West India proprietors forty times as much, our determination to suppress this villany costs us yearly fifty-seven millions of reals.

The shelving of Cadiz, since the closing of the

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Spanish ports, is complete. There being now but little comparative resort of vessels, the *matériel* for the successful prosecution of this traffic is sought elsewhere. Even the purchase of vessels designed for the slave trade is now almost invariably effected in England, and experienced agents have their eyes actively engaged in more than one British port, in ascertaining which are the fastest-sailing vessels, and treating, upon occasion, for their purchase. These contemporary slaving exploits, though for wise purposes kept secret in England, are perfectly well known in Cadiz; and Cuba, and Puerto Rico, under the patronage of Governor O'Donnel, who belying the soldier's character, takes a revenue out of human misery (for slaves can now be imported legally at the Governor's fee of twenty-five dollars per head) have no reason to complain that *el tráfico* fails them. The pro-slavery O'Donnel, who calls himself a soldier, and boasts now and then of his British pedigree, is less generous and more despotic under a virgin Queen and in an enlightened age, than were the military officers of Spain in the days of Philip the Second. "The rest were saved," says the illustrious Mendoza in his *Guerra de Granada;* "and amongst them Don Geronimo de Padilla, who, though wounded, fought valiantly until he fell, when '*le sacó arrastrando por los piés un esclavo á quien el dió libertad*,'—he was dragged by the feet out of the thick of the fight by a slave to whom he had given liberty."

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CHAPTER XVII.

ASPECT OF ANDALUCÍA.

In southern Spain, the noble and striking palm-tree at once arrests your eye, and all, above and around you, has an Oriental aspect—the blue and burning sky, the parched and sandy soil, the general desert air, the strange and magnificent growths, from the tufted aloe and cactus to the slender and ragged boughs of the blossomed pomegranate: all is of the East. You, northern man! are transported in spirit to the cradle of the world. Before your eyes, wherever you turn, are "the ox and the ass," "the vine and the fig-tree" of the Bible. You realize in all its parts the picture of the Koran: "Palm-trees with heavily laden branches, vineyards, olive-grounds, and gardens with pomegranates and fruits of every kind."

The peasantry of Andalucía are to this day half-Moorish, half-Christian in their superstitions. They wear amulets (sometimes inscribed with Arabic letters) as a preservative against every ill. In these the Gitanos regularly deal. They likewise wear, concealed in their dress, crosses made of the laurel stalk, as a preservation against lightning and a hundred other calamities. The laurel was so regarded by the ancients, and was likewise sacred to Apollo, and the wearing of it cruciform is an evident admixture of

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Christian with heathenish rites. It is held to be a most potent charm against witches and goblins.

The lust of gain has penetrated even into Andalucía, and the universal tendency of the age to money-making is beginning to exhibit itself here, among men who sleep whole days in the sun. Perhaps this mean passion, like many another vile thing, will have its use, and prove the instrument of their regeneration. A farmer of Ronda told me, that the country-people now-a-days respect a dollar more than they used to do a Capitan Mayor.

Swaggering in the men, and great vivacity in the women, are still prevailing characteristics of the Andalucían population. The province has been, not incorrectly, called the Spanish Gascony. The showy and striking costume of the Majos is a perpetual stimulant to personal vanity, and their exaggerated deportment is a standing joke in the theatres of Spain. It is ridiculed even by the Andalucians themselves, in one of their most popular and celebrated songs, "El Valenton del Perchel." A perfect Majo costume is extremely expensive, and the instances are not rare where the cost is from 40*l.* to 50*l.* Many of the young gentry are proud to display this national *traje*, which sets off a fine figure to a perfection that perhaps no other European costume attains. The mechanical classes of course but seldom disport the finer materials, but the wealthy Majo presses the richest silks and velvets into his service. The sleeves and back of the full-dress jacket are invariably slashed or figured, and adorned with silver or silver-gilt clasps and tags—sometimes the dress is entirely black, and

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strewn with ornaments in jet. Braiding is universal, the small-clothes are worn very short, and the finest silk stockings, gold chains, and a watch in each waistcoat pocket, complete the attire of a southern *maravilloso.*

They say they are long-lived in Andalucía. I met a man in Seville who was a *contemporary of Louis XIV.!* You may stare, but that person is still living, and not more than 129 years of age. He was born in the year that the Grand Monarque died, 1715, and the first Bourbon was fresh on the throne of Spain in his infancy. It would be silly to say, like the paragraphs we meet, that this patriarch has "the perfect use of all his faculties," but, though an occasional dotard, he is not particularly stupid.

The Andalucíans are fond to excess of wit and gaiety, and the recent turn of events having given to everything a political complexion, they vented their humours in piquant brochures and humorous *hojas volantes.* They are diligent readers, too, of *Fray Gerundio,* and *El Mundo,* the *Charivari* and *Corsaire* of the Spanish capital—and in every café in the south you will find them much more sedulously thumbed than the *Eco del Comercio* or the *Castellano.*

How the fair Andalucíans contrive to pass their time, without once peeping into a book from month's end to month's end, with no pastime but church, no excitement but devotion and an occasional dash of love, it is not easy to conjecture. The balcony and the paving-stones in the streets beneath, when surveyed in perpetuity, become a little fatiguing; the coarse rugs and mats hung over the window-fronts to

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subdue the glare of a torrid sun, make street-gazing less pleasurable than in other cities. The passing of a vehicle is a rare occurrence, love is for the twilight or the midnight hour, and the most determined church-going cannot kill more than a couple of hours per day. How fill up the immense vacuum?—how complete the "*dies solida*" without ever darting those bright eyes into any book more interesting than the *Rosario de la Virgen*, or the *Horas Castellanas?* The accomplishment of reading is by no means universally diffused, beads are, still, more in use than prayer-books, and when my landlady once—a lady of respectable station, whose titles were as formal as those of her sovereign, being always, by a courtesy extended to every milliner, styled "La Señora Doña Isabel Maria," —was requested to sign a receipt for my quarter's rent, she could not; and her son, a youth of twenty, could not write it without black lines to guide him.

They are no ways particular in these southern latitudes about the character of their "turn-outs," displays and equipages. In the interior, an Hidalgo's wife and daughters roll to church in the old family coach dragged by bullocks; in the great towns, a marchioness is drawn in state by four raw-boned high-trotting Rocinantes, on whose necks rattle more bells than in a muleteer's convoy; and Don J— R— may be seen riding about on a diminutive mule, with his servant after him, liveried by a single stripe of red sewn on the collar of a greasy coat, and mounted, Sancho-like, on a donkey!

Throughout Andalucía, and the southern districts, prayers for rain are of frequent occurrence. They

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implore the Creator for storms, as in the North of Europe we pray for fine weather. The southern coast is sandy and arid; and when several months have elapsed without rain, the ground becomes so parched up, so hard and unkindly to agricultural purposes, that it is impossible for the labrador to get the plough into it. Famine, general or partial, ensues. But a bountiful Providence makes this visitation rare. The peasants have a proverb—*Tierra no labrada no da pan*, "Land unlaboured yields no bread;" and it is melancholy when the lack of labour proceeds not from lack of desire to work, but from physical impossibility. Irrigation always produces plentifully; but it is so toilsome and expensive, that it is never otherwise than partially applied. The Christmas weather here is almost invariably in an extreme degree magnificent. Beneath a brilliant sun, and a pure and charming sky, you pluck and eat the oranges off the tree. You are not crushed then by the excessive sultriness of summer; but, perhaps, a poison lurks beneath this splendour, and your enjoyment of months of cloudless weather will have starvation for a set-off in the ensuing season.

The horses of Andalucía are the very reverse of those of Galicia, of which the proverb says, that "they are little in body, but great in cunning." The southern breed is, for the most part, tall, sinewy and generous, and the pace is almost invariably an amble. This the inhabitants term *piafar*, and an extremely graceful and pleasant movement it is, displaying the limbs of the animal, which are generally slender, to the best advantage. The tail and mane are worn very long,

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the former almost sweeping the ground; and the absence of that ridiculous docking which we cultivate in England, combines, with his peculiar paces, to give to the Andalucían barb that air of stateliness and pride for which he is so celebrated. Now and then you meet horses of the most beautifully perfect figure; but, notwithstanding all that tourists and poets have written, the race is, for the most part, rawboned.

You cannot have spent many days in Andalucía, before you will admit that you are amongst, perhaps, the most extraordinary people in the world, and, in many respects, the most delightful society. The imagination here is perfectly filled. You are more rapidly enchanted, and more slowly disenchanted, than in any other European country. At every fresh foot-step, especially in the country parts, the scenes of *Don Quixote* are reproduced, and the coldest leave this with regret.

With all its sandy and sterile aspect, the soil of southern Spain is immensely fertile in its own peculiar growths, and will produce anything with the aid of water and a moderate share of agricultural labour. The fruit-market of Gibraltar will attest this. I saw by the bridge of Seville, lying in a heap, 6,000 melons of the finest description, selling at a halfpenny a piece!

All along the coast here, as far as Malaga, if you had visited it a quarter of a century back, you would have walked through rows of thriving sugar-canes, swelling with their rich juices under a sun as burning at times as that of Jamaica. In fact, those Spaniards

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who have been to Cuba, can perceive little difference between its summer and that of Andalucía. Fiscal regulations have since exploded the growth of sugar in Spain—it seems a hard and barbarous policy which frustrates the beneficence of nature—and the lands which were thus before made fruitful, are now, for the most part, untenanted. But during Riego's short-lived and unfortunate operations in Andalucía, his irregular, and, as the event proved, cowardly levies trod down, as did likewise the French, too many of these cultivated fields—not for the sake of the sugar-cane, which was of small use to them, but of the melons, of which inviting rows were planted between the rows of cane. Such of these as were ripe they made short work of, scooping them in dozens with their knives, where they had knives, and ripping them up with their bayonets where they had no other cutting instruments. With an imperfect commissariat, with no commissariat at all, the farmers were called on to contribute, or rather contributed without being called on, and Riego pretended to little control over his hungry guerrilleros.

Some twenty-five years ago the first steamer was observed off this coast by a knot of rustics. They were simple Andalucían fishermen, and never had heard a syllable in all their lives of scientific progress, mechanical force, cylinders, boilers, Fulton or Watt. The colour fled from their cheeks, their knees shook like green boughs, their hands trembled, their nets fell to the ground. If it wasn't *el diablo marino*, at the very least it was a great *hechicero*.*

* Wizard.

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"By my Santiguada,"* said one, "it 's a ship on fire. Where there 's smoke, there 's flame."

"It 's a dragon," said another. "Don't you see the great claws he keeps ever moving round and round? How he churns the water into mountains of foam!"

"*Cachorro,*" said a third, "a dragon of hell it is, or Sathanas himself. If it was a ship, how could it move without an inch of canvas?"

"*Es verdad,*" murmured a dozen voices in the subdued tones of conviction, while as many approving heads nodded in unison.

"I 'm thinking," said an old fellow, who had cruised during his youth for thirty years about the Spanish Main, "it is like enough it may be Señor Vanderdecken, the Flying Hollander's ship, that never is to get any rest till the day of judgment. I saw him once myself, cruising off the Cape in terrible rough weather. I only got a glimpse of him for less than half a minute, in a blinding flash of lightning, and I 'll be almost sworn its the same."

"*Madre de Dios!*" ejaculated several of the party, crossing themselves.

"He 's broad enough in the beam for a Dutchman," said a funny old *faquin*, who did not quite give in to the superstitious notions of his companions, and neither crossed himself, nor invoked celestial aid; "and if it be the cruiser of the Cape, he 's got strangely out of his latitude."

At this moment the strange vessel, being inclined to bring to, let off a portion of her steam, with that

* Sign of the cross.

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horrid whistling noise, which even we, with all our experience, pronounce to be infernal. No wonder that it completed the discomfiture of the unsophisticated fishermen.

"*Ahi será el diablo!*"* exclaimed the bow oar, and pulled ashore as fast as he could, emulously and tremulously aided by his companions. When they reached land, the terrible sound still screeching in their ears, boat, nets, sails, oars, all were in an instant abandoned; and with loud prayers to the Virgin and the Saints for aid, they betook themselves to sanctuary in the Church of Santelmo.

It speaks but little for Andalucían industry not to monopolise wholly the supply of the garrison of Gibraltar. It is planted amongst them like a standing prize to agricultural exertion, and for all their productions there is the readiest access here by land and by sea. But it gives them as much as they will choose to do to keep themselves from starving; and to legitimate gains they seem entirely indifferent. To the shame of Andalucía be it told, that the most part of the daily supplies of this garrison, of 5,000 military and 15,000 civilians, besides the stipulated heads of cattle, come from Africa! I have seen the mole strewn with eggs, poultry, and small live stock from Tangier and Tetuan, and indeed I have never seen it that it was not thus invaded. The very wine consumed in the garrison comes from Catalonia; the hams and cheese (when not English) from Valencia; the bacon and cured fish from the Asturias and Galicia. Eggs and poultry come weekly to both Gibraltar and Cadiz

* That 's clearly the Devil.

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from Tavira in Portugal, and from Lisbon an occasional cargo of onions. I have known Portuguese *cahiques* to come there entirely laden with this one article, for the growth of which the light and sandy soils of Andalucía are peculiarly fitted, and indeed are peculiarly famed. What then? They will not grow without planting the seed in due season; and for this the natives are too lazy. The supplies, even of Cadiz, come from a considerable distance.

Hams from the mountains of Asturias are much consumed at Cadiz. The insulated position of the town, the narrowness of the long strip of land which connects it with the continent, and the arid character of the soil, combine to make it indispensable that the bulk of its food should be imported. The *papa*, a sort of potato, consumed in great quantities by the common people, is shipped round Galicia and Portugal from the Asturias, as well as enormous quantities of bacon and ham. The better quality of potatoes comes from Malaga, being usually sold wholesale at twelve reals, or half-a-crown the arroba of about thirty pounds.

Garbanzos, a small grey pea, highly prized and largely consumed, are imported chiefly across the bay of Cadiz from Xerez, and pimientos (for which a Spaniard would sell his soul,) from Castile.

A superior class of melons comes from Valencia, and is sold wholesale at ten reals the dozen, or twopence a piece. This is dear, for in all the inland parts of Andalucía they are never more than a penny. Nuts of all descriptions, almonds and walnuts, come chiefly from the Ronda. Other fruits are for the most part pro-

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duced in the neighbouring Isle of Leon, or come across the bay of Cadiz, from Rota and Port St. Mary's. In Cadiz, during the season, you meet every variety of the finest grapes in the world, and clothed with every inviting hue; from the *tintilla* or *morillon* of deepest black, yet tinged with an exquisite purple bloom, to the delicious muscatel with its full rich globes of amber, scenting the air with Sabæan odours, tempting, yet not cloying, with its sweetness, and naturally grouping with shapes of beauty its ripe and clustering *racimos*.

Cadiz and Seville are largely supplied with preserved fish from Galicia, carried round the coast in polacres. The rich-flavoured Sardina and the substantial Pescado, are the species principally forming this traffic; and the port which ships the largest supply is Coruña. Before the port of Cadiz was closed, large quantities of Newfoundland cured fish were entered there, and greatly prized by the people under the name of "*bacallas*,"—a local name for codfish, but so celebrated as to have found a place in the works of Cervantes. Oysters and muscles are largely consumed, being picked up around the fortifications by half-naked boys and men, or conveyed in cargoes from the coast of Portugal.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

CADIZ AND ITS BAY.

THERE is a melancholy, to a reflecting mind, overhanging the aspect of Cadiz from its bay—the fair city just rising above the water's edge, and ready to be engulfed (a fate that, probably enough, awaits it)—which the sight of no maritime city in Europe can parallel. None other in bygone ages has seen such wealth wafted to its harbour, none other now is such a sleeping solitude. Commercially it is dead. Its port is closed against the world by the wilful act of its rulers, and its merchant navy suffices only to make more conspicuous its scanty proportions. Here, where the rich galleons and the memorable Armada floated, a few fishing-smacks, *foreign* ships of war, and vessels engaged in the wine export, are now the only visitors. When the limbs of the rotten frame of the great Spanish empire dropped asunder some twenty years since, Cadiz, more than any portion of the kingdom, was paralysed by the shock. Since the declaration of freedom in South America, and the proclamation of the new Constitution on the 5th September, 1820, since the decisive victory gained by the Columbian army in 1821, since the recognition of the independence of Columbia, Peru, and Mexico in the following year, the shipments of specie and of bar gold, which were the heir-loom of southern Spain, have

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been transferred to London, and Cadiz is a commercial desert, a sea-Palmyra!

So late as the time of Philip II. Cadiz was little more than a fishing village, and the bay, as an anchorage for these proud galleons which were the envy of the world, was merely a dependency of Seville. Situated eighty miles inland, by water only accessible to smaller vessels, the latter city was one of the most illustrious in Spain, and was numbered amongst the principal maritime towns of Europe. The bulk of its population were engaged in commerce; but the Lonja or Exchange, then so crowded, is now a hall of the loneliest silence, where no footstep, save that of the curious traveller, ever resounds! Seville was ever a nursery of sailors, whence enthusiastic sea adventurers and conquistadors went forth rejoicing. It was a lake of wealth, yet they thirsted for more. Every galleon as it arrived was a goad to hardy enterprise; and hence were disgorged the fleets of Peru and Mexico. Cadiz gradually won this commerce to herself, and the very transit of the wealth of Spain and her colonies was sufficient for this town's enrichment. The merchant-princes of Tyre and of the Italian Republics might here have found a parallel.

What a thrilling sight was the arrival of the galleons of old! Italy, Germany, the Low Countries, all were anxiously and deeply interested in the arrival or destruction of this *matériel* of Spanish ambition. Often was the report from Cadiz tremblingly awaited at the Escurial. Wars, intrigues, and extravagances, were perpetually emptying the coffers of the State.

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"We are waiting for the galleon," wrote Marshal Tessé. "If it should perish in a tempest, or be carried off by an enemy, all would be despair!"

But now how changed and forgotten! In looking at this noble bay, and at the low and lengthened sweep of the city's fortified wall, where nothing breaks the chain of silence, or disturbs the monotony of repose; you think you behold one of those panoramas of painted canvas, in which nothing is absent but life, and nothing wanted but reality. You have fallen amongst the beautiful places of the earth, and still you think it a dream. Surely it is a pasteboard town and blue expanse of waters that stretches away before you! nothing can live that is so ceaselessly dull and motionless. No bustling trade awakes this harbour. How could it, since the port of Cadiz is closed against all the world? By universal consent, it is better situated for commerce than any port in Europe. But what is this to Spaniards? Laziness, lounging, and lying-abed, are what chiefly flourish there. Cadiz is sunk in a long siesta, and her commerce is exchanged for coquetry.

The Alameda at Cadiz is perhaps the scene of as inveterate a display of vanity as can be witnessed in any part of the world. Men and women think of little but displaying their figures to the best advantage. The graceful mantilla, and the naked arms and shoulders (for thus they are worn almost universally) encourage rivalry amongst the women, and provoke gallantry in the men. The tight and delicate *chaussure*, the very open flesh-coloured or black silk stocking, the carefully-adjusted *tournure*, the studied and

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admirably sustained *à plomb* of the waving figure, all are so many Circæan toils and irresistible spells to the ruder sex. The walk of these fair dames and damsels is a dance,—their movements and bendings are a modulated song,—the grace of their attire is itself a poetry. Beneath the glowing Andalucían skies, the mazes of the crowded Alameda at the sunset hour are perilous to susceptible hearts; and it is perhaps well that there is ever at hand a succession of cool sea-breezes to fan the burning cheek, and allay the fever of the throbbing brow, or the neighbouring Hospicio might be too small to hold the victims of passion in its chambers for the mad.

The rage for dress and personal decoration is pushed by the generality of young men to a lamentable extreme. The Alameda is every evening resorted to in the punctilious attire of a ball-room. In fact, the locomotion is quite like ball-room promenading. Many a poor fop has all his fortune on his back; and some I have known to nearly starve themselves that they might be able to pay their hairdresser's subscription of thirty reals per month.

Spain, which was once one of the most commercial countries in Europe, is now, as regards the disposition of its people, most decidedly anti-commercial. The contrabandists and the slave-traders alone are men of business. Honest, quiet, persevering, plodding gains, are neither understood nor appreciated. Irregular pursuits, great risks, great profits (or losses upon occasion) all that constitutes the gambler's excitement —these are the charms of Spanish speculation. It is the lingering spirit of the sea adventurer and conquis-

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tador of old—the mad grasp at gold and diamonds—the quest of a fabulous El Dorado.

Calm and virtuous industry is little in vogue; commercial pursuits are little relished; the betting-book is more highly prized than the ledger. The very means which ignorant governments have pursued to promote the national industry have choked its revival; the closed ports of Spain have driven Spaniards as well as foreigners out of her marts of commerce; and the vortex of political intrigue, with all the fatally demoralising results of the rage for government employment, is swelled by the prevailing reluctance to engage in a mercantile career. In a country without commercial or social industry, with a most imperfect development of literary, scientific, and artistical tastes, what other pursuit than that of politics is open to young ambition? *Empleomania*, or the rage of government employment, is admitted by every enlightened patriot of Spain to be the clinging curse and bane of their community. It will ever be so until other pursuits become popular, and until advancing intelligence and a spirit of noble enterprise open out to her sons the variety of fields of vision which the imagination can readily embody for the Peninsula, when its hour of re-awakening comes. The only dread is, that a false civilisation may check the advance of its truer sister; that pride, well founded but unduly exaggerated, may blind the people to their defects, and make them hug their vices, and that the shadow of their former greatness may too coldly obscure the little light which crosses their path. If there is, indeed, to be a revival in Spain, it will most probably be effected

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through the pursuits of liberal commerce; yet, so little is legitimate commerce regarded, that the officials everywhere seem to take a positive delight in impeding it. In every port and at every customhouse there is endless trouble and vexation; duties are often demanded before the cargo is discharged; and, during the last siege of Barcelona, the custom-house was fixed at Gracia instead of Barceloneta, the seaport: for no earthly reason but precisely such a caprice as if Wapping were transferred to West-end!

The foreign vessels which put in here, merely touch, for the most part, on their way to and from Gibraltar or the Mediterranean. One, a Dutch vessel, bearing the extraordinary name of the Koophandelen Zecaart, touched at Cadiz during my stay, laden with prime Hollands and cheeses; but, to the evident discomfiture of sundry *bons-vivans*, was not permitted to put on shore so much as an anker of her Scheidam or a slice of her savoury cheese. The vessel was merely permitted the privilege of watering, and left the mouths of the townspeople watering likewise. Such are the blessings of prohibition.

It will be new to readers in the north of Europe to hear of pustules or plague-spots all over a cargo of hides which entered the port of Cadiz last summer. These pustules were precisely the same as those which form themselves upon the human skin in this frightful disease, and were extending over every portion of the hides, when they were destroyed by fire.

One of the most extraordinary incidents of a sea-life that has ever come to my knowledge, occurred this winter on board the Spanish ship, Apollo, bound

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from Cuba to Cadiz. An infant, five months old, without mother or nurse of any kind, was put on board this vessel, in charge of the captain; and though left to the limited resources of a ship at sea, and to the exclusive care of men, arrived safe and sound, robust and cheerful, at Cadiz, after a passage in rough weather of 55 days. The Captain had the forethought to put a she-goat on board before he left Havana, and with his own hands administered its milk to the helpless babe, which belonged to utter strangers, its parents both having died a premature death. His name deserves to be recorded—Don José de Lucas.

The roofs of the houses in Cadiz are still made use of, for the twofold purpose of a cool promenade in the summer evenings and nights, and a collecter of water for domestic use in the rainy season. The roofs are all flat, and this part of the dwelling (the Azotea, as it is called) is a pleasant resort for enjoying the *fresco*, smoking a cigar, and hearing the ladies of the family touch the guitar. It is constantly used for these purposes in summer, as at Buenos Ayres and Monte Video. The collection of water in winter is very simple, the rain (when it falls) coming down in torrents, and passing through pipes into reservoirs beneath. When it is adapted for a promenade, it is curious in that elevated locality (for all the houses in Cadiz are high) to see the roofs of a thousand dwellings similarly occupied, and find, in fact, a second Cadiz eighty feet from the ground. The collection of the greatest possible quantity of the falling water is rendered most desirable by the miserable position of the city with

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regard to this essential supply, as if engineering facilities were held in contempt by the inhabitants.

The Cathedral of Cadiz is finished inside, and nearly so without. It is a very noble structure, and of pure Grecian architecture. All within is jasper and the richest marbles. For the splendid aspect which it now presents it is indebted almost entirely to the Bishop of the diocese, who has devoted all his funds for many years past, beyond what was necessary for a very moderate subsistence, to the noble purpose of completing this magnificent temple. With a zeal as intense as that which raised the parent cathedrals of Europe, he has kindled sparks of the same fire in thousands of other bosoms, and is on the point of attaining a result which not even the most sanguine anticipated, the final completion of the edifice. I am no advocate of the institution of celibacy, but when we see such pious monuments, and learn by what means they have been raised, we cannot fail to trace a wisdom in an unmarried clergy. *Dios me libre!* Young ladies, do not tear my eyes out!

This noble basilica is surmounted by a very fine dome, and its lofty and faultless columns of marble, with jasper bases and adornments, its spacious nave, its lateral chapels, and the riches interred, so to speak, between its circling marbles, if they are not of a character to inspire the overpowering reverence of that marvel of ecclesiastical architecture, the Cathedral of Seville, awake profound admiration. The construction of a church of this superb character, at Cadiz, had been spoken of all through the seventeenth century, for the proud inhabitants were jealous of the cathedral

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completed by their neighbours of Seville in the early part of the sixteenth. But though it was a common topic of conversation, and though large offertories of pious funds had been made for the specific purpose, its construction was not seriously commenced until the year 1716. From that period down to the present day, it has been, with occasional interruptions, in the slow process of erection, the works having been entirely suspended throughout the greater parts of the wars of Independence and Succession. But the present Bishop of Cadiz, besides allocating very large sums to its completion, obtained such extensive contributions in aid, that little remains but to finish one of the towers.

This excellent prelate has consecrated and opened the temple for divine service, and the Academia Gaditana de Bellas Artes has assisted in selecting its interior embellishments.

Cadiz still retains its honourable reputation of being one of the cleanest towns in Europe. It is, indeed, a marvel in the south. Even its Calle Sucia, or Dirty Street, for it possesses one of this name, is equal to a leading street in Naples, Marseilles, or Constantinople.

It is a singular fact that the sea-water here is sensibly much salter than on the coast of England. I was struck by the circumstance when breasting the billows in the bays of Cadiz and Gibraltar, and in the Mediterranean. One cause of this is the greater evaporation produced by the powerful rays of the sun—the plain principle of the salt-pan—the water steams off and the salt remains. The sea-water in the Bay of Cadiz has been analysed, and found to contain one-sixteenth part of its weight of salt, while

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that of the British coast contains only one-thirty-second part. Thus, the Andalucian billows are precisely twice as salt as those which wash the cliffs of Albion; and according to the schoolboy's theory are twice as easy to swim in. This immense evaporation of a southern sun accounts for the fact that all central Europe is not flooded, since there is a constant current flowing into the Mediterranean through the Straits of Gibraltar, without any outlet; for the current through the Dardanelles is likewise into the Ægean. These vast quantities of water are constantly flowing through both straits into the Mediterranean, at a rate of from three to six miles an hour. How nimbly the fluid particles must leap into the sky! And yet there are no clouds to name. Does the sun suck up to his own sphere these oceans of dew that they are never seen again? At all events he is very obliging not to inundate France and Spain, Greece and the Sublime Porte, and to put a fresh Mediterranean every month into his pocket.

The salt-pans around the Bay of Cadiz are still in active operation, and much of the salt sent to Newfoundland, for the purpose of curing fish, is carried in British vessels across the Atlantic from this locality. The salt is obtained by the simple process of natural evaporation.

I recommend all Englishmen, calling at Cadiz, to beware how they indulge the habitual propensity of "Young England" for *larks*, these nocturnal *escapades* being not at all understood here. The probability is, that, in the event of their mistaking Cadiz for Brighton, they will first get knocked on the head

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or through the arm (perhaps the body) with a watchman's pike, and next get lodged in a fetid jail with common malefactors; when, after a day and a night's reflections in the town carcel, by the intervention of their consul, they will at length be brought before the Judge of First Instance, Don José Jesus Paz, whose extraordinary name, though it means "Peace," by no means proves a pacific disposition; and, being rid of all their loose gold for compensation-money, they will have occasion to find that jocose assaults and unserious mutilations of noses and household property are not relished here, and to rejoice that they have escaped the galleys. Let me likewise recommend young men, just raw from England, to remember that they are in a foreign country where the laws of politeness are better understood than at home, and not to sit up till two in the morning at the English hôtel, singing English tavern-songs to the annoyance of the whole district, and drinking brandy-and-water when the thermometer is at 90°. Their choruses will be infallibly mocked by street *gamins*, nay, by the very watchmen; their tempers will be soured, and the next day they will have headache—and, perhaps, incipient fever.

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CHAPTER XIX.

CADIZ AND ITS BAY.

(Continued.)

We lived for more than a month at Cadiz last autumn, in a state of peppering anxiety—the rumour having been circulated that, in imitation of the powder explosion near the Puerta del Sol at Madrid, a conspiracy was formed for the purpose of firing our enormous powder magazine. Had this project been realised, we should probably have all performed the dance of death together within the limit of a second of time. There is little doubt that such a plot was hatched, and that its moving cause was vengeance. The guards were trebled; but what security was that? How easily could the soldiers be overpowered, how easier still corrupted? What proof had we that the guards themselves were not amongst the conspirators? Such are the pleasing sensations which upon revolutionary ground infuse incitement into the cup of life. We breakfasted in imagination upon a mine, lunched on a petard, dined on a volcano, and supped upon a hurricane! Praised be the elasticity of the human mind, we soon got accustomed to it, however, and amused our fancies with frequent pictures of the whole range of fortifications blown in grotesque masses and shattered fragments to the sky, and the castle of Santa Catalina blotting out

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the moon. We were spared this quickest of balloon ascents, but, as James the First said, "there was gunpowder at the bottom of it."

Since Cadiz was declared a closed port, her trade has dwindled so considerably as to have formed the subject of frequent but unavailing memorials to the government. Foreign vessels only visit her now to take the native produce; and in defiance of the A, B, C of commerce, are forced to come in ballast. They are empty at their arrival, and depart with a little wine; but they would take twice as much wine and other produce, if they came full. This is seen plainly enough here, but at Madrid it is a mystery. How many years will solve it? The only British cargoes that come here are coals for the local steamers; thus do the laws of nature give the lie to the doctrine of prohibition. The names of the Spanish trading vessels are as unwieldy as their commercial policy:— "Nuestra Señora de la Purisima Concepcion," "El Primero del Campo de Tarragona," "El Felicisimo Convenio de Vergara."

The most helpless city in Europe is Cadiz. More isolated from the mainland than Gibraltar, deriving little of the means of subsistence from the contiguous island of Léon, the opposite coast of Portugal and the northern and eastern ports of Spain contribute a large proportion of its daily food. Owing to the limited space on which the town stands, there are no gardens within it, except one or two attached to public establishments, and these not at all devoted to the production of food. The very water for daily consumption comes across the bay from Port St. Mary's,

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a distance of some leagues. The milk, too, comes across the bay each morning, chiefly from Xerez and Sanlucar (for you must travel far for pasturage here); and the milk and water, I regret to add, have illicit intercourse on the bay together.

A Mendicity Asylum was established last year for the first time in Cadiz. It is housed in the late Capuchin Convent—a use which is certainly more analogous to the original purpose of these buildings, than the more prevalent custom here, at Seville, and Córdova, of converting them into barracks, municipalities, and hustings—focuses of swearing and uproar. The first week that this Institution was opened, it provided *albergue** and aliment for no fewer than 340 destitute persons, who, notwithstanding the existence of the splendid Hospicio, in which 1000 poor of both sexes and of all ages are comfortably provided for, lived constantly as vagrants in this moderate-sized city, subsisting by begging from door to door, wearying charity by their sturdy and importunate appeals, or scandalizing the town by their vices. The authorities endeavour to combine with this institution the uses of a Penitentiary, by seeking to reform the habits of the inmates. No discrimination is made between those who are unable and those who are unwilling to work, beyond constantly employing the latter, and helpless old couples are not disjointed. The Cadiz people have not yet come to this. They are not so refined in their views as to think it requisite to punish distress. But all this

* Lodging.

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will doubtless come in time—when they civilise up to the British standard.

This establishment is supported by gratuitous contributions, in addition to a small endowment from the municipal funds. Though the able-bodied are maintained here as well as the infirm, they are very far indeed from being supported in idleness. They are distributed, according to their physical capacity and previous experience, through five different trades, all carried on within the establishment—blacksmiths, weavers, broom-makers, carpenters, and shoemakers; the women are set at suitable tasks, and the children of both sexes receive primary instruction in their respective classes. This highly advantageous arrangement has long been in force at the Hospicio, from whence it is borrowed.

Spain is one of the few countries in Europe where the veritable old watchman still subsists. Landing at Cadiz, you are not more surprised at the mantillas of the women and the coal-scuttle hats of the padres by day, than at the lanterns and pikes of the "ancient and venerable" watchmen by night. As in London streets of old, they are prodigious bawlers—indeed horrible nuisances; for repose, to a stranger, is impossible with these leathern-lunged agitators pouring every half-hour into your ear the time and character of the night. "*Una noche serena!*" is their common cry—whence their accustomed sobriquet "*Sereno*," the Peninsular equivalent for Charley. They are the aversion of all balcony serenaders, and the detestation of nocturnal intriguers. I may add that their pikes are longer and much more formidable than

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those handled (how many centuries ago I now forget) by the *rococo* watchmen of England. I have found these *guardias* very useful as midnight signposts, and most freely permitted them to take me into custody —as far as my hotel. When I first visited Cadiz, I became inextricably involved in the intricate maze of narrow streets, all as like to each other as so many "peas upon a trencher;" so at night I used to throw myself on the Christian feelings of some Sereno, and implore him to pilot me home.

You must beware of the boatmen of Cadiz, who are accomplished extortioners—"infernal rogues, Sir," as a British steam-boat captain unceremoniously described them to me, and as I found to be literal fact in an experience of some years. If you give them more than a quarter of a dollar at landing, you may consider yourself "done;" but if they discover you to be a stranger newly arrived, and a patterer of sham Spanish, they will strive their best to deliver you of a dollar. Your imperfect acquaintance with Spanish money will perplex you; so be advised, and never be without *plenty of small change*. If you despise this warning, many a dollar and half-dollar will go, where a quarter-dollar or a *peseta* (about a franc) would suffice.

The stranger should be informed of the difference between the quarter-dollar and the peseta, and between the dollar and the five-franc piece. It is a real, or twopence halfpenny in each instance. The quarter-dollar is a real more than the peseta, and the dollar a real more than the five-franc piece. It is not much, to be sure, to be cheated out of twopence

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halfpenny; but if you are cheated out of this sum fifty times in the day, it amounts to something in the end; and it is not manly, no matter how much money you may have to spend, to submit to extortion, and get laughed at for your greenness, when a little patient determination will avoid it. The universal complaint is that the English spoil every place on the Continent by their silly squandering of money. The quarter-dollar is known from the peseta by its being a shade larger (but this the stranger never will perceive) and by its having *two pillars on the reverse*, which no peseta ever has. The difference between French and Spanish money, I presume, is sufficiently apparent.

In crossing the Bay of Cadiz to Port St. Mary's, you may choose between two rather antiquated steamers, the Betis and the Coriano. The Betis is the more curious, since it was in her that Espartero was carried on board the Malabar. She is a lumbering old tub, but safe enough. When you reach Port St. Mary's, a handsome town on the opposite side of the noble bay, where the Guadalete flows into it, exactly fronting Cadiz, you may obtain a view of the boat (a very common and lumbering one, which plies for the hire of casual passengers, and is used occasionally for fishing in the Bay,) which carried Espartero alongside the steamer Betis, when he proceeded as a fugitive on board the Malabar. You may be rowed on shore in this same boat, and get into a conversation (if you know how to Castellanise) with the rugged and ragged old Barquero that owns her, who will cautiously tell you that he is not an "*hombre politico*," but that, indeed, he had the honour, on

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the 30th of June last, of rowing to the Vapor Betis "*El es—Regchenta Gcheneral Espartero.*" If, with the aid of a larger fee than is customary, you further probe his secret bosom, he will inform you that he was tempted to perform this service of danger by two shining dollars, and that his boat, with its freight of foiled ambition, was fortunately some distance from the shore when it was unsuccessfully fired on by Concha's men. If you are a tourist of desperate curiosity, you will go to Seville by land instead of water. The *diligencia* will take you by all the points of Espartero's precipitate flight: charming Xerez; wild Casa de Cuervo; desolate Torre de Orca; Utrera, famed for bulls; cultivated and blooming Alcalá, till you obtain a full view of glorious Seville (with the Regent's head-quarters close behind you) from the Cruz del Campo, where, in that field at your right hand, Van Halen had his battering-train.

I met a singular man at Cadiz—the director of the operations for raising the produce of the wrecks of several Spanish galleons, sunk in the Bay of Cadiz by Admiral Blake's squadron in 1656. In September of that year Blake captured two galleons at the entrance of the bay, from which he took a booty of a million dollars and a half, and sank at the same time several other vessels, said to be laden with specie. The sunken vessels and their contents were entirely forgotten by the Spaniards, and lay undisturbed at the bottom of the bay until the middle of last year, when the gentleman in question reached the scene, accompanied by an experienced diving contractor from England, to which country the projector

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of the enterprise likewise belongs. Local recollections, as to the precise spot, were sadly perplexed, but the Spaniards were no little astonished when in the autumn three pieces of heavy brass ordnance were fished up from a depth of seventy feet of water. The government interposed, but receiving its due proportion of 5 per cent. from the director, its very particular curiosity was legally silenced. They rarely smell out any laudable enterprise here, until it has been undertaken and accomplished by British skill, and then, though they were whipped to cover, they are sure through cross-cuts and by-roads to be in at the death.

The projector, as well as director of this creditable enterprise, was the last man whom one would have supposed likely to conceive or prosecute such a design —a man struck with paralysis, afflicted with rheumatism and gout, once recovered from an apoplectic stroke, with his head on one side, and nearly reclining on his shoulder, a heavy-looking brow, and eyes for the most part shut. Yet his intellect burnt bright as ever! And to a richly-stored mind, a strong memory, sound political information, and accurate historical knowledge, he added a powerful imagination, and remarkable conversational resources. Notwithstanding his appearance, he was all instinct with intellectual life, and directed these operations with the minutest care, and with every probability of success.

At Cadiz you will never be long delayed for a packet to the Canary Isles, Puerto Rico, and Santiago de Cuba, or the Havana. These vessels are for the most part respectably fitted up; and if you are endowed with tolerable strength of stomach, and are

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not over-fastidious as to Spanish cookery, you will be as comfortable as in an English sailing vessel. You will likewise have the best Sherry and Sanlucar wines (but second only, as is the universal practice amongst Spaniards, in liqueur fashion), and, in constant use at table, a very passable Catalan red wine.

The Andalucians were greatly struck by the fact of the Chinese Imperial Commissioner, Keying, drinking some fifty glasses of Sherry at the banquet given by Sir Henry Pottinger, upon the exchange of the ratifications of our treaty with China. "The celebrity of our wines," said a Xerez man one day at our Cadiz table-d'hôte, "is proved by this fact to extend to the remotest regions of the Celestial Empire; and it will not be difficult for us to open there an abundant market which may in some measure make up for the decay in England."

"To quote a Castilian proverb," I replied, "you set a straw on horseback, and give an undue significance to a simple occurrence. Keying drank the wine, not that it was Spanish, but because it was European; and the probability is, that the horrid headache and land-seasickness of the next day entirely dispelled the charm. If there be anything in the argument, let Spaniards cease to cut each other's throats, and turn their hands to diplomacy and commerce."

"*Fú, fú*, commerce—impossible! While England bestrides the world like a Colossus, wherever we turn her cold shadow falls on our path."

"Make her your friend. March by her side. Treat with her: she will share the sunshine!"

"*Así pues sea!*"

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Who can sail into this noble bay, or wind along this southern coast, without having his heart expanded and his soul elated by the triumphs of British valour? From this Bay of Cadiz sailed the chief section of the Armada called Invincible, the gathering of all the southern and eastern ports of Spain; here lay the ship of the admiral, a prince of this province—the Duke of Medina Sidonia—and here, like the hen-bird gathering her chickens, he sailed for Lisbon, and collected the residue of the fleet, the produce of the northern and Atlantic ports (for no corner of the Peninsula was then exempt from the iron sway of Philip), to be broken in pieces, dispersed, and destroyed! Here, too, the same British commanders, Howard, and his right arm, Drake, who had shattered that enormous bulk, and left the completion of their work to the elements, performed eight years afterwards the most daring exploit in history—destroyed in this bay and harbour thirty ships of war, a vast number of convoys laden with munitions of all descriptions, prepared for the invasion of Ireland, and upwards of six-and-thirty merchant vessels ready to sail with their rich cargoes for the Indies. Here Essex took and held the city until he was overruled by the opinion of the naval commanders, and returned with the booty to England, having caused in one day a loss to Philip and his subjects of twenty millions of ducats! Here Blake destroyed a whole fleet of galleons and smaller vessels laden with specie, capturing the former, and sinking the latter in contempt. Here, too, Nelson lay for a time, before his magnificent achievement at Trafalgar.

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A little more to the west is Cape St. Vincent, where the equally immortal Jervis, with ten sail-of-the-line, destroyed a Spanish fleet of seven-and-twenty sail-of-the-line, declaring, when informed of the great disparity of forces, "If there are fifty sail, I will go through them!" And here he lay before Cadiz when, three months after, the news of the mutiny at the Nore came out from England, and through his indomitable energy alone that withering demoralization was prevented from becoming universal.

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CHAPTER XX.

AGRICULTURE.

The terms at which the lands are let in modern Spain are for the most part extremely light. The farmers, large and small, Arrendadores and Labradores, usually occupy their holdings in *enfitensis*, on a long lease of not less than one hundred years, paying a moderate rent, or they are tenants from year to year. The *enfitensis* nearly amounts to our freehold, the concession of a renewal, when the term is expired, being almost a matter of course, and the tenants are left undisturbed in their holdings, whether these be *enfitentical* or from year to year, unless upon flagrant and repeated failure to pay their rent. I can speak from personal acquaintance with the management of the extensive estates of the great Ducal family of Medina Sidonia.

The relations between landlord and tenant here are entirely patriarchal, and the land is invariably held on easy terms. Leases, in one sense of the term, there are none, but merely simple written agreements; and the land, since the establishment of the Constitutional form of government, being exempt from the payment of tithes, the farmer's position, where he is possessed of the least energy, is invariably comfortable. The hidalgo class, or nobility and gentry, usually hold their possessions *in capite* from the

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Crown, or, in rare instances, from the few great proprietors; and the amount of *bienes vinculados*, or entail, allotted for the sustainment of the head of the family, was comparatively small, and is now suppressed by law.

How easy and satisfactory is the nature of the holdings, is known to the English, who have many of the wine estates in the neighbourhood of Xerez, Port St. Mary's, and Sanlucar, and who, while the glorious grape of their district is ripening in the sun, have no dread of being ejected to gratify the cupidity of some higher bidder.

The farmer is not lost in the landlord's shadow. The fairest fields are not of forbidden access, that the monopolists of God's soil (and of his air and sun, if they could,) may revel in their exclusive parks, and destroy his creatures in exclusive preserves. You may roam here everywhere, fish everywhere, course and shoot everywhere, without question. All that is required of you is, that you shall not pluck your neighbour's fruits, nor destroy his standing crops. You may enter his huerta without asking permission, and enjoy it as if it were your own, so long as you do not thieve.

The scowling exclusiveness of England is nowhere visible here; there is everywhere cordiality, everywhere a rough but true politeness—everywhere a patriarchal spirit. No pampered and frowning menial asks you, "Who gave you leave to enter?" No mastiff barks at you, unless you are a friend of My-lord. The Spanish peasant, in his proud independence, gives utterance, half unconscious of its worth,

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to his noble national proverb: "The Hidalgo cannot wall in Spain!" He feels that he has a soil to live, and a soil to die for; and heartily, if needed, he will shoulder his gun for its defence.

The right of commonage, and of reclaiming waste lands, has caused some ferment of late in various parts of Spain. There are pieces of common-land annexed to many of the country towns and villages, as in other countries, where the poor man's ass or mule finds a scanty pasturage, and where the inclosure of portions, and the lawless proceedings of unauthorised squatters, have led during the past year to more than one pitched battle, with fire-arms, between the villagers. This was the case in the vicinity of Casavieja, not far from Cadiz, and at the Sierra of Ronda, near Granada. The Gitanos, as at home, took a particular interest in these contests, that nomad race asserting a prescriptive right to the use of common-lands in every country which they have visited. The quantity of Tièrra Valdía, or waste land, which Andalucía contains, is of immense extent, the sandy soil being for the most part unproductive without constant irrigation. Certain of these waste lands have at various times been ceded by the Direccion-General of National Roads to private individuals, for the purpose of reducing them to productiveness as they please, under certain conditions.

Hence, unfortunately, arose endless disputes, remonstrances, and litigation; and the controversies at last swelled to such a pitch, that certain rural municipalities between Seville and Granada mustered their small *posses*, and catching up their muskets, of which

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the use is familiar to every Spaniard, either for protection or outrage, forcibly levelled the gates and enclosures, and expelled the occupying tenants from certain previously waste lands, which they held by a legitimate and onerous title, having paid for it in hard dollars to the State. The alienations in question were strictly legal, having taken place in conformity with the Royal orders of May, 1786, and of March, 1800; but what could a weak government do but succumb? Rebeccaism was thus more successful in Andalucía than in Wales; the people felt themselves aggrieved, for their commons had been improperly included under the designation of waste lands belonging to the Crown; and they very quickly righted themselves. There was no marching of troops, no packing of artillery, no draughting of policemen from London. The "bleeding and blistering" system tried here would only increase instead of counteracting the prevailing irritation, and a Guerilla warfare of a couple of years might have grown out of a couple of demolished gates. Ministers gave way; and it is only to be regretted that the funds derived from this source by the Director-General of Roads, towards the conservation of the roads throughout the kingdom, are no longer available. The same result pervaded the rest of Spain.

That which is at once the evidence of England's progress and the cause of the prevailing distresses—the density of her population—is wanting here; and the paucity of mouths accounts for the easy terms on which farmers and labourers live. There is no wish for employment, no dearth of food, no feverish anxiety

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for advancement. There is enough for all, a few hours' work in the day suffices for the exigencies of life, and dance and song and careless relaxation make up the evening time. There is, to be sure, considerable insecurity of property, and some insecurity of life—but by no means so much as is commonly represented. You have now both sides of the picture.

The rugged passions of imperfectly civilised men contribute needlessly to mar an agreeable state of existence, and the frame of the country tingles to its remotest extremities with the excitements of political turmoil. The great question of human rights is mixed up with this dispute as to commonage—it is after all a healthy engine—and, but for the doctrines of legal equality, perhaps the point would never have been raised. The Labradores and peasants bordering on the unascertained limits of the common land, claim for each his portion of the soil of which the title goes a-begging, and the squatters and occupiers under government still steadily contend for their exclusive rights. It is the inevitable tendency of human nature. To avoid the repetition of disagreeable scenes, to allay the tumult of passion, and avert riot and bloodshed, it were well that some decisive resolution were adopted. The readiest, and at the same time the justest, solution of the problem, would be to appoint confidential persons to survey the disputed land, take the evidence of the oldest inhabitants, and ascertain and define the rights of individuals. When the Córtes are tired of their political squabbles, perhaps this may at last be done. A little in *enfitensis* might be conceded, after measurement and valuation, to all the actual

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holders of the land partitioned by virtue of the Pragmatica or ordinance of 1770, and the arbitrary holders, or squatters, might be enabled to purchase a title upon moderate terms, or compelled to make way for the highest bidder.

It is impossible not to anticipate that the Irish system of shooting those who "take the land over the occupying tenant's head," might then be extensively resorted to, and therefore the terms should be made as easy as possible, to prevent the squatter from becoming a voluntary outlaw. The Ayuntamiéntos of each district should be heard respectively, to ascertain the number of *fanegas* of land (the *fanega* is two-fifths of an English acre), which may be legitimately requisite for purposes of commonage; and from this estimate, combined with evidence taken on the spot, might be deduced a reasonable award, while the waste lands, where no claim of commonage right exists, might be disposed of in convenient lots. By such simple means a great advance would be made towards consolidating the welfare and peace of the Peninsula.

A most important agricultural improvement to introduce immediately here, is the practice of invariable stall-feeding, instead of grazing. Pasture lands are of excessive rarity, and of a most inferior description. The attempts to introduce Spanish cattle to the British market, from Vigo, since the reduction of the tariff, have sufficiently proved the inferiority of Spanish pasturage; but a short residence in Spain, and trial of the villanous meat which abounds in Spanish markets, would carry conviction to the least fastidious mind. Nevertheless, though such is the

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general character, good beef is to be occasionally met, and sometimes even finely-flavoured beef, which in England might be reckoned prime. Good pasturage is produced only in rare patches, and the cattle which have the luck of browsing upon these oases, are often in excellent condition when they are driven to the Matadero for slaughter.

It is unfortunately too generally the practice to overwork the ox, in the multifarious avocations to which the patient beast is here submitted; and when he begins to get a little old and tough, and to suffer from lameness or incipient disease, he is immediately converted into beef. Honest stall-feeding would get rid of this pernicious practice. The immense difference of climate between Galicia and Cadiz, between the Asturias and Tarifa, causes all the advantage to be in favour of the northern provinces; and if beef from Galicia has found so little favour in Smithfield, the chance for Andalucía would be still smaller. But in point of fact, through extraordinary mismanagement, Andalucía does not produce enough for its own uses. The supplies of most of the southern ports in meat, poultry, eggs, and a variety of other provisions, come for the most part from the north of Spain, from Portugal and Barbary. How extraordinary that from the burning soil of Africa, from the borders of a boundless desert, should come a portion of the food of this earthly paradise—for it is the negligence of man which makes Andalucía look other than a paradise.

It is only in winter that the thinly scattered pasture lands of Andalucía are to any extent pro-

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ductive, the arid and sandy aspect of the interior of the country in summer reminding the traveller of the Sahara. Under these circumstances the labour of the ox in raising water becomes invaluable—the race should be protected, the breed improved, and instead of slaughtering skin-and-bone, *twice the weight of beef* under the same number of heads should be sent to market. The first requisite to all agricultural labour here is water, and without oxen it cannot be raised—hard-labour, with whatever assistance from machinery, being unadapted to the genius of the people, and calculated to prove inefficacious. They should, therefore, if I may be pardoned for using foreign terms, exploit and utilize the ox to the utmost; and for one crazy and creaking draw-well at present in motion, there should be at least five—with the carpentry, however, more carefully looked to, and grease occasionally applied to subdue the odious noise. We must not expect to introduce novel processes here, but must make the most of existing materials. By this means every rood of the soil might be cultivated, and the scandalous desert which exists between Cadiz and Tarifa converted into a succession of smiling gardens. Human food may be produced to any extent, and food for cattle likewise—no browsing in fields thinly sprinkled with coarse grass, wild corn, gorse, thistles, and rushes, comically called pasture; but the cattle stalled—mangel-wurzel, turnips, and the various indigenous growths produced plentifully in irrigated fields, cut and laid before them, and the fields again enriched by their copious manure. Indeed the soil will of itself produce anything beneath this

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sol criador, and nothing more than water and a little labour is required.

An extensive Labrador of my acquaintance here has followed my advice in this respect, and his stall-feeding bids fair to cut down all competitors. There are few parts of Europe in which pasturage is dearer, owing to the thinness of the herbage, by which, though rents are small, fattening is made excessively expensive. It is only to be found in any quantity in the valleys between the numerous sierras of the district. In summer even these are commonly parched up and burnt, and in winter (all things in this *in*temperate climate being in extreme), the mountain floods often carry off cattle, flocks, pasture and all, leaving the former suffocated in the distant valleys, and the latter mixed *pêle-mêle* with boulders and rubble. Wolves and robbers likewise thin the Labrador's live-stock; and it is a frequent complaint, that the produce of their horned cattle and sheep does not cover the expense of keepers and pasturage. The weight of testimony is in short overwhelming in favour of the practice of stall-feeding; grazing, properly so called, and the rearing of fine wools, being applicable only to Estremadura, New Castile, and La Mancha. Good mutton will, I fear, be at all times a rarity in Andalucía, owing to the infrequency and inferiority of pasturage, but excellent beef may be produced in abundance. To make all the land productive, no extraordinary energy is required of the inhabitants, no Roman nor Egyptian activity, no mighty aqueduct nor gigantic Lake Mœris, 360 miles in circumference. No such energy is required of them, because most

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likely they will not display it, nor are they required to imitate the monumental grandeur of their Moorish ancestors, who have left behind them in many an Alcazar, fort, and tower, such proofs of their indomitable industry. All that is demanded of them is to sink a few wells, and set a few oxen more in motion.

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CHAPTER XXI.

AGRICULTURE.

(*Continued.*)

The interminable quarrels about the right of unappropriated lands led to some efforts at regulation by the Provincial Deputations in 1841, and several distributions of waste lands and commonage were traced out. A circular was issued by them on the subject on the 1st of May of that year, and in the month of August following it was revised and corrected by the Government. The distributions purported to be made in accordance with this revised and authorised plan; but the caprice of Deputations and the favour of Ayuntamiéntos caused private wishes and interests to predominate in this partition, to a degree that entirely prevented its being received as satisfactory, which condition alone could cause it to be final. Litigation ensued, several awards were annulled, and complaints without number, carried by appeal from the Ayuntamiéntos to the Provincial Deputations, were decided by the latter too often to the prejudice of the occupying tenants, from which bloody feuds ensued. In many instances these tenants had an occupation of more than half a century, constituting, by the principles of common law universally recognised throughout Europe, a legitimate right of possession.

The Deputations, by their injudicious manage-

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ments, flung an apple of discord between the proprietors and the *proletarios*, or humbler classes. In accordance with the views of Progress and extreme Liberalism, then in the ascendant at Madrid, the rights of proprietors were but little respected, and their interests less consulted in each territorial distribution, than the acquirement of popularity amongst the universal majority. These were the views most congenial to the Progresista Deputations themselves, and they were likewise strongly enforced upon their adoption by the Government. The strength of Progresista support was entirely in the mob, and the adherents of Espartero were almost exclusively amongst the lower orders, the higher and middle classes being, with few exceptions, Moderados, and entirely opposed to the policy which excluded Cristina from the kingdom. Under these circumstances, it is not to be wondered at, that, in partitioning these lands, the Deputations and Ayuntamiéntos leaned towards the class of small farmers and labourers, aimed at realising upon a limited scale the policy which has transferred the bulk of the soil of France to the hands of small proprietors, and sought in practice to establish an Agrarian law. Like the old Roman legislation, their efforts were only productive of fresh sedition, there were no tribunes to control and allay the commotion, but there were hundreds of robbers, contrabandists, and lawless men, whose guns were at the service of the discontented. Numerous outrages were committed, and many still retain possession, by force, of lands, the title to which was awarded by the Deputations to half a dozen others.

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Their policy was to Fourierise the provinces, disregarding long-acquired rights and rural "usufructs," and giving farms, in many instances, to artisans and mechanics, residing in the petty municipal towns and villages, who knew nothing whatever of agriculture. They designed to break up the country into very small farms, contrary to the opinion of Jovellanos, that this can never be advantageously practised in Spain, and in direct variance with the experience of more advanced European countries. The question was not one of *great landed accumulation*, an evil which does not here exist, but of moderate-sized farms, or of very minute subdivisions. They likewise aimed at breaking up extensive pasturages, and in effect destroying the breed of horned cattle, which is here indispensable to all descriptions of agricultural labour.

Well may Buffon call the ox "the farmer's help;" he might call him here the farmer!

All the ploughing, all the harrowing, all the carriage in fields or on the road, all the raising of water, all the heavy transit to fair or market, all the preparations of the grain—for the ox first draws it to the *area*, or barn-floor, open to the sky, then treads out the grain, then carries it to the mill and then to the purchaser—all is the work of the patient ox; and in a country too where the bull is so cruelly dealt with. They first enslave him like a Roman gladiator, and then they stab him in the Circus. In a land so pastoral as Spain is evidently designed to be, these rash legislators determined all at once to change the face of the country, forgetful that nature will return,

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though expelled with a fork, and not having it in their power to slay off all the living population, and call up at will some millions of Fourierists and Owenites. Our northern notions of advancement are far less suited for this latitude than even the now antiquated and absurd ideas of Fontenelle, who deemed ox labour so indispensable to good farming, that he roundly condemned every description of agricultural machine which tended to diminish it. We can smile at this in England, but in the south of Europe, where the plough of the Georgics is still dragged by ox and goad in the aboriginal form, all rapid improvement is impossible, and all advancement slow; and the rudiments of political science teach us to make the most of existing materials. If the race of the ox became extinct here, there would probably be no tillage at all, for the horses are generally too weak for the work, and the peasants too lazy to dig.

Had the Provincial Deputations established model farms, and conducted a series of experiments upon scientific principles, in accordance with climate, chemistry, and the geological conditions of the soil, the results might have then been imparted to the old Labrador and to their new-made agriculturists with beneficial effects. But general principles were peremptorily laid down without the sanction of experience or recognised authority, and the consequence was general failure. The Ayuntamiéntos all through Spain were required by a general order to plant chesnuts, pines, and mulberries, without consideration of the properties of various soils, or of

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peculiar fitness or unfitness. These trees were planted at the public expense, and in administering limited and sacred funds some previous inquiry should surely have been made. The bulk of the trees thus planted failed. Though the chesnuts were put in at Todos-Santos,* they were planted in sand, where there were no nutritious juices; and accordingly perished. The mulberries too were planted in dry soils from which no sap could be extracted, while the heavy soils were often pertinaciously chosen for the hardy olives and pines. They would have forced plantations as you do cucumbers, but the trees would not be forced. The constitutional Alcaldes stared, but the village Domines,† with a shake of the head, quoted Virgil, to confound them;—"Before ye open the virgin soil be assured of the influence of air and sky."

From the earliest ages of the world it appears to have been customary to leave the ground around fruit-trees untouched by husbandry, in the natural belief that, drawing their nutriment from the earth around them, to divide their empire over the soil, must be to weaken their dominion and impair their vigour.

The Provincial Deputations and Municipalities reformed all this, remodelled the essence of things, and put Nature on her better behaviour. They argued that it was by no means requisite to make a wilderness round a few olive, almond, or chesnut-trees—and to some extent they were right; the learned Doctor Moncada, whose doctorate decides

* All Saints.

† The name given by schoolboys to classical masters.

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the question, pronouncing this practice of non-cultivation, where fruit-trees are planted, to be a remnant of Gothic barbarism. But they carried their principles into prodigiously vigorous execution, running the plough right up into the stems of the invaded fruit-trees, and tearing up the rich soil from about their roots. The reward of this rapid progress was, that the plum-like olive of Andalucía became reduced to the dimensions of the olive of Galicia, being now no bigger than a gooseberry; the walnut was compressed to the girth of a filbert, and the almond to the size of a sickly pea. The immemorial practice of trenching around the orange-tree, and allotting to it its own circle of manured and watered soil, was treated with high contempt by these vigorous reformers; and to reward their pioneering industry, the large, smooth-skinned, beautifully-coloured and succulent Seville orange, was pinched and contracted to the span of a stunted Tangerina, with none of the delicious flavour of that exquisite miniature orange, but with a rough and blotched coat, and with abundant pith instead of sap. These splendid improvements awake even Spaniards from their listlessness. If the cherished fruit became so small in a year or two, it seemed probable enough that it would soon be entirely invisible, and that they would have no *bad* harvests—in fact, no harvests at all. The preponderance of opinion was, however, in favour of average crops as before; and their unanimous sentiment was, that though "*la teoría*" was a particularly fine thing, "*la experiencia*" had been invented by the devil, to give it the lie in practice.

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The authorities being thus thrown off their high-trotting horse, and theorists being permitted to bestride their hobbies no longer, things soon returned to their primitive state of negligence; the plough was not suffered to approach within a rood of the humblest fruit-tree, and the spaces around them were converted again into deserts. Thus do we jump from extreme to extreme, for popular prejudice has no *juste milieu*. Yet there does seem to be a reasonable medium between leaving a couple of hundred *fanegas* * of uncultivated ground in the vicinity of every knot of fruit-trees, and ploughing up all the pasture-land of a district; and the rearing of cattle appears not less worthy than husbandry to receive some portion of the tutelary Deputation's care. Instead of cutting up districts into arbitrary lots of a few acres each, the more judicious course would be to leave them open to the adjusting influences which operate upon ordinary markets; to sell by auction or make subject to a reasonable annual rent, and let each purchaser buy and cultivate that quantity of land which suits his agricultural capacity and his purse; and finally, to let pasture alternate with husbandry. Where the intelligent guardianship of a truly patriotic body might make itself judiciously manifest, would be in the establishment of model farms, in providing the best and newest agricultural implements, in selecting seeds, in adopting the most effectual system of irrigation, and in teaching by the powerful agency of example.

* The quantity of ground requisite to sow a bushel of corn.

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CHAPTER XXII.

FARMING IN SOUTHERN SPAIN.

In this delicious climate, vegetation is never suspended, except by the excessive heats of summer. The genuine spring is usually about Christmas, and the choicest fruit is in bloom when the ground of England is locked up with frost; when vegetation is hoar-nipped, and the snow is heaped on every bough and twig. It is in winter here that the climate is truly lovely, and in summer and autumn only that one might sigh to be elsewhere. From November to May, it is Heaven, or an Elysium. In winter the only drawbacks are the excessive rains; but the alternative of shower and sunbeam is even then extremely frequent, and whenever it occurs, delightful. The sunbeams sparkle out like molten brilliants, with a lustre that happily does not smite, and madden, and pierce the brain (as too often in the depth of summer), and the light, "through purest crystal gleaming," is mild, ethereal, and benignant. Inconvenient as are at times these terrible showers, pouring on, on, like a deluge, for days and without intermission, no milder treatment would soften and prepare the ground, break up the indurated soil of summer, and fit it for the reception of seed. But there are always brilliant intervals of sunshine, and it was in Andalucía that the ancients placed the Elysian Fields.

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Alcalá is a romantic and charming village, beautifully situated on the Guadiera, a small river which flows into the Guadalquivír. Here may be witnessed the charms of cultivated scenery, in addition to the wilder beauties of nature; there is wood and water in abundance; and the rich citizens of Seville have here, for the most part, their country-houses. There is another village of the same name, nearer Cadiz, called Alcalá de los Gazidos, of which the extensive woods have unhappily suffered much of late years from the visitations of the pitiless axe; the Provincial Deputation of 1839, to meet temporary expenses, cut down not less than 20,000 dollars' worth of the most valuable trees. The greater part of this amount was said to have been made away with between the Provincial Deputation and the local Ayuntamiénto, to cover a deficit in whose accounts was the nominal ground of their "getting change for a few oaks," the real ground being that, like *Sir Charles Cropland* in the play, they "wanted cash consumedly."

The farmer here pays lightly in the shape of direct taxes, and, consuming little but his own produce, is indirectly chargeable to but a trifling extent. His unsophisticated mode of life exempts him from the expensive vanities of towns. His clothes are woven from his own wool; his hempen shoes are grown upon his own soil; his leathern leggings are stripped from his own pigs; his sheepskin jacket (in winter) was the jacket of his own *carnero;* and in summer his jacket is the climate, for he wears no other. He eats his own provisions, drinks his own wine, burns his own oil, and refreshes himself with his own fruits. He is

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in short as nearly a child of nature, as it is possible to be, removed from the savage state; and if society were resolved into its original elements, there are some very perfect specimens here, of ready-made savages. The finikin town-bred man may smile, but there is something pleasurable after all, in this sturdy independence. It is upon the proprietors of estates that payment of the bulk of the prædial taxes falls. The Frutos Civiles are levied from all proprietors or administrators of the rents of rustic and urban houses, mills, and factories of whatever description, as well as from all receivers by contract or otherwise of national or jurisdictional taxes, censos, and other imposts on capital yielding annual income. This tax is always suffered to be a year in arrear, and if then left unpaid the goods are liable to be seized in execution. But the irregularity with which the taxes are collected is quite as proverbial here as elsewhere in Spain, saving the presence of Don Manuel Trujillo de la Peña, honorary Intendent of the Province, Knight of the distinguished order of Carlos the Third—decorated with various orders of dignity, Chief of Hacienda of the first class, Administrador of Rentas in the maritime province of Cadiz, &c., &c., &c.

The almost total cessation of the export of barilla to England, in consequence of the discovery of a satisfactory chemical substitute, has of late years a good deal embittered the feelings of the south-eastern Spanish population against us. The Andalucians, Valencians, and Catalans, who formerly enjoyed the benefits of this trade, have no more relish for the scientific progress which has shut them out

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from the British market, than the hand-loom-weaver for the power-loom. There was no need for this new topic of exasperation in addition to old prejudices. The small Catalan manufacturer hates our gigantic establishmens with a sufficient intensity, and has contrived to impart his feelings to a large class of his countrymen. The smuggler alone regards us without marked disfavour, since he fattens upon our productive resources. But the Andalucian wine-grower begins to hate us cordially, because drinking already seven times as much of his wine as all the rest of the world, we do not drink seven times more.

The fruit of Malaga has an immense reputation throughout Spain, and the consumption of it in Cadiz and Seville is very considerable. The Cosecheros, or fruiterers of Malaga, besides their general sale, have their regular agents in both places. Boxes of clustered raisins (*pasas de racimo*), with the delicious purple bloom, vie with baskets of macocas, or rich and early figs of the largest size; basketed raisins, with the smaller description of figs in smaller baskets, and the magnificent muscatel raisin, of perhaps too luscious a flavour, with the rich arrope—likewise of Malaga—a grape-syrup or must of wine. All through the winter, the fruit Aduanilla or little custom-house is crowded with these tempting esculents. Those who are fond of rare and choice onions, will find in this classic land one of the first of vegetables, an article which cannot be too highly prized—the pearly onion of Padron, which may be kept in perfection all the year round. "*Pan y toros!*" exclaims the Sevillano, in his mad enthusiasm for the bull-ring,

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typified by this phrase of indifference to all but bread besides; but if you would crown his days with satisfaction, you must add to the bread his clove of garlic, his cigarrillo, and his succulent and pungent onion.

There are many Spaniards exceedingly anxious for the commercial and material amelioration of the country, who are deterred on the one hand by the prevalent Anglophobia, from applying to England, and on the other by the antagonism which Afrancesado notions are sure to arouse in certain quarters from having recourse to France, while the prevailing exaggerated notions of patriotism and Españolismo make them generally shun the aid of greater and wealthier nations. In this perplexity they resort to a poor and third-rate country, which has neither the activity of France nor the enterprise and capital of England; and there is at this moment a diplomatic agent commissioned by the Madrid cabinet, Don Ramon de la Sagra, engaged in Belgium in the formation of an Hispano-Belgic Company, upon the following bases:—A series of scientific and practical investigations to be undertaken throughout the various districts of Spain, with the support of the government and of the capitalists forming the company, with a view to develop the mineral, animal, and vegetable wealth of the Spanish soil. The company to supply the pecuniary resources, and the government its protection, supervision, and countenance, which are all that political revolutions and the forms of the Constitution permit it to employ. The company to be composed of capitalists and "indus-

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trials" belonging to both countries, and to found, when its preliminary investigations are completed, agricultural, mining, and manufacturing establishments. It is evident that the eyes of the Spaniards are turned in the wrong direction.

The only branch of Spanish agriculture, in which the slightest advance is perceptible, is the vine cultivation of Andalucía. A number of resident British proprietors at Xerez and St. Lucar, have brought the national intelligence and energy to bear upon this profitable branch of industry, and the gains of former years excited a spirit of active industry amongst their Spanish neighbours, unfamiliar to their sluggish natures.

In that same province, and in other parts of the kingdom, there are symptoms of some amelioration in the treatment of the olive, and of a prospect of the removal of that disgraceful stigma which enables the olive oil of the Italian states to fetch 30 per cent. more in the markets of Europe and America, than the growth of Spain, though the tree and fruit in the latter country are inferior to none in the world. Inveterate habits of dirt and carelessness, and supine indifference to amendment, are the sole causes why the *labradores* of Spain present the fruits of their industry in a state less creditable and lucrative than in other European countries; and her statesmen and nobles would be better employed in local experiments, and in the direction of agricultural improvements, than in profitless and discreditable intrigues at Madrid. The extract of the olive may with very little additional trouble and expense be produced in

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a state of beautiful purity and clearness; and a recent invention of an Italian ecclesiastic has been introduced into some districts of Andalucía and Aragon, by which the stone is separated with great facility from the pulp, and the bitter taste and foul colouring matter communicated by the former are wholly removed. This invention, if properly extended, promises to be very advantageous to Spain.

The ancients, whose agricultural processes were carried on by inexpensive slave labour, subjected only the pulp of the olive to the operation of the press; but since the invasion of the Goths and Vandals, this refinement, together with most other traces of the ancient civilisation, has been swept away, and the method in question is no longer used in Europe. The olive in modern times is placed whole in a stone mortar, in which revolves a wheel traversed by a horizontal axle attached to one that is vertical, and an ox, a horse, or a mule, communicates the movement. The number of these mills in Spain is, by an extremely characteristic incident quite disproportioned to the quantity of oil that is to be made each season, and the olives after being gathered have frequently to be kept for six weeks together before their turn comes to pass through the mill. Meanwhile fermentation inevitably sets in, the oil becomes rancid, bitter, muddy, and ill-flavoured, and can only be employed in soap and other manufactures, at a reduced value of at least 40 per cent. below the finer qualities. But by the aid of the new implement, the pulp, entirely separated from the stone, may be discharged into the mortar from a hand-press with little

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pecuniary expense or outlay of strength, and the whole olive harvest, which, in plentiful years has hitherto occupied four or five months, may be concluded within a few days. It is impossible too strongly to urge the universal adoption of the new process.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

MENDICANCY.—STATE OF THE LOWER CLASSES.

Let this astonish you, sagacious statesmen—let this fact confound the more polished world's wisdom:—there is no poor-law here, no compulsory relief; the rural society is very barbarous; agriculture is no more advanced than it was a century after the flood; industry there is little, occupation trifling, energy none; the soil is but scratched, manures little used, irrigation, which is, in truth, indispensable, but slightly resorted to—and yet distress there is almost none. Throughout the length and breadth of the Peninsula, the beggars have as pleasant faces as the best-clad members of the community. I challenge contradiction as to the fact that there is no genuine distress. Twice within this century has foreign invasion violated the Spanish soil, and cruelly of late years has it been torn by the burning ploughshare of civil war. Every road and pass is haunted by robbers, and society is little advanced from its elementary state. How comes it that there are not poor here rotting in the ditches, as there were in England, when it was thinly peopled, before the Elizabethan law, and as there are to-day in Ireland? The duty of charity is deeply felt here, but is it not deeply felt in England? Will the Spanish peasant divide his crust, and the English peasant refuse to share it? Surely this cannot be. Or is the

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difference entirely owing to the thinness of the Spanish population? Whatever the cause, it may make men sceptical as to the benefit of excessively refined societies and complicated political systems.

You may sojourn long enough in a Spanish town before you will meet with any of those evidences of downright misery which so soon strike the eye at home, and which abound even in London, in the vicinity of its most splendid squares. There may be rags and filth enough, but there is not the squalor of suffering or the gaunt aspect of famine. No one starves in this country; few are in positive distress. Those who seek alms are for the most part of the class of jolly beggars, and how thriving is the trade may be inferred from the independence of its practitioners, from the impudence of their unimploring demands, and the obstinate sturdiness of their persistance. The beggar, having no property of his own, is king and lord of all the properties in the country. His rounds are as regular as those of the land-agent or tax-collector. In no part of the country have I seen uncomfortable poverty, or heard of an individual going without a passable meal. The contrast between this half-barbarous state, and that of refined societies is most striking. We are excessively advanced, but we are likewise excessively peopled. Hence, in spite of all our exertions, and our unexampled energies, we have our thousands starving by the side of luxurious wealth, and glide from the prosperity of one year to the relapse and ruin of another.

In Spain, on the other hand, the same lazy round goes on for centuries, there are no contractions or

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expansions of the main spring of society, no irregular acceleration of its wheels, no rapid movement and then stoppage of its works. All is clogged with dust and encrusted with the rust of ages. Your lazy mule will not mend his pace with beating, nor will the Spaniards consent to be objurgated into a brisker motion. With all his aptitude for love, he would seem to be slower even in propagation than his brethren in the north of Europe. The bracing air of less sunny climates is more favourable to the formation and development of the human species, than the relaxing heats and arid gusts of these trying southern summers. The extensive system of conventual seclusion and celibacy, which continued in full vigour until recent years, has contributed its full share in keeping down the population; and foreign invasions and civil wars have successively mowed down no inconsiderable portion of the flower of the youthful males.

But all these causes combined, imperfectly account for the dispeopled state of Spain; and the prevalent lack of energy, the reluctance to encounter the engagements of a family *in posse*, the unenterprising spirit, which refuses to migrate or to colonise, and leaves enormous tracts in an absolute state of nature, the lazy love of lurking in a corner of the paternal farm-house, and working in the season like one of the farm oxen, to snore and rob alternately through all the rest of the year, and the scarcity of marriages which is the consequence of all these considerations combined, keep nearly stationary the existing scantiness of population. Hence a general sufficiency, and at some periods an excess of food; and hence the

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beggar who is not paid in money is sure to be paid in kind. Who can starve in a country where enclosures are almost unknown, where the vagrant has but to shake a tree for a subsistence, and the fastidious beggar may pick and choose throughout a whole country-side—may carry off from a hundred huertas, unperceived, almost unblamed, such a quantity of the finest oranges or the most luscious grapes as may well support him for the day? Starvation here is nearly impossible. A halfpenny calabash, boiled and made into soup and slices for the different meals, will support a family for a day; flesh meat is little required by the climate, and the richest often breakfast by preference, on a bunch of grapes and a crust of bread. In the towns there are charitable institutions, where all that are really indigent are provided; local and conventual benevolence leave little to be desired in this respect: and the Hospicio at Cadiz and the Caridad at Seville are perfect models of similar institutions. The small residue of distress consists for the most part of ardent and active, of restless and sometimes criminal spirits—such men as in the days of St. Ferdinand and the Great Captain expelled the Moors, of Cortés and his followers gathered the blood-stained laurels of the Conquistadors, and of Don Juan of Austria wrestled with the Turks. These bold and dashing adventurers now-a-days take to the road, and rob and unhappily shoot, too, upon occasion. There is no city or rural police here to make Hounslows and Bagshots impossible. The mendicant is not arrested as in London for telling his tale of misery, and when relief is afforded

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it is surrounded by no adventitious horrors, but extended with Christian kindness. Thus every beggar has a sufficient livelihood, and the most active turn robbers, and make one. I may add that there is no such thing as a pawnbroker's shop to be seen here, and that pledges are only taken by private usurers and (if they consist of plate or jewellery) by bankers.

The Spanish beggar is more of a visitor and a familiar acquaintance than a suer for alms. Like the chartists in England, he rejects the phrase "petition," as abject and unworthy, and boldly remonstrates with you, or memorializes you upon equal terms. He has his own set and circle, like those who move in the best society, and pays his regular round of visits upon fixed days. He does not sow cards to reap dinners, nor does he deal in drawing-room scandal, small-talk, or pointless tattle. No, he conjures you by the love of God and of the Virgin to give him a *quart*, and having kissed the same, and crossed and blest himself with it, he passes to your next door neighbour. If you are deaf to his appeal he does not hesitate to tap at your window and knock at your door with the authority of a postman; if you conceal yourself in your inmost recess, his voice is sure to reach you with its authoritative and imperious: "*Da alguna cosa por el amor de Dios y de la Virgen!*"* If you trust yourself but for a minute towards the front of your house, your eye is captivated by the sight of those gorgeous rags, and by the irresistible impudence of their wearer: "How is *Usted?* and

* Give something for the love of God and of the Virgin.

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how is all *Usted*'s family?"—"Very well."—"Very well. *Gracias á Dios; entonces da alguna cosa.*"* Or try the opposite answer, and the result will be precisely the same: "How is *Usted* to-day?"—"Very ill."—"Ill! *Dios te de salud!*† And I, too—I have a dreadful cutting cough. *Da alguna cosa!*" In short, he has you all ways, and you had best take the hook at once. If the day is cold, so is charity; if hot, the flames of hell are hotter. If you are well, it is fit that you should pay him for praying that God may keep you so; if ill, that *Nuestra Señora te de salud!*‡

Amongst the multitudinous tricks practised by street-beggars at Seville, one of the most successful I witnessed was that of a man in the prime of life (as I afterwards ascertained), and in excellent health, who contrived to personate a consumptive patient with his lungs "entirely gone"—the high and healthy colour which bespread his cheeks and swelled his ruddy lips, being naturally accounted for as a hectic glow. His voice was, happily for him, a perfect "piping treble," which admirably favoured the deception, and though he was only one of those rare instances of a man with sound and strong lungs cut out by nature for a counter-tenor singer, it was impossible to doubt his veracity when, with back bent as if he had not lungs enough left to support his spine, and with hands half-piously intertwined across the pit of his stomach, "the tear of agony taught to

* Thanks be to God; give something.

† God give you health.

‡ Our lady grant you health.

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trickle decorously down his brow," and a coal-black beard sprouting in ragged patches over his neglected chin, he sang out in whining rhyme,

Miserable doliente,
Del pecho padeciente !

" a miserable sick wretch, suffering in his chest !" " My rich Señors !" he added, " my *rich* Señors, give me some little thing for the love of God and of the Virgin. I can't work. I am oppressed *con tanta enfermidad. Och ! Och ! Och !*" " And he groaned as if he was about to faint. His speech was invariably the same, and it could not have been better for his purpose had he employed a Shakspeare to compose it. He was likewise a consummate actor. That beggar never failed !

Another popular member of the mendicant fraternity here, was a little spare, wiry man, with an intensely black head of hair and moustache, and a very snuffy upper lip. The embrowned appearance of the moustache under his nostrils, contrasting forcibly with the raven hues alongside, produced a singular effect ; and as he never wore a hat, his hair standing erect like whalebone bristles, surmounting his long and parchment face, produced a farcical resemblance to the portraits of Charles V. The resemblance would be perfect if the putative Emperor would only keep his nose clean. He was a species of idiot, but endowed with a great deal of cunning and even peculiar talent. He affected a knowledge of all languages, and earned his bread by singing snatches of half unintelligible songs. Ask him for a verse of

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English, and he would give you a string of gibberish to a Gitano air, ending with "G—d damn!" or "God save the Keen!" the only words he has been able to pick up. Ask him for a verse in French, and he would give you precisely the same gibberish, winding up with "Vive le Roi!" Call for a verse of Latin, and he would repeat the dose, concluding with "Dominus vobiscum!"

Amongst the *pobretería*, or mendicant class of Spain, the sturdy beggar vastly preponderates, and the energetic petitioner in *Gil Blas*, who solicits alms behind the mouth of a blunderbuss, is scarcely in the least degree an exaggeration. The *pobre vergonzante*, or modest beggar, is here unfit to live; he is shuffled and elbowed aside by his bolder brethren; the derision of the whole tattered cloth. The principle and the maxim of the begging community is one which is often adopted here by statesmen, as well as by thieves and swindlers in all countries. *Deja la verguenza, y todo el mundo es suyo*, "Take leave of shame, and the whole world is yours!" Thus do ministers and financiers thrive, and thus do beggars, too, collect their revenue. It is no uncommon thing to see the latter worthies accost an elderly, retiring man, in the street, and if he does not at once fee them, abuse him outrageously until he yields, or stick to him like a leech and follow him home, aye, up three flights of stairs, into his very apartment, until he finds the money for the want of which he vainly endeavoured to excuse himself to his *hermano* and his *pobrecillo*, his "brother" and his "dear little beggar." The most picturesque rags in the world are those of the Spanish

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mendicants, more especially when they attend the vast cathedrals. You will see the Castilian cloak, the veritable capa, constructed of a thousand parti-coloured rags, and shrouding a towering form, perhaps six feet high, with a beard of grizzled or snowy splendour, that would have provoked the envy of St. Dominic. Some bizarre figures I have met, and one especially at San Roque, arrayed in straw and skins, whom the officers of Gibraltar called "Robinson Crusoe."

The wonderful fertility of the Spanish language is not without its appropriate mocking epithets for mendicancy. When the beggar goes forth to make his rounds, they say: *Vase pordiosear*, "He goes to God's-sake-ity," or to beg alms for the sake of God. No other language has an equivalent for this forcible phrase, which might be paralleled in a multitude of instances. When the beggar proceeds from door to door, he is *menudeando*, "little-and-little-afying," or collecting his fragments and coppers in a bag; and when he comes home, the neighbours say to each other (for Spanish women seem to have nothing to do but to gaze out of the window): *Ahora vase cucharetear*. "There he goes to spoonify," (meaning that he is about to convert his scraps into an *olla podrida*). The Castilian beggar's motto is an independent one:—

"Su olla, su misa,
Y su Dona Luisa,"

which may be rendered—

"His pot and his mass,
And his favourite lass!"

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The beggar goes to mass assiduously, for at the door of the church he makes his most plenteous harvest. The boys scoff him, and the more forward tell him in passing: *Qué gordos son los piojos de los pobres!* "How fat are the beggar's fleas!" But, nevertheless, this sturdy petitioner, who ever prays, "keeps never minding," and consoles himself with this choice scrap of proverbial wisdom: *Mas vale el caldo que las tajadas:* "The broth is better than the cuts!"

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CHAPTER XXIV.

THE NATIONAL MILITIA.—THE GALLEGOS.

The national militia of Spain is imitated from the national guard of France. But, as the elements of stability and respect for existing institutions are much more rare in the former country, the objects for which the militia was established have been very imperfectly attained, and the various corps of Nacionales have been rather foci of turbulence than a source of strength to the state. In a normal condition of things, with a well-appointed and disciplined standing army, the anomalous existence of a citizen soldiery might be dispensed with; but the recent acts and manifest tendencies of the Spanish troops, make the permanence of a national militia a desirable check and safeguard, which cannot be well dispensed with without peril to the integrity of the commonwealth. Meanwhile, the most salient topic of contention between the Moderados and Progresistas is the form into which this militia is to be moulded; the former desire the admixture of more of the principle of Royal nomination: the latter insist that it shall be the creature of a purely popular election. A middle policy seems the best adapted to secure the usefulness of the body and a contented feeling in the nation; and it may be improved in every respect by a new and more effective organisation.

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It was a Moderado government which ten years back originated the institution of a national militia. It was then universally popular. The pretensions of Don Carlos united the various sections of Liberals in serried phalanx around the throne. The Moderados were amongst the first to feel honoured by wearing the uniform of the citizen-soldier, and the militia had popularity, consideration, and credit, amongst all classes of society. When, after the fall of Don Carlos, questions of organic and administrative policy came to be hotly discussed, to direct the passions into new channels, and divide those who had not hitherto known disunion, the institution was easily converted into a political engine; the Milicianos themselves being essentially citizens, had their strong opinions upon debated questions, and their weight as an armed force was too often thrown into a scale where it had no business to interfere with the adjustment of the balance. A national defensive arm was debased into a party weapon, disorganisation and revolution were uses with which it became too familiar, and the character of the institution was seriously impaired.

On the consummation of the revolution of 1837, and the establishment of a new Constitution, the national militia received a new and more democratic development. Absolutism had had likewise its militia composed of democratic elements, but of the worst materials and lowest dregs of the people. The Royalist militia, whilst it affected to be popular, was intolerant and despotic in its nature, disorganised in its discipline, and disorderly in its conduct, the slave

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of a political faction, and the persecutor of all who belonged to a different party. The Royalist militia cudgelled inoffensive citizens, drove from its ranks the staid and peaceable, imposed upon the country forced contributions, and became an odious *pandilla*. The character of the Moderado militia was respectable but its officers, nominated by the Crown, made it suitable only for aristocratic purposes, and for the execution of the minister's will. The Progresistas, under their new Constitution, sought to convert it into an institution entirely popular.

They did so establish it, entrusting the *alistamiento* to the municipalities, and at first, under its new organisation, it maintained popularity and *prestige*. But gradually its character became changed. Political dissensions were introduced into the corps, a strong preponderance of Exaltado opinions begot an intolerance of every other, and the Moderados one after another departed from its ranks. From a protecting shield of law and order, the militia was too often changed into an instrument of tumult and revolt, and its aid was too freely rendered in destroying governments and changing the face of the state. The old cudgellers and persecutors arose once more in its ranks, and peaceful men were insulted under the shadow of the Gorra, because they chose in politics to think for themselves. The Miliciano's uniform was a protection to many who would otherwise have been thrown into a prison, and enabled bands of *picarons* to infringe the laws with impunity, by introducing contraband, and by various other offences. The very evil which Cristina's government

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had the merit of exterminating, was revived, and forced contributions were sometimes levied under pretences which could not legally be sustained. A third part of the force became, in many places, purely imaginary. Such was the dread which the excesses of the militia inspired among the sober-minded, and such the effect of the prevalent abuses, that the Moderados almost universally, and the quieter class of citizens, preferred paying the monthly forfeit, to entering its ranks for active service, by which the character of the institution for respectability and independence was still further impaired. It was likewise converted by many into a means of contingent subsistence.

The produce of these fines did not, in all cases, reach its legal destination, particular allocations of the fund were made, and pay was given for certain services, while others drove a trade by hiring themselves out to mount guard for those who preferred a peaceful home. The most active, noisy, and influential class of the militia, was composed precisely of these interested parties. They gave the law, and were the arbiters and disposers of events. The artisan, the labourer, the humble shopkeeper, bore all the weight of the service, while the intriguers and place-hunters bore off its advantages. The quieter and humbler class of citizens were, of course, convoked to the meetings of the body, whose active duties they performed, often to the sacrifice of their children's bread; but took little part in the deliberations. They concurred by a species of constraint in the resolutions adopted, their political knowledge did

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not enable them to predict results, or calculate tendencies, they became the docile instruments of designing and ambitious men, and even if they were disposed to maintain a contest of opinion, they were reluctant to engage in a struggle from which they foresaw no immediate advantages. The opinions of a pertinacious minority for the most part prevailed, the dictates of timorous prudence, and unobtrusive duty, were silenced, and thus pronunciamiéntos were made.

A militia of this description was no guardian of the nation, no pledge of peace or repose, and yet it cost every province in Spain for the three last years conjointly, in addition to the sums paid as monthly fines for non-service, the hire of persons to mount guard, and the expenses of mobilization (or active service in exterior districts), from 70,000 to 100,000 dollars. An institution originally respectable has been disfigured by abuses in its management, which loudly call for a new and more perfect organisation. It is vain to deny that the national militia rendered important services during the last war, and may again be made equally useful, through the visitation of a judicious reform. But the views of the Moderados are not to be implicitly entertained, any more than those of the wilder Exaltados, and a conciliatory modification will alone convert this body into a support of the laws, and of public tranquillity.

The principle of mobilization introduced into the National Militia falls with great weight on the Spanish citizen. It extends through all society the inconveniences and hardships of the military con-

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scription. Fancy a national guard of Paris being draughted off at two hours' notice to Bretagne or Gascony, and substituting the privations of a mountain campaign, with a miserable commissiariat, for the comforts of his home in the metropolis. Political disturbances have made this a familiar lot in Spain. The shifts resorted to, to elude the mobilized service, tax all the efforts of human ingenuity; the men are chosen from the general body of Nacionales by lot, and the lottery is often directed much less by truth than good guiding. Catarrhs and lameness, during the mobilization *quinta*, are strangely prevalent, and medical certificates of physical incapacity fly like flash notes at an English fair. The most extraordinary evolution ever performed by this frail arm of the service was at Paridera de Romeo, where more than 200 nacionales in one night abandoned their posts together, stripping off their uniforms, and leaving these and their muskets by chance doorposts, or in the middle of the streets, and returning to their respective homes—every man wrapt in his own blanket!

Civil strife imposes imperative and dreadful necessities, and the rising in Galicia afforded a pungent instance. A Bando published by the Captain-General Puig Samper, not only commanded the civil and military authorities to throw into prison all persons found without passports complete in form, but authorised them to inflict the same stern discipline upon every individual on whom the slightest suspicion rested, the suspicion to be estimated by "their antecedent and present circumstances"—a

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mandate which might have served for the incarceration of the entire province, could prisons sufficiently extensive have been found. The apprehension of military deserters was to be recompensed in accordance with a stated pecuniary scale, and the capture and surrendering of suspected individuals to the authorities, was to be rewarded in proportion to their personal importance and their social and political station. In other words, the spy system was introduced into the bosom of families, treachery was officially encouraged, and perfidy found a premium.

Galicia still bears its ancient reputation, "Industriosa Galicia," and in the escapade of last October, the province generally had little part. Agricultural pursuits, in the midst of their rude hills, suffice generally for the wants of the fixed inhabitants; and the migratory portion continue without intermission their laborious tasks in the various cities and towns of the Peninsula. One-half of the Galician male population, and one-third of the neighbouriag Asturians, find employment yearly as water-carriers, porters, farm-labourers, and the lower description of house-servants, throughout Spain and Portugal; their honesty, which some years since was proverbial, having unfortunately of late years lapsed into a too prevalent pecuniary corruption. It is impossible to see a number of these Gallegos together without noting their resemblance to the Irish peasantry in appearance, dress, and manners, whose habit of leaving their own country for short periods to make a little money, by agricultural and other pursuits, is likewise theirs. The Esparterist demonstration in Galicia was entirely

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confined to the Milicianos of Vigo and Pontevedra, and the Carabineros de la Hacienda, over which General Iriarte possessed much influence, having formerly been commander of the force.

The Gallegos have ever been the especial sport of Spain. Living in a remote and isolated district, they are subjected, on their expeditions in search of a livelihood, to such slights as are distributed at home amongst the Scotch and Irish. "*Buscar la madre Gallega*" is a common proverb, which means literally "hunting the Gallego's mother," and signifies pushing one's fortune. A coarse and ill-mannered action is significantly named a Gallegada; and the rude wind blowing from the north-west, from Finisterre, the head-land of storms, is called by the Castilians a Gallego.

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CHAPTER XXV.

THE AYUNTAMIÉNTOS, OR MUNICIPAL CHAMBERS.

It is not to be forgotten what a proud position the Municipalities of Spain assumed in former ages—how sturdily they fought for their rights, and what a memorable struggle they made even against the gigantic power of Charles V. When in 1521 was formed the Junta or *Holy League* of Cities, that League had for its object to curb the insolence of a section of nobles, whom the Germanada or fraternity had previously chased from Valencia; appointing their own magistrates, and further, to establish the bases of public liberty, and preserve unimpaired the privileges and immunities which had long before been ceded to them. A general convention was held at Avila, to which delegates were sent by all those cities which had a representative voice in the Córtes; and while they swore to live and die for the king, their first requisition was, that the inoffensive Fleming, Adrien, should be removed from the Regency of Castile—thus strongly marked, as a national characteristic, the hatred of foreigners always was. So daring and determined were the proceedings of these municipal men, that they deposed the Regent-Cardinal; took possession of the person of the Queen-Mother Dona Juana, as well as of the great seal; and though they were ultimately defeated, did not

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lay down their arms until they had made a noble struggle, and their leader Padilla was slain.

Though the municipalities of Old Spain enjoyed abundant freedom, it would be quite a mistake to suppose that, in the modern sense, they were popular institutions. They were in fact most aristocratic and exclusive. Our own municipal corporations before their reform were not closer monopolies. The Ayuntamiéntos of Spain, before the introduction of constitutional alcaldes, were entirely composed of noble families, and for the most part of *titulados*. The "*sangre azul*" took a pride in office which gave them the foremost citizenship, and which further supplied them with extensive gains. *Hidalgos* were the least who could show themselves there, and in such a circle the *roturier* had no chance. These ancestral and historical honours explain the eagerness with which the highest nobles of modern Spain aspire to municipal office, though they can be no longer *regidores* (aldermen) by right of inheritance, nor sell their places when they are tired of them, like the *veinte cuatro* of Seville, whose four-and-twenty places in the corporation were worth 1500*l.* a-year each.

Under the constitutional system, each Ayuntamiénto throughout Spain has its Alcaldes, its Regidors, and its Syndics. The Ayuntamiéntos are divided into municipalities of the first and of the second order. Those of the first order have six alcaldes, twenty-four regidors, and five syndics; those of the second order four alcaldes, twelve regidors, and three syndics. The first alcalde answers to our mayor, the others to

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our aldermen, the regidors to our common councilmen, the syndics to our treasurers, town-clerks, &c. These posts are more important than with us, for nearly all the public taxes pass through their hands. The dissimilarity of position between our aristocracy and that of the Peninsula is apparent from the fact that the nobility here always take municipal office; and there is scarcely an Ayuntamiénto in Spain that has not one or two barons, counts, or marquises, amongst its alcaldes or its regidors.

The wide difference between the municipalities of Spain and those of England, and all other European countries, will at once be obvious from the fact, that every pueblo or village containing one hundred householders, elects, by household suffrage, its own Ayuntamiénto, consisting of four alcaldes, besides regidors and syndics, who have the collection of all the taxes, the management of most matters of civil and criminal jurisdiction, of the quintas or levies of soldiers of the line, and of the enrolment of national militia, as well as volunteers. Here is freedom enough—perhaps more than enough. Yet they also arrogate to themselves the right of "pronouncing" for or against any government or dynasty which may chance to turn up, declaring their disobedience to any law which the Córtes may enact, and shouldering their guns upon slight pretence, with the sounding war-cry of "God defend the Queen and country!" Had we a body of self-constituted aldermen on every Welsh hill or Irish bog which musters one hundred squatters, the number of their Worships signing "⋈ (his mark)," would not be

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much less considerable than amidst the sands and sierras of Andalucía. The aldermen of these remote Ayuntamiéntos are undeniably men of *mark*; and, as a hundred contrabandist and bandit exploits, in which they have been participators attest, they are capital marksmen as well. Under the *régime* of Narvaez, most of the municipal powers are in abeyance.

The most important function discharged by the Ayuntamiéntos is that of enrolling the national militia—a business of such moment, that upon it depends in a great measure the character of the government which will be tolerated at Madrid. Hence the hostility of the Moderados to these popular bodies. The process of indirect election which prevailed under the Constitution of 1812, (the people first electing by household suffrage a limited number of confidential electors, who afterwards elected the municipal body itself, as well as other public bodies,) has been retained with regard to the Ayuntamiéntos alone. The Constitution of 1837 superseded this faulty and indefensible system as to the three other forms of popular political election to the Senate, the Chamber of Deputies, and the Provincial Deputations. Different qualifications derived from the payment of taxes apply to all these, while the system of direct election appears immeasurably better calculated to secure method, order, and certainty. Indeed, in no enlightened community could so mind-subduing an absurdity, as pocket votes, and election by proxy (the parties all being present) be for an instant tolerated. But reckless and unprin-

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cipled governments in Spain will equally pollute the franchise, whether the elector approach the urn himself, or depute others to approach it, and when the elections are against them, will not scruple to dismiss municipal bodies, and appoint their own nominees, as was done last autumn.

The division of powers, assignment of political boundary-lines, and definitions of the limits of concurrent jurisdictions, are institutional niceties not comprehended here, and irregularities, at first tolerated through ignorance or oversight, have now become prescriptive. At every fresh political occurrence of somewhat more than ordinary interest the various Ayuntamiéntos throughout the kingdom send in their addresses of felicitation to the Sovereign and the Córtes—addresses, too, not only most pompously worded, but conceived in a style of co-ordinate grandeur, which proves that there is no small conceit in Spanish Consistories: "The municipal body of the city of *Pequenisimo* (reckoning some 120 souls) congratulates the National Congress upon the declaration which it has wisely made of the Queen's majority!" The language of petition is wholly unknown here, and even memorials are superseded by addresses as between equals. The pernicious results of the state of feeling, of which such practice is the index, are felt in the readiness with which the pettiest Ayuntamiénto lifts up its head at one moment and pronounces against the Government for the blowing of a straw, and the next moment assumes royal authority. When schoolboys are suffered once or twice to bar out their masters with impunity, barring

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out becomes inevitably a part of the regular school discipline. The moment any "piece of news" reaches southern Spain, for instance, "unconquered Seville," and the "very noble, very loyal, and very heroical city of Cadiz," (whose municipalities represent alone the conquering party) set the example: "Los Jerezanos," or the Sherry-men, follow suit, and, in order not to be outdone by the *grandes* of the provinces, the inhabitants of the meanest little gathering of huts in the remotest wilds of Andalucía, which is but just able to muster the 101 householders that entitle to a municipality, meet in solemn conclave upon those affairs of the nation with which, except through the parliamentary elections, they have no legitimate concern, and put on record their notion of a grand constitutional document, which at best only proves their aptitude for sedition.

"Alcalde" is a Moorish name and office. The *Romance of Gazul* informs us that that hero was Alcalde of Algava (the modern Algarve).

> Para gloria de su fama
> Y para nobleza suya
> Es Alcalde de la Algava.
>
> *Romancero de romances moriscos.*

Down to the constitutional era, there were separate Alcaldes for almost every possible variety of magisterial and municipal functions. Many of the highest judges bore the name; the nobles had their Alcalde to decide questions appertaining to their privileges, and highway-robbers had their Alcalde to condemn them when they were caught by La Santa Hermandad. Under the constitutional *régime* the

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four Alcaldes divide the municipal, taxing, and political functions.

Nothing can well be more absurd than casting upon the shoulders of popularly elected municipal officers the odium of collecting the taxes of the State. At no period have the taxes been regularly levied in Spain; and a greater laxity has prevailed in Andalucía than in any other part of it. It was so in the days of Cervantes, who burnt his fingers with their collection in this same province, and was thrown into a jail for the defalcation of subordinate collectors. The modern system of levying the taxes of the State, through the instrumentality of corporate officers elected by household suffrage, is a part of those prevalent national arrangements, which force one irresistibly to the conclusion that all such matters here are regulated upon principles opposed to common sense. The slightest suspicion of severity in assessing or collecting the revenue would be fatal to the election of any Alcalde or Regidor.

It is odd that, while we have borrowed the Arabic name, *Xerife*, for one of our most important offices, that of sheriff, the Spaniards have borrowed neither the name nor the function, but retain the name and post of *Alcalde;* while we, for the same office, have borrowed the Spanish word *Mayor*, which in this sense is now obsolete.

One great cause of the failure of the simultaneous efforts made at the end of October last in behalf of Espartero, by his friends, Iriarte in the north, and Nogueras in the south of Spain, was the fact, that Narvaez's party had effectually taken the sting out of

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the municipalities. These bulwarks of democratic power in all countries, in Spain have an especially popular character. Accordingly, the Alcaldes everywhere were Exaltado-Progresistas, and, for the most part, adherents of Espartero. When the Pronunciamiéntos took place in June last, the municipal Ayuntamiéntos were unhesitatingly dissolved, in all cases where their love of smuggling did not override their political opinions, and their desire to run unlimited cargoes along the Andalucían coast, induce them to consent to Espartero's destruction. The refractory Alcaldes were dismissed without a moment's warning, and their places, in these popular bodies, filled up without the shadow of election, by the nominees of the Junta of Government, "in right of the faculties with which they were clothed by the national will," or by the revolted military chief of the district, in virtue of his municipal power.

Of the members of the rural municipalities throughout Andalucía, there are not a few who sign with the Cruz (their cross or mark)—an odd predicament for an alderman. I have elsewhere mentioned the frequency of these gentlemen being leagued with Contrabandists, and even with the *Chevaliers d'Industrie*, who flourish throughout these districts. So long as the visitations of these bandits do not approach their own manors, they are endowed with a most comfortable faculty of winking; but when they are themselves attacked, they become amazingly active, of which there occurred the other day an amusing instance. A one-legged Alcalde, tired of his wooden stump, resolved to supply himself

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with a handsome cork leg from Paris. The diligenza was stopped, and the cork leg stolen with the other property, but immediately restored, on the Alcalde proclaiming that, unless restitution were instantly made, he would scour the country, and hang up every offender.

I once had occasion to see the first Alcalde of a remote Andalucian village engaged in his official duties. This mayor and chief magistrate of a municipality wore no shirt, an article which seriously formed no part of his ordinary costume; his feet were encased in the heavy brogues, which the peasantry commonly wear in winter, of leather, ill-tanned and never cleaned—the mud not even scraped off. His legs were stockingless, as was apparent from the bare shins which his rather short and negligent pantaloons displayed. Of what nature were the inner garments which he wore above, it was impossible to determine, for he was wrapped up with characteristic national pride in an old and tattered cloak; and a greasy and broken hat of cotton velvet, peaked, and set with dignity on the side of his head, completed his attire. His hands were rougher and blacker even than his face, and I ascertained that he could not write. His Escribano, or notary, supplied this deficiency, being the usual Fiel de Fechos, or substitute for a village attorney. Both seated at a tremulous table, smoked paper cigars without intermission, while the witnesses gave their evidence, and about a dozen bare-legged peasants, with guns, represented the National Guard.

The mode of swearing the witnesses was not a little

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singular. When the depositions had been taken, without binding the parties by the solemnity of an oath, all were sworn in the lump; and if perjury chanced to have been committed, it was sugared over by a pious after-thought. When the Escribano had completed the depositions, interpolating not a few "plums" or tropes and flowers of rhetoric of his own, he suddenly cried "*Sombreros abajo!*" or "hats off," the Alcalde and he both rose, the former recited the words of an oath prescribed to be administered in courts of justice; all present mumbled or muttered them after him; the cigarrillos, which were momentarily removed to admit of this interlude, were clapped anew into the mouths of functionaries, witnesses, and culprits, and the one table and two stools, which formed the only furniture of the apartment, were removed to the neighbouring Posada, from whence they were borrowed. I was as astonished as Sancho Pança's good wife Teresa, and exclaimed with her: "*Quién podia pensar que un pastor de cabras habia de venir á ser gobernador de ínsulas?*"—"Who would have thought that a goatherd would become the governor of an island?"

The example of ministers is too readily imitated by their provincial subordinates, and when violent and illegal acts are practised by the former at revolutionary periods, they are sure to be imitated by the latter in the "normal era" which succeeds. Immediately after the declaration of the Queen's majority, the arbitrarily nominated, instead of popularly elected municipalities, were admitted to be incompatible with constitutional liberty, and Caballero issued a royal

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decree, directing the municipalities to be immediately renewed by popular election, according to law. The Provincial Deputation and Gefe Politico of Cadiz, with a delightful absence of ceremony, and with rare effrontery, immediately promulgated their veto upon the exercise of the royal prerogative, in the following terms:—"Although, by royal decree of the 16th instant, her Majesty has been pleased to command us to proceed to the renewal of the Ayuntamiéntos, according to the legal dispositions contained in the same, very powerful causes oblige me, in conjunction with the most excellent Provincial Deputation, to suspend its fulfilment until such time as the government shall have resolved what it may deem expedient in regard of the exposition which I this day forward to it. Cadiz, 26th November, 1843. The Political Chief." These worthies were *not* dismissed, and the royal order was trampled into powder. They knew that Narvaez was with them, and they were right. It was the minister, Caballero, that was dismissed.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

COMPOSITION OF THE AYUNTAMIÉNTOS AND CÓRTES.

The parliamentary and municipal franchises in Spain, under the existing constitution of 1837, seem objectionably extensive, but are simple in their operation, and founded upon plain principles, which every one may comprehend. The franchise is invariably annexed to a *bonâ fide* household qualification, absolute residence is required, and no man votes out of more than one holding. The possession of houses and properties in different towns and districts, in no degree entitles to a multiplication of the franchise, and common sense being preferred to legal subtleties, it is held that there is no loss of real representation, inasmuch as, let a man's property be ever so extensive, the occupying tenants who pay the rent will under such a system be electors. The constituency are called Vecinos, "neighbours," or "burgesses," and are composed of all the rich heads of families, who have what is termed a "*casa abierta*," an open house, or a "*casa puesta*," a fixed residence. Their residence must have been for a year and a day before the voting lists are made out. These voting lists constitute the sole registry, and are made and published yearly at the municipality. The municipal franchise, up to the end of 1843, was a purely household qualification, no payment of taxes, however small,

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being required—in fact, a genuine "potwalloper's" franchise. The only exceptions were two—those under trial for any criminal offence, or sentenced to any infamous penalty, and the "*pobres de solemnidad*" who publicly subsist by mendicancy. The voters thus qualified elect delegates, who subsequently meet at the Ayuntamiénto, or town-hall, and agree amongst themselves as to the list of Alcaldes and Regidores, or first municipal officer and his assistants, to be returned. The form of the municipal elections is thus by procuration, the people choosing their brains-carriers, and the brains-carriers the heads.

This remnant of the faulty indirect elective system is sure to be done away with speedily, unless (which is very improbable) the influence of the Moderado party become entirely subdued; and the Moderados likewise speak of making the municipal franchise contingent on the payment of taxes, which would much depopularise the system, and materially check the rapid diffusiveness of future revolutionary movements.

The groundwork of the parliamentary franchise is the same as the foregoing, but with stringent additions; the first and principal of which is the payment of the "*mayores cuotas*," or chief taxes levied by the state; these must be paid up regularly, or the vote is disfranchised, and the voter is alike disqualified if he be a debtor to the Hacienda Publica, or Treasury, or a defaulter to the common *pueblo* fund, or taxation for local purposes. The sum of the taxes, however, paid by a Spanish citizen is trifling compared with those which an English householder must pay, and the

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qualification, though derived from property, is moderate, since it is only the proprietors of palaces that pay considerable taxes. The only additional qualification is, that they must be twenty-five years of age. The single loophole for legal quibbling which here presents itself is the item, "payment of taxes;" and to avoid disputes as to the troublesome question from whose pockets they come, it is specially enacted that the husbandman may for electional purposes consider the wife's property his own, so long as they live together; that fathers may consider their children's property their own, so long as they are the legitimate administrators of their persons and estates; and that the son's right is not affected by life-interests or rent-charges.

The following inhabitants are likewise generally entitled to vote, after a year's residence, whether they pay taxes or not, having attained to their 25th year: —members of the Spanish academies of History and the Fine Arts, called here "nobles artes." Doctors and licentiates in the three faculties of Divinity, Law, and Medicine. Members of ecclesiastical chapters, parochial curates (rectors) and their assistant clergy. Magistrates, and advocates of two years' standing. Officers of the army of a certain standing, whether on service or retired. Physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries of two years' standing. [It will be observed that Bachelors in Medicine can practise here.] Architects, painters, and sculptors, with the title of academicians in any academy of the Fine Arts. Professors, and masters in any educational establishment supported by the public funds. Be-

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sides the disqualifications already specified, are those of bankruptcy, suspended payments, a judicial interdict annexed to moral or physical incapacity, and *surveillance* under sentence by the authorities.

The simplicity of the registry is one of the best parts of the foregoing system. The municipality is obliged by law to make out a complete list of voters at stated periods, and, when the list is completed, to post it at the Ayuntamiéntos, and the other most public places of the town and district. Thus it remains exposed for some twenty days, in order that reclamations may be made for the purpose of rectifying mistakes and omissions. The tax-books afford the groundwork of the system, and the onus of registry, instead of being thrown on the elector, is fixed on the municipal officer. The qualified elector has not to trudge many miles and lose whole days, to obtain the franchise, to employ lawyers, live at inns, and spend his money, time, and patience. The whole process is arranged for him by the paid public officials, and it is only in the event of some fraud or mistake, that there will be any necessity for that trouble and turmoil, which (whatever may be said) makes the franchise to quiet men a burden. So, with all their restlessness, there are some useful political hints to be derived from Spain, though this system would be too slovenly for England.

The municipal elections are conducted upon the principle of almost universal suffrage, and present a very striking contrast to those which are held for the return of Senators and Deputies to the Córtes. The

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latter, restrained by a moderate qualification, seldom present much resemblance to the excesses of the former. I found it to be the prèvalent feeling in Andalucía, amongst all but the rabble that, upon a balance of evils and advantages, the true lover of liberty must prefer a modification of the municipal franchise; and the political chief of Cadiz, Talens, backed by the auxiliary Junta—for the most part Progresistas—forwarded to the government a strong representation of the benefits to be derived from assimilating the municipal elections to those for the Córtes. In the enormous rush of an entire population to the urn, force and a bad popularity were always sure to be triumphant; the greatest ruffian, with the congenial support of ruffians, was likeliest (if he desired it) to be made an alderman: it was a common saying, that a captain of robbers in Andalucía might get himself returned by the suffrages of his confederates and the coercion of his gang; and it is a well-known fact, that all along the southern coast (I myself have seen them) contrabandist *gefes*, through the support of their smuggling bands, and for the purpose of better defying the revenue laws, have been returned to the municipal chambers, and occasionally to the rank of Alcaldes.

The working of universal suffrage is not ill illustrated in these municipal elections. Every one who boils a pot has a vote. When the election is contested, it is force which usually decides. The most audacious, and the most disorderly, surround the approaches to the urn, *holgazanes* (*mauvais sujets*) without known occupation; fellows armed with bludgeons

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and even knives, reckless smugglers, sometimes more reckless bandits, give the law to the community in too many of these elections, frightening away the laborious and peaceful, and inspiring with horror the respectable citizen. When the municipal elections have been hotly disputed, which they usually were in Esparterọ's time, bodies of men of this class have tumultuously invaded the churches where these elections were held, armed with staves and poniards, sacrilegiously diffusing terror through those sacred places, and sometimes even profaning the images. But the notion of Royal nomination of the municipal offices, as proposed by Cristina, is not for all this to be entertained. A small property qualification is the remedy.

The ordinary processes of intimidation and bullying are resorted to here as in other countries, and the violence offered to electors to prevent them from going to the urn, does not differ materially from the arts employed to keep obnoxious voters from the poll in England. But here there is this remarkable peculiarity, that the violence is for the most part enacted in the centre of the parish church, and that the immediate proximity of sanctuaries and holy images is violated by the infliction of blows—too often with a knife, the *puñalada*, of which the Manolo's familiar song says, that with *fourteen of them* he makes sure of an antagonist. These are common incidents of every hotly contested election. But there have likewise been instances of robbing the electoral urn, and burning the voting papers! When an election is known to be going against a particular

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party, the most abandoned ruffians in the town are employed for a few *pesetas*, and clear all before them with bludgeons. The point being to prevent any election from being held, these men invade the urn in what a Castilian proverb calls a "*puñalada de picaro*," meaning the twinkling of an eye, or literally, the time a blackguard takes to draw out his knife. Latterly, however, it is the military that are for the most part employed, a little money being distributed amongst the sergeants and cabos, or corporals.

A horrible electioneering outrage took place a few years since at Vejer on the Andalucían coast, midway between Cadiz and Gibraltar, about a league from Cape Trafalgar, and four leagues due south of Medina Sidonia. Blood was deliberately shed in the temple of the Most High, and murderous shots were fired within the sanctuary. Nothing parallel has occurred of late in Europe, except the recent dreadful riot in a church at Naples, where the troops were ordered to fire upon the dense congregation. At Vejer political feeling ran frightfully high; and during the elections for the Córtes, which were held, according to the invariable practice, in the parish church, a citizen exercising his electoral right, and hazarding an imprudent observation as he deposited his voting paper in the urn, was barbarously assassinated. His blood flowed upon the steps of the altar! The instrument of his death was the common *puñal* or dagger-knife. Dreadful was the *mêlée* which ensued. The friends of the rival candidates formed themselves into two parties, and struck at each other with knife and bludgeon within sight of the crucified Saviour,

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and by the light of the holy lamps burning before the shrines of the Virgin and Saints! The soldiers were called in—shots were fired—the bayonet drank the blood of the people—and this was in the house of God!

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CHAPTER XXVII.

PARLIAMENTARY ELECTIONS.

(Continued.)

WHENEVER a closely contested election is anticipated here, the engines of coercion put in motion are of the most formidable description. The half million of Government Empleados diffused over the whole face of the country are the necessarily unresisting creatures of ministerial will—their votes or starvation being the alternative. Whatever may have chanced to grasp the ministerial portfolios at Madrid party has herein a powerful means of constraint and oppression, which makes most difficult the conduct of an independent contest against Government. Not only the votes of the Empleados, but their weight, their wealth, their *prestige*, their influence, their exclusive occupation of every public office, the powerful patronage which they administer, their employment of tradesmen in the public service, all are irresistible shafts in the Government quiver. If the case be of extraordinary pressure, the Gefe Politico of the district receives a peremptory mandate to win the election, under pain of immediate dismissal, and a hundred different screws are applied, more powerful infinitely than the money and drunkenness which are our only instruments in England. The hopes of some are wakened, and the fear of others is excited. The cupidity of worldly-

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minded men is cheaply gratified by prospective gain, and young ambition is silenced by the lure of prospective advancement. To become a Government functionary, however humble, is a beginning, and to the dreaming Empleado it is a Jacob's ladder leading up into the empyreum of ministerial office, and ending in premierships and golden fleeces. The community at large is coerced by other means. Significant threats are held out, which unscrupulous rulers here would realise, that unless the returns are favourable, special burthens will be imposed on the district, and the taxes at present existing much more rigorously enforced; that the youthful male population will be mowed down by military levies, that a triple detachment of troops will be permanently billeted on the inhabitants, that whatever useful public institutions exist will be removed to Madrid, and a hundred horrors of castigation besides. What country constituency can have independence enough to breast this deluge of calamities? What peasant is imbued with Roman virtue? The "*assensere omnes*" is the inevitable result of the "*quæ sibi quisque timebat.*"

The application of the Government screw to the election for the Córtes takes place through the agency of the Political Chiefs and Provincial Deputations. The electoral law accords to them a wide margin. It is very voluminous and cumbrous in its details, containing some fifty articles (the first forty regulating the ordinary elections, and the remainder regulating the supplementary elections, should these first not be complete). Such extreme minuteness of regulation, instead of answering the purpose for which it was

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intended, only opens a door to abuses by leading to difference of interpretation, and as cavil may be endless, the authorities cut the Gordian knot by deciding exactly as they please. The first care of the Government, before the Parliamentary elections, is to see that their Political Chiefs everywhere are to be depended on, and to pack the Provincial Deputations. By this means every disputed point is decided in favour of an adherent of the Government, and against an adherent of the Opposition. Scrupulousness and shame are submerged in partisanship; and if any one objects to an unjust decision, the Government has taken care to have plenty of soldiers outside to protect its corrupt authorities. Even Concha, the Moderado general, was so disgusted lately by these practices, in regard to the soldiery, that he threatened to resign if they persisted; but his, after all, was no unyielding virtue. The Provincial Deputation, under the auspices of the Political Chief, divides the province, for each occasion, into electoral districts, there being no returns for single towns as with us, but returns of the allotted number of deputies for each province, just as if three or four English counties were united for electoral purposes, and the borough members absorbed into the general return. In this process of division facilities are afforded to the Government party by multiplying voting districts in quarters where they are strong, and thinning them where the strength of their adversaries is concentrated. The authorities have an option, and the intention of the 19th article is thus easily evaded. They likewise superintend the making out of the electoral lists, and, though the third

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article requires these to be conspicuously posted throughout the provinces for a fortnight, they have it in their power to exclude from the benefits of this placarding, smaller towns and rural districts, in which the strength of the Opposition preponderates. The object of the placarding is thus defeated, for parties whose names have been excluded from the list of voters, can thus obtain no knowledge of the fact, and are shut out from appealing. As no man in Spain ever registers his vote, the only mode in which the candidate can secure his right is by appealing, if his name be excluded from the lists.

This is well enough for municipal electors, but, for the parliamentary franchise, appears too careless. Practically it often amounts to a disfranchisement by the dishonest agents of the Government. The voting lists are only partially displayed, and obnoxious individuals appealing against the omission of their names, have their appeal laughed at; they appeal to the Government, and again are laughed at. They have most extraordinary notions here of constitutional liberty; and constitutions, statutes, rights, and privileges, are violated daily with as much insolence and as little ceremony as if there were no parliament. Again, the authorities, in fixing the day on which the election is to be held, are merely required to insert a notice in an uninteresting official paper, the *Boletin Oficial*, no copy of which ever reaches many rural districts; or that particular number is kept back at the post-office, for political intrigue and turpitude extend here everywhere, and contaminate every institution; and the districts where the ministerial strength lies, alone

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receive careful notice. The time allowed for the duration of the election is very limited; a particular house is fixed, at which it is announced that the votes of all present in the place set apart for the district, will be received. The doors are shut, and those who come a few minutes after the hour are disfranchised. Particular care is taken by the Political Chief and his subordinates that the place shall be filled long before the appointed time, by the voters in the Government interest, and all the approaches are guarded by soldiers, and non-military bullies protected by the bayonet, who embarrass the Opposition voters in their access, jostle and beat, and shut many of them out entirely—to illustrate the beauties of freedom of election. Next comes the general scrutiny, which is the master-iniquity of the whole delusive process. This does not take place until ten days after the elections have been held, in the Hall of Session of the Provincial Deputation, where commissioners for each district hand in the returns. These the authorities have, during the comfortable intervening period of ten days, taken care to help in concocting, applying an irresistible screw to the commissioners whom they have helped to nominate.

There is not even a swearing to the accuracy of the list returned; they are only attested before a notary. The fabrication or alteration of two or three lists will often suffice to turn the scale; and when we consider the intensity with which political passion rages in the Peninsula, any supposition is reasonable. But the quiver of iniquity is not yet exhausted. The election agents of the Government, to make sure that

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those to whom they are enabled to apply the screw vote as thay require them, and that the holder of every dirty little post, such as a letter-carrier or revenue-policeman, votes for the government candidates, draw out the voting papers in writing, place them in the hands of their miserable flock of electors, and never take their eyes off them till they have deposited them in the urn. To prevent the possibility of the lists being changed, they are often marked, or drawn out on coloured paper, or on paper made with an express water-mark for the purpose—so great is the purity of Peninsular representation, and such a blessing the vote by ballot!

The training of the electoral urn to the utterance of a solemn lie, the odious league of fraud and violence, the villany which stabs, and the perfidy which falsifies, in the act of returning the national representatives to parliament, are the perennial causes of Spanish revolution. So long as faction and party affront both decency and shame, the passions will be inevitably held in such a state of ferment, that no man will be scrupulous about the means of altering the national condition. The army will be corrupted, by money where wealth can be commanded, by sedition where intrigue is poor. The press will be the mouthpiece of resentment and the ready tool of treason. The national militia will be disaffected, turbulent, and riotous. Secret societies will sap the integrity of the State, and the Court will continue to enshrine its atrocious Camarilla. Even patriotism and virtue will be forced to have recourse to the perilous weapons of intrigue, as the only means of withstanding these

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antagonists; and good men will be urged by despair to the last resort of revolutionary violence. The "*villanos con poder*" of Calderon are as unscrupulous now as they were 200 years ago, and while the rage for government employment, and the empire of corruption are universal, while parliamentary successes are impossible and constitutional weapons pointless, the struggle will still be in the battle field.

How easy it is to falsify returns under a system like that which prevails in Spain, is apparent from the following instance, of which I was personally a witness at Seville. The *mesa*, or committee of scrutiny, composed of stanch adherents of the Provisional Government, deliberately rejected the votes of sundry electoral districts, hostile to Lopez and Narvaez, annulling them on the fanciful ground of unexplained irregularity. All that voted in accordance with their political views were regular; all that voted against them seemed the reverse. Remonstrance on the part of the electors was silenced by an enormous display of military in front of the Ayuntamiénto and in all parts of the city. A syllable or two of remonstrance was afterwards breathed in the Congress at Madrid; but the elections having been carried by similar means elsewhere, and the dictators of the day being thus secured a majority of five to one in the Chamber of Deputies, the most scandalous so-called elections were on the instant confirmed. A Roman Emperor once made a consul of his horse, but a successful Spanish general might to-day make his dog a deputy.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE POLITICAL CHIEFS—THE PROVINCIAL DEPUTATIONS—THE JUDICIAL BENCH.

THE Gefe Politico comes somewhat near to the Lord-Lieutenant of an English county, but infinitely nearer to the French prefect of a department. He differs from the English Lord-Lieutenant, as the stipendiary differs from the unpaid magistracy, and as the man of unlimited from the man of very definite powers, his qualification in no respect arising from local property or influence, but from the possession, in addition to the government confidence, of administrative talents and experience. He is the instrument and channel of centralization, being in constant communication with Madrid, and receiving instruction from the "Ministry of the Government of the Peninsula," in reference to the minutest particulars, as the governor of *plazas*, such as Cadiz and Valencia, receive theirs from the Minister of War. The Political Chief is the medium for conveying to the people the first intelligence of all important events, which he does by printed bandos posted on the walls, or by official announcement in some chosen newspaper. When disturbances arise—and when do they not in Spain?—he keeps up a constant fire of bandos, or harmless wordy proclamations, against the discontented, vapours and threatens a great deal, and, if

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needful, has the entire control and disposition of the military. He exercises likewise considerable control over the Provincial Deputation; and having an eye to all matters of administration, to juries as well as judges, and a right to report upon all to the Government, this powerful officer is, as often as not, a stranger, originally, to the province which he rules.

The Gefe Politico, and the agents of the Provincial Political Government, select either the municipalities, or the Provincial Deputation for their instruments, according to the political complexion of the ministry which they represent—the former, if it be Progresista and popular, the latter if it be of Moderado tendencies. But if both fail them, they have a great resource in the cura-parrocos, or parish clergy, through whom they can powerfully influence the people; and as the clergy are dependent on the Government for promotion to richer benefices, and finally to the episcopal office, this screw is one of the most vigorous in their repertory. The simple country folks are greatly swayed by their clergy, and when it is required to serve a political purpose, and have a number of petitions, memorials, or representations of the same shade, transmitted to Madrid for a particular effect, the Ministro de Gobernacion de la Peninsula forward a sufficient supply of circulars to the Gefes Politicos throughout the various provinces, by whom they are again enclosed to the clerical agents—the good feelings of the people are appealed to, their pious zeal awakened, their eyes blinded as to real tendencies; "*trois pas en avant, c'est fait.*"

To seriously liken the Gefes Politicos of Spain to

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our Lord-Lieutenants of counties would be an extremely loose comparison. The functions of the latter are wisely limited. To preside over the magistracy, communicate with the Government, superintend the regulations for the preservation of the peace, and recommend magisterial appointments or dismissals, are important duties doubtless, but by no means of a high executive character, and over the rights of the subject they are entirely powerless. The Gefe Politico has a more active agency in moulding events, and producing results, than twenty county Lieutenants. He is the paramount government agent that the Prefect is in France. He has a hand in everything, an eye in all directions. He manages the parliamentary elections, he manages the Provincial Deputations, he manages the Municipalities. He corrupts, coerces; if needful, bribes. Whatever new event occurs at Madrid, Barcelona, or elsewhere, he issues his proclamation, shapes public opinion, "tranquillizes spirits," stirs them up, when requisite. His power is like that of a Colonial Governor over the district subject to his authority. He plants the military in the most convenient places to suppress disturbance, or command the electoral urn. In a semi-anarchical country, it is obvious that the power of this functionary is despotic, wide, immense; and as he is never, as with us, a man of property, but one depending on success for his *avenir*, and determined to please the Government, he is resolutely bent on political victories, and often reckless as to means. His promotion, and that of his assistants, being contingent on the zeal with which they execute the orders of minis-

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ters, and keep the people in subjection; and *empleomania* and strong ambition being very prevalent here, in consequence of the absence of a monopolist aristocracy, and through the democratic accessibility of all offices, even to regencies; the Gefes being, moreover, amongst the acutest men in the kingdom, and enjoying the most intimate confidence of the Ministro de la Gobernacion, or Home Secretary. This department is, next after the seats of Cabinet Ministers, incomparably the most important in Spain. The Gefe exercises a direct and powerful influence over the formation of the electoral lists and jury lists, intermeddling successfully, almost irresponsibly, with the two most important rights of the subject—the parliamentary franchise, and trial by jury. He can manage, with the Escribanos of the municipalities, to exclude from the lists the names of obnoxious voters, and when these subsequently send in their appeal to the provincial board, he can influence the decision so as generally to bring it against them. The applicant has an appeal to the higher courts, and finally to the Tribunal de Casacion, or supreme court of appeal at Madrid; but practically, the idea of such an appeal being prosecuted successfully, or at all, in a country so needy and indolent as Spain, is out of the question; and the individual sacrifices his franchise with a smile or a shrug. The Gefe can likewise weed the jury lists by a similar process, and appeals can be frustrated by similar means. But prosecutions for seditious libel are seldom successful, there being a strong, perhaps too strong a feeling in favour of the liberty of the press.

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Here is a specimen of the impartial justice with which the political chiefs administer their functions: The Gefe of Cadiz issued the following superfluous proclamation, upon the receipt of the intelligence of Olózaga's dismissal, to demonstrate his fitness to be retained in office by the new ministry:—"The scandalous and unheard-of attempt committed by Olózaga on the sacred person of our Queen, must fill every Spaniard with indignation. The inhabitants of this heroical city and of the entire province, who are giving daily such proofs of their loyalty to the throne and respect for the laws, will participate indubitably in this sentiment."

The official account of the transaction at the palace was published contemporaneously with this Bando, and public opinion was thus audaciously prejudiced. But the tone of what follows is still more unjustifiable.

"As the first civil authority of this province, I will support, at all hazards, the constitutional authority of the Queen's government. I reckon on the secure support of all the loyal inhabitants of the province; and if *any malignant wretch* should, contrary to my expectations, attempt to disturb the public tranquillity, he will suffer the severest chastisement. Cadiz, 5th of December, 1843.—The Political Chief, De la Riba."

There is only one counterpoise to these intelligent gentlemen—the Provincial Deputation. This body is chosen by a process of election nearly similar to that which returns the Deputies to the Córtes, the franchise being annexed to the payment of a tolerably large amount of taxes. The persons chosen are, for

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the most part, substantial and respectable men, but, unhappily, political partisans; while, in the municipal elections, the principle of household suffrage enables the worst popularity, the most overbearing intimidation, and the noisiest clamour, to thrust itself into the post of Alcalde, and exploit its corporate honours and influence to the furtherance of contrabandist, and sometimes of bandit, schemes.

The Provincial deputations may, in some degree, be likened to our shire grand juries; and to these are entrusted the distribution of all funds for the formation and conservation of roads, for bettering and extending communication, and the general supervision of material improvement. They are likewise in direct communication with the Government as to the levy of troops and their distribution in the province; and, above all, they have the management of the elections for the Córtes—*a department incessantly stained by the most tremendous abuses.* The substitution of this body for the Ayuntamiéntos is, in this respect, no subject for congratulation; for there is no ordinary iniquity which they will hesitate to perpetrate, to promote the success of their party. At home we may deplore the excesses of party spirit—here it is unbridled, ruthless, satanic; and unhappily so all-pervading, that there is no body in the State to which the "purification" of votes could be entrusted, without the most conclusive moral certainty that hundreds of good votes would be torn and destroyed in the urn. Those districts which send in a preponderance of votes hostile to the prevailing opinion of the Provincial Deputation are pretty sure to be disfranchised for the occasion, upon some frivo-

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lous plea of irregularity, while the most audaciously irregular votes in its favour are sure to be acknowledged. The scrutiny is all carried on *with closed doors*, and remedy of course there is none. What then? Destroy this system of secret voting, with its consequence of secret doctoring of votes. It may be good elsewhere, or it may be bad; but here, it is suicidal. Let the vote be open, and the objection openly argued. Here again there will be violent uproar, conflict, assassination. Not so much more, perhaps, than at home. The Spaniards are hot-blooded; but the days of *Quesadaing* appear to be, in great measure, gone by. Anything will be better than the strangling of the infant thought in its cradle —than the stifling of the popular voice and feeling, under the sanction of popular forms. Practical despotism prevails here with all their talk of constitutional liberty.

The Provincial Deputations illustrate the general principle that all offices of trust are the subjects of factious contest, and are made, when obtained, a means of enriching their possessors at the expense of the public. The office, it will be observed, is in the highest degree honorary; and the Deputies are chosen to administer funds, with the high integrity presupposed by their standing in society, which would not be deemed safe in the hands of small municipalities. But the spirit of jobbing appears universally. Of the Provincial Deputations of Cadiz, within the last few years, one spent 75,000 reals (750*l.*), in conveying a few muskets for the national militia from Madrid, the muskets being supplied

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gratuitously by the Government; the only thing they could show for this large outlay being a few boxes and baskets. Another spent 7000 reals (70*l.*) in invitations to their personal friends for a day's excursion to the country, and nearly as much in cigars; and another devoted 30,000 dollars of the public money to the support of an Italian opera company, without a shadow of authority. For a lunch on the occasion of blessing the bridge of Zurraque, they charged the rate-payers with 32,840 reals, or 328*l.*, and a specific amount ever since for the anniversary of the blessing of the bridge!

Whenever a Provincial Deputation shows itself independent and refractory, it is now the fashion to deal with it as Narvaez dealt with the municipalities, and dissolve it; electing by the screw of Government influence, one more subservient. Thus falsified and perverted, constitutional liberty becomes the most grinding of despotisms. The Gefe Politico is at once Lord Lieutenant and High Sheriff, and he is likewise, for the most part, an unscrupulous partisan. Every province has its captain-general and its political chief, the heads of the military and civil establishments; both are the sworn servants of the Government, and, by their harmonious action, the administration of the country is carried on.

The existing judicature of Spain has been copied, like so many of its other institutions, from France. The magistracy is all paid on a scale, unhappily, too small for much integrity. There are the Juez de primera instancia, and the Juez de segunda instancia, as in France; and the municipal Alcaldes have like-

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wise magisterial functions. In the superior courts at Madrid the judges are too numerous and too ill paid to be above the influence of corruption, and suitors are well known to have a chance proportioned to the weight of their purses, though the recognised law costs are not considerable. This remark applies, though in a somewhat less degree, to the Court of Casacion, or Supreme Court of Appeal. The Castilian proverb seems much in vogue here—"Justice is blind, but the judge should have his eyesight."

Faction extends even to the judicial bench: honest and competent men are dismissed because they do not row in the same boat with the minister; and judges, not determined themselves to be partisans, are made so. It is difficult to resist the dictates of interest, when a non-compliance with the wishes of authority may involve the forfeiture of a family provision, and the absolute loss of bread. Yet it would be most unjust to infer that Spain has not honourable judges, and men who, in defiance of courts, will give efficacy to truth and justice. The charge of conspiracy to assassinate Olózaga was an instance of this. Señor Gaminde, one of the accused, applied for permission to be confronted with his accuser, which is not in accordance with the ordinary proceedings of Spanish criminal law. The practice, on the contrary, is very inquisitorial. The examination of witnesses is in a great measure carried on in the dark, the process to a considerable extent *ex parte*, and the mode of putting the interrogatories dictatorial. The judge seems often disposed to confound and entrap the prisoner, and, as in France, assumes the part of a cross-examining counsel,

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and sometimes bullies and browbeats those whose guilt is merely suspected. The application of Señor Gaminde was happily, however, acceded to by the upright judge who tried him, and the effect of the confrontation was, that his accuser (a priest!) was unable to identify him amongst several of his friends, and literally pointed out another man as Gaminde. The result was an instant acquittal, and the indictment of the priest for perjury. The conduct of this person was unfortunately but too characteristic of the loose morality of a portion of the Spanish clergy. This judge was far too honest for Narvaez, and the escape of two of the alleged conspirators (for Gaminde and another were both acquitted at the same time) was too bitter a draught for the Captain-General, who doubtless preferred such judges as those of Ferdinand VII., who sent the Liberals off to be hung, without evidence, by order of the Camarilla. The mode of trial was changed, and the more congenial forms of a court-martial substituted for the constitutional decisions of the judicial bench. The case was transferred by order to the Military Tribunal of Madrid. The same perjured witnesses were here to give evidence against the remaining prisoners, and no resource was left to the latter but the eloquence and ingenuity of their counsel. Happily, however, the bar of Spain is a body endowed in many instances with splendid abilities, and the shame of pronouncing sentence in the teeth of evidence ably elicited, and held up to the light of day by a firm and masterly hand, is often the sole, but effectual safeguard of the prisoner. The advocates of Spain have asserted their intellectual superiority, by

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filling the foremost ranks of the Senate, where their oratory shines unrivalled. Señor Olózaga developed his powers at the bar; and perhaps the most brilliant advocate in Europe, as well as one of the most delightful of parliamentary orators, is Señor Lopez. Not content with the appointment of a military tribunal for the trial of a civil offence, Narvaez dismissed five of its members to make room for his Moderado partisans. But, as if providentially to foil his wicked desires to secure a conviction, "*El dedo mostrador de Dios*, "the pointing finger of God," as Martinez de la Rosa expressed himself upon another occasion, interposed to obstruct his proceedings. The soldier and two civilians charged with the actual shooting, escaped immediately afterwards from a window in the barrack-prison of Santa Isabel. Señor Iglesias, the editor of the *Espectador*, likewise escaped to Paris; and there remained in the clutches of vindictive law only the Deputy Calvo, and the three editors of the *Eco del Comercio*, the charge against whom of having furnished money to procure the assassination, after the escape of the men who were expected to turn approvers, it was impossible to substantiate!

There is a judge in Madrid—Señor Olabarría—who in one single year, 1824, sentenced to death no fewer than forty Liberals, all of whom were executed for offences purely political. Olabarría is in fact the Spanish Norbury. During the lawless reign of the Provisional Government in autumn last, Olabarría was raised by Señor Lopez to the highest seat of judgment in Spain, being promoted to the Supreme Tribunal of Justice. The Constitution of 1837 guarantees the

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independence and immovableness of the judges, except for criminal malversation. But Lopez, himself a strong Liberal, was amongst the first to violate the Constitution which he had a hand in making. "Doctor Joaquin Maria," the familiar name for the ex-Premier, suffered himself to be swayed by feelings of personal friendship towards his brother Doctor-of-Law, dismissed the judges of the Supreme Tribunal wholesale, without a shadow of authority, promoted Olabarría and other friends in their places, and forgot by how many ghosts of butchered victims would be encircled on the judgment-seat the blood-stained tool of Ferdinand.

The expenses of the department of Grace and Justice, consisting almost entirely of the salaries of the judges and magistrates, their escribanos, and the various law-officers of the Crown, are stated in the estimates for 1844 at 20,358,226 reals, or 203,000*l.*

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CHAPTER XXIX.

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.

As England is the paradise of horses, and France of women, so the Peninsula may be regarded as the paradise of newspaper writers. They are loaded with decorations and with high political functions. The low standard of prevalent intelligence, and the obstinate inactivity of the people, cause the function of thinking, for them vicariously, to be far more important and more highly regarded here than in other more advanced countries, and habitual misstatement exerts a perilously powerful influence amongst societies of men who will not take the trouble of inquiring whether their brains' carriers are caterers of falsehood. The truth that "knowledge is power," is the more conspicuous the less is the general enlightenment; and the power of journalism, as a party weapon, is infinitely enhanced by the certainty that there will be few to detect the journalist's aberrations. Education is at a high premium in the midst of ignorance. In Spain, accordingly, upon the construction of each new cabinet, newspaper writers invariably grasp one or two ministerial portfolios; and in Portugal, when the session is brought to a close, it is wound up, according to the official reports, by the Queen and the Tachigraph-Mór, or short-hand-writer-in-chief—an extra-

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ordinary juxtaposition; whilst every editor has a seat in the Córtes.

There is scarcely a leading politician in Madrid who has not been an editor or proprietor of some one of the principal journals. Lopez, Gonzalez Bravo, Caballero, Martinez de la Rosa, Ayllon, Fuente Andres, Iznardi, Paz Garcia, and many others, have figured in this capacity. During the whole of the Carlist War, and the revolutions which succeeded it, the *Eco del Comercio*, under the management of Paz Garcia, and the editorial guidance of Lopez, Caballero, and Ayllon, exercised a most powerful influence, and was conducted with splendid ability. The *Eco* was the *Journal des Débats* and *Times* of Madrid, with the difference that it was much more democratic; and this journal it was that crushed the *Estatuto Real*, prepared the way for the revolution of 1837, and contributed to expel Cristina from the kingdom. The *Eco* has since passed into other hands, and its late editors, Señors Medialdua and Meca, were imprisoned under a vague charge of having hired the man who attempted to assassinate Narvaez; but still, through every vicissitude, it maintains its place at the head of the Spanish press; it is to be met in every *café* and reading-room in Madrid, and in the provincial towns you scarcely meet any other journal. Last summer the *Eco* strongly opposed Espartero; but in this there was nothing singular, for nearly the whole party turned against the Regent, and Spain unanimously regarded him as the assailant of parliamentary liberty. His repeated dissolutions of the Córtes irritated the country as much as they dismayed it, and his scouting

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of Lopez and his strong majority, with the insulting preference given to the Senate over the Deputies, as evidenced in the choice of Becerra, the president of the former body, for prime minister, remains engraven on the Spanish mind. Having never had a strong hold on the middle and upper classes, he thus forfeited his hold on the lower; and the same mismanagement which suffered the deputies and the army successively to slip through his fingers, lost simultaneously his support in the press. After the expulsion of Espartero, the *Eco* took up strongly the question of the marriage of Queen Isabel to her cousin, a son of the Infante Don Francisco de Paula, and originated what was called the Francisquista party; but party, patron, and journal, were alike unfortunate. The *Eco* is at present conducted by Don Antonio Terradillos and Don Ramon Castañeira, the latter a very violent writer, who has more than once been banished, or obliged to fly, on account of the violence of his articles against Queen Cristina and Espartero, in the *Progreso*, the *Graduador*, the *Sensatez*, and the *Patriota*.

The advent of Gonzalez Bravo, himself a journalist, to office, was signalised by the distribution of even a larger share of favours than ordinary to newspaper supporters. Three of the editors of the *Posdata* had valuable places given them under the government; the chief proprietor of the *Castellano* was made chairman of the junta for effecting sales of the Bienes Nacionales; and its principal editor was appointed alcalde of Madrid. The new chairman of the junta of sales renounced the salary of 50,000 reals, or 500*l.* annexed to his office, for which the Queen thanked

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him in the *Gazette;* but his enemies declared that it was because he could not legally receive it. He had some time before been declared a bankrupt, as well as his chief, the Finance Minister.

The law for the regulation of the press has been lately promulgated—it is amusingly styled "the new law of the *liberty* of the press"—which places so many restrictions upon the right of free dissemination of thought, recorded in the Constitution, that to edit, or publish a popular journal in Spain, will be henceforth like dancing a hornpipe in fetters. By this law, which is so minute in its enactments as to extend to 112 articles, the responsible publisher of a political journal must pay to the state 1000 reals of direct yearly taxes in Madrid, and 800 in provincial towns. This qualification is immensely high for Spain. £10 of direct taxes to the government, independently of taxes on consumption, would in France be very high, and in England considerable. But the publisher must lodge besides an unproductive deposit of 120,000 reals in Madrid, and 80,000 in provincial towns, which, bearing no interest whatever, is in the Peninsula an enormous alienation of capital. Offences are still to be tried by jurors, but pressmen and venders are made responsible.

A marked and extraordinary difference between the newspapers of Spain and of England is, that every portion of the former is of a party character—there is no neutral ground; while in England, excepting the leading articles, casual letters upon political subjects, contributions of a decidedly party character, and reviews of literary productions by political opponents,

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there is tolerable fairness displayed. The reports appear for the most part honest, whilst in Spain "the trail of the serpent," faction, is over every column of the journal. The highest political rank is easily accessible here, and every man has consequently his ambition. Each is determined to get on, and, as the most obvious means, becomes a party man. Editors, when their party comes into power, are promoted to excellent posts, such as ministerial portfolios and political chiefships; so they will write through gates of adamant for their section; and the other *employés* follow suit. Besides, those who take part in the management of the Spanish journals, are themselves influential politicians actively engaged in party struggles, which is rarely the case in England. The Madrid political correspondents of nearly all the provincial journals are Deputies, who hit their political antagonists most truculently in their communications, and you will often see the editor compelled to publish a dozen lines of these violent letters in asterisks. The Córtes' reports are given so briefly, that impartiality is next to impossible; and when men look for naked truth, they find a painted demirep.

The chief use to which the press in Spain is applied, is to blacken and intimidate. The ministerial journals blacken the opposition, those of the opposition blacken the ministry. This is of course true to a certain extent in all countries; in Spain it seems the only purpose for which newspapers are established. A newspaper here is the speculation of a handful of individual politicians—to promote their principles, to be sure, but principally themselves. Whichever journal,

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therefore, becomes the most unscrupulous hack of party, appears the most certain of having its editors and proprietors promoted most rapidly. I fancy the political character of journals at home is not improved, either, by the personal admixture of their conductors in political contests. The result in all such cases is violent and easily-detected partisanship. The writer fancies, like the hunted ostrich, that because his head is hidden away, he is entirely invisible; but he is mistaken, for his draggled tail is seen by all the world. In Spain a newspaper paragraph too often intimidates the public functionary from doing his duty. A newspaper paragraph! Think of the force of a newspaper paragraph. More powerful than a culverin, more cutting than a sword. Most men pretend to undervalue it, there are none who do not feel it. I do believe that there is little severity of libel law which can be honestly pronounced undue, few punishments which can be deemed unmeasured for the wilful incendiaries, who demolish a reputation with every cast of their type, and "*timor atque infamia!*" from their black and smoky dens fling forth unquenchable firebrands. Robbery and murder are not uncommonly insinuated in Spain of a political adversary; sometimes openly charged, though utterly groundless. The object is attained for life by one day's lie. The feelings are atrociously wounded, and slanderous enemies can ever after rake up the odious falsehood, and say when they are put to the proof, "it was stated in the *so-and-so*." Mighty as are the advantages of publication, are not the disadvantages nearly equivalent? Insinuation, inuendo, indirect and infer-

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ential statement, are so easy a mode of imputing any thing. The purest man in the community may by suggestion be made a Cæsar Borgia. These amiable uses of the press are nowhere understood so well as in Spain, for they sound there all the base notes of the great organ. If you take the trouble to contradict the calumny, "there must have been some truth in it;" if you treat it with scornful silence, you have "a contempt for public opinion"—just as Espartero for shooting Diego Léon was denounced as a brute, and if he had not shot him would have been proclaimed a coward. Strike high, strike low, you cannot please the factious.

The successful licentiousness of the Spanish press is very happily typified, first, in the fact of the late Prime Minister having, only three years since, been the editor and proprietor of that most remarkably scurrilous journal, *El Guirigay;* and next, in the circumstance that the same man, who assailed Queen Cristina, in that paper, with most unmeasured vituperation, was afterwards put forward by her party into the principal offices of state—the champion of the sovereign whom he had so lately pelted with mud. Bravo managed to control the votes of some fifty gentlemen of easy conscience, who oscillate conveniently between Moderado and Progresista principles, and, constituting the centre of the Córtes, decide everything by leaning to either side. In *El Guirigay* he contrived to make these gentlemen of easy virtue laugh at the sovereign, as they will laugh at their saints and gods. Hence the present influence of this *preux chevalier* of royalty. Scribbling in newspapers is the best business

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going in Spain, and one newspaper in Barcelona was lately bought over by the government, by the distribution of no fewer than four primary posts amongst its editors, two of them political chiefships. The more scurrilous you are, the more surely will you become a Cerberus sopped. The *Fray Gerundio* and the *Tarantula*, at Madrid, perfectly well understand the uses and advantages of slang wit; and, with their coarseness, I must add, that some excellent humour is sometimes intermixed. The style of the metropolis is imitated, of course, in the provinces and colonies; there are smart journalists constantly hammering out stinging *jeux d'esprit* at Barcelona and Seville, and at Havana the *Esquife* and the *Tio Bartoló* gave so much trouble to the Captain-General of the island, under the *régime* of Cristina and the Estamento, that he took occasion to suppress them.

I witnessed at Cadiz the not uncommon spectacle of the total destruction of a newspaper office. The calm logic of these southern heads is too often the *argumentum baculinum*, and the interval even of a day is reckoned too tedious for a reply to the written attack. When the poison is more than ordinarily virulent, a prompt remedy is resorted to, which is usually to "gut" the printing establishment which offended by the outpouring of peccant humours, and administer a potent cathartic to clear off all its contents. Upon this occasion, as usually happens, the attack was expected, and the parties prepared. The friends of the newspaper mustered about half a dozen in number, armed with muskets, pistols, and carbines. But the assailing party, made aware of this determination,

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counted more than twenty fighting men, all well armed; and their immense superiority of numbers made their task one of little difficulty. Neither watchmen nor patrol made their appearance, from whence I infer that the authorities were in the secret; and that the journal attacked being obnoxious to them as a vehement organ of the Opposition, the guardians of the peace and of public order were directed, like a band of carabineros, to keep patrolling the most remote parts of their districts, and thus give passage to the political contrabandists. Eight or ten shots were exchanged, but no serious damage done. The defenders were forcibly extruded, the types and presses tumbled into the street, and a huge bonfire made of all the numbers that could be laid hold of, past and present, of the journal. Some fifty reams of paper were likewise set in a blaze in the open Calle. This sort of holocaust is now a regular spectacle, which tourists should not miss.

As national peculiarities extend to the most minute particulars, it is curious to notice the pomp which pervades every class of society. Thus the reporters for the newspapers have established what they call a "Tachigraphical College," at Madrid, from whence they supply the provinces. A teacher of caligraphy at Seville announces his affiliation with this society, and proclaims his unrivalled capacity to write short-hand, "*con tanta velocidad como se habla.*" The unhappy prevalence of party spirit takes away from this class that impartiality wherein consists its virtue; and the world never saw before such unilateral reports. All on one side is loose and meagre, all on the other

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energetic and triumphant. The official report of the Chambers is of course exempt from this censure, as the deputies revise their own speeches; but everything appearing in a newspaper is contaminated.

Political hatred here is in nowise swayed by considerations of decency. Don Sebastian Herrero of Sanlucar, on the Guadalquivír, where it flows into the ocean, was the fortunate author of the prize poem on the Siege of Seville, which was read in November last, at the Lyceum of Madrid, in presence of the Queen. This production possessed not one merit, and no remarkable quality, save that of extreme violence and vituperation, which doubtless secured for it the prize, and a place in all the newspapers. It set out with the declaration that "the impious fury of the insatiable tyrant (Espartero) made the Spanish soil to flow with an immense river of blood;" spoke of "his abominable troops," "his mad and infuriate host," and called him "the murderer of Diego Léon, and a thousand more."

De Léon y otros mil el asesino!

This was followed by a fugue of "tyrants," "cowards," "traitors," "Hell fighting with the invaders," "Espartero no gentleman."

And wasn't that a dainty dish to set before a Queen!

In periods of disturbance and of military operations, the Spanish newspaper reporters are invariably officers engaged on either side. It is obvious that these have the best opportunity of making themselves acquainted with facts, and so far the arrangement is beneficial;

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but their statements are strongly tinctured with partisanship, and are of course little to be relied on. Even here there is no exception to the general rule, that the newspaper contributors of Spain are chiefly actors in the scenes which they describe. They are deeply interested, and as deeply biassed; and whenever a thumping falsehood is about to be told, the writer heads it with "I swear to *Ustedes*, by my sacred word of honour!"

While the Spanish military repofter is a military man, too happy to eke out by this resource the deficiencies of inadequate pay, the Madrid editor is very warlike upon paper, and more able, you would think, than the best general in the field to exterminate all his political enemies. He is powerful as a firebrand, and great at inciting to revolution; but when the muskets are shouldered, and the fuses lighted, the brilliant evolutions which he had sketched for the campaign are often confined, in his instance, to a well-executed retrograde movement. With the point of his pen he makes rivers of blood to flow; with the point of his sword he only picks the lock of some garret, where he may hide both himself and his inky laurels. But there are likewise editors who can handle both sword and pen.

The principal man in every Madrid newspaper is always a leading politician. When Donoso Cortés returned the other day from his mission to Queen Cristina in Paris, he immediately set up a new Moderado paper, *El Globo*. The consequence of this elevated position of journalists is, that court or cabinet secrets there are none in Spain. Everything finds

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its way into the papers, the most recondite arcana become saleable wares; and editors on the government side are familiar spirits in the minister's cabinet, and frequently have a hand in the concoction of decrees. I have elsewhere mentioned that a Prince of the blood royal, Don Francisco de Paula, bought and managed for some time, last autumn, the *Eco del Comercio*, the leading journal of Spain. The consequence of all this is, that the journalists enjoy in the Peninsula a consideration beyond what is given them in any other European country.

The Spanish newspapers in size and arrangement resemble those of France. They are for the most part ably written, and contain a *feuilleton*, usually translated from the French. They are only moderately profitable, there being little rage for advertising; yet the notable device of inserting the same advertisement twice in different parts of the same newspaper, for the purpose of arresting the reader's attention, may be observed occasionally here, as in the London journals.

The newspaper press of England is said to have added a fourth estate to the three recognised estates of the realm. The newspaper press of Spain, while it is greatly inferior in character and morality to that of England, is far more influential, its dictates being still more irresistible than those of French journalism. Its power in shaping events, the tension of its feelers into court, the loud echo of its voice within the Córtes, the facility with which t "piles the pyramid of calumny," misrepresentation and prejudice, and unhappily retains its credit or its power—still more, the fact that, even more certainly than in France, its lead-

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ing members mount to the ministry, that every chief editor is a deputy or a senator, and that the editorial chair of to-day may be a seat in the cabinet to-morrow —all these things combine to make the description of the press in Spain as a fourth estate, no exaggeration whatever. I believe it to have more influence than the deputies, I know it to have much more than the senators, I am sure that it has infinitely more than the crown. So that, by a comparison with the recognised estates of the realm, the three estates, and not the press, suffer. But there is, indeed, an estate to which, like all the rest, it is forced in its turn to succumb—the power which in reality dictates and decides everything in the Peninsula—which determines in the first instance, and in the last resort; which makes and unmakes at will, dynasties, laws, constitutions; which leaves its mark indiscriminately, and sets its seal everywhere, without the slightest authority; which at every crisis commands, and at every contingency interposes, though it is of its very essence to obey; which should reduce society to order, yet has made it a chaos—that *fifth* estate, like the Prophet's rod, quickened into a serpent to devour the rest, is the demoralised army of Spain.

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CHAPTER XXX.

ACTUAL STATE OF SPANISH LITERATURE AND ART.

POLITICAL contentions have sadly tended to destroy whatever literary activity existed here; and the available talent of the country for the most part expends itself in journalism and political *brochures*. A portion of literary labour is likewise directed to the stage—after all an inconsiderable portion, and scarcely at all in original production, the highest efforts being for the most part confined to imperfect adaptation. The dramatist or novelist, in the words of the Castilian proverb, "gives of the coin which he possesses," a somewhat debased French currency. The royal and literary mints of Spain are on the same footing of decay. The old dies and types are worn out, and the Peninsula is overrun with five-franc pieces. Yet, if the crown has lost its Mexican and Peruvian wealth, the infinite diversity of Spanish character, and the wit which is racy of the soil, are still a boundless and inexhaustible mine, which will yet be successfully explored when the political turmoil is over. Of the existing publications, few in their typographical arrangements are elegant, but compared with those of other continental countries, they are respectable. Besides the indispensable supply of professional works on law, medicine, and surgery, the chief issues are

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translations from the French, and the most successful works of Soulié, Sue, Scribe, Dumas, Dudevant, Balzac, and Kock, are published in a cheap and popular form.

The singular absence of literary activity is strikingly illustrated by the fact that the "Society of Friends of the Country," in so considerable and prosperous a place as Xerez de la Frontera, advertised handsome premiums in May last, for the best Manual of Physical Science, adapted to the use of the primary schools, as well as for the best Manual of Natural History, suited to the same desirable object. No attempt whatever was sent in with reference to the first subject, and only two in reference to the second, both of which were so bad that the Society could not conscientiously adjudicate a reward to either candidate. Such was the result, after six months' interval.

The mind of Spain is however not wholly inactive, but its activity takes shapes and passes into channels, which cramp and enfeeble instead of invigorating its energies. Almost everything in prose or poetry assumes a political shape, and all is imbued with violent political passion. Espartero is abused, Diego Léon exalted, in stilted prose and rhyme; the "Siege of Seville" is celebrated in a hundred different forms, and even the inglorious field of Torrejon de Ardoz, where the warriors of Spain flung down their muskets on the miserable 22nd July 1843, finds infatuated bards to praise it.

Serial publication is naturally resorted to in Spain, as a means of cheapening, or rather apparently cheap-

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ening, works which in the lump would be by no means so readily published. The principle here is perfectly analogous to that which makes indirect taxation popular. In a country where money is scarce, small outlays at intervals are preferred. The works thus published, and sold by all the booksellers, are of a very miscellaneous character, and when original seldom aspire to a high order of literature.

The romance and drama are almost invariably translated from the French; but Walter Scott is likewise very much in vogue. Scarcely any other English writer is known. The serial publications chiefly met with are as follows:—"The Church and State, a religious and political review." This is of moderate price and slight pretensions—the fact being that all the available talent of this kind is absorbed into the daily political journals. It is, however, of some authority and extensive circulation, the plan being rather judicious; one-third of its space is devoted to ecclesiastical affairs, one-third to politics, and the remaining third to general news—the divisions being rigorously adhered to. It appears every month:—The *Reparado*, a periodical of a nearly similar character:—The *Voz de la Religion*, whose objects are evident from the name, a cheap register of events, interesting to Roman Catholic devotees, in every quarter of the globe:—The *Fray Gerundio* and the *Tarantula*, small but pungent satirical journals, intensely and exclusively political, and sometimes replete with admirable stinging wit:—The "Preacher's *Prontuario*, or Heads of Sermons (in curious juxtaposition with the preceding), for the use of

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Ecclesiastics who desire to improvise, or prefer composing their own discourses." This work is divided into twelve monthly issues, of forty pages each, for the convenience of transmission by post to country subscribers, just as under the penny-post system of the immortal Rowland Hill at home:—"Annals of Jurisprudence and Legislation"—a professional work, published periodically for the use of the Spanish bar and the law students of the several universities. This work is *utriusque juris*, giving more prominence however to the law than the canon, and contains an useful record of the various orders and circulars of the Minister of Grace and Justice, together with an analysis of the current legislation of the Córtes. It is a publication of respectable merit:—"The *Risa*" and "The *Carcajada*" (The Laughter and the Horselaugh), collections of the jokes of Spain and all other nations—indiscriminate Joe Millers—published fortnightly and highly popular; for the Spaniard, of all men, perhaps, most dearly loves his laugh:—"The Portable Encyclopædia," abridged from the French, &c., &c.

Amongst the popular works now in progress there is one, a serial publication, entitled "Celebrated Personages of the Nineteenth Century." The selection of celebrities is not a little curious. The following is the order of publication:—Louis-Philippe, Charles X. of France, Queen Cristina (Doña Cristina de Borbon), the Duke of Wellington, and Abd-el-Kader. Select works of Walter Scott, and one or two likewise of Bulwer, are translated; but the marvels of hydro-

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pathy, and the astounding pretensions of Vincent Priessnitz, find still readier circulation and currency.

The *Panorama* is a work imitated from our Penny Journals, in which the illustrative wood-cuts are bad copies, and demonstrate great backwardness in the arts. The letterpress, too, is not so correct as it should be; and though I am far more disposed to encourage than to depress, I cannot exactly approve of such slovenlinesses as "Loock Lowond" instead of Loch Lomond, and Nottinghamshire in the impenetrable disguise of "Nitingamahive"—almost equalling Theodore Hook's "épécana" for Hyde Park Corner.

The puffing system flourishes here upon a ridiculously inflated scale. Thus I have seen a "Prodigy of the press! a continuous library of works literary and pleasing, historical, instructive, and pious (spectacles for all ages), at a real ($2\frac{1}{2}d.$) the volume! A volume every day!! For all tastes, ages, and conditions," which prodigy was unhappily strangled in the womb; an "Omnibus" which rolled over the length and breadth of Spain for some months, and really made great progress while in motion, its career being arrested by pure mismanagement: a "Literary Miracle, or Wonder of the Art Typographical; being the publication of a volume every day, consisting of one hundred pages in 16°. at the incredible price of a real the volume, with a handsome coloured and bordered cover." This twopenny-halfpenny marvel became wheezy on the second day and expired on the third. These speculations are all unfortunately crude and somewhat puerile, figuring at a great rate on

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paper, but defective in a somewhat important point, seeing that they are absolutely impracticable. The projectors aim at the realisation of vast plans of civilisation, and forget the stubborn and nearly insuperable material obstacles in their path. They aim at a revolution in the press, but a revolution, like all others here, to be effected by violent means; and nothing either solid or substantial, nothing but disgust and disappointment can be the result. Political passions are a stumbling-block to all true progress, and no reading is relished but the party papers. Joint-stock Reading Societies upon an enormous scale have been projected, and National Libraries, guaranteeing 15 per cent. interest to the shareholders; but these were mere bubbles.

Though poets, in the nobler sense of the word, are now-a-days a scarce commodity in Spain, yet the art of poetry is cultivated by numerous votaries. Sustained and elaborate works are rarely attempted, and still more rarely with success. But the facilities which the harmonious terminations of the language afford for composition in verse, for easy rhyming, and rapid improvising, cause hundreds of brains to be constantly engaged upon the sonnet and the madrigal —almost the only forms employed, and unhappily upon subjects almost exclusively political, or of a temporary and fleeting interest. This habit of firing off detached sonnets (and upon the faith of them setting down the writer as a poet, though never aiming at an original thought), is as old as the time of Cervantes, to the original edition of whose *Don*

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Quixote are prefixed no fewer than ten of these compositions by his friends.

Poetry sometimes takes queer shapes here, a sonnet being frequently delivered in the shape of a toast at political banquets. The poetry follows with us in the shape of an appropriate or inappropriate song, but here it forms the essence of the *brindis* itself. These efforts are invariably said to be improvised, but are doubtless for the most part prepared. The following specimen was delivered by General Pezuela, the third of the trio of Christino officers, consisting of Narvaez, Concha, and himself, who landed last summer from France in the south-eastern ports of Spain, and speedily settled Espartero's business. This *brindis*, which was uttered at a military banquet held in celebration of the declaration of the Queen's majority, will be understood with little difficulty even by those who know nothing of Spanish, and the reader cannot fail to admire the energy of the concluding couplet:—

"Si á pesar de derecho pretendido,
De la ambicion, de la discordia impia,
A ese trono católico ha subido
El ángel, gloria de la patria mia;
De esperar es que se hundirá vencido
Hoy el genio feroz de la anarquia.
Mas ay! si el trono amenazado aun vemos!
Nietos somos del Cid! armas tenemos!"

The following difficult and clever, yet worthless, acrostic, by Señor M. Dominguez of Cadiz, published likewise upon the occasion of the declaration of Queen Isabel's majority, reminds one of the valueless Greek poems of Gregorius Nazianzinus, in which the suc

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cession of initial letters formed long texts of scripture, and illustrates the laborious trifling which passes for poetry amongst the living writers of Spain:—

Icen pendones en la heróica vill . . . a
proclamemos nuestra Reina amad . . . a
uba de los leales rodead . . . . . a
ocupar del dosel la régia sill . . . . a.
endiga tu reinado aquel que brill . . . a
el empíreo: y hasta que asentad . . . a
a paz y la ventura desead . . . . a
e arraiguen en los reinos de Castill . . a
mpieza, sin faltar á la clemenci . . . a
obernando tus pueblos con justici . . . a
ne á los españoles sin violenci . . . a
o deges que domine la codici . . . . a
ale á la religion la preeminenci . . . a
si serás de España la delici . . . . a.

The occasional verses, of which multitudes are published, are rarely so good as the foregoing. They are all political, which perhaps accounts for their inferiority. Yet these things are puffed outrageously in all the journals, for, excepting perhaps the productions of Martinez de la Rosa, high literature there is none.

A Spanish poet, the other day (I do not record his name, because of his singular blunder) wrote and published a letter in commendation of a youthful Canary —I mean a Canary poet, Don Placido Sanson, of Teneriffe, in which there occurred some extraordinary misconceptions—"You will be a great poet, my friend. This prognostic I leave you as an inheritance. Do not imitate *Byron and Victor Hugo, those poets of the head only, with prosaic hearts.* Write for yourself, imitate the language *of Calderon;* you will then have a distinguished place upon Parnassus." Need I say

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how such productions as these decide the character of a national literature?

The cross of the order of Carlos III. was lately given to Don Tomas Rodriguez Rubi, author of a comedy called "The Wheel of Fortune;" and, according to the official announcement in the *Gazette Concorded*, "in consideration of his literary merits." In England you must either cut throats dexterously, or be a dexterous diplomatic cheat, to secure the chance of such decorations. Yet they do not make poets in Spain.

The literature of France is considerably more popular in the Peninsula than that of England—a natural result of the far greater affinity of language, as well as of the greater proximity of the countries, and the general cultivation of French for centuries. Political troubles, and temporary emigration, have, to be sure, made Spaniards more familiar with England of late years; but the genius and habits of the Frenchman approximate more closely to those of the Spaniard—France sets the fashion, and is therefore more admired and studied, in spite of the invasion and its attendant horrors. The living drama of Spain, as I have elsewhere noticed, is for the most part borrowed from the romantic drama of France. Yet on one evening in the Balon Theatre of Cadiz, I was present when the performances consisted of two English dramas—"Lord Merville" and "The Two Robinsons"—obscure pieces taken from some stray leaves of the British repertory, and done both in manner and language into Spanish.

It is singular that Spain, with its literary apathy, should possess what is nearly without parallel in

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Europe—a novelist of Ducal rank. The Duke de Rivas has assiduously wrought in the copious stores of Spanish history, and constructed some remarkable romances, which, if they are without European fame, are by no means destitute of merit—recording now the sublime virtues of Don Juan de Padilla; and now the sentence of infamy, proclaimed by the mouth of the town-crier through the streets of Valladolid, upon the unfortunate Alvaro de Luna.

I am happy to record that some isolated, but creditable efforts, have been made of late, in the revival and intelligent editing of the early Spanish literature, as well as in archæological research and topographical description—studies of surpassing interest in a country like Spain, and in which an infinity remains to be done. The most attractive of these which have lately appeared are topographies of Hiberia, or the ancient Granada, and of the Vascongadas, or Basque Provinces. May these interesting illustrative labours be continued, and extended over all Spain. As yet, they are almost as nothing; but these pioneers of civilisation, if they continue lustily to ply the hammer, will at last awaken an echo in the minds of their countrymen.

The Spaniard is with difficulty brought to read. He will smoke and lounge, and chat, and gape, and joke, and stroll through squares, churches, and *cafés*, to the crack of doom; but he won't read more than the newspaper of his own way of thinking. He is too lazy or careless to peruse an additional paper, and thus, by a comparison of conflicting statements, elicit truth, and discern perhaps, at last, in what leading-

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strings he his held, and by what audaciously concocted falsehoods he is daily deluded. He is helpless because he will not help himself—at the mercy of a confederation of journalists, who, aware of his apathy, know that there is no invention of theirs he is not *gobemouche* enough to swallow. Nay, they are ever found to exaggerate colour, and at times to falsify or freely concoct, if they would keep up their influence with their party and please their readers. A tame, truth-telling, and colourless journal, would soon be flung aside for a more highly-seasoned commodity. Reflect, for a moment, how the journalist's leading article enters the minds of those for whom he writes. A dozen or twenty persons are seated round a table, in a *cajé*, or under a thick vine-trellis, or in the centre of a wide patio beneath its canvass shade, and the clearest-tongued youth and best reader of the party, is chosen to declaim the article as a violent speaker might deliver his harangue in the Córtes, or a passionate preacher his sermon, with cross in hand, during Holy Week. This is one way of appealing to the reason! The trial by jury is likewise a trial of the feelings, upon all political questions in Spain.

The Castilians have a familiar proverb: "*Despues de comer, no mismo un sobreescrito leer.*" "After dinner you should not read even the superscription of a letter." Quietness is, doubtless, a good assistant to the process of digestion, and mental repose is an aid to the gastric juices. But unfortunately, the best precepts may be pushed beyond their legitimate boundaries; the sun and sky of the south are no stimulants to mental or bodily activity, and instead of

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confining themselves to the advice of the proverb, too many read neither a superscription nor anything else, either after dinner nor before.

Of living art in Spain little may be said. High art there is none. Of art, properly so called, there is extremely little. Sculpture and engraving are almost entirely unknown, and the attempts made now and then, but serve to lay bare the poverty of the land. In a few of the large cities there are some clever draughtsmen to be met, and some painters even who do not dishonour the name, at Madrid, Seville, Zaragoza, Barcelona, and Toledo. The glorious works of Velasquez, at Madrid, of Murillo and Zurbaran, at Seville, have not left their countrymen wholly slumbering. And yet their waking is to such little purpose, as to produce only tolerable copies and marketable costume pictures. It is foreigners alone that the study of the Spanish masters inspires. Of the fallen state of art, as well as literature, the abundant cause is incessant political turmoil.

Exaggeration in all things is the leading vice of Spain. There is not a city in the Peninsula that is not "*muy noble, muy leal, y muy heroica;*" not a corporate body that is not "most excellent," or "most illustrious;" not a military corps that is not renowned for its valour and matchless for its bravery; not a ragamuffin in Castile that does not esteem himself noble, nor a brigand in Andalucía but calls himself a soldier; not a man but is a Don, nor a woman but is a Doña; not a dunce of a doctor but is profoundly learned, nor a scribbling poetaster but is a European celebrity. Where all are first-rate, how shall there be

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improvement? Where there is no humility, how shall there be acquisition of knowledge? Where none are conscious of imperfection, how shall there be pruning or advancement? Pangloss might here have found his perfect world. This spirit of exaggeration is fearfully detrimental to progress. A modest consciousness of imperfection, and a true disposition to learn, are the first essentials to even tolerable future success. Where every little dribble that drops from a slumbering press is hailed by a writer's friends and party as a perfect chrysolite, it is evident that the successive blows of the chisel, and touches of the pumice-stone, will be wanting, and that nothing will result but a poor mediocrity. Great must be the labour, and incessant the polish, before even an approach to excellence can be attained. The rich proverbial language of Castile has many useful hints for these self-complacent writers, as *Entre sí son flores, no son flores*; "They call themselves flowers, but they are not flowers." *No está el horno para pasteles*—"The baker's oven is not for pastry." Shame on the Spaniard endowed with genius and learning, who suffers all his faculties to be absorbed by faction, who aims at producing nothing beyond a newspaper squib, or an ephemeral party pamphlet, and permits his glorious and majestic language to remain unused and unproductive. I hope great things from the literature of Spain, but my hope is in future ages.

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CHAPTER XXXI.

THE DRAMA—THE LANGUAGE.

THE rich comic repertory of the old Spanish stage is a mine wherein living playwrights might delve inexhaustible materials, and mould them into new and lasting beauty. Something of this kind is done at intervals, but with an art that, unfortunately, falls far short of the excellence of the original material. The teeming works of Lope de Vega and Calderon, the neglected comedies of Guillen and Cervantes, and the varied productions of Moreto, now find modernized shapes; and Don Ventura de la Vega and Don José Zorilla have recently presented some creditable specimens. But the dramatists of Spain, for the most part, aim at no grander theme than adaptation from the French. A genius rises up now and then of stronger wing and original flight, and secures a wide-spread fame more decided, because of the paucity of rivals. Such was Don Ramon de la Cruz, who has left behind him no fewer than 130 Saynetes —a species of composition of which the term Vaudeville would be the nearest exponent. "Saynete," in Spanish, means a delicate morsel, and was used in ancient times for the piece of brain or marrow given to the falcon, to reward his successful return. The dramatic Saynete should, then, be a *morceau* of exquisite savour. La Cruz's fame has increased

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considerably since his death; and such critics as De la Rosa, Signorelli, Moratin, and Hartzembuch, set the highest value on his works, which the Society of the Union Literaria is now collecting for publication, in a popular form, as intellectual food for the nation. A delicate irony and a subtle insight into the hidden springs of human action are this writer's chief characteristics. The Zarzuela, a species of two-act farce, is very popular amongst the lower classes, who relish amazingly all sorts of coarse wit and humour, and are expert practitioners themselves. The plays of Martinez de la Rosa are deservedly celebrated as works of high genius; and, among the local dramatists, Don José Zorilla may fairly aspire to the name of poet, and has produced some respectable comedies, chiefly founded upon incidents in Spanish history. This gentleman belongs to Cadiz. The favourite drama of the modern Spanish school is the romantic drama run mad. Cloisters, friars, bleeding nuns, sepulchres, church-vaults, the Inquisition and the Devil, are the chosen scenes and characters. I have frequently seen something very like mass performed on the stage, and a trial gone through, with all its forms, with the solemn administration of an oath (which, in my mind, made the actors subsequently perjurers), and the minutest questioning and cross-examination of witnesses, lasting for two hours! They are particularly fond of conspiracies, as might be supposed; but, the worst of all is the profanation. The Devil Preaching (*El Diablo Predicador*) is a very popular piece; and pleasantly enough, it must be confessed, he preaches.

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"The Devil behind the Cross" is likewise a stock piece. Lope de Vega first set the example of these irregular melo-dramatic horrors—having placed at defiance every rule of dramatic composition, trampled on the unities of place and time with a licentiousness to which Shakspeare affords no parallel, and revelled in the most extravagant and grotesque departure from probability and commonly-received proprieties—an extravagance into which he confesses that he was tempted, against his better judgment, by the vitiated taste of his countrymen. He has rooted this style of mingled buffoonery and bombast upon the Spanish stage, and was the author of a thousand plays, being more than nine hundred too many.

An original drama, lately produced in the Andalucian theatres, is called "*El Protestante*," a title peculiarly attractive and horrible.

The working of the dramatic censorship is curious. In a recent instance, the *first* of the "illustrious censors" decided that the play was good and the language correct. The *second* decided that the plot was faulty and the language highly incorrect. The *third* of these pains-taking functionaries wrote that he concurred in opinion *with both!*

At Christmas, in Seville, I witnessed at the principal theatre a performance, which at that season is general all over Spain—"*El Nacimiento*"—or a representation of the Nativity. The *funcion* was divided into three acts, with eighteen decorations. The Shepherds made their adoration in a magnificent portal. The infant Saviour, or Niño Jesus, was of wax; but all the other figures were flesh and blood,

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even to the ox and the ass. The general effect was good: but two old people, called Tia Norica and Tio Isasio, or Aunt Nora and Uncle Isaac, prattled a great deal too much, with that buffoonery which Spaniards love, during the intervals. Aunt Nora made her will, in which she bequeathed all her personal defects to her friends. The whole wound up with fire and water-works.

The theatres of Spain cut a remarkable figure in politics. In a country where blind men and tinkers are political characters of the highest importance, their vocal and other noises being turned by active partisans to a profitable account, it was not to be expected that the propagandism of the stage would be neglected. Accordingly, pieces strewn with political allusion are often represented upon the Spanish boards. Cristina suffered heavily in this respect, and the gist of the late Prime Minister's slanderous rag, *El Guirigay*, was moulded into the dramatic form, and flung at her in Madrid and the provinces. Espartero has since been made the popular victim; and we have had in more shapes than one, "*La Ambicion de un Regente durante la mena edad de una Regna.*" The French have been deemed the most mocking people in the world, but the Spaniards eclipse them in this respect, and in their passion for sarcastic and stinging wit quite equal the Athenians of old. Their fiery natures and extraordinary quickness of apprehension are favourable to this phase of the national character, and you have but to sit for an hour in the bull-ring at Seville to see it fully developed. It is in the theatres, or on the Alamedas (public walks) that

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political rumours are always developed; and quick and unscrupulous wits seem to vie with each other in fabrication. The domestic habits of our northern climate are little understood or relished here, where the people, like the denizens of ancient Greece and Rome, for the most part live in public; and the *café*, the public walks, and the *patio*, or pit of the theatre, serve for the same purpose as the forum and temple-porch of old. The announcement of genuine news from the stage, especially of victories during the Carlist war, often gave rise to extraordinary bursts of feeling; and the Hymn of the Queen, or of Riego, was forthwith sung by the leading performer,—by command of the audience, who would have instantly torn down the theatre had the request not been complied with,—and joined in by the entire assembly. Often, too, the announcement of intelligence, within the walls of the theatre, of local disturbance or disaster, causes a rush through the doors into the outer streets and squares, with a ferment and *furore* unintelligible to our cooler natures. But the rumours, called *susurros*, propagated within the walls of the theatre, are rarely to be depended on, being for the most part the product of witty and ingenious invention, inspired by the *genius loci*, and given currency to by those to whose ears they are borne, far more through malice than credulity.

The spirit of gambling penetrates within the theatres. When actors desire to have their benefits particularly attractive; they usually make a genuine lottery a part of the performances. At the principal theatre of Cadiz, upon one of these occasions, I wit-

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nessed the eagerness with which the fair part of the audience participated in this excitement. A ticket was given to every person in the theatre, and the drawing was accomplished on the stage, out of a small box, by a child. The prizes were three in number: 1, a mantilla of black silk (as usual), fringed with valuable lace; 2, a handsome crape dress; 3, *a ticket for the next lottery in Madrid.* Thus, the excitement and the perpetual round of gambling is most ingeniously kept up.

The petty playwrights of Spain are as reluctant as those of other countries, to avow that they are plain translators from the French, though all their resources are drawn without transmutation from the exhaustless Parisian mines. Instead of announcing their dramas as naked translations, they set them forth as an "Imitacion by Señor So-and-So."

Concerts of vocal and instrumental music, upon a large scale, are rare in the cities of Spain. The tinkling of the guitar, the joyous seguidilla, the tender romanza, and the fascinating serenade, are enough for the people. But the higher circles are pleased occasionally to patronise a more select concert, when there is an opera company at Cadiz, or when stars shoot to Madrid. These exhibitions almost invariably take place about 1 o'clock on the *Sunday.*

A peculiar system prevails in Spain, which is erroneously deemed favourable to the development of the poetical faculty. Upon royal birthdays, and national commemorations, verses appropriate to the occasion are received, and read from the stage. These

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for the most part take the shape of the sonnet. The author's name is annexed, and read out, as well as his composition, so that this cheap and easy mode of publication is a good deal sought after. As the least experienced critic might pronounce, *à priori*, these verses rarely have the slightest real value. They are necessarily loaded with claptraps, and the applause which rings upon the utterance of these is no test whatever of merit, and only serves, unfortunately, to turn the self-supposed poet's head. The practice is strongly to be deprecated, as is likewise that of improvising, which positively stifles thought, is fatal to all sound and healthy exercise of the mind, and substitutes lackering, dross, and tinsel, for that deep and solid meditation, that fervid glow of sustained feeling and fancy, which constitutes the poet's pabulum, and shapes his glorious creations. Yet there is much so-called improvising here, chiefly on political festivals.

Bombast and extravagance are frequently met in Spain, have set their impress on the language, and are engrafted in the national manners. This feature springs directly from the greater energy and passion of southern natures: it is the excrescence of an exuberant growth; and while, in one view, it is a decided blemish, in another it is an evidence of inherent strength. The grand and sonorous language has probably, in a great degree, led to this formation of character.

The most pleonastic and hyperbolical language in Europe is undoubtedly the Spanish, while at the same time it is the most energetic and forcible. The form of numberless words is, in the highest degree,

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sonorous; and their combination and pronunciation is frequently productive of exaggerated effects. The force of reduplicated negations constantly recurs; the termination of the participles and adverbs, ending for the most part in *anté*, *enté*, *ado*, and *ido*, are positively magnificent—a great improvement on the Latin; the glorious gerund (this epithet is no hyperbole) swells in every third or fourth sentence like the diapason of an organ—*demandando respondiendo*—what can be more noble in form and sound? A single sentence is whet and spur enough to set any reader to learn the language. "La noble lengua Castellana desperta un zelo nacional alzando el amor de la lengua patria à la patria misma. Riquisimas son las facultades de la lengua Española, siendo dialecto legitimo de la Latina y amiga de la Griega par la facilidad y grandeza de sus composiciones. Infinito es el caudal de sus tesoros!"* Every word here stirs like a trumpet, and the passage is a very ordinary one; there is no straining for effect. I have put it together without art or particular care. It is indeed a language to make patriots, and to die for; it outstrips all other tongues, dead and living; and is the majesty of spoken and written dialects.

But those very excellencies have the defect of tending to the production of grandiloquence and redun-

* The words are unstudied, and merely put together by way of example. The passage runs thus in English:—"The noble Castilian tongue awakens a national zeal, elevating to love of the country itself our love for the country's language. Most rich are the resources of the Spanish tongue, which is a legitimate dialect of the Latin, and allied to the Greek by the facility and grandeur of its compositions. Infinite is the abundance of its treasures."

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dance. Exaggerated phraseology is at times inevitable. Politeness degenerates into empty ceremonial, and colloquial civilities into fulsome compliment. Yet, if more powerful than any other tongue to flatter, it is likewise more potent to wound. The augmentations and diminutions are of marvellous force and beauty; and the very wealth of the language makes it the most abusive in the world. You can here, indeed, speak daggers and blunderbusses.

Spaniards are justly proud of the strength of their language. Their various terms for giving the lie are an instance. I only regret that they indulge at times too freely in such inelegant figures of speech, which, as Spaniards pronounce them, have a native and matchless energy:—"*No es verdad!*" "*Es falso!*" "*Es falso, falsissimo!*" "*Miente!*" "*Miente vil y cobardemente!*" Phooh! where are the knives?

When Spaniards casually meet, so many words pass between them in inquiries as to the state of their health, the health of their respective children and families, and how they have passed the previous night, with assurances of mutual respect and esteem (often the cloak of intense dislike or hatred), so many invocations of the Divine blessing and commendations to all the Saints, that seldom less than three or four minutes are consumed in this interchange of hyperboles. "Good *dáys!*" The habitual pleonasm always makes this phrase plural, "*Buenas dias*," "*buenas tardes*," "*buenas noches*." "May God give them good to Your Grace likewise!" "How does Your Grace find himself to-day?" "Well, to have the pleasure of serving Your Grace." "I rejoice very much,

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muchest, in extreme, to hear it." "And your husband, your father, your brother, how is he?" "Well, I join for it to Your Grace the thanks. May Your Grace live a thousand years!" "Let Your Grace give to him many expressions on my part." "He will be very grateful to Your Grace for the remembrance." "Señor, Señora, at the obedience of Your Grace." "At the feet of Your Grace." "The servant of Your Grace." "I kiss the hand of Your Grace." "Let Your Grace be with God." "With God go Your Grace!" The conversation is interlarded with frequent exclamations of "*Jesus!*" (pronounced *Gchesoos*) "*Virgen Maria*," "*Virgen Maria Santisima!*" Every Spanish letter commences with "*Muy Señor mio!*" "Very much my Lord!" and ends, if addressed to a high functionary, with "God guard Your Excellency many years!" if to a private individual, with "Your secure servant, who kisses Your Grace's hands!" If this were sincere it might be unobjectionable; but there is so much fustian in our own style epistolary, with all our spoken frankness and bluntness, that our mouths are corked against all comment. "*Pero dejemos ya esto, Sancho, y acaba antes que suceda desgracia.*" "Now, let us leave that there, Sancho, and have done before we get into a scrape."

A frequent commencement of a letter amongst friends is the very charming one which follows:—

"Salud y pesetas!" (Health, and pocket-pieces); and an equally frequent conclusion is "Sopilas y buen viño" (Savoury soups and good wine!)

The glorious bombast of Spaniards in a rage is

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matchless all over the world. I once heard a brace of Espadachins, or bullies, retort their compliments:—

"*Belitre!*" said one, "I'd catch you in my teeth, and fling you so high that there would be an eclipse of the sun!"

"*Bribon!*" said the other, "I'd seize you by the leg, and hurl you up so far that you would not come down till the middle of a new century!"

The necessity of the Spanish literati putting their heads together once more, and fixing the orthography of their noble language upon an intelligible basis, has long been apparent to every scholar. An idea of the prevalent confusion may be conceived from the fact that the *g*, the *j*, and the *x*, may still be used almost indiscriminately for each other. I tried this just now with the Spanish word for the game of chess, which is commonly spelled "a*g*edrez." It was not to be found spelled with a *g*. I next tried it spelled with the *j*, but it still was not to be found. At last I discovered it written with the *x*—"a*x*edrez." It speaks little for the energy or industry of Spaniards to have put up so long with so intolerable a nuisance. There are many hundreds of words to which the same principle applies, and which enhance most distressingly to students the toil of wading through a dictionary. No Castilian who is proud of his noble language, and desirous of opening out its treasures to other nations, should tamely consent to the continuance of this nuisance. The dictionary upon the use of which I found these observations is that in two volumes, quarto, by Nunez de Taboada, one of the best lexicographical works ever published. Attempts have been made to settle

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the orthography, but have produced so much confusion and diversity—that the plain and perpetually recurring word "example," for instance, may be and constantly is written in any one of three ways, "*exemplo*," "*ejemplo*," or "*egemplo*." These matters are plain enough to Spaniards, but with foreigners it is different. When I visited the Lonja at Seville, and passed through the celebrated gallery containing, in cases of glass and mahogany, the immense series of official documents relating to the Indies, from the days of Columbus and of Cortés down to the revolution of 1820, I was no little surprised to see on these sacred archives—these glorious historic treasures—the most striking evidence of the unsettled state of the orthography of a language as glorious as the deeds which it commemorates. The word "Register" was spelt, on papers lying cheek-by-jowl, in three different ways, "Registro," "Rejistro," and "Rexistro!" The Spanish Academy undertook to systematize the orthography of their rich and magnificent language in the commencement of the present century, and laid it down as an unalterable rule, for instance, that *Alexandre* should be written *Alejandre; Don Quixote, Don Quijot; anarchia, anarquia*, &c. Now you cannot put language thus in a Procrustian bed, and make us depart from the cherished memories of our youth. The result is, that at the end of forty years every one spells pretty much after his own fashion, using his *g*'s, his *j*'s, and his *x*'s, indiscriminately, and the name even of the national wine may be met in the varieties of *Jerez*, *Xerez*, and *Gerez*. The confusion in the spelling and pronouncing of the *b* and the *v* is equally

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unfortunate. "Wine" is as often spelt "*bino*" as "*vino*;" and I have seen the word "bile" printed in a medical lecture "*v*ilis" instead of "*b*ilis," which, considering the meaning of the Latin words respectively, produced rather a ludicrous effect. But the inaccuracy is indeed universal, and (for one comical instance) I have scarcely ever seen the common Latin phrase, "*in flagranti*," printed otherwise than "in *fr*agranti." Think of a murderer caught "in *fr*agranti!"

One is more puzzled at first by the Spanish naturalisation of foreign names, than even by that which prevails in France—a system, by the way, pursued in every European language except the English and German. Thus, in conversing once with a learned Castilian professor, when he indulged in some enthusiastic declamation about the battle of "Salamina," I thought for a moment he alluded to his Alma Mater, Salamanca, upon whose name in poetical phraseology you may ring such changes as "the Salamantine city," &c. But presently, when he invoked the shades of "los Antiguos Helenos," I found that it was of "Salamis" he was speaking. From thence he passed by an easy transition to the plains of "El Maraton," and the pass of "Las Termopilas." Not less singular was the effect, when he introduced the most famous names of heroic Greece, "Milciades" and "Temistocles," "Esquilo" and "Erodoto," "Ector" and "Aquiles," "Filipe," "Alejandro," and, unluckily, "Jerjes." Doubtless, our pronunciations appear to Castilians barbarous. But, indeed, we are all barbarians.

Like most continental tongues, the Spanish, in

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adopting words from other languages, changes their form, and moulds them to some resemblance to its own particular genius. The final *o* or *a* is invariably thus applied, but the most ludicrous of all these adaptations which I have met is the Spanish *cuackiero* for the English *quaker*.

Until the end of the last century Spaniards were contented to take even the dictionary of their language at second hand from the French, a degree of literary apathy and patriotic supineness probably unexampled, and nearly incredible, when we reflect upon the noble qualities of the Spanish tongue. *Españolismo* was then unheard of, and this was indeed a species of contraband against which prohibitory laws would have been admissible. "*Avergonzado yo*," said Señor Capmany; "I burnt with shame, as all good Spaniards should, that even in this branch of our literature, converted within our own house into a passive trade and traffic, we had to buy a dictionary from foreign hands." And Señor Capmany set to work like a man, toiled on for six years, and produced his excellent *Diccionario Francés-Español*, which has been the foundation of all the works that have succeeded it, including that of the Spanish Academy. The collection of words is now complete, and all that remains is finally to settle the orthography, when "Young Spain" may enrich the world with the outpouring of a new literature. But there are no symptoms yet of the revival.

Spaniards are not at all particular on the score of orthography, and the best classics amongst them are strangely slovenly and heedless. I once received a letter upon the eternal state-of-Spain question from a

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Manchegan, who had the reputation of being an erudite historian. It was a very ambitious composition, and terminated thus:—

"May measures of national improvement and material amelioration take the place of these miserable contests of party, in which daggers are wielded by *Scylla's* assassins!

"*Amigo del corazon,*

———.'

To this I replied without delay:—

"Charybdis, too, was a very turbulent character.

"*Tu afectisimo,*

———."

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CHAPTER XXXII.

FAMILIARITY WITH BLOODSHED.

CRUELTY and indifference to the sufferings of others are to a certain extent inherent in all rude and savage men. I do not believe that the Spaniard is essentially more cruel than ourselves; the educated and refined portion of the community are pretty much like other people; but human life is certainly less valued in Spain than in any other European country, the half-Asiatic regions of Russia and Turkey excepted. Murderous and horrid executions, with scarcely a shadow of law to sanction them, awake in Spain but small commiseration. The spectacle is so often repeated, that it has become almost a thing of course. The scenes of the late civil war have left indelible impressions on the minds of the living generation; they have been nurtured with blood and horror; and the turbulence of successive insurrections has the effusion of blood for its accustomed termination. The beat of the drum is, near or far, perpetually in men's and women's ears, and *émeutes* and *fusillades* are nearly as frequent as the discharge of harmless rockets. Familiarised thus with violence and bloodshed, the minds of the people are less sacredly influenced by the solemn thought of death than in other countries; death is less mournfully noted amongst friends; the

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visitation of this dread calamity awakens less reflection; and even funereal ceremonies, though there is much of pageant about them, much of gilding on the coaches, and pomp in the waxen torches, have little of the staid solemnity and calmness of sincere but decent grief. The procession to the grave is usually treated as the merest ceremony; and the corpse of the poor man is thrown into a trench, like a dog, without a coffin and with scarce a covering.

There is no doubt whatever that the respect paid to human life and death is the surest test of civilisation. Looking through European countries we see this evinced in a perfectly graduated scale, and tried by this test we cannot highly rate the Spanish claim to civilisation. But the fault, after all, is more in circumstances than in any permanent deficiency of character, and it is easy to trace the causes which have led to this development. The ferocity of the contests between Goth and Moor, the cruelties of the Inquisition transmitted to the most recent times, the repeated extermination of Jews and Mahometans, the clearing of whole Provinces, the gloomy character of most of the Sovereigns, and the bigotry of those who surrounded them, the atrocities committed during the French occupation and in many subsequent scenes of the Peninsular war, the murderous civil strife between Constitutionalist and Carlist, and the yet unsubsided ferment of revolution, are abundantly sufficient to account for this phase of character. The sanguinary and cruel spectacle of bull-fights likewise perpetuates the indifference to bloodshed, and difficult as it will be to accomplish it, these spectacles must be gradually

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abolished. As the great desideratum in Spain is a revenue, I may suggest a means of discountenancing the practice of bull-fighting and collecting a revenue at the same time, which is not perhaps unworthy of the minister's notice. Let the tickets to these spectacles be stamped, and let such a scale of duties be levied as this: a *peseta* (ten-pence) for the lowest class, two *pesetas* for the next, and three for the highest class; the boxes where fine ladies go to gaze at the butchery, to be taxed a dollar per head.

This project is a perfectly serious one, the only drawback from which is, that it might make an administration unpopular. But the moment there is a strong government, and a minister of right feeling, the plan will probably be carried into effect. I suppose it is too much to ask any Peninsular minister to abolish bull-fighting altogether, and that to destroy the Constitution would scarcely lead to so fatal a Pronunciamiénto. But it may and ought to be discountenanced, and the most effectual means of leading to its gradual discontinuance is by making it very expensive. The same considerations of morality and financial expediency equally apply to the lottery. There is no more gambling nation in Europe than the Spanish, and every one (even the beggar) purchases lottery tickets. Let these be in every instance stamped, if ministers will permit the poisonous indulgence, which perverts the minds of the people from the pursuits of honest industry; let an additional revenue be derived from the practice, and a check imposed upon its duration.

People often talk of Moorish ferocity, as having

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imparted a stain of blood to the Spanish character. But I have seen too much of the Moors to credit this, which *à priori* is absurd. I have seen them in Morocco and in Gibraltar, and more elegant and dignified men (though faithless) than the Moorish merchants in both places, and many of the class of proprietors, it would be difficult to meet in any country. They certainly do not love the Christians, but they do not hate them more intensely than Christians of different persuasions hate each other at home, and they are as far superior to the Jews of Barbary, as it is possible for one race to be to another. I therefore smile at the notion of Moorish ferocity as forming an essential element of character; and I believe that in the conflicts of Algeria, and the incidents of razzia and reconnoissance, the ferocity is chiefly on the French side. The notion, too, of Moorish savageness being left as a legacy to Spain, can ill be reconciled with the fact, that there is as much ferocity in the North, the population of which is chiefly of Gothic origin, as in the South, where the Moorish type preponderates, and the natives of which are remarkable as being the gayest and most light-hearted community in Spain. If the ferocity of the North be an essential element of character, then we too must be ferocious, for we are likewise of Gothic parentage. The fact is, that we are all the creatures of circumstances, that the Spanish now are not a tenth part so ferocious as the people in the great French cities were during the Reign of Terror; that this stain has almost entirely disappeared from the French character, and may ere long from the Spanish, and that the

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ferocity of their Moorish blood is what Spaniards term a Bú.*

The clowns of all countries, when their purpose is crossed, and their temper ruffled, become savage. The drivers of brutes are too frequently brutes themselves—yet with a difference; if the brute does his work well and kindly, he will not generally be ill-used. I admit that there are heartless scoundrels, who will sometimes belabour without reason their more noble brute-companions. But these are exceptional cases. The majority of men have hearts, and use them. Still there is much to condemn in the treatment of dumb animals in Spain. The patient and willing ox is goaded, goaded, goaded, unmercifully, and for ever. The painful yoke, and fatiguingly stooped neck, are not enough; the bull-ring, it would seem, is ever in the driver's imagination; and the goad is urged as incessantly into its neck and haunches, as if it were the ribboned *banderilla*. The cries by which these jog-trot torturers accompany the infliction of the goad, are of the most uncouth and savage description:—"*O buey!—Ah, ah bruto!—Chit, buey!—Fú, fú!—Qué diablo!—Tá, buey!—He!—Olá, buey!—Poorrr, poorrr!—Ea, buey!*"† a thrust of the goad accompanying or following each exclamation. Often have I wished that I had possession of the goad, and the right to use it against the torturers. They do not understand remonstrance, and the only successful logic with them is that which

* Bugbear.

† Oh, ox!—Ah, brute!—Tush, ox!—Fie, fie!—What the devil!—Have a care, ox!—Holloa, ox!—Well, ox! &c.

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irresistibly appeals to their feelings. The goad in their own hides might teach them to be tender of its use; and Doctor Johnson's burlesque line might fairly be altered to :—

"Who gores poor oxen should himself be gored!"

While I reject the imputation of cruelty as at all in the nature of an essential characteristic, I must state that, owing to the rudeness of the rural population, there is more cruelty unreflectingly displayed by them, than in more cultivated countries, and that the lower standard of intelligence amongst masters makes them indifferent to these brutal displays. There is likewise another element which enters into the question, the more passionate nature of a Southern people, and the greater preponderance of sanguineous temperaments, than amongst the colder and more phlegmatic people of the North. Blows, for the most part, here, are struck in anger; not in cool ferocity, but in unreflecting rage; and the dumb brute shares, like his fellow-workmen, in the violent assaults of the momentarily maddened clown. To this extent of stronger, more rapid, and more ungovernable passions, I must admit the greater permanent ferocity of Spaniards, than of the people of the North.

But this violent passion is alternated with kinder moods, and the peasant or working man who belabours at one moment, may be seen caressing the next. I never shall forget the extraordinary scene which I witnessed between a drunken farmer and his mule. I must premise by stating, what is sufficiently well known, that drunkenness in the Spaniard is a vice of

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extreme rarity, though the contrabandists, muleteers, and working farmers, can drink large quantities of wine, and often do so, but without being in the least affected. The farmer, whose name was Gil Acedo, had brought his produce to market, and after having drunk to his heart's content, was returning from Toledo to his village of Arjos, near the small river Guadajaroz. His son conducted the string of mules and asses, on the backs of which he had brought his corn to market, and the farmer trotted on before on a fine mule, jogging from side to side, half-growling, half-roaring out snatches of a seguidilla. Suddenly he stopped short, his eye became dilated, his hair appeared to stand on end, he looked sobered all at once. He searched his saddle-bags hurriedly, groped nervously in every corner, almost tore the cover in his excitement; he gnashed his teeth, and shrieked out that he had lost his money! Sixty dollars, sixty hard and shining *duros*, sixty beautiful coins with Ferdinand's ugly head on them, had flown. It was a good quarter's income to him. At first he hung his head mournfully, uttered the agonising interjection, *quay!* and almost wept. But in another instant his hot southern nature was roused, his soul was tortured by the thirst of revenge, hatred and malice brimmed over, and he proceeded to wreak his feelings of aimless resentment upon the unoffending brute which he bestrode—himself a greater brute. He plied the poor mule about the head and shoulders with a thick stick, until it broke. Next he thumped it with his clenched fist, until he benumbed and almost broke his arm. The savage then jumped off the unfortunate animal's back,

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kicked, and bit it several times with the utmost ferocity, until he drew the blood repeatedly from its ears and neck!

Meanwhile his son, a younger and more peaceable Gil, came up, and with some difficulty pulled his father away from the mule. The old ruffian's rage was now turned upon his son, whom he would have probably hurt, but that extreme violence had exhausted him.

"*Tate! Alto,*"* said the son. "Are you sure you have lost it? Search the saddle-bags again."

The old fellow shrugged his shoulders, growled, but did as he was desired. The canvas-bag, with the sixty dollars, was immediately found in a corner of the saddle-bags.

"*Fú! fú! Verguenza!*"† said the more manly son, with undisguised contempt.

"*Vulgame Dios, qué lastima!*"‡ said the old dog, dancing and shouting with joy, embracing his mule, and covering with kisses and caresses the very parts which he had bitten!

* Take care! Stop! † For shame! ‡ Bless me, what a pity!

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CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE WINE COMMERCE OF SPAIN.

THE largest source of Andalucían wealth, and the most important branch of trade in Southern Spain, is the generous wine of this extensive district. The white wines of no other country can bear an instant's comparison in point of universal reputation with them. The growths of Sicily, Italy, and the Ionian Islands, are not to be named with the wines of Malaga, Xerez, and Sanlucar; Teneriffe and Cape are under a bar; the white wines of Portugal have little celebrity, and Madeira will never be a wine in very general use in England; while the Rhine wines, the sparkling Moselles, and Champagnes, are either adapted only to peculiar palates, or produced in such limited quantity and (when pure) so high in price, that the ascendancy of sherry in England is paramount, and may, without rashness, be predicted to be permanent.

But though the average annual consumption of sherry wine in England amounts to the enormous quantity of 24,000 butts, or *two millions and a half of gallons*, the Spanish are far from being satisfied, and most unjustly and inaccurately speak of a permanent decline in British consumption. There is no such permanent decline. It is true, that, on the introduction of the income-tax in England, there was a perceptible falling off here, as in other articles of luxury. Our consump-

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tion of Spanish wines, which, in 1840, was 2,500,760 gallons, in 1841 was reduced to 2,412,821, and in 1842 to 2,261,786 gallons. But this latter amount was never attained by the Spanish exports to England before the year 1834, it having previously ranged under two millions of gallons. Our consumption in 1842 was greater than in 1835, and equal to 1837 ; while again in 1843 it exceeded 2,600,000 gallons. The Andalucían creed is therefore entirely erroneous. Our consumption of sherry, upon a ten years' average, has considerably increased, while that of port has decreased. The curious in such matters will nevertheless be astonished to see how nearly neck and neck is the race of port and sherry for British favour. Portugal in 1840 sent 2,668,534 gallons of wine to England; Spain sent 2,500,760 gallons. Portugal, in 1841, sent us 2,387,017 gallons; Spain, 2,412,821. This is almost a tie, almost racing under a sheet. With the revival of trade, and the prospect of the removal of the income-tax, the consumption of sherry is again rising. But while no favour extended to the wines of Portugal can far depress the demand for the growth of Spain, it is certain that the suicidal policy pursued by the latter country towards us prevents an immense increase of the consumption of sherry in England. The vast extension in the cultivation of sherry wine, and in its export to the British islands, is entirely a modern creation. In 1810 it was merely in its infancy, and the great increase has occurred since 1830.

The true cause of the existing depression amongst the Andalucían wine *labradores*, and of the groaning superabundance of stock in the enormous bodegas of

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Xerez, is that master-evil of the age—excessive production—an evil of which the pernicious effects can be traced from Cadiz to Manchester. Each new market is regarded as an exhaustless mine, and all other considerations are subordinate to the one insatiable and thoughtless aim of overfeeding the capon till it burst! We commence with emasculation and we end with plethora; overloading its stomach till the new-found treasure perishes; and even while we contemplate the cold remains of the golden-egged goose, we never will admit that it was slain by our own selfishness. All the wealth of Andalucía was poured into her vineyards, and capitalists thought of no investment but the vine. Choice sherries were 90*l.* the butt on board at Cadiz—ay, very superior qualities 180*l.* Preparing wine was coining—they never could make enough of it! What has been the result? Vineyards that four years back were valued at 50,000 dollars, can nowhere find a purchaser now at 25,000 dollars; in fact, this description of property has ceased to have a fixed and current value; both prices and terms of payment are dictated by the caprice or discretion of a limited number of bidders; a part of the viñedo, or extent of country under vines, is now only half cultivated, with no other crop introduced, and the grapes in some instances are left ungathered to rot upon the cepa!

The question of a commercial treaty with England has been unhappily made a weapon of party warfare, through the unscrupulous dexterity of French agents, and the groundless prejudices of Spaniards. A question so purely economical and commercial could never

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have been in good faith consigned to the political arena; but since it has been so consigned, we must not commit the bull to the Matadors, but endeavour to withdraw him gently, by calmness, reason, and moderation. When Espartero was at the head of affairs, it was said by his perfidious and unprincipled enemies, that he was bent on chaining Spain to the car of England, and about to conclude with her a venal treaty of commerce, with the sole aim of recompensing the support she had given him in climbing to the supreme power. Those whose interests were too directly involved, and who knew too well the falsehood of these accusations, lent themselves with timid subserviency to the revolutionary movement, which ended by displacing Espartero; and when they awoke at last to a consciousness of their folly, betrayed the most miserable inconsistency. Now they proclaimed aloud that their province was ruined because there was no treaty of commerce, and that the scouted Duke of Victory was alone capable of concluding it. When every effort to kick against the goad was vain, they made their petty Pronunciamiéntos, forgetful that it was the original movement of this description which they blindly joined, that riveted their adamantine chain.

Espartero was, at every period, an overrated man. Since he lost at Ayacucho the empire of Peru—an equivocal sort of service to render to the mother-country—for a quarter of a century he proved himself little more than an expert intriguer, and even this character he forfeited at last. He was out-intrigued in the most palpable manner, and, what all around him

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clearly saw, was a mystery to his understanding. He acquired, chiefly through the zeal and ability of his lieutenants, the reputation of a general; but no man can point to any truly brilliant action which he has ever won in the field. Since his final exit, the Spaniards are surprised that we should have been blind enough to pay him such marked attention in London, and ashamed that they should have suffered themselves to be bestrode so long by so pigmy a Colossus. His attempts to re-establish a footing for himself in Vigo and Algesiras have but taken once more the measure of his true capacity; and the same indecision and lack of energetic will, which kept him at Albacete, suspended, like Mahomet's coffin, until all was lost, were precisely the causes of the failure of a commercial treaty with England. Our diplomatists unfortunately made it a personal question, conceived that Espartero alone had the power and inclination to make those concessions which our mercantile interests demanded, and fell into the mistake which we committed in Greece, when we championed Count Armensperg first, and Tricoupi afterwards, and found both, like Espartero, to be men of straw. We have been taught, in more quarters than one, the lesson, to treat with nations and not with individuals.

There cannot be a doubt that Espartero had within his grasp all the elements requisite for the conclusion of an advantageous treaty of commerce with England, had he possessed the decision and strength of will to enter resolutely into these negotiations before his power had begun to wane, and his dynasty to subside in contempt. His very enemies, who then exclaimed

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most strongly against his policy, as a base subserviency to England, now admit that, had he boldly pursued it, it would have most materially strengthened his position, by securing the decided support of a formidable power, and withdrawing from the eyes of his countrymen the spectacle of his vacillation. Previously to the Regent-Duke's exercise of the chief power in the State, no Government, whether Moderado or Progresista, would have dared, during the civil war, to mention the subject of such a treaty, or could have breathed it without the probability of the Pretender deriving great advantage. The feelings of the Catalans and Navarese against such a treaty were well known; and equally manifest was the repugnance of France, who desired, yet would not enter into, a treaty with England herself, for the benefit of her wines, and would suffer no other country to do so—conduct worthy of a dog—more worthy of a cat—in a manger.

It would have been unquestionably imprudent, under such circumstances, to adopt a course which would inevitably have paralysed one of the most important members of the Quadruple Alliance. But everything since then is changed: the question of Dynasty is settled, and the question of Regencies at rest; the evil of Contrabandism has attained to a more monstrous growth: it is a cancer in the State, which must be cauterised. The cry of the wine districts is raised to Madrid for relief, and, if denied, it will be raised to Heaven for vengeance. When tranquillity is established and order restored, to repudiate fair and reciprocal treaties of commerce is a course at variance with sound policy, as with civilisation, and fatal to

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those agricultural and commercial interests, which form the best, perhaps the only, patrimony left at this day to the Spanish nation.

The advantages of more liberal and extended commercial relations between Spain and England, are by no means limited to the groaning wine-vaults of Xerez. From the Mediterranean to the Bay of Biscay, from the Pyrenees to Portugal, there is no part of the kingdom that would not share in them. Cheap and comfortable clothing, of solid, substantial, and improved fabrics, may be brought within the reach of the humblest population; fair and honest trade substituted for contrabandist cheatery; and the material welfare of the people immensely enhanced. Every dollar's worth of British manufactures brought into the country will be an instrument of civilisation. Those who are now naked and comfortless may be presently taught self-respect, and imbued with the pride of honest industry; a well-stocked homestead may beget a desire for peace, and a wish for legitimate gains; and pestilent public disturbers may be converted, by the golden wand of commerce, into a virtuous, a thriving, and a contented population. The multitudinous interests involved in the wine preparation and export will set in motion an equal amount of activity in the other parts of the kingdom. Trade begets trade: the inland districts will awake the seaports into life; and the farmer, having found a vent for his wines, will necessarily become a more extensive purchaser of manufactures. Barcelona will share the benefits of his increased pecuniary capacity, as well as England; hawkers and dealers will pervade

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the country with "dry goods" in every direction; and the smuggler will be changed, with great advantage to himself and family, into a fair trader. Whatever is true of the wines of Xerez will be equally true of those of Sanlucar and Malaga, of Val de Peñas and Valencia. It will be equally true in time, of the excellent wines, brandies, and fruits, which form the true wealth of the greater part of the principality of Catalonia, where no more than a dozen *pueblos* are supported by their vaunted manufacturing industry. It is true of the wines and brandies, the silk and the fruits, both green and dry, of Malaga, Valencia, and Murcia; of the olives of Seville, Jaen, and Cordova; of the wools of Estremadura and Castile; of the products of the rich and various Andalucían mines; of the barks, dye-stuffs, preserved fruits, spices, and other products of the fertile soil of Spain. These agricultural and mercantile riches of her various provinces may be exported to England and her colonies in enormous quantity; and wine, which has hitherto been known only as an article of luxury amongst us, may have its use extended, when reasonably cheapened, to millions of fresh consumers.

Every one of the commodities I have mentioned is stored in large quantities throughout the provinces; the stocks by far exceed any possible local consumption; they are either of a perishable nature, or they do not, like wine, improve with time. Even wine loses 5 per cent. annually from the cask by leakage. They are all legitimate objects of commercial regulation, either by treaty or tariff convention; and unless

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some such means be adopted, intelligent men admit that they see impending, upon a greater or lesser scale, the ruin of the other provinces, as well as of the South of Spain.

It is a prevalent opinion here, that strong wine is drank in England only by the class of *Los Lores*, as they write the name of "Lords;" and the notion is almost equally prevalent, that the clothes of British travellers are stitched with gold thread, which circumstance causes our countrymen to be always stripped to the skin when they fall into the hands of robbers. I have found it extremely difficult to disabuse the Andalucians of the first of these popular errors; and their amazement was extreme when I informed them that French and German wines are almost the only ones in use among our aristocratic classes, and that for one glass of port and sherry consumed by them there are ten consumed of claret and champagne, of hock, mozelle, and burgundy. But the notions which correctly prevailed during the war are still propagated over the Peninsula, and to extirpate a popular belief once deeply rooted, is a Herculean task. This fact, however, conclusively proves that sherry is in no respect regarded as an article of high luxury in England; that its consumption is, for the most part, amongst the middle classes; and that, by a more liberal commercial policy, it may be extended *ad infinitum*.

I do not suppose that the most ardent partisan of prohibiting systems would desire the restoration of that era of pure prohibition, when the punishment of death was annexed to the introduction of British merchandise into Spain. Yet, such was the glorious

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policy of Philip V., who, in 1739, was so indignant at the taking of Portobello, that he published an edict ordering every British subject to depart forthwith from Spain, under pain of being arrested and dealt with as a prisoner of war. A second edict decreed the punishment of death against whoever should dare to introduce British goods into the kingdom of Spain; nay, against all who should have the audacity to send to the English the productions of Spain or her colonies! The ferocity was strictly impartial. Those were the days for prohibitionists to live in. This sanguinary code was evaded, notwithstanding; for the same goods were imported and exported by neutral powers; and to this period, just a century back, may the Spanish Treasury trace the plague of contrabandists. This suicidal measure subsequently caused the ruin of the minister who proposed it; it gradually became entirely disregarded, and by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, ten years after, England obtained the privilege of sending a ship yearly to the Spanish possessions in America.

The steadiest empire of delusion that the world has ever seen is that which has since prevailed in Spain with regard to customs duties. The most frightful financial embarrassments do not open her eyes. Her deficit is of 5,000,000*l.* sterling per annum, yet she rejects a customs income which would amount to nearly as much. France loses by smuggling 3,000,000*l.* annually, England loses 2,500,000*l.*, Spain loses an entire customs revenue! For the sake of a handful of imperfect producers, she strikes with prohibition her whole magnificent seaboard, erects a wall across

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every bar, makes stagnant all her seas, shuts all her ports, consents to paralyse her entire frame, that the phalanges of a single band may be in motion. What are a few hundred Catalans by the side of Castile and Estremadura, Andalucía, and Murcia, Valencia and Aragon, Galicia and Léon, Asturias, the Basques, and Navarre? All Spain is scathed with discomfort and barbarism for the sake of something less than Kidderminster. A nation which might be amongst the greatest in Europe, is bound down like *Gulliver* with cords of Lilliput, and transpierced with miserable fiscal arrows. Dear articles for cheaper, inferior articles for better—rubbish or nakedness, is the alternative. The perfection of the system would be to go clothed in skins, like the old Spanish almugavar infantry.

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CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE WINE COMMERCE OF SPAIN.

(Continued.)

THAT once important beverage in England, "sack," still retains its reputation, though under a different name. It is the sherry sack that is now approved, the consumption of canary sack having become greatly reduced. But the former has remained in vogue for ages, and its standing was so high 250 years ago, that Shakspeare, greatly relishing it himself, made "Sherris sack" the favourite drink of so sagacious a *gourmet* as Sir John Falstaff. The name has doubtless *sacked* many who have unconsciously drank it, but there is no one who sips a glass of ordinary sherry, as prepared for the English market, that is not drinking sack. "Sack" is John Bull's corruption of the Spanish word *seco*, "dry." Every white wine may in its preparation be made either sweet, or dry as opposed to sweet. If the vinous fermentation be perfectly accomplished, and the wine kept for a sufficient length of time and with due care, it becomes a sound, dry wine, and, to all intents, a "sack." The ancient name of "sherris" is more correct than the modern "sherry," the Spanish pronunciation of the real name "Xerez," being as nearly as possible "Chgherris," with a strong aspiration at the commencement of the word.

The taste for wines has undergone in modern times a complete revolution in England. Of old, white

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wines almost alone were drunk, the proportion of tent or red wine having seldom been considerable. Port was absolutely unknown, until the Methuen treaty with Portugal in 1703 may be said to have called it into existence. Before that period, the wines of Portugal were shipped in considerable quantities to England, but the shipments were invariably of white wine, the taste having been introduced by the English Crusaders who helped to expel the Moors, and establish the dynasty of Alfonso Henrique on the throne of Portugal, in the twelfth century. These warriors were tempest-tost in the Bay of Biscay, and their fleet, with that of the French Crusaders, numbering 200 sail, forced to seek a shelter on the Peninsular coast. As we may trace all the rest of our civilisation to the Crusades, it is likewise apparent that our acquaintance with these generous wines dates from that period. Our knowledge of the wines of Spain and Portugal appears to have arisen simultaneously, and to be attributable to this intermixture of the chivalries of Europe. Our greater proximity to France, and more intimate relations with her people, caused the largest portion of our supply to come from that country. In 1372, no fewer than 200 vessels loaded with wines at Bordeaux for England, and wines from France constituted 70 per cent. of our entire consumption. But of these there is no doubt that the great preponderance was white, and that the taste for claret (clairet) as for burgundy, is entirely modern. Port in England is absolutely posterior to the seventeenth century. Xerez, Malaga, Canary, Lisbon, Sicilian, Malmsey (Malvasia), and other sweet wines from Greece and Italy, with a

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small proportion of tent or red wine, formed the remainder. All this has been absolutely reversed in modern times; white wines are more highly brandied, and drank in smaller quantities, and after dinner nothing but red wines are seen or tasted.

The traffic in wine is, after all, precarious. If our taste is now nearly equally divided between white and red wine, it must be remembered that it centred once entirely upon white, and that, according to present appearances, it is by no means impossible that it may hereafter centre chiefly on red. It will not suffice to say, that highly brandied wines are more suitable to our cold and watery climate. Port is almost as highly brandied as sherry; while even in winter our accomplished wine-drinkers give a preference to pure and brandyless claret. Again, throughout the north of Europe, scarce any wines but clarets are in use, as if to disprove the assumption that highly-brandied wines are requisite for cold climates. Let Spaniards weigh well these remarkable peculiarities of taste, the great ascendancy which red wines have acquired in modern times, and the possibility that a stepchild system of legislation may eventually lead to the annihilation of the Andalucían wine exportation. Let them look to the advances made towards a more liberal system by Portugal and Naples, to the readier introduction into England which the wines of Portugal and Sicily are about to receive, and to the probable detriment to sherry which this change will in time effect; let them estimate the quantity of contraband merchandise which enters Spain through Gibraltar and the northern and

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Mediterranean seaboards, and passes without hindrance by the Portuguese and Pyrenean frontiers; and then let them strike the balance and see how much their revenue would gain, how little their material interests would suffer, if our manufactured produce were introduced with reasonable protective duties, and how enormous would be the benefit to these wine-growing districts, if the duty in British ports were reduced one-half. The nonsense about English dictation and national independence has nearly spent itself. The greatest bleater is a sheep, and the loudest brayer a donkey. "Half a word to the good understander."

We have treated Spain with great liberality in regard to the duty on her wines. At no time have we dealt with her differently in our fiscal regulations from Portugal, though in the latter country our manufactures have been favoured with differential duties. While we have struck at France with double duties, we have been provoked by no hostility into fiscal reprisals against Spain, but have charged our enemy with no higher duties than our constant ally, Portugal. The signing of the Family Compact in 1761, the declaration of war between Spain and England in 1743, 1762, and 1779—the grand attack on Gibraltar in 1782, and the last declaration of hostilities by Spain in 1796, followed by her obstinate position of aversion till the French invasion, when we became so eminently her benefactors—all this series of inveterate enmities was answered by no discriminating duties, was met by no commercial repulsion. Fiscal distinctions we did indeed make, but it was only in regard to France. Let Spaniards study history and facts, and see

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whether our policy towards them has been grasping and selfish, as alleged. Let them weigh the prevailing prejudices against us, and see if they are not utterly groundless—the growth of ill-judged sectarian zeal, and superficial dissimilarities of national manners. We have fought and conquered in the same ranks; since then they should surely know us. But the persevering spirit of French detraction, and the absurd misrepresentations spread by interested parties with reference to our noble efforts against slavery, cause a people guided perhaps more by passion than by reason, to believe without a shadow of ground, that we have been the consistent enemies of Spanish industry, and mean nothing but its ruin. I never could get from a hater of England in Spain a substantial reason for his hatred, nor extract any more intelligible argument than some incoherent exclamation about "*Los Ingleses!*" or *Los Anglo-Ayacuchos!*"

Now, let us come for a moment to facts:—From 1760 to 1785 the duty on Spanish and Portuguese wines, notwithstanding hostilities, was equal to 4*s.* 10*d.* per gallon; during the same period on French wine it was 9*s.* 2*d.* From 1786 to 1794, upon Spanish and Portuguese wines it was 3*s.* 1*d.* per gallon; on French wines, 4*s.* 10*d.* In 1795, upon Spanish and Portuguese wines it was 5*s.*; on French wines, 7*s.* 8*d.* In 1796, notwithstanding the declaration of war by Spain alone, on Spanish and Portuguese wines it was 6*s.* 11*d.*; on French wine, 10*s.* 6*d.* The rates continued the same till 1803, when the necessity of providing the sinews of war caused them to be simultaneously raised. On Spanish

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and Portuguese wines the duty was fixed at 8*s.* 4*d.*, while on French it was raised to 12*s.* 7*d.* In 1804 it was raised on Spanish and Portuguese to 8*s.* 10*d.*, and in 1805 to 9*s.* 1*d.*; but on French it was simultaneously raised to 13*s.* 9*d.* The reduction in 1825 to 4*s.* 10*d.* per gallon was simultaneously conceded to Spanish and Portuguese wines, while the duty on French wine was only reduced to 7*s.* 3*d.* In 1831 the duties were equalised upon the wines of the three countries, a result which naturally and gracefully followed the definitive establishment of peaceful relations. But throughout all these tariff modifications, was there not apparent a friendly feeling towards Spain, and a desire to take her produce upon the most liberal footing, even at times when she was glutting her insatiable rage for our destruction by declarations of hostilities and unwearied preparation of armaments? If we retain Gibraltar—and this, I know, is bitterly felt by Spaniards—they should remember that it is the fruit of honourable conquest, and held in the face of efforts to recover it by the combined powers of France and Spain, lasting through three-quarters of a century, and unparalleled in history. Let them remember that the possession is in itself nothing but a barren rock, and that British enterprise alone has made it what it is. If they grudge us this conquest, let them bear in mind what favours they had in store for us when they despatched their Invincible Armada, and when in profound secrecy they signed with France that Family Compact which was to rule the world. Let them not forget how much of their territory we have given up that was within our grasp—Port Mahon

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and all the island of Minorca ceded to us at the peace of Utrecht, Porto Bello captured by us in 1743, and Havana, Manilla, and the Filippines seized by us in 1762, and ceded the following year by the definitive Treaty of Paris. These cessions all were voluntary, with the exception of the first, and that we did not contest our claim in that instance was a proof of praise-worthy moderation. When the Philips extended their iron sceptre over the whole Peninsula, trampling on Portugal for 60 years, and waging a subsequent war of 28 years after the House of Braganza ascended the throne, we never once interfered. If England sacked Cadiz under Philip II., Spain invaded Ireland under Philip III., and this but a few years after the dispersion of the Armada. If, therefore, there be any ground of ill-will, it is we that should evince it. But such feelings are as antiquated now as judicial astrology, and nations as well as individuals are bound to keep the peace. I had rather see a revival of the best days of the second Philip, who having been the consort of one English Queen, Mary, aspired to the hand of another English Queen, Elizabeth, than of the worst days of Philip the Fifth, when the introduction of English merchandise into Spain was prohibited under penalty of death.

It is sometimes a great misfortune for a country to be too strong and powerful; too valiant, generous, and triumphant. Had our treatment of Spain been diabolically cruel and villanous, she would have doubtless concluded a convention with us before now; had we like France thrice invaded her, she would have grasped at a commercial treaty. In proportion to the

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enormity of our services is the enormity of the ingratitude by which we are rewarded all over the Peninsula. Spain snarls at the foolish allies who have bled for her; and Portugal gnaws the hand which raised and solaced her a hundred times when her head was draggled in the dust. Had we shed no blood; had we lavished no money, for these generous men; had we still more recently advanced them no loans (on some of which they pay neither principal nor interest) we should be in a condition to treat with them upon terms of equality, and might doubtless treat with advantage. But ingratitude can never pardon you for loading it with favours; and the laurels which we won and watered with our blood are the only harvest we are permitted to reap.

The worm which here, as in other countries, has eaten into the vine, is the same which, amongst various causes, has so tended to sap the prosperity of our own manufactures. It is doubtless very excellent to have anything and everything in abundance; but if the face of England were all green crops and no corn; or all corn and no green crops; or all factories and no agriculture; or all agriculture and no factories, I do not suppose that the distribution would be much admired in its results. When the grape was found to be profitable here, and when there was a growing demand in the English market, every one took to growing wine; in certain districts there is nothing else to be seen; and many soils, unfitted for its successful culture, have had violence done them to produce it. It surely does not follow that if England were covered with hops, the consumption of beer would be much

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increased, a remunerating price kept up to the farmer, or bread made cheap and plentiful. The enormous plantings of vines have had their roots in enormous ignorance. I do not desire to see revived the policy of the iron Marquis of Pombal, who, in 1750, rooted up whole vineyards in the wine-growing districts of Portugal. Even to make port valuable, this was too costly and too stern a course; a less rugged remedy may be applied; the farmer may let a portion of his vines die away, as they lose their virtue in time, and turn his attention, in part, to the production of food. Adversity will teach what no induction of reason could elicit. Yet still the pressure is tremendous; no government which neglects the application of a conscientious remedy can be treated as other than infamous, and despair and ruin are the monsters which will speedily devour these beautiful regions, unless the evil of utter stagnation be by prudent means exorcised. There will positively soon be no room in the enormous bodegas of Xerez; fresh vintages must be suffered to rot upon the ground; and a deluge, such as that of last year in Madeira, but of a still more devastating character, if it swept through the vaults of Xerez, would be in some sense a relief to the inhabitants. "A prudent fiscal reform," they exclaim, "a moderate reduction in the import tariff, is all that we seek; such a reasonable reduction as will induce the British cabinet to grant us the proffered abatement of near 50 per cent. in the enormous duties on our wines. Are we not Spaniards? Are contrabandists and Catalans more Spanish, we ask, than we? Are they by the half as loyal? A vent, a vent is what we want, and

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no exclusive arrangement with England, but beneficial commercial arrangements with all other countries as well. Let us extend our trading relations; let us widen the narrow sphere within which our speculations are confined; let us abandon the pernicious routine which paralyses the progress of industry. Help us to new markets; to the discovery of new fields of enterprise; prevent us and our vaults from bursting in the plethora of teeming repose!" Such is the cry of the Andalucían people, but it finds no echo in Madrid.

What Spain derives from her commercial relations with France, and what from her relations with England, is very clear from the following authentic returns:—

The total amount of French produce imported into Spain was—

	Francs.
In 1839	82,656,086
In 1840	104,679,141
In 1841	100,893,906
In 1842	71,492,321

The total amount of Spanish produce imported into France was—

	Francs.
In 1839	37,351,914
In 1840	42,684,761
In 1841	37,162,689
In 1842	39,008,602

These results are from the official return of Señor Duron, late Spanish consul at Bordeaux, who of course could only proceed by estimate founded on the best data with regard to contraband, of which the great bulk of the French exports consists. But undoubtedly he had access to the best sources, and in a

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matter like this no more accurate statistical information is attainable. The exports from France into Spain in 1842 he divides into 34,161,622 francs by sea, and 37,330,699 francs by land. And the exports of the same year from Spain into France he divides into 29,740,267 francs by sea, and 9,263,335 francs by land. Striking an average of the foregoing amounts, the middle term of Spanish exports into France is 39,000,000 francs per annum, and the middle term of French imports into Spain is 90,000,000 francs; so that the balance in favour of France is as 90 to 39, or in other words, her reciprocity consists in vending to Spain nearly three times as much as she takes from Spain.

Now England took of Spanish wine—

	Gallons.	Value in francs.
In 1839 - -	2,578,997 - -	25,789,900
In 1840 - -	2,500,760 - -	25,007,600
In 1841 - -	2,412,821 - -	24,128,210
In 1842 - -	2,261,786 - -	22,617,860

Being a middle term of 24,500,000 francs, or 1,000,000*l.* sterling per annum. So that in the article of wine alone we take from Spain more than three-fifths of the amount which France does of all kinds of Spanish produce together—wool, oil, lead, quicksilver, cork, fruits of all sorts, meats, woollen stuffs, corn, silk seeds, spices, saffron, &c. Our import of these articles from Spain is very extensive, and the balance of trade is greatly against us. We have no wide Pyrenean frontier to smuggle across like the French, and have but a single *point d'appui* at Gibraltar. So far from being patrons of smuggling, all that we

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want is, that the ports of Spain should be legitimately opened, and with every reasonable protection to the national interests. I need not load these pages with further statistical results to show how much more of Spanish produce England takes than France, and how much benefit Spain will find in cultivating commercial relations with us, who grow no wines, and are prepared to reduce the duty upon hers. One fact will suffice: According to Señor Duron's report, while France in 1842 took of Spanish wine an official value of 809,166 francs, and Spain took of French wine 219,079 francs, leaving a nett result of 590,000 francs, we took on an average of four years 24,500,000 francs' worth. In other words, while France took 23,000*l.* worth, we took to the extent of a million sterling. The proportion is as 23 to 1000.

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CHAPTER XXXV.

FINANCE AND FINANCIERS.

FINANCIERING has long been the most profitable business in Madrid; and there are a number of clever and not over-scrupulous persons there, who have contrived to make a very good thing of the tangled state of the Hacienda since 1834. To have been a minister or Intendente at any time since that period, was to have a hand in the arrangement of some millions of Church property, seized by the State, and in the sale and disposal of the enormous amount of Bienes Nacionales * brought since then to the hammer. As the finance ministry, with its various ramifications, was the most profitable branch of the public administration, the most influential members of the dominant party usually contrived to thrust themselves into these offices; and the special knowledge which constituted the qualification, was too often acquired in gambling and disreputable speculation in the London Stock Exchange and the Bourse of Paris. Some were qualified for their portfolios by bankruptcy. Don Juan Jóse Garcia Carrasco was positively made a bankrupt. Can this be the late Finance Minister of Spain? Why, positively yes. "Vió," we read in Don Quixote, "vió el rostro mismo, la misma figura,

* National properties, in houses, lands, mines, &c., chiefly taken from the religious houses.

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el mismo aspecto, la misma fisonomia, la misma efigie, la perspectiva misma del Bachiller *Samson Carrasco.*" "He saw the same face, the same countenance, the same aspect, the same physiognomy, the same effigy, the very profile of the Bachelor *Sampson Carrasco.*" The experience thus acquired in his own affairs would aid his administration of the finances of a bankrupt country. Like others of his predecessors in office, he was fluttered on our Stock Exchange; and the reminiscence of the feelings which these gentlemen experienced as "lame ducks," should make them very particular in paying up the half-yearly dividends, which doubtless was the cause of Carrasco's paying an interest of 18 per cent. to Rothschild's agent, Weisweller, and the banker, O'Shea, to make good the dividend for the *semestre.* It is possible, with the best intentions, to sin very egregiously; to make unreasonable sacrifices for the sake of a quarter's character, to launch a new administration gracefully, and by dint of usurious interests to tie a millstone round the neck of a struggling nation, which may precipitate instead of averting bankruptcy. Still, the regular payment of dividends is so capital a fact, that there is little short of manslaughter which may not be excused for its accomplishment.

The existing embarrassments of the Spanish treasury, are embarrassments in more respects than one. They largely embarrass a man in his endeavours to comprehend how Spain, even with its civil war, can be so terribly pauperised; seeing that within the last nine years there have been Bienes Nacionales sold in that country to the extent of three thousand millions of

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reals, or thirty millions sterling. It seems evident that her financiers must have martyred themselves to a very serious tune in their patriotic efforts at treasury reputation, and that her unsullied Sullys and colossal Colberts, in their skilful combinations of state numbers, have seldom forgotten number one. The Queen-mother, too, Cristina, may have assisted very materially in relieving the pressure at the national treasury. But the fact is patent to the world, that after dismantling the richest church in Europe, abolishing feudal privileges, confiscating commanderies, and selling thirty millions' worth sterling of national property, there is now to be provided for a deficit of forty millions of reals per month, or close upon five millions sterling per annum! To meet this, there are, besides the resources of a more economical administration, and a more skilful collection of the existing taxes, the remaining Bienes Nacionales; there is also the possibility of laying on fresh taxes, but it is extremely doubtful whether these could be collected; and there is (of all measures the best) the reduction of the prohibitory tariff, bywhich now inevitable measure a large revenue may be realised.

The amount of the public debt of Spain, at the commencement of 1843, was 10,945,850,000 reals, or about one hundred and ten millions sterling. Of this sum 5,821,954,000 belongs to the consolidated, and the residue to the non-consolidated debt. The annual interest on this debt is 300,954,982 reals, or more than three millions sterling. There was available at the same period, for the reduction of this debt, the unsold remainder of the bienes nacionales, consisting of church

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and convent property, or property of the clergy regular and secular. By Señor Calatrava's estimate, the property of the regular clergy at the same period would realise 1,049,826,000 reals, and that of the secular clergy about 1,500,000,000 of reals; in all 2,549,826,000, or rather more than twenty-five millions sterling. Supposing, therefore, that the sales of ecclesiastical property are not suspended, when all the disposable national property shall have been sold, the public debt will still exceed 8,000,000,000 of reals. With such an amount of debt, with a yearly *deficit* of five millions sterling, with an unpopular administration, and a people of smugglers, who will pay neither duties nor taxes, how is a national bankruptcy to be averted? They call this process here a *corte de cuentas*, or cutting of accounts, and it certainly is the easiest way of settling them. The possibility of demonstrating anything with figures, a familiar truth in our House of Commons, and quizzed in the French Chamber as "*l'art de grouper les chiffres*," was never more illustrated than in the opposite representations of Spanish finance. The friends of the minister for the time being, make the *deficit* appear to be reduced by his magic art to nearly *nil*; while his opponents, full of the croaking policy, give it forth as about ten millions sterling per annum! The actual *deficit* is as nearly as possible the sum which I have stated above, five millions. The budget presented to the Congress in November, 1842, by the strictly honourable Calatrava, sets forth the truth in this respect with naked honesty, and is commonly taken as a basis of calculations. A rigid and less favourable view of the

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estimates will give a still less satisfactory result; and there are some who hold that the real deficit, having regard to actual liabilities and actual productiveness of revenue, is seven millions sterling per annum, or, the estimated present yearly expenditure being 1,425,596,520 reals, half the entire obligations of the State! It was reserved for Señor Carrasco to present a balance sheet of national income and outlay, so ridiculously delusive and so sweepingly exaggerated, that by a more daring than ingenious process of leger-demain, he converted the annual *deficit* of five millions sterling into a *surplus* of 103,115,303 reals and twenty-five maravedis, or more than a million pounds. There was an amusing minuteness about this which, amongst the initiated, at once begot suspicion. The five-and-twenty maravedis, or about three-halfpence sterling, were a small fillip of dust for the eyes of the public, since in finance, sometimes the reverse of the legal axiom holds good: "*dolus latet in generalibus.*" The Aladdin's lamp with which he was to perform all these miracles was merely a strong imagination. Through his very green treasury spectacles he saw a million and a half sterling reduced in the war department (which Narvaez rather desired to augment than reduce), two and a half millions sterling in the Caja de Amortizacion, and half a million in the treasury, which he knew very well he could not reduce, a quarter of a million additional from customs, though the prohibitive system was to be continued, and three millions sterling from the *contribucion territorial*, a land-tax which he knew he could not collect. He lived long enough in the treasury to make his preliminary

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flourish, but not long enough to prove his magnificent prŏmises moonshine.

The official career of a finance minister in Spain precisely resembles the ancient military service of the country by *mochila*, or length of knapsack, which old Mendoza thus describes:—"Hizo llamamientos generales, á cada uno conforme á la obligacion antiguâ y usanza, que era venir la gente á su costa el tiempo que duraba la comida que podia traer á los hombros (talegas las llamaban los pasados, y nosotros ahora mochilas); contábase para una semana." "There was made a general call to each, conformable to the old obligation and custom, which was that the people should come at their own cost, and do battle during the time that the victuals lasted, which they could carry on their shoulders (*budgets* our forefathers called them, but we now call them knapsacks;) *they were reckoned to last a week!*"

The worst consequence of this instability is the insolence, insubordination, and malversation of all kinds, which it necessarily produces amongst the treasury employés. Speculating with perfect confidence on the speedy removal of the minister, and frequently joining in political intrigues against him—nay certain to originate intrigues if the minister be too prying and upright—the Spanish empleado goes on receiving his bribes, extorting his unlawful fees, exhausting a fertile invention in the arts of peculation, and fattening on the public plunder. The minister establishes new and more stringent rules, but refractory empleados in Madrid, and the provincial inspectors and contadores, presumptuously thwart or fearlessly disobey his man-

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dates. He is sure, they argue, to be kicked out in a few months, at latest, and if he does not wink complacently at their peccadilloes, they are as sure to help to turn him out of doors. Spanish finance ministers almost invariably dabble in the funds, and in the numerous contracts for monied loans and other speculations which are for ever a-foot. This baseness places them in the power of their own clerks, and unhappily incapacitates them for vigorous reforms, or for assuming an elevated tone in the midst of their unmanageable bureaucracy.

Yet with common sense and common honesty, it is astonishing how much might be done towards releasing Spain from her financial embarrassments. Perhaps it is not too much to say, that a vigorous government, capable of enforcing taxation, might, with integrity and energy, and a forgetfulness of selfish gains, provide for the interest on every portion of her debt, and in the end pay off the principal. Spain is at present the most lightly taxed country in Europe. Her estimated income for 1844 is 861,000,000 of reals, and she has an European population of 14,000,000. Her colonial possessions, though not extensive, are very productive; and Señor Carrasco's estimate of the nett receipts from the Havana in 1845 are 50,000,000 of reals, from the Filippines 12,000,000, from Puerto Rico 3,000,000; adding to which the receipts from the Canaries and the small African possessions, she has a clear colonial revenue of nearly one million sterling.

The quicksilver mines of Almaden, and her other sources of mineral wealth, yield half a million sterling more per annum; and thus, before laying one shilling

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of tax on her people, she is comfortably provided with 1,500,000*l.* of revenue. Both the mines of Almaden and the tobacco duties have lately been let at a considerable advance; and, though the latter contract was rescinded, the immense increase proposed of full 60 per cent. is a clear proof that, in the midst of political vicissitudes, the wealth of the country, as tested by its consuming power, has steadily and largely increased. If Spanish finance ministers, and the capitalists and sharpers by whom they are surrounded, could bring themselves to think of their own fortunes less and of the nation's more, we should hear very little of new foreign loans. A virtuous native effort is wanted: "themselves must strike the blow." All governments are bound to support their several departments, and obtain a sufficient revenue; and the administration of Mon and Narvaez has not the excuse of want of power.

Tobacco is the milch-cow of most European treasuries. It is especially so in Spain, where the consumption is so enormous, that the duties lately sold for more than a million sterling per annum. Señor Carrasco solemnly set apart the proceeds of this contract to the payment of the interest on the Three per Cent. bonds. Calatrava did the same thing previously with the quicksilver contract. But Mendizabal and Ayllon, when they succeeded to office, did not hesitate to apply the proceeds of the latter to what they deemed more pressing financial exigencies; and Carrasco's successor, Mon, has acted a similar part. The faith pledged here to the public creditor is as rotten as ice before the thaw; the key of the strong-box is kept by a lady of very loose character, called Doña Expe-

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diency; and the instability of successive administrations is the curse of the foreign bondholder.

The finances of Spain, even when she was mistress of half the world, have always been in the most detestably embarrassed condition. Her greatest efforts have been made, not through a regular revenue but through a tribute of kind. The "invincible" Armada was made up of separate contingents, supplied by all the provinces of the empire. First was furnished the timber, next the shipbuilders, next the sails, the spars, the rigging, the men, meat, and meal. Each village of Spain supplied its quota; Portugal, the Low Countries, Naples, Sicily, their sections of the great fleet. Even when the wealth of the galleons was poured in regularly, the Court of Spain was the poorest in Europe! The supernumeraries alone of the royal household would have peopled a good-sized city; and as these gentry were all salaried and kept their equipages and their lackeys, there were too many hands and mouths open to permit the royal revenues to reach the Sovereign. Carlos II. was so fleeced by these hangers-on, that he was obliged to abandon the idea of a journey to his summer palace of Aranjuez, only seven leagues from Madrid. Yet he gave the Marquis of Caralvo a sinecure of 62,000 dollars—equal at the present day to 30,000*l.* a-year—in connexion with the mines of South America.

Such systematic dilapidation, and tenderness to favourites, could not fail to exhaust even the wealth of Peru. There has been made, in the lapse of ages, but one attempt to regulate Spanish finance, and that, though successful for the time, was but

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momentary in its effects. In 1703, during the reign of Philip V., Orri, a man of great penetration, of indefatigable energy, and vast powers of calculation, applied himself to this task; and undismayed by the powers of the Grandes and the murmurs of the people, traced out those domains of the crown which had been alienated since the time of Henry III., confirmed the king in his determination of resuming them, caused many of the superfluous offices of the royal household to be abolished, and swept away the locust-cloud of tax-collectors, which, according to the testimony of an historian of the time, devoured almost all the revenues of the state, and exceeded in number the regular troops of Spain!

Now, the fault seems to be, insufficiency of tax-collectors, and incorrigible laziness. A Catalan friend of mine having succeeded to some property, wished to pay to the State the legal tax on its transmission; but, notwithstanding all his efforts, could not for two years find the regular parties through whom to make the payment. They are always talking of a better system of *fiscalizacion*, but they never show it. Would that they reflected on the wisdom of Pio Pita's saying in his "Examen de la Hacienda," published in 1840: "*La economia y la buena moral son dos sistemas que se tocan en varios puntos y tienen dependencia reciproca.*"

The frauds of contadores and employés are not now so enormous as they were formerly, yet they are still considerable. The collection of the entire revenue, particularly during the Austrian dynasty, was in the hands of arrendadores, or farmers, down to the reign of Ferdinand VI. The peculation and rapine were

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incredible. The arrendadores employed a whole army of "ejecutores" to collect the taxes in detail, who cruelly oppressed the people. Antolin de la Serna says, that their number was 150,000, and the annual amount of their profits 550 millions of reals. Don Miguel Osorio says, that they extorted annually from the people 60 million dollars *por las justicias*, and a large sum besides, under cloak of the royal service. From him who could not pay 5 they took 20, while from him who could pay 20 they took but 5. The arrendadores afterwards became contadores, and finance ministers, and shielded the iniquitous system. But public opinion condemns them. "*Arrendadorcillos*," said the proverb, "*comer en plata y morir en grillos!*" Cervantes, by the mouth of Sancho Pança's wife, says: "I will not stop till I see you an *arrendador* or an *alcabalero*, offices which, although the devil takes those who fill them, in fine have the holding and making of money." Quevedo affirms that the system was like knocking down a house to hunt for money amongst the stones, "y dar al principe á comer sus proprios mimbros." Again he says, "los principes que se entregan á arbitristas, por dejar de ser pobres, dejan de ser principes."—"Princes, who farm their revenue to cease to be poor, cease to be princes."

The principal Moderado financiers are the present Finance Minister, Don Alejandre Mon, the Marquis de Casa Irujo, Don Pio Pita de Pizarro, Don Javier de Burgos, Don Ramon Santillan, Don Alejandre Olivan, Don Antonio Jorda, Don José Maria Perez, and the late Minister, Carrasco. The most eminent

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financiers on the Progresista side are Señores Calatrava, Mendizabal, and Ayllon. There are several capitalists, besides, of professedly neutral politics, and who find their account in this neutrality by entering into enormous and lucrative operations with successive governments. Amongst these are Señores Salamanca, Carriquiri, O'Shea, Campana, Alvarez, Barcenas, and Matteo. Campana lately proposed to the Minister to negotiate a loan of fifteen millions sterling! The politicians of the Puerta del Sol attribute to the handsome equipages and fine establishments of most of the gentlemen who figure in the foregoing lists, the non-productiveness of the thirty millions sterling of Bienes Nacionales. "*Comen* (they say) *dinero a dos carrillos.*" "They eat up money in both cheeks!" All have been Finance Ministers, or in high office at the Treasury. Don Ramon Maria Calatrava enjoys the purest reputation amongst them, and is regarded as a man of inflexible integrity. He was the first to exterminate the nefarious system of financial jobbing, opening everything to honest contract, and *boná fide* competition. Before his time, there was a nominal public competition, but unfortunately a mere blind; the whole being privately arranged between the favoured capitalist or capitalists, and the Finance Minister. It is a delicate thing to say that the Minister often had his per-centage, but it was almost always the practice for him to enter either directly or indirectly into every beneficial operation, having a share whether nominal or real of every loan advanced to the Government, and enormous interest, of 20 or 30 per cent. upon sums of

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money lent to himself! Señor Calatrava exterminated the system of jobbing very effectually, so far as he was concerned, last spring, by making the contract for the quicksilver mines of Almaden really the subject of fair competition. M. Weisweller, agent for the house of Rothschild, thought that, as usual, he would have it all to himself; but found it "salted" upon him so outrageously by a rival bidder, that he affected to withdraw finally from the transaction. He, however, returned to the field when the bidding was over, and took it off his competitor's hands, paying, of course, the whole of the advanced amount; and by this act of simple honesty of Calatrava's, the nation was an immense gainer. I must add, that in my previous list of financiers, the Marquis of Casa Irujo, and the present minister, are likewise above suspicion, being men of elevated character and large fortunes.

The late finance minister, Carrasco, came forward with a number of showy and sounding plans, of which little may be said, as nothing like a result was ever seen. It is the general failing of Spanish politicians to be magnificent in words and showy on paper. They appoint scores of commissioners of inquiry, and cut huge splashes in the *Gazette*, but there an end. They think no more of them than the readers of these fine flights of optimism when a new nine days' wonder arises to make the old forgotten. Besides, as permanence is not the characteristic of office in Spain, the finance minister, like other authors, commonly writes for the trunkmakers. A Spanish minister is like the preface to a book, or the prologue to a play, or like

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the Chorus in Shakspeare's Henry the Fifth. He comes in with a flourish, makes his bow and his speech, and then *exit*, to make room for other actors. This unhappy ministerial mutability is the great impediment in Spain to effective administrative reforms, and should even make one disposed to accept a substantial despotism for the sake of a strong government. The whole work of Spanish financial regulation remains to be accomplished. The entire scheme of taxation has to be considered; the mode of assessment, levy, collection; the system of keeping accounts, of inspecting, controlling, and auditing; the treasurer's office, with all its ramifications throughout the provinces; the National Debt, both foreign and domestic; in short, the entire finances of the country have yet to be reorganised. It is enough to state that the Culto y Clero tax is now two years in arrear throughout Spain; that there are six years' arrears of purchase-money of the Bienes Nacionales, and that the same irregularity exists in almost every department of the Treasury. But so long as the present system is continued of turning out all the most experienced and valuable clerks whenever a new ministry comes into office, it is evident that administrative reform, or even administration, is impossible; and when we see a dilapidating intendente like Gonzalez Bravo's father turned out of the Treasury for malversation in April by Calatrava, and turned into it again, by the dilapidator's own son, in the December following, the friends of Spain have little left but to hide their faces in their mantles, and resign themselves to despair.

There is one portion, however, of Señor Carrasco's

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administration, for which he deserves considerable applause, and for which his name—albeit, in old Spanish, it signifies "hangman"—will hereafter be gratefully remembered; the resolute and energetic firmness with which, in despite of entreaties, overtures, and intrigues, he annulled the notorious contract of Señor Salamanca—a contract which stands alone in the annals of impudence—by which 400,000,000 of reals, or 4,000,000*l.* sterling of the national revenues, existing and future, were to have been irrevocably alienated, and the bulk of this enormous sum undoubtedly to find its way to Queen Cristina and other worthies, as a reimbursement for the expense of the pronunciamiéntos of the previous summer, on the flimsy pretext of constructing roads. Carrasco made the total withdrawal of this monster scheme of iniquity a condition *sine quâ non* of his remaining in office; and for this and his positive declaration never to permit the alienation of the monastic property to be revoked, his administration, however short-lived, is entitled to favourable notice. He has merited at least the praise of activity: a rare quality of finance ministers in Spain, where the Marquis del Campo, intendente of revenues to Philip V., was so hopeless an invalid, that it was said he was "more employed in discovering remedies for his own disorders than for those of the Treasury."

Spanish finance ministers, for the most part, bear a singular resemblance to King Joseph Bonaparte, who, when he had possession of Madrid, flourished away with the finest laws and regulations in the *Gazette;* issued his decrees, both administrative and monetary, in rapid succession; organised military corps; ap-

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pointed generals, magistrates, *employés*, and lavished pensions and rewards. To be sure, they were nearly all imaginary; but the object, being to impress Europe with a sense of the firmness of his government, was perhaps for the moment attained. The modern finance ministers are likewise particularly good reformers upon paper, and are not, I suppose, to be blamed for the one little drawback, that their plans are never executed. Their policy shines with lunar brightness. The fault in great part lies with impudent and lazy *employés*, who know that few ministers have so much as a twelve-month's lease of office; and if the head of the department be stern and rigid, immediately intrigue for his removal. The provincial intendentes are still worse than the Madrid empleados; and there are at this moment 100 millions of reals, or a million sterling, of Bienes Nacionales sold and passed into the hands of the purchasers, though, because they were the intendente's favourites, the money has not yet reached the treasury.

The post of Finance Minister was not altogether a bed of roses at some former periods in the history of Spain. In the fourteenth century the finances of Castile were confided by Pedro the Cruel to one Levi, a Jew, (one might suppose there was question of some modern London bill-broker;) and Levi being immensely rich, the King all at once became for the first time in his life extremely religious. The opinions of his Minister upon speculative dogmas of faith were so outrageously heterodox, that Pedro declared it impossible to overlook them. Levi's death-warrant was signed by his sovereign, and he died upon the wheel! Pedro subsequently boasted of the amount

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of wealth which this transaction brought into his treasury; and expressed his regret that he had been so injudicious as to permit the torturers to abridge the sufferings of his victim, before obtaining from him an explicit avowal of the place where all his riches were concealed. The tooth-drawing exploits of our own King John towards Jewish financiers were of a similarly encouraging character, and their remembrance must be solacing and satisfactory to the Mendizabals and Carrascos. Pedro the Cruel had also some interesting ways of paying old debts. His relation, Don Juan d'Aragon, who had long filled the post of minister, having applied for payment of his salary, was poniarded by Pedro at the moment of presenting his account.

The sub-letting of revenue contracts, which still prevails in Spain, is unhappily destructive of that unity and vigour which constitute so much of the essence of good government. Each contract creates a powerful organisation, independent, and often defiant, of successive administrations. The contractors *will* cut out the pound of flesh, little solicitous how much blood they may draw in the operation; and the latter expression is not figurative, for they must have their standing armies to contest and, if possible, put down the contrabandists—an army of revenue officers armed and prepared for slaughter. What a machinery here for political influence, for promoting revolution and aiding insurrection! The evils of "an empire within an empire," and of a house divided against itself, are here to perfection realised. In the pronunciamiéntos against Espartero, the salt contract, managed chiefly

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by the Regent's enemy, Salamanca, took a very influential and decisive part. The contractors' agents in every part of Spain were in constant correspondence with the metropolis, their travellers and collectors traversed every district: intelligence coloured to suit the Anti-Ayacuchos' views was thus rapidly and widely disseminated, a spirit of dissatisfaction with existing things was promoted, and (still more vitally important) funds were supplied throughout the country to make and support the insurrection. The Duke of Victory, as he ruled and fell, might have exclaimed, "*Et sale labentes artus!*"

Señor Carrasco's tobacco contract created, until it was rescinded, a far more complicated and powerful machinery, and gave to individuals, unconnected with the responsibilities of government, a degree of influence and weight in the state, prodigious to contemplate, and fearful in its possible consequences. The contractors would have wielded almost sovereign powers, and have had at their uncontrolled command both a fleet and an army. They would have a revenue greater than any fifth-rate European power, 120 millions of reals, or £1,200,000 sterling. With the collection of that revenue 5,000 persons were in various shapes connected; and the contractors, with a view to the efficiency of the service, had scattered through different parts of Spain 10,000 stand of arms. Along the coast, too, their armed vessels would soon have been seen in every direction, and the new designation for these *écumeurs de mer* was "*aduanero del humo*," or the smoke-tidewaiter. The floating *matériel* of the contractors in the Mediterranean, and

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the Bay of Biscay, was 500 pieces of artillery. Governments by-and-by would have done well to put themselves under these gentlemen's patronage; for a serious difference with so imperial an interest, would be like a declaration of war with France. It was not without reason that at Alicante, Señor Alcaraz, the government-inspector, refused to give up the stores and guard-boats to the company's officer, Campos, son-in-law to the late vice-president of the revolutionary junta, enlarging on the danger of intrusting to such a person a force of ten armed vessels and 400 carabineros, horse and foot.

The lazy system of farming out the revenue still prevails in every part of the Peninsula. The ruinous practice extends down to the minutest items and the smallest heads of municipal taxation; which, instead of being collected by receivers appointed by the Ayuntamiéntos, are disposed of by auction, and stripped by this slovenly means of a large per-centage. It is still precisely as in 1594, when Cervantes was despatched with a commission from Philip II. to the kingdom of Granada, to look after the missing proceeds of the royal *tercias* and *alcabalas*, or proportion of ecclesiastical tithes and per-centage on sales. Instead of appointing intelligent and responsible collectors, subjected to an active supervision, the man of straw, who has the impudence to bid, is too often preferred to the man of substance; and the man of substance will not take the contract unless at a price by which the revenue is robbed. At Cadiz, as a sample of the system, the Ayuntamiénto disposes by subasta, or public auction, of the shops and stalls of the Squares

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of Isabel II. and San Fernando, of the dependencies of the Plaza de la Constitucion, of the sale of water from the reservoirs in the Squares of La Libertad and General Mina, of the vessels plying beneath the North Wall, of the standings in the Casa de Matanza, or city slaughter-house, of the tax levied on all heads of cattle, &c., on their entrance, and of the rents of small shops near the Plaza de la Libertad; from all which they would realise thirty per cent. more, if they were not too lazy to collect them.

The unhappy financial condition of Spain leads, as might be expected, to the most saddening results. Enclaustrado members of religious orders, friars and canons connected with the first families in the kingdom, are too often compelled to subsist upon genteel beggary. The promised government incomes were at best but a miserable subsistence, and these are, for the most part, years in arrear. It would wring tears from the hardest eyes to see the plight of these religious men, of whom many are venerable and most respectable. Of old *militaires* there are likewise countless numbers, whose pensions are paid so irregularly by the State, that they become a burthen on the community. Many a man who has held a captain's commission is reduced to literal beggary; and the daughters of such a man, after his utterly unprovided death, sometimes seek a support in prostitution! I speak of facts too well established. Political mutations have placed vast numbers of military, as well as ecclesiastics, on the retired list; their *titulos* are discounted by usurers at a sacrifice of eighty per cent., and often they cannot get a penny in the pound!

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CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE COLONIES OF SPAIN.

THE immense colonial empire of Spain has dwindled to the Canary Islands, two of the Antillas,—Puerto Rico and Cuba,—the Filippines, the Marianas, and a speck or two on the northern coast of Africa. It is just 200 years since she lost her grasp of Portugal, with its extensive colonial possessions; Jamaica, Franche-Comté, the Low Countries, the Milanese, Naples, Sicily, followed. Cromwell clipped her of Jamaica, and France of Hispaniola. Tunis, Oran, the Cape Verds—she lost successively. The double crown of the Bourbons and the Family Compact made France more friendly; and Spain had Louisiana ceded to her, but did not long retain it. Pensacola, Florida, Sierra Leone, were transferred to England. In our own days we have seen her gigantic western empire melt away like snow; and the discoverer and conqueror of America, whose possessions both on the northern and southern continent were in extent enormous, left without a shred of territory in the golden tracts where she was once omnipotent. We have seen the tyranny and helpless misgovernment which 150 years ago were unable to defend those sunny regions from the depredations of buccaneers, and the ravages of filibusteros, prostrated, in a few engagements,

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throughout all those vast dominions; the torch of a too fruitless liberty borne with lightning speed from new-sprung Republic to Republic, and Colombia, Mexico, Peru, New Granada, Ecuador, Paraguay, the Argentine, wrested simultaneously from their neglectful stepmother, and established in an abused independence.

Cuba is the milch-cow of Spain; and it is the remittances from Havana which, for years past, have mainly enabled successive governments to pay the half-yearly dividends to the English bondholder. An evidence of its flourishing condition may be found in the fact, that the Intendente of Finance at Havana, at the close of the year just expired, authorised the Treasury at Madrid to draw on him to the extent of a hundred millions of reals, or one million sterling,—which, if requisite, he announced might be still further extended. Much as may be said against the abuse of cigar-smoking, the fundholder will scarcely be found to join in indiscriminate censure of the "weed" that enables Spain, with all her wounds open and bleeding, to scorn that detestable practice of *repudiation*, which America, with all her prosperity and unruffled tranquillity, suffers to degrade her national character; and the ragged and wasted Spanish refugee, when the dapper and oily Yankee twits him on the misfortunes of his country, may answer proudly,—"Yes; but we pay our dividends!" Spain, by a singular coincidence, retains in her shrunken colonial empire the two finest tobacco-growing islands in the world, and the bulk of her colonial wealth

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consists of her Havana cigars and her Manilla cheroots.

The general administration of Cuba has long been very defective, and as a means of bringing wealth to the mother country the enormous cigar manufactories are the chief available source. But these are indeed immense. Statistical details upon this subject have not long since been presented to the British public, and it is unnecessary, therefore, to repeat them. The customary colonial vices of favoritism and oppression have been exhibited at Cuba lately in a very striking degree, and a formal complaint has been made in the Cortés of "the fatal state of the insular government, the post-office, and its dependencies, since the time of Señor Capetillo, the ancient Administrador; involving the most serious abuses, even to the opening, as it passed through the post-office, of the correspondence of parties obnoxious to the ruling powers."

The appointment of General Leopold O'Donnell as Governor and Captain-General of the island, which was one of the first acts of the Provisional Government, was a selection worthy of Narvaez. This general had been but a very short time in the island, when he found the violence of brigands, and the excesses of the soldiery, to require a strong curb. He adopted instantly the characteristic course of hunting down the offenders, trying them by martial law, and inexorably commanding their execution. These scenes have not since been renewed, but slavery and the slave trade were never more rampant. There are here, as

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in all the other colonies of Spain, municipal chambers, provincial deputations, consistorial houses, and most of the other machinery of the Spanish constitution; but these popular bodies seldom take an active part in politics, and generally go with the actual government. There are no colonial chambers, it being a peculiarity of Spain that her colonies send deputies to the Madrid Cortés. Cuba is very well affected towards the mother country, and the people are proud of calling their island "*La bella y paficica Antilla.*" Its administration is carried on by the Captain-General, assisted by a council of government called the "Real Acuerdo," composed of the highest functionaries, the Archbishop of the Antillas, the Commandant-General of the Apostadero, or chief port, the Superintendent-General of the Real Hacienda, or treasury and customs, the Intendant of the Army, &c. The Governor holds frequent levies at his palace in the royal hall of prætorial audience, and from its balconies addresses the troops at reviews; while the Muelle de Caballeria, or Cavalry-mole, is the scene of much gaiety when ships of war arrive at the island, or distinguished strangers are received in state at their landing. After half-a-century of inaction, they are now building a fine brig-of-war at Havana. The Governor gives audiences to the inhabitants in private disputes, a patriarchal procedure by which much litigation is avoided. Within the last year two or three new ports have been opened to foreign commerce, and a more liberal code with regard to exports has been adopted and carried

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into execution. At one of these new ports, Cardenas, five American vessels were lately loading together with molasses. An enlightened policy would produce a rapid development of the resources of this fine island; but in the progress which is generally noticeable, I lament the absence of any advance towards humane and liberal sentiments with regard to slavery. The atrocious traffic never flourished more than it has done under O'Donnell's auspices, and the infamous spectacle is here presented of an exalted military officer fattening on blood-money and base corruption. But the recent conspiracy at Matanzas will probably have the effect of checking this shame of civilisation, and mortal terror may yield what justice would never have conceded. It must be recorded, to Espartero's honour, that he alone of Spanish rulers carried out with good faith the slave-trade treaty of 1835, and that his appointment of General Valdez as Governor of Cuba was so effective for this purpose, that the import of slaves became reduced from 14,000 to 3000 yearly.

Cuba contributes 50,000,000 reals, or 500,000*l.* sterling of clear annual revenue to the Spanish Crown. The island is filled with a thriving population, the planters are daily becoming more wealthy, and their dread of the unemancipated negro population is the only drawback to a pleasant existence. An immense improvement has developed itself of late years in the sugar cultivation, of which the produce has quintupled since the commencement of the present century. Some of the plantations are arranged on a very creditable scale, and the processes pursued at

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many of the *ingenios* or sugar-mills have made great strides towards perfection. The general amelioration, both here and at Puerto Rico, within the few last years, is perfectly astonishing; and a nucleus of hope to the friends of the slave may be found in the fact that some planters have taken up the idea that fresh supplies of negroes may be dispensed with, by a more careful maintenance of the large supply which the island now contains, and of their posterity.

Puerto Rico was considered at the first period of its discovery merely as a suitable point to be fortified, with a view to assist Spain in her navigation, and domination of the West Indies. For this purpose the island received from the chest of Mexico, a *situado* of 300,000 dollars to defray the expenses of its government. The insurrection of New Spain a quarter of a century back, brought the loss of this subsidy, and necessity, more than foresight, made Spaniards seek for means within the island itself. Many Europeans, besides, emigrated to Puerto Rico on the insurrection of the neighbouring island of St. Domingo, and of the provinces of New Spain. At the commencement of the present century it contained only the garrison, a few *indigenas* scattered through its fields, and a few thousand slaves. In 1815 its population was 174,000, in 1828, 288,000, in 1840, 400,000 souls. The capital wealth of the island was estimated in 1800 at 3 millions reals; in 1815, at 40 millions; and at the present day it exceeds 100 millions. It yields a net revenue to the Crown of 30,000*l.* a year.

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The archipelago of the Filippines was discovered in 1521 by Fernando de Magellanes, and is now divided into 31 provinces, containing 635 pueblos, and 3,285,848 souls. In 1784, there was first created a "superintendencia de hacienda," which in 1829 was transferred entirely to an Intendente. Up to the beginning of the present century the revenue derived from the Filippines did not cover the expense of their maintenance, and a *situado* had to be remitted from Peru. The tobacco of these islands is of excellent quality, and under good administration would yield more than all the other produce. Its growth is so abundant that it might easily suffice for the supply of the neighbouring countries of British and Dutch India, and even for the greater part of the home consumption of Spain. If the islands were planted with tobacco to their full capacity, and a tax imposed on families, Pio Pita says that they would yield between two and three millions of dollars to the State.

The first Company for the development of the natural and commercial wealth of the Filippines was established in 1785, with the sanction and patronage of that very well-meaning sovereign, Carlos III. It was not, however, till the present century that the rule of scandalous neglect, with regard to the colonies of Spain, was at all departed from in this instance; and it was rather the impulse given to this remote part of the world by the energetic spirit of British commerce, than any exertion on the part of Spanish governments, that led even to the moderate progress which has been witnessed. The ports of the Filip-

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pines were long closed to foreigners, and it was only through the medium of contraband that the colonists received any impulse from foreign commerce. The Home Government was compelled to subsidize the islands with an annual payment of 250,000 dollars, for their maintenance in periods of tranquillity, instead of receiving any revenue from them; and twice the idea of their formal abandonment was seriously entertained, in consequence of the excessive cost of their retention. The efforts made, first by the Sociedad Economica, and subsequently by the Royal Company of the Filippines, were found to be a mere profitless sinking of money. They were of no avail whatever, because they could neither find consumers nor establish an active competition. If there be any value in the prohibitory system, its beauties were surely manifested here, where the principle was enforced in its uttermost rigour. What prevented Spaniards, who had no foreign competitors, from extracting all attainable advantages out of their East Indian ports? They were open to them, and closed to all the rest of the world. The dog-in-a-manger feeling was paramount and rampant. Yet, so far from prospering, these possessions were found to be a drug. The colonial ports were eventually opened, through the impulse of sheer necessity; but obstacles were still thrown in the way of foreign commerce. While the ports of Europe were for the most part open to Spanish shipping, a jealous and unusual preference was given to Spanish vessels frequenting this colony, as if the object was to extract all they could from foreign nations, and give nothing in return.

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The Spanish flag enjoyed the benefit of differential duties, both in the ports of the Peninsula and at its entrance into all the islands. While England opposes no difficulty whatever to the establishment of strangers in her colonies, Spain, until lately, has made it next to impossible—a policy self-evidently pernicious, since the accession of capital and of industrious citizens must increase the sum of the wealth and prosperity of a state. On this subject the greatest ignorance has long prevailed in Spain. The broad and staring fact of our liberality in this respect has been pertinaciously denied to exist; and a royal order was not long since issued by a Spanish Minister of Finance, based upon this absurdly erroneous supposition. There is a party in Spain, whose rigorous *exclusivismo* is mortally offended by the slightest condescension to foreigners, and the smallest abatement of miscalled protective laws they invariably denounce as treason. Events have singularly falsified the predictions of the strict-prohibition party. Few possessions have had their face and their fortunes so changed in a few years as the Filippines, since the force of the principles of modern political economy compelled the Government to relax their protective regulations, and admit foreign competition to their ports. The following official returns of the exportation from the port of Manilla, at different periods, to the mother country and to foreign ports, demonstrate as well the remarkable increase of the last fifteen years, as the striking fact that *to foreign commerce* is Spain exclusively indebted for this improvement.

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Declared value of goods exported from the port of Manilla in the years from 1805 to 1810 inclusively, during which period foreigners were admitted, but not tolerated :—

	Dollars.	
In national and foreign vessels . .	1,485,289	
From 1827 to 1830, during which period foreigners were tolerated :—		
In national ships	1,732,329	
In foreign ships	3,575,554	
		5,307,983
From 1836 to 1840, in which period there has been some further relaxation :—		
In national ships	4,169,783	
In foreign ships	8,588,614	
		12,758,397

For eight years after the establishment of the Royal Company of the Filippines, from 1785 to 1793, all the wealth of Spain, before she was embarrassed by the French Revolution, or lost her South American possessions, was applied to propping up the prohibitive system, and it failed. In the same year in which the head of Louis XVI. rolled on the block, foreigners were for the first time admitted to the Filippines, although not yet tolerated. Yet still these islands were a burthen to the mother country, until 1827, when Spain had her eyes partially opened by the recent loss of her other colonies, and foreigners at last were tolerated. The Filippines now yield a million of dollars of annual revenue to Spain, and that revenue may be easily doubled by the establishment of commercial freedom.

All parties admit the lamentable state of confusion to which the Filippines have been reduced by misgovernment. Placed in the antipodes, having very

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unfrequent and irregular communication with the mother country, and exposed to all the enervating effects of tropical lassitude and corruption, it is evident that nothing but the greatest vigour and energy in the central Government could impart a shadow of these qualities to the management of such distant possessions. The wonder is, not that they should be in a low state of vitality, but that the feeble grasp by which they are held should have been able to retain them at all. Malversation at such a distance is considered a safe job, and the conduct of the members of the Council gives the cue to the lowest official. The insular exchequer is dilapidated in every shape which can be devised by ingenuity or fraud; and this essential business of money-making, when the collection and alienation of revenue is deemed too slow, is accelerated by processes which, if not so flagrantly dishonest, are to the full as undignified and objectionable. Governors have been seen to stand in the public square auctioning goods which they have imported as a venture, applying the screw of their official station to compel purchases at their own price, and ready to knock down any man with their hammer who would dispute the excellence of his purchase, or the equality of sack and sample. The evasion of customs' duties by these persons, and the violation of every law in their own favour, is but an obvious corollary of the system. Calm observers predict that, unless this mode of government be changed, the national hatred of injustice and the contempt of feeble oppression, which actuate all mankind, will lead to these inevitable results, and the loss

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of this colony to Spain may be no very remote contingency. Here, then, is another ground for imploring a moderation of the factious strife, which is precipitating the final ruin of Spain—if, indeed, the ruin of a nation be possible. The Houses of Vituperation, which are called a Córtes, have neither time nor inclination to attend to these colonies.

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CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE COLONIES OF SPAIN
(Continued).

The grandiloquence of Spain is perceptible in every direction. Retaining only the Filippines and Marianas in the East, the Governor of Manilla is called "Commander of Asia," and General Clavería, with his small insular administration, has a higher title than Sir Henry Hardinge, with his gigantic sway over millions. By a recent decree, the Minister of Marine was authorised to construct six war-steamers, especially destined for the Filippines; but this colonial steam-navy will doubtless exist only on paper.

The Marianas are mere specks, north-east of the Filippines, near Japan, which are of no use except as penal settlements, and as producing some spices. Some convicts are likewise transported to the Filippines, and their labour applied to public works.

During the past year the Spanish flag has been planted in the islands of Fernando Po and Annabon, possessions originally discovered by Spain, but of very slight importance, and whose value may be estimated from the fact of their having been abandoned by the Portuguese. Placed at the innermost part of the bend in the western coast of Africa, within four degrees on each side of the equator, they are extremely ill adapted for European occupation, and their pro-

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ductions little suited for export. They are entirely out of the line of navigation for ships going round the Cape, and will be scarcely used at all for victualling or watering. Fernando Po is a trifle larger than St. Helena, while Annabon is the mere speck in the ocean that Ascension is, without the advantages of its position. The Portuguese did their best to cultivate the former, but found it unprofitable work; and the principal wealth which the Spaniards have secured in this occupation is 17,000 negros, who, according to the government account of the appropriation, "*may be made very useful.*" I beg to recommend this obvious hint to the notice of our cruisers on the African coast. It is of course equivocal, and may be meant to apply to the development of local agriculture; but the unsuccessful labours of Portuguese agriculturists render it improbable that these islands will be devoted by their Spanish successors to plantation; and a voyage across the Atlantic, if less advantageous to the negro's health, would be more productive to his master's pocket. 17,000 able-bodied negroes, at 500 dollars per head, would produce, upon safe delivery, eight millions and a-half of dollars, or near two millions sterling. The intention is said to be to colonise these islands immediately, and send out missionaries. The interjacent colonies of Prince's Island and St. Thomas's, situate directly under the line, and with the two new Spanish islands as their outposts, have made little agricultural progress, and their continued occupation by Portugal seems much more a point of honour than of interest. Indeed, excepting the indigenous negroes,

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guano, a new-found but short-lived treasure, appears to be the principal resource; and it is to be lamented that the slight surviving spirit of the Conquistadores is not rather applied to the amelioration and development of their five subsisting colonies, than to the seizure of barren tracts in the recesses of the pathless ocean. Better make the Filippines productive to the full extent of their capacity, than plant the crossed Lions and Castles upon a hundred Annabons.

At the occupation of Fernando Po an extraordinary sight was witnessed. A negro was found by the Spanish commissioners within a large and ruinous building, going through some rude ceremonies with a damaged and broken chalice, in the presence of a large concourse of the natives. It was a solemn burlesque of the mass—their traditional imitation of the rites performed a century before by the Portuguese missionaries. No wine was used, but they conceived the chalice to possess a talismanic virtue.

Although the Canary Isles are but five degrees south of Madeira, the difference in climate and productions is considerable. The animal and feathered tribes in Las Islas Afortunadas are much more tropical than in the Flor do Oceano.* The heat is far more intense, the plumage of the singing-birds more gay and lively, and the camel is an indigenous animal. The palm-tree waves its fan-like coronal in every part of these islands, in Teneriffe as well as in Palma, and the general aspect does not differ much from the cultivated parts of the neighbouring coast of Morocco.

* Madeira is so called by the inhabitants.

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The Canaries are precisely equidistant from Madeira and the tropic of Cancer, and their greater proximity to the latter makes all the difference in their wines. Too much heat is as prejudicial as too little, to the quality of the grape: the reputation of Canary wine has long since passed away, and the value of the possession has become proportionally impaired. The wine exportation, however, still constitutes the principal commerce of these islands. The chief shipments are to England, and these have unhappily been decreasing for the last quarter of a century. Previous to 1821, there was no separate record made in our annual customs' return of the quantities retained for home consumption, and accurate classification was therefore before that period impracticable; but the returns have since been very accurate, and the following is the number of gallons of Canary wine on which duty was paid in England from 1821 to 1842 inclusively:—

1821 .	160,350	1829 .	101,699	1836 .	54,584
1822 .	129,620	1830 .	101,892	1837 .	42,146
1823 .	123,036	1831 .	94,803	1838 .	97,979
1824 .	117,428	1832 .	72,803	1839 .	35,178
1825 .	167,108	1833 .	69,621	1840 .	29,489
1826 .	134,445	1834 .	62,186	1841 .	25,772
1827 .	152,938	1835 .	52,862	1842 .	21,169
1828 .	137,553				

It is highly probable that the exportation of Canary wines to England will entirely cease, in the event of the expected reductions taking place in the white wines of Xerez, Madeira, Lisbon, and Sicily; and Teneriffe being admittedly an inferior article to any of those just mentioned, our sole consumption of it will be in our colonies. The same doom of exclusion

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from the British market impends over our own Cape, should the duty upon other wines be considerably diminished. This falling off of 85 per cent. in our consumption of Teneriffe is unexampled in the whole circle of our wine trade, and covering such a number of years, and being so gradual, it may fairly be assumed as permanent. The large importation of 1838 was accidental, and arose from an insufficient supply of Madeiras and Marsalas in that year. The only *large* import we have lately received from the Canaries was some camels for a menagerie.

The loss of her South American colonies may be little felt by Spain, if it have the effect of concentrating her energies into an entire dependence upon herself, and into a development of her great internal resources. The remembrance of what the Moors were in Spain should shame the Spaniard of the present day, and a glance at their astonishing achievements should be the strongest stimulant to exertion. Enduring monuments of their minute toil, their untiring industry, and prodigal magnificence, have survived the wreck of centuries, in the Alcazar of Seville, the Alhambra of Granada, and the Arizapha of Córdova. The ordinary revenue of Abderrahman III., Caliph of Córdova, in the 10th century, according to the testimony of an Arabic historian, amounted annually to 12,945,000 dinars, or about 144,000,000 livres tournois—a sum surpassing the united revenues of all the Christian monarchs his contemporaries; and (if the difference in the value of money be allowed for) more than sixfold the revenue of modern Spain, even before she lost the mineral wealth of Southern America.

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It was from the mineral wealth of Spain herself that these mighty stores were extracted—a wealth so far from being exhausted that in truth it is not half explored, and no country in Europe is believed to contain in every direction such valuable ores of all descriptions. It is fit that Spaniards be roused from their inglorious slumber, their fitful dreams, or waking madness of feud and party strife; that they be twitted with the exploits of their infidel predecessors, the recital of their indefatigable toils; and that proud and lounging beggary be started by a thrilling trumpet-blast. Where squalid rags and lazy penury affront the passing eye to-day, and where there is hardly sufficient revenue raised to pay the dishonest custom-house officers and keep the roads in repair, the Caliph of Córdova a century after Tarif's invasion never moved abroad without an escort of twelve thousand horse, the girdle and scimitar of each rider blazing with gold. His seraglio was composed of six thousand three hundred persons. The presents made to him by his favourite, Abou-Malec, on being promoted to the post of Grand Vizier, consisted of four thousand pounds weight of pure gold, four hundred and twenty thousand sequins in silver ingots, five hundred ounces of amber, three hundred ounces of camphor, thirty pieces of gold tissue so rich that a Caliph alone could wear it, ten robes of Khorassan marten and a hundred of other furs, forty-eight caparisons and gold and silken harnesses, four thousand pounds of silk, fifteen steeds of the finest Arab race with trappings and housings complete for royalty, besides a quantity of Persian carpeting, coats of

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mail, swords, bucklers, and lances—borne in long and magnificent procession, and followed by forty male and twenty female slaves of rare beauty, whose collars and bracelets sparkled with priceless pearls. A eulogistic poem was likewise presented by the new minister, but of this we shall only say that it doubtless smelt of the amber.

This monarch, to whom but a limb of Spain gave such enormous wealth, built within a league of Córdova the palace and garden of Arizapha or Zehra, in honour of his favourite sultana, whose name this marvellous retreat bore. The most celebrated architects from Constantinople sketched its plan, and the ablest artists assisted in its execution. A hundred marble columns adorned the interior of the edifice, the materials having been transported from Africa, Greece, and Italy. The Grecian marble was a present from the Emperor. The hall of audience was of incredible splendour; its walls incrusted with gold and precious stones. As in all the Moorish palaces, there was a fountain in the centre, with an extensive basin, adorned with figures of birds and quadrupeds, of wonderful execution and immense price; while overhead was suspended a pearl of extraordinary size, and of value defying computation, which, to secure the Caliph's courted alliance, had likewise been presented by the Emperor. This wonderful summer palace and its gardens took nearly a quarter of a century to complete, and upon their construction and adornment was expended the enormous sum of seventy-two millions of livres tournois. The city of Córdova contained six hundred mosques, nine hun-

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dred baths, and two hundred thousand houses; and the caliphate comprised eighty large towns, and three hundred of the second class; while the banks of the Guadalquivír, from the Sierra, which borders on La Mancha, to the ocean, were cheered and gladdened by twelve thousand villages, where now there are scarcely twelve.

It was from the mineral wealth of their compact little kingdom that the Abderrahmans chiefly extracted all this prosperity. Quicksilver, iron and copper, were raised in great quantities, and exported daily to Africa and the East. The ports of the Greek empire were constantly resorted to by the merchants of southern Spain. The silks of Granada, and the cloths of Murcia, had then the highest reputation; and these and other requisites of luxury were in great demand amongst the opulent residents of Byzantium. Of the treasures amassed during centuries a large portion was thus transferred to Spain. The wealth and expensive indulgences of Alexandria gave likewise encouragement and development to Hispano-Moorish commerce. The tempered steel of Córdova and Toledo was in great request in a chivalrous and warlike age, and the Saracens of Africa purchased their cuirasses as well as their scimitars from their brothers in Spain. The whole Mediterranean seaboard was strewn with treasures, as the interior was filled with mineral wealth. The rubies of Bajar and Malaga, the amethysts of Cartagena, the pearls of Catalunia, and the coral of Andalucía, were highly esteemed throughout Europe and the East. Amongst the natural productions thus

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shipped in large quantities from the Peninsula, were amber, myrrh, saffron, sulphur and ginger; and amongst the principal sources of the Córdovan Caliphs' wealth were the mines of gold and silver with which their dominions abounded, and of which the value cannot be defined. It is idle, without energetic action, to expect to restore this El Dorado. Golden showers of wealth do not fall any more than of manna; no capons, ready roasted, flew through the streets of Córdova; the Moors had neither gold for a wish, nor silver for a sigh, nor comfort nor luxury without active habits of exertion. Their steel was more heated and hammered than any other in Europe, if it attained to a higher temper. Their gems were not formed from the morning dew, but gathered from the depths of ocean; their silk was not the offal of a worm, but the produce of a thousand looms. They were men to neither lounge nor despair. There is a talisman within the grasp of the Spaniard of the present day, which, if he strongly grasp it, may yet revive these marvels. That talisman is enlightened commerce; that charm is honourable industry.

The isolated points which Spain retains on the northern coast of Africa, and which, from their limited extent, can scarcely be called colonies, have been reduced to the verge of ruin, as well as the Filippines and Canaries, by prohibitory laws and miscalled protective duties; and the Ayuntamiénto of Ceuta has just forwarded a memorial to the Government, imploring it to declare that town an open port under reasonable conditions. There seems, indeed, to be

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every likelihood that the force of circumstances will compel, ere long, the adoption of moderate free-trade principles, not only in the colonies, but in all the ports of Spain. The recent dispute with Morocco will probably have the effect of making the emperor forego the rather absurd idea that the Spanish crown is his tributary for its African possessions, together with his claim to pretended arrears. The strip of territory, too, as far as Serra Bulbones, will probably be definitively annexed to Ceuta, as stipulated between General Bution and Cid Mohammed Omimon, Pasha of Tangier. Three strong forts should be here erected by Spain for the defence of her line. Vellez, La Gumera, and Alhucemas, will be of little use, unless a league at least of neutral territory be marked off for purposes of traffic, and the Maroquins bound, by treaty, neither to construct works nor carry arms within it. At Melilla likewise Spain should be empowered to re-establish the advanced forts of S. Lorenzo, S. Miguel, and S. Francisco, and annex a strip of territory of at least a league. The garrison of Chafarinas (the Zafarine islands) must have the right to cut wood on the adjoining lands, and the possession of the island of Peregil be respected, or the African colonies of Spain will be a profitless burden. The Caracoles islands, which she likewise holds, are of inconsiderable value.

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CHAPTER XXXVIII.

COLONIAL SLAVERY—THE CONSPIRACY OF MATANZAS.

THE energy of O'Donnell's character, and the activity of his mind and habits, would make him an extremely good governor of such a possession as Cuba, but for the unhappy obliquity of vision which leads him to regard the slave-trade with favour. "*La traite*" has seldom, of late years, been more successful than under the rule of this governor; and but for the activity of our cruisers, the sale of black flesh on the Cuban coast would be as common as that of black puddings in the ventas of Spain. By one of those singular, but never-ceasing agencies of Providential retribution, which commend the drugged chalice to the poisoner's lip, and hoist the engineer with his own petard, the greater Spanish Antilla has become convulsed with more than its usual eruptiveness under the sway of the most prominent of slave-trade rulers, and the conspiracy of the present year (1844) at Matanzas, will be long remembered with shuddering. I notice this movement, because its causes are old and deeply seated, and because last year those seeds were plentifully scattered by O'Donnell, and others, which have led to such disastrous results. The unbending military character of O'Donnell's mind and government, caused great and striking seve-

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rities to be practised amongst the negro population; the idea indeed generally prevails throughout the island, that no rule but that of terror can repress, to the due limit of innocuousness, a population in which the black and coloured races so immensely preponderate; and if love and kindness be practicable agencies in the intercourse with a race which it is determined to continue enslaved (a postulate, perhaps, which may be denied), the Cuban planters, and present governing body, are not the men to exhaust, or to try fairly these milder means. The island has now, for ten years, (during which the neighbouring British Antilla—Jamaica—has enjoyed the blessings of emancipation,) been like a country abounding with volcanic formations, bursting forth into eruption after eruption, and giving a glimpse of the terrible destruction which may one day light upon all its white inhabitants, when a vent shall be found for its hidden fires. One must have been a resident for some time at Havana to be fully aware of the horrid fear of its black population which lurks in the breasts of its scattered whites, of the perpetual dread of a midnight rising, the blenching lips and pallid cheeks produced by every unaccustomed sound which is borne on the island breezes, and the feeling of which none but dare-devils can rid themselves: "*Incedimus per ignes suppositos cineri doloso.*" England is, of course, intensely hated by the slave-dealers all over the world, for that truest of all reasons, because she spoils their trade: in Cuba she is hated with a peculiar bitterness. Our great, and on the whole, successful experiment of freedom has been tried and completed at their doors.

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Vice detests the rebuke of its neighbour, Virtue; but, above all, they are swayed by a deep-seated resentment against us for inspiring their wretched bondsmen with the taste for liberty. The Cuban negro has heard of his Jamaica brother, and of equality, justice, and the dignity of man; he has heard a whispering about free blacks cultivating their own farms, and driving their own gigs; the Cuban too is human, fired with human cupidity, and with human ambition; is it strange that the Cuban planter, who is still determined to be served by lashed hounds in the guise of his fellow-men, should be unable to sleep one night in the year in security? Blame not English justice, weak, misguided man! but blame yourself and the odious policy of your country.

This hatred of England, arising from our indirect interference with their system of predial servitude, has become so marked and blinding, that, at every fresh negro insurrection, a large direct share in the origin of the disturbances is attributed to our countrymen; and we were charged by the entire press of Spain, with a leading part in the recent revolt of Matanzas. "The movement," said these honest and dispassionate witnesses, "was directed by a committee of five members. Placido was the president, and the four others were two mulattos, *and two Englishmen.* This latter circumstance is worthy of note." It is worthy of note as being an utter falsehood. Under Providence it does seem that the sense of fear will eventually rid this island of the curse of slavery; and that Brazil will be indebted to a similar cause for the emancipation of her black population. The groundless persuasion of

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selfish interest would probably never yield to any powers of reasoning or considerations of religion; it is human passion that will vanquish human passion, cupidity will be overcome by fear. "Soon," says Cooper's old hunter, "you will see fire fight fire." The murders of inoffensive proprietors in Brazil by servants, denaturalised and demoralised by the taint of slavery, and the incessant risings and massacres in Cuba, will do more to extinguish this inhuman institution, than the efforts of zealous thousands of emissaries and lecturers.

It is the boast of Spaniards, sitting and writing in Madrid, that the vigilant intelligence and compact union of the whites render triumph to the negroes impossible; that they may revolt as often as they please, and slay defenceless isolated whites, burn plantations and ingenios, and make the diabolical efforts at universal destruction which characterise their risings, but that their attempts will never succeed. There is a brutality in this familiar boast, and in the mode of urging it, which negro brutality can scarce eclipse; and the mind which can coolly contemplate the incessant recurrence of such horrors little deserves to be envied. The boast, however, is quite misplaced; and the danger which Madrileño pamphleteers so fondly depreciate is, in truth, appalling. Facts speak for themselves. The peace of the island is maintained only by the perpetual presence of a large military force; every considerable town is a garrison, and the selected governor is always an eminent military commander. An active and unrelaxing system of freemasonry, which buries all feuds in whatever relates to this question of life and death, has perpetually to be

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maintained amongst the white population; and with all the diligence of watch-and-ward which is observed upon every plantation, with the large supplies of fire-arms with which locked recesses of the sugar-house are supplied, with the abundance of active zeal with which the communications are kept up from one plantation to another, and between the various plantations and the nearest military stations, no rising ever takes place that several whites are not horribly butchered, usually in the midst of sleep, and without power of resistance though a park of artillery were at hand. The feverish anxiety which this begets, the nervous and besetting insecurity, the waking sounds and hideous dreams at the solemn dead of night, the wear-and-tear of human life, of human hearts and happiness, is too frightful a price to pay for the maintenance of an accursed code; and turning even upon the question of interest, many years cannot elapse before the last trace of slavery in Cuba is abolished.

Each new conspiracy is more skilfully organised than its predecessors, and realised on a larger scale. The sway of human passions, boundless and unscrupulous, suddenly let loose, and tremendously active in proportion to their previous constraint, characterises these fearful heavings and upturnings of human society. Like the carnival of the nations of Southern Europe, in which they clank their moment-loosed chains in the ears of their despotic rulers, the negro insurrection is a savage orgie, but, unlike it, mirth is not here a safety-valve. Blood and destruction are the only thoughts of these

——— "Children of the Sun,
With whom revenge is virtue."

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The scheme of every negro conspiracy is total spoliation and extermination of the whites. The spirit of De Balzac's "*Vautrin*" is theirs:—"Let us plunge in a bath of blood and gold—we thus shall wash out every stain." With them it is the stain of birth and race; and their feelings, like those of the wild horse towards his cruelly goading rider, are savage, fierce, and pitiless—a hoof in his heart and a crunch at his skull!

The leading man in the recent insurrection of Matanzas was a mulatto named Placido, a name not wholly unknown in Spain; for in the early part of 1843 there appeared in most of the Madrid journals some verses by a Cuban poet, verses full of literary errors, but inspired by an ardent imagination, and impregnated by an almost savage sublimity of thought. In short, they were the verses of no common man, and evidently directed to no common aims. The author of these poems was the mulatto Placido, who figured as the head of the Matanzas conspiracy. He it was who organised the recent great rebellion, and verse was one of his means of inciting the black population to revolt. To a rare energy in composition, Placido, whose name could only be deemed characteristic in the spirit of the proverb, that "smooth water runs deep," united great powers of persuasion, a fiery imagination, a rapid, and vehement, and irresistible eloquence. Yet he was also a politician, and could bide his time. He seemed born for a revolutionist. His person was very commanding. In the admixture of races which formed his blood the white slightly predominated, and he joined European intel-

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ligence to African fire. His face is described as of uncommon beauty, his colour a rich brown, his eyes large, lustrous, perhaps rather too fiery, his teeth most regular and of shining whiteness, his mouth well-formed, though the lips were slightly swelled, and with a touch of cruelty. His manners were winning and popular, his influence over the coloured classes of Cuba unbounded, his allusions to their degraded state incessant and goading,—in all respects he was a most dangerous character. He was one of the few accomplished agitators who have united pre-eminent powers as a revolutionary poet, as a writer of songs for the people, that he might afterwards write their laws, to great and unrivalled capacity as a man of action. He was adapted alike for the closet and the stage (rare versatility of genius!) for the rehearsal and performance of the drama of life, and shone not more in theoretical disquisition than in practical illustration and development. The union of such qualities in any walk of life is rare, but, in a revolutionist, tremendous. And, from a cursory perusal of his poems, and of the doctrines with which they are impregnated, I may congratulate the Cubanos that, owing to the turn of events, they were not exposed for more than a few hours to the dictatorship of the poet, Placido.

Throughout the whole of last year, this accomplished mulatto of Matanzas was laying his foundations, deep and wide. He was forced to work in secret, entirely by sap and mine; but the feelings of intense hatred which actuate the black and coloured races towards the white respected the mystery of Placido's move-

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ments, and prevented his cabala from being revealed. His plans were grand and comprehensive. The entire white race throughout the island was to be exterminated at one fell swoop! a republic, another and more perfect Hayti, was to be raised on the ruins of Spanish domination; the civil offices and military commands were to be filled by mulattos, and the blacks were to form the standing army. The scheme, it must be confessed, was a plausible one, and the distribution of place and power judiciously conceived. Printing-presses, powder dépôts, and collections of arms, were to be seized simultaneously—all the elements, in short, of modern and enlightened administration (be sure that the poet would not forget the press); and so frightful was the danger which the white Cubanos ran, so horrid the abyss into which they were on the point of plunging, that, according to the strongest and most conclusive appearances, there was not a single coloured man throughout the island who was not affiliated to the conspiracy. The mulattos were invariably assigned as leaders, and the blacks as the brute instruments. The ramifications of the plot extended into every family, and the most trusted coloured servants were to be the agents of domestic murder. A taste of the sweets of slavery!

The Thursday in Holy Week, when the churches are filled with the white population, was fixed for the scene of swift and general carnage. The signal was to be given simultaneously throughout the island by the burning of all the sugar-canes, and of most of the principal houses. The cañaverals and the dwellings on the plantations were to be indiscriminately devastated by fire.

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For the rest, the word was "*la muerte y la destruccion!*" The Spaniards themselves, when they escaped from the horrid crisis, admitted that the plan was admirably conceived. The cooks were to poison their masters, and the caleseros, with their coach-horses, to form a corps of cavalry. The premature discovery of the plot was owing to no treachery, but to the conversation of some of the conspirators being by chance overheard, and to an obscure warning from a young female slave in love with her European master. The alarm thus conveyed was not given till the morning of the day which was fixed for the insurrection, and the soldiers were privately planted in their barracks but an hour or two before the time. Matanzas was the centre of the insurrectionary movement, and was therefore fixed to lead it off. So much of the secret conversation had been caught, that the names of the leaders all transpired, and they were arrested as the first firebrand was applied. 500 prisoners were instantly made, and the arrests were for the moment suspended, because the carcel of Matanzas would hold no more.

The negroes, finding themselves discovered and exposed to the imminent peril of death for their share in the conspiracy, resolved to slay, in the first instance, as many of their antagonists as possible. Two entire families in Matanzas were poisoned by their slaves; but two hundred slaves were butchered *en revanche*. Matanzas became indeed "a place of slaughter." * Even after the discovery was made, and all the secret machinery of the conspiracy was laid bare to whites and blacks, the insurrection continued in some ingenios,

* Such is the meaning of the name, in Spanish.

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and overseers were flung into their sugar-boilers. Other arrests were made; straggling parties of black and coloured men were remorselessly shot down; of those who were seized living, many were put to the torture, with a view to extract from them the names of their associates, and not a few expired beneath the infliction of the lash. Such atrocious severities naturally produced a re-action. The third day there was an outburst in the district of Palos; the fifth there was one within four leagues of Havana. These isolated insurrectionary movements were of course eventually put down; but during the interlude of anarchy the blacks supped full of horrors. The planters, whom they could reach, were massacred; and those whom they could not reach, had their property destroyed. Terror, instead of restraining, stimulated them to fresh daring; during one day the panegyric of slavery might be read by the light of full twenty plantation-fires; the laws which give man a property in man received their comment in the destruction of all property. In one day, too, six eminent commercial houses were utterly broken, and failed for immense sums. Premature disclosure alone prevented tremendous results. From every side arose a plaintive cry of unmistakable terror: "*Dios salve la isla! Dios tenga misericordia de nos!*"

Two barrels of arsenic were seized, which were designed to poison the troops; the white women were to become the negroes' wives; and the King, a mulatto, who bore his own portrait with a crown and mantle, was arrested! The power of this formidable conspiracy was greatly augmented by the impulse which

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Governor O'Donnell's protection gave to the slave-trade. Within the few previous months more than 3,000 additional slaves had been imported, and the island, at the period of the rising, was surrounded with slave-ships. The mulatto leaders, too, were known to be in correspondence with the free black republic of Hayti, and the negro hatred of Spaniards, in both islands, exploded simultaneously. In revolutionised Hispaniola the instruments of extermination were to be the bullet and the sword; in Cuba, the torch and arsenic. The affrighted Spaniards had recourse to measures of extreme cruelty. 800 slaves and mulattos were thrown into the dungeons of Matanzas, and 200 of these were shot without legal trial! The rest were for the most part strangled in prison. In Havana 260 were arrested for affiliation to the general conspiracy, and the grand total of prisoners was eventually 2000. The planters, poor men, deplored the losses entailed by "indispensable chastisement;" each strangled slave being worth 500 dollars, and no compensation from the state!

Amongst the heads of the conspiracy, all mulattos, a calesero, or calèche-driver, was led before a file of soldiery, and shot upon the instant. The most conspicuous of the other leaders were, the owner of a spirit-shop in Matanzas, the brother of a dentist there in extensive practice, and, transcendant above all his colleagues, the poet-revolutionist, Placido. He was armed to the teeth, ready to emerge as chief leader of the enterprise, and destined, doubtless, in his own mind, for prime minister, when the officers of the law and military fell upon him. He made a tremendous

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struggle, fired three pistols, killing or wounding a man at each discharge, and then hacked and hewed away with his sword, speedily making for himself a ring of more than its span, and clearing a space around him as rapidly as an Utreran bull when he rushes into the circus. But a soldier's musket soon brought him to the ground, and bleeding and faint he was flung into the Matanzas carcel.

Both mulattos and negroes at first were obstinate, and declined to make any revelations. Then, in the year of grace, 1844, was resorted to by free and enlightened Spaniards the horrid process of torture, to wring from agony the truth or falsehood (as the case might be) which would make sufficiently wide-spread the circle of vengeance. For many years past every species of torture has been prohibited by Spanish legislation; and from Asturias to Andalucía there is no vecino who will not tell you that "*el tormento* in whatever shape is repugnant to the spirit of the age." Colonial practice is somewhat different from metropolitan theory. Both the negro and mulatto prisoners were lashed without exception and without mercy, until they consented to make some sort of disclosure, or fainted under the infliction. Human nature for the most part yielded. The bulk of the prisoners confessed, the secret springs and ramifications of the conspiracy were all disclosed, and the plan was acknowledged to be of ancient date. From many a quivering lip came forth the name of "Placido!" Let not those condemn too readily their weakness who know not by experience the horrors of the torture. According to the municipal law of the Spanish Antillas

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the slave may be flogged without limit, but the scourge is not permitted to be applied to the back of a freeman. Every one of the mulatto prisoners was a free citizen. When therefore they were lashed, the constitution was grossly violated; but one of the last subjects of praise or reflection to a Spaniard is the first in other countries—legal right.

As might be expected from his character and position, Placido bore with the resolution of a stoic the rude and unsparing stripes, with which his broad shoulders and back, down to the haunches, were speedily covered, with the brutality of a Russian knouting. Not a groan nor a sigh escaped him; but he fainted away at last from loss of blood, and with such little apparent change that the executioners continued their butchery for some time after he was senseless. He was then loosed from the triangles and tied to a neighbouring stake, after the mummery of a five minutes' court-martial. He was still senseless when bound to the stake—lifeless, for all that his verdugos knew to the contrary. Revenge must not be defrauded of its victim. General O'Donnell has made it rather a familiar practice in Cuba for that which calls itself the law to tie dead men to a stake and shoot them. Placido was thus tried and shot; but ere he received the fusillade he recovered from his fainting-fit sufficiently to exclaim in an audible tone:—"*Los dias de la esclavitud son contados!*" "The days of slavery are numbered."

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CHAPTER XXXIX.

PARTY AND FACTION.—GENERAL DEDUCTIONS.

The blinding power of faction, and the insatiable rapacity of hungry and interested supporters, make each successive government in Spain choose, for its first act, the absurd exhibition of a *felo de se*. Every situation, high and low, held under the previous administration, is remorselessly cleared of its occupants; and eager partisans, without experience, and equally perhaps without capacity, are thrust into the yet warm berths of the beggared outcasts from place. Thus thousands of conspirators and incipient rebels are created at once in a fermented mass, and evil and active spirits set to work for the destruction of the government which has displaced them. No professional career, no pursuits of commerce, no honest or profitable industry, is open to absorb them, and repress their mischievous energies. They have but one *métier*—to turn out as fast as possible the new administration, and reinstate their protectors in power and themselves in subordinate offices. Conspiracies are instantly set on foot, and hatched and fostered in secret clubs. The prevalent vice of Empleomania renders equally discontented the troops of active and intelligent men who are turned out, and the crowds of the minister's own adherents, whom it is impossible to satisfy. Like children born with an hereditary disease,

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the seeds of destruction are imbibed by Spanish ministers with the earliest principle of vitality. Till this is amended, there is no peace for Spain.

Party spirit is a vice at home, it is here a poisonous bane. It leads to an enormous inequality of taxation, which in a free country is incredible. The party whose majority is returned to the Ayuntamiénto coolly proceeds to make the minority pay the taxes, inflicting frequently on the community the most unjust and one-sided assessments. There is little or no publicity given to an operation of such paramount importance as the imposing of the taxation of a district; and though detailed lists of names and items are required by law to be published, this is only one out of ten thousand things required by abstract law to be done, but determined by concrete laziness to be neglected. It would be well to associate with the Ayuntamiéntos the principal contributors in making and partitioning the annual assessment, to attach penalties to the absence of the fullest publicity, and to have a permanent board of appeal, of high character. By this means, that worst and meanest description of vengeance, which consists in dishonestly mulcting a political antagonist, might be henceforth avoided, and some popular acquaintance made with the rudiments of constitutional liberty. The provincial departments of the Hacienda or treasury are now regarded as a national calamity; and Esbirros extort and convert to their own uses large sums from the timid and from those of easy disposition, under fearful threats, as arrears of old standing suddenly come to light!

One of the worst results of political hostility in

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Spain is, that it has set on foot an extensive and immoral system of espionage, encouraged and supported by each successive government. The remotest cities share in this grievous annoyance, and private life is embittered by suspicion. But the demoralisation of the army is a still more fatal consequence, and is promoted by this means, independently of pecuniary corruption.

Political hatred here is barbed with the malignity of true southern vengeance. The ancient and noble Spanish character runs the risk, unhappily, of being supplanted by falsehood, perfidy, and malice; and the intense ferocity of partisanship is carried to such terrible lengths that, one politician having heartlessly spoken irreverently of a deceased member of the rival party, another stated that, if he chanced to survive the person who offered the insult, he hoped to have "the satisfaction of spitting on his carcase!" They have a forcible adage for political apostacy: "*La traicion es aceptada, pero el traidor es aborrecido.*"—"The treason is accepted, but the traitor is abhorred!"

The intensity with which the passions, excited by political frenzy, rage here, cannot be conceived in our northern latitudes. It follows men to the grave, and defiles their tombs. A republican "notability" died the other day, and as his body was removed to its last resting-place some members of the rival party, from a remote part of the town, sent up fireworks! It was well that the offenders could not be detected, for, unquestionably, their blood would have been shed. The exclamation of one of the insulted party, when a certain individual was pointed out as the probable

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instigator of the outrage, was—"We yet will dance upon his grave!"

They note the funerals of each other's "notabilities," with the view of picking holes, and detecting subjects of ridicule and remark. Thus a most accurate register is kept of how many gentlemen make their appearance at the obsequies of a deceased politician; how many in black coats, how many in long coats, how many jacket-men, how many shoeless ragamuffins! At every public *ayuntamiénto*, or gathering, a certain number of idle vagabonds always collect, and these are discounted from the funeral demonstration. It is a glorious triumph to be able to make the bitter remark: "At so-and-so's funeral (calling the deceased by some insulting nickname), the only black coats were the men who carry torches!"

Violent political pamphlets are a weapon as much in fashion now in Spain as they were in England during the dynasty of Napoleon and the trial of Queen Caroline. No sooner had Espartero fallen, than a succession of the most odious, so-called, histories of his life and political career teemed from every press; and when the editors of the *Eco del Comercio* were arrested on the charge of attempting to assassinate Narvaez, out came a pamphlet to prejudge them, entitled "*Los Periodista-Asesinos!*"

Recent political events have served very much to embitter social life in Andalucía, and reduce it, alas! in this respect, to a level with the rest of Spain. The withering simoom that has blown over the north and east, has extended to the southern tracts of the kingdom, and the delightful gaiety, *insouciance*, and *laissez*

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aller of the Moorish Spaniard, has suffered no little from the events which have made Andalucía the theatre of a revolutionary struggle. The devil take their *pronunciamiéntos!* No man, native or stranger, can move in or out without being suspected, and a system of *coercive police* has established itself which leaves no one safe. In the month of September, amongst the fifty-four persons seized by the political chief, Bueno, in the Café del Turco, at Seville, for supposed political delinquencies, there were no fewer than three Englishmen! And in the following month an United States General was lodged in the Castle of Santa Catalina, at Cadiz, for no other crime than a free statement of his opinions in the cafés, and other places of public resort. A secret police is said to have been organised by the present Gefe of Cadiz, with a view chiefly to the detection of the adherents of Ayacuchismo; who, however, confident in their strength and numbers, conspire openly, if conspiring it can be termed which appears to have no definitive design, beyond the hope of climbing their ancient *cucaña* (*mât de cocagne*), and getting again at the good things on top of it, should the progress of events permit. Cadiz and Seville will follow, not lead or guide. They are too lazy and *insouciant* for that. Political hatreds have not burst as yet into many assassinations; though the only marvel is, that the intensity of the passions in motion has not repeatedly led to this result. The practice of carrying secret arms is now very general; and each man is a self-constituted *esbirro* for protection against those who, he imagines, conspire against his life. At the exit

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from the theatre at midnight, people are especially watchful—a pleasant state of things! The dreams and the waking thoughts of all men during the autumn and winter have been of a *reaccion*, and arms have been constantly stored for the struggle which was momentarily apprehended. One assassination did take place—that of the unfortunate Ocio Pinedo—whose only fault was that he wagged too loose a tongue; and its perpetrators were never found. For many months no man felt safe who had heart enough to speak his political sentiments freely; for, in the words of Arcilla:—

> "No hay contra el desleal seguro puerto,
> Ni enemigo mayor que el encubierto."

"There is no security against the disloyal, no enemy more formidable than the covert traitor!"

The moderate men of Spain have a hunger and thirst of government. The wise and the grave are weary of contemplating the spectacle of lawless juntas and a political soldiery, of local and self-constituted bodies, which rise up on every petty occasion, address or dictate to the sovereign, in absolute independence of the Government, and present a sad spectacle of utter disorder and anarchy. It is well that municipalities should be independent; but it is ill that they should affect the pretension of usurping the powers of the Executive, and wielding high prerogative. It is well that there should be a national militia; but it is ill that this body, instead of obeying the Government, should impose its will as a law, and mulct the people, as has been too often witnessed of late, by

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forced and insupportable imposts. It is right that there should be an army; but it is not to be endured that it should make laws with the bayonet, and shoot ministers into office from the mouths of its artillery. Audacious factions must be curbed, irregular ambition controlled; and an echo must be found for that cry of peace which is raised from every point of the Spanish monarchy.

Spain, amid all her misfortunes, is great and beautiful still, and the national character, with all its vices, is still pre-eminently noble. The lightest, gayest hearts of Europe are to be found amongst her sons, and, unless where they are swayed by political frenzy, they are still the receptacle of every generous sentiment. The *mas picaro y pillo* amongst them is ever the lofty *caballero*. They may be revengeful, but they are seldom base; they may be daring, but they are never mean. They may rob on the highway, but they do not steal; they may be cruel, murderous even at times, but never without sophistical justification, presumed necessity, or to revenge what they regard as atrocious wrongs. There is more turpitude in one London police sheet than in a month's record of all that passes in the bosom of Spain. There are more cruel, heartless, and atrocious murders, too, in the British Islands than in the wide Peninsula, with its equivocal character. "Get a good name (says the Spaniard) and lie a-bed till noon." Personal outrage I believe to be rarer here than in England, considerably rarer than in Ireland, and even bandit outrages do not equalize the scales. Conduct yourself properly, and you will find security in almost every part of Spain.

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The natives are proud of maintaining the national character of "*buenos Españoles*" in their intercourse with strangers; and there are few Spaniards who would not shudder in their dealings to be regarded as otherwise than the "*pundonoroso caballero*," the honourable-minded gentleman.

Let us hope for a speedy end to these barren throes of labour, these mocking and tumultuous efforts, which have liberty for their watchword, and with many, for their aim, but which never fail to end in despotism, whether military, monarchical, or popular. Let us hope for a durable reconciliation of parties, for a term to the Revolution. As in vulgar individual broils, the only gain is blows; even the victor is forced to take to his bed, and cuts and contusions are the miserable trophies. Let us hope for a new era. The character of the present representatives of England and France at Madrid is a pledge that the envenomed ingredients of foreign intrigue will no more be flung into the cauldron, and that a bald pretence for agitation will no longer be renewed. The silent but deep antagonism of France and England will be exchanged for a frank and honourable co-operation, and the future conduct of their envoys at Madrid will be a guarantee for the peace of Spain and of the world. What Spain requires is administration—what Spain requires is a replenished treasury—what Spain requires is a tranquil and enlightened spirit in her population, which will prove them worthy of the institutions they have conquered. What she wants is an object which may combine her rival parties—moderate progress. The fertility of her soil, the sources of her natural wealth,

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her commerce, her agriculture, all require to be awakened—new communications to be opened, new springs of activity developed, a navy to be created, and a vigilant administration of justice. Civilisation, moral and material, tempts her with all its blessings.

There are symptoms at last of a desire amongst Spaniards for union, symptoms of a thirst for repose, which the nation needs, and will have before the lapse of any great interval of time; though it is easier to predict the result, than to specify the period, of its accomplishment. This great and noble country, this proud and generous people, are not doomed for ever to the curse of Cain, nor is the fairest portion of the earth, which ruled nearly half its circumference, Empress at once of the East and of the West, so hopelessly distracted by the dissensions of her sons, that she must merge her ancient glory in the shame of being unable to rule her own people. There is no Spaniard to-day who does not repel the imputation of being a Revolutionist; may we see this sense of stability and this abstract love of order realised in practice, as well as professed in theory; and while the Progresista shuns Revolution, may the Moderado shun Reaction. For the grand misfortune of Spain is not to know how to govern herself.

Whatever the faults of the Spanish people, they have exhibited invariably during the present century a rugged and sturdy spirit of independence. The fierce determination with which they rose against the French yoke, and the indomitable energy with which they persevered in their resistance, have been paralleled by the vigour displayed by them in resisting the

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liberticide attempts of their own rulers. The despotic decrees issued by Ferdinand VII. at Valencia, on the 4th May, 1814, and at Port St. Mary's on the 1st October, 1823, the one with the customary craft of tyrants based on the fall of Napoleon, the other on the French invasion under the Duke d'Angoulême, were soon made inoperative, amid all their disastrous consequences, by the unquenchable energies inherent in a great nation. The subsequent *despotismo ilustrado* of Leo Bermudez, and later still the attempts of Cristina on municipal liberty, were as surely and powerfully foiled; and the intrigues of a Camarilla and of unworthy Spaniards have as slender a chance to-day. Although some constitutional changes are about to be introduced by the Moderados, there is little likelihood of any attempt being made to filch the popular institutions; but if made, by infallible tests, the people will be the stronger.

In the midst of all these broils and dissensions, and in defiance of the turbulence of her sons, Spain is decidedly and visibly advancing. The progress, to be sure, is slow and feeble, but may be traced in every direction. Material improvement develops itself in despite of political obstacles, comfort begins to be comprehended, and faction cannot check the tendencies of the age. New communications are opened, new roads constructed, old ones repaired and made more available to the community; minerals are explored, and foundries established for the melting of ores, with the aid of British skill and capital; the public vehicles are multiplied; inns with passable accommodation start up here and there for the first

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time in the lapse of centuries; opposition on the bustling road gives its spur to speculative enterprise. The shipwright's cheerful sounds begin once more to be heard, and the Guadalquivír is about to be made navigable to Córdova. Happily these are matters in which governments have no concern, and the local Ayuntamiéntos and Provincial Deputations in not a few quarters make an honest and successful application of the local taxes. New companies spring up for the working of profitable mines, and fostering of manufacturing industry. An association has been formed for the development of the colonial wealth of the Filippines; improved agricultural processes are likewise at intervals introduced; a system of telegraphs is about to be established; even a railway is more than spoken of. No roseate tints of fancy are added to this picture, but facts are stated which prove what a mighty thing is national vitality. The incumbent weight on the acanthus makes it sprout into more fantastic shapes, but still the growth is incessant; and if scoundrels were not at the top of the tree, the plant would wax tall and beautiful.

THE END.

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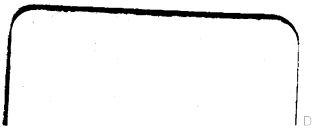
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