

Espartero, Narvaez wields the resources of a military despotism.

But the passions, once let loose in Spain, are not so easily crushed or appeased. Fresh sources of exasperation arose, insults were exchanged, and partial conflicts took place between the military and the towns-people. The local press took up the subject, and strong articles appeared in the *Progresista* journals, condemnatory of "military ruffianism." The military were determined to have their revenge. At eight o'clock in the evening, when the principal Zaragozanos are usually assembled in the great café of Gregorio Jimeno, a number of military officers entered the upper rooms of the café, called for glasses of liquors, and were supplied both with these and with the small brass pan of charcoal to light their cigars, which in Spain is invariably presented on your entering a café; the assumption being that every man is a smoker, and the waiter's surprise if you do not take a light, being usually expressed in the phrase of astonishment—*Que? usted no fuma!* "What? you don't smoke!"

The officers upon this occasion having lit their cigars, among Spaniards the universal accompaniment of conspiracy, love, and murder, flung their glasses about the room, broke up the charcoal-pan, and dashed its fragments and the burning embers amongst the tables and benches. They then called for an obnoxious *Progresista* journal, the *Liberal Aragonesa*, which they tore in pieces, and likewise flung about the room with desperate imprecations against the towns-people. Meanwhile another party of officers entered the café below, secured the doors, and effecting a junction with

their comrades, drew their swords, and began an indiscriminate attack on the civilians present, of whom five were severely wounded. Some of the latter drew pocket-pistols, one or two shots were fired, and an officer of carabineers was likewise wounded. The authorities interposed, the café was closed for eight days, but the military were left unpunished.

This Algerine despotism led to the natural results. Zaragoza is not made of mettle to be put down without a vehement struggle. Ten days afterwards there was a pitched battle in the streets between the people and the soldiery, and on both sides there were killed and wounded. But the populace were imperfectly armed, the troops numerous, and the insurrection was of course suppressed. Further results I cannot record, for I have brought down this history to the commencement of 1844.

The most inveterate agitator and alborotador of Zaragoza is an individual named Artal, a professional patcher of constitutions and of breeches, for he is a revolutionist and tailor by trade. This personage is as famous all over Spain, as was the Maid of Zaragoza before him; and seems destined to prove what valour may slumber in the arm of the ninth part of a man, as she demonstrated what but half a man can accomplish. Seriously, Artal is a noisy demagogue, but he is also a man of great bravery, and is one of many modern instances which show how utterly groundless is the vulgar prejudice against the manly parts of tailors. Artal took his share in nearly all these café transactions, and more than one of the military bullies is said to have fallen beneath his pistol. He is the

leader of a formidable band, an officer of the national militia of Zaragoza ; and has lately been arrested, and ordered for trial, in consequence of inciting the *militianos* to resistance when they were arbitrarily ordered to lay down their arms.

The café life of Spain causes an entire admixture of military and civilians in these establishments. Hence, in excited times, political disputes are incessant, and personal quarrels of almost daily occurrence. Exclusive circles are unknown and unrelished ; and the expense of maintaining a military club (even if such a thing were as congenial as it is abhorrent to the national manners), would, with the necessary requisites and comforts, entirely exceed the limited means of the service.

Private fortunes are exceedingly rare in the Spanish army, and the pay is barely equal to sustaining the appearance of a gentleman. In most of our regimental messes, and at Oxford and Cambridge, it would be considered little better than servants' wages. The inference is rather less favourable to English than to Spanish society ; and presumption and insolence, plants indigenous to wealthy Britain, happily do not flourish in the soil of Spain. An English nobleman gives his valet as much per annum as the Queen of Spain does to a captain in her army. The military officer here is therefore on a level with the middle classes, and mixes much with them. Baron de Meer, on his arrival in Barcelona at the end of last year, endeavoured to prevent his officers from frequenting the cafés and gaming-houses, and from talking politics to the townspeople ; but the regulation was soon made nugatory.

The most fashionable description of café in southern Spain is the Neveria, or ice-house, where bad water and cream ices may be eaten through the summer months. It is strange how little this luxury is developed here, where the excessive heat makes it so requisite to comfortable existence; in Cadiz, Seville, and Gibraltar, there is not more than one for each town; and the absence of competition excludes in the preparation of the ices the due degree of care. But it is ill choosing where there are not two of a kind, and the bad is received as a substitute for the best. The variety of character which one meets in the cafés at Cadiz and Gibraltar, is very striking.

The representatives of all nations are there: the naval uniforms of most nations, the inelegant military uniforms of Spain, the infinity of landsmen jacketed and trousered in an infinity of different manners; the Contrabandist, in his leggings and *faja*, jostling the carabinero in his uniform; the Jew in his greasy dark-blue gabardine and skull-cap, the Moor in his flowing white or striped *burnous* and spotless turban, (the two latter classes being more especially confined to Gibraltar), all combine to form a strange living pantomime. Besides ices, lemonade, orangeade, white sugared drinks, and coffee, are the favourite refreshments. Wine, though this be its country, is scarcely at all drunk. It is rarely touched, except at meals; and then, if white be relished, Manzanilla, a light country wine, is used; if red, it invariably comes from Catalonia, or Valencia, or from Val-de-Peñas in La Mancha.

Strange, that the red wines of the country are for

the most part unfit to drink. The use of sherry-wine here, and in Xerez itself, is almost entirely unknown, except as a liqueur. Our distinctions between "pale," "brown," and "golden" sherry, would be unintelligible to an untravelled Spaniard. The only distinctions comprehended here are between a dry (*seco*) sherry, answering to a good sound article of brown colour in England: a *doble* sherry, or wine of double strength, but still dry as opposed to sweet; and *generoso* sherry, a sweet and rich-flavoured article, more purely of the nature of a liqueur.

The light-coloured wines, known as "pale sherries," come from Sanlucar. In the cafés, the other liqueurs are the same as used in England, with the exception of some peculiarities; such as "Rosa," which is an infusion of essence of roses in brandy of a deep red colour, and gold and silver water, wherein very small particles of these metals respectively float in a sort of thin maraschino. A very light punch is made of good Jamaica rum, called "*rome*" by the Spaniards. Beer is also drunk, but of inferior quality—the ales and porters of no part of the world being tolerable to a man who has tasted those of England.

They have a singular way of drinking their beer here. They empty out a bottle or two into a large china bowl, and mix with it some juice of oranges, sugar, and floating slices of lemon. When a sufficient time has been allowed to elapse to make all the strength and virtue of the beer evaporate, the chief of a party of six or eight ladles it out to his symposiasts.—I tried it once, and you may conceive what a nauseous compound I found it. White sugared drinks,

lemonades, and orangeades, are however the chief articles of consumption, as "drinking," properly so called, in an English sense, never goes on here; and when wine, brandy, or liqueurs are tasted, it is simply as a *chasse* after coffee.

The water used in all the cafés at Cadiz is advertised, by way of attraction, as "pure and fresh from Port St. Mary's," being conveyed in hogsheads some miles across the bay—so advanced is the science of engineering in Spain. They are advancing more rapidly in the worst parts of our northern peculiarities, having increased of late the frequency of political banquets, in which, though speeches are, by a strange protervity of judgment (some will say with great sagacity), excluded, a vast number of toasts are drunk, and barrels exhausted—for at every *brindis* the glass is as religiously emptied as an English foxhunter's. Saving upon these occasions, temperance is habitual and universal.

I know no more strange, yet exhilarating spectacle than a grand Spanish café at night. The whole world is there; gaiety and good humour are for the most part universal, and all participate in the clatter of lively conversation, with true southern ardour. Fancy the effect of a thousand men being thus assembled and engaged in one gigantic apartment, luridly lit with the oil of the native olive, and with tallow-candles (for gas, perhaps, will travel hither in half a century), the waiters threading the maze of tables with an incessant succession of liqueurs and coffees or cooling beverages, blowing and gasping with the extreme heat, and looking like the imps atten-

dant on the master demons in some noisy pandemonium.

I am now more especially describing the Café del Turco, at Seville, the largest and most singular establishment of the kind in Spain. It has capacity and seats for full a thousand visitors, and I have often seen that number assembled. Like most of the large houses at Seville, its interior is fitted up in the Moorish style—a quadrangle open to the intensely blue and starry sky, supported by slender arabesque columns, with arcades intervening.

Below the open space, or within the colonnades, the company is indiscriminately seated, each, with scarcely an exception, inveterately smoking; and the clouds which are thus incessantly evolved, give the huge apartment a very perfect resemblance to the den of the robber of Mount Aventine, the "*semihominis Caci spelunca*," where the aborigines were so frightened to see him vomit forth fire and smoke. Here the brusque majo and the effeminate town élégant, the rough carabintero and the more refined officer of the Estado Mayor, the burly shopkeeper and the supercilious civil empleado, brush skirts, and meet and really associate (for any attempt at English exclusivism would be here laughed down with a universal shout of derision), and as freely exchange, as we do the contents of our snuff-boxes, paper cigarrillos out of leather pocket-cases containing each 200! Now all is smiles, the next minute all are fighting. *Pardiez*, the devil who doesn't sleep, has brought words and blows between the civilians and the military, and all are mixed in the broil. Was that the smash of a bottle that resounded

so close to my ear? No, faith; it was the crack of a pistol. By my *santiguada*, perhaps, I would be nothing loth—but not to be killed for other people's quarrels.

I retired just before the authorities and municipal guard entered, and thus escaped being made a prisoner with the rest. The doors were shut, the contest continued, and fifty-four were finally arrested, including two harmless Englishmen, and thrown into the Town Carcel. This happened at the Café del Turco in September.

In the café you meet and can study at your leisure all the diversity of character which enriches Spanish life—the *empleado* in place and the *empleado* out of place; the one, a grinning Democritus—the other, a gloomy Heraclitus, who regard the rewards of office as the sole aim of statesmanship, familiarly speaking of the ministry as "*La Viña del Todopoderoso*," or Vineyard of the Almighty;—the *Exclaustrado*, who has the proud distinction of being a state-pensioner, but whose pension is never paid, and who coolly asks you for a couple of *cuartos* (a halfpenny), seeing that his convent has been shut up;—the *militaire*, in uniform and on full pay, who blows his cloud as if it were blasted gunpowder:—the *militaire* on half pay, who hides his damaged elbow on the table;—the *militaire* dismissed, who borrows your money and never means to pay it;—the lounging actor, the rough mechanic, and the smooth citizen. Here, too, are varied specimens of the revolutionist, the seditious, and the turbulent. I met one such who was known as "Eusebio of the five-and-twenty imprisonments!"

A common joke in the cafés at Seville, last summer, when there was a talk of fresh pronunciamientos, was to cry out (among friends) "*Mientes!*" (you lie,) being an echo of the last two syllables. Much more freedom of language is allowed here than in England: the heat of the climate, I suppose, being sufficient to *melt the starch*. Considerable ridicule was excited by the assumption of the adherents of the Provisional Government, who constantly called themselves "the Parliamentary Party," and the Centralists usually pronounced the name emphatically, "*Los Parlamentarios,*" indicating how false was the pretension. A bearded aide-de-camp of Concha's, nettled once at this treatment, rushed out of the saloon, where I was enjoying the fun with the rest, exclaiming, "*Carajo! un eterno club de acerrimos Ayacuchistas!*"

The lively wits of the Andalusian cafés had active employment during the series of pronunciamientos with which the Provisional Government was subsequently threatened. Pamplona was long expected to declare against Narvaez; and a Government-man mocked a Centralista in the Café del Turco when another mail brought the news that all was quiet there. "The rocket was not discharged from the citadel," said the Centralist, "a rocket was to have been the signal." "*Sin duda,*" the other replied, "the powder got damp and the émeute would not go off!" The Centralists had it that Alcañiz, Alcorisa, Almeria, and in short all Andalucía, had pronounced in one day. "Oh! I have it," said a Government wag; "you pronounce all the A's to-day; so you mean to take the towns in alphabetical order."

Any particularly doubtful intelligence was always carried by a muletero—designation unknown, or by the nameless passengers on board a steamer. An assault of Prim's on Gerona was said to have been repelled with a loss of 150 killed and 250 wounded. "Justo Cielo!" exclaimed a bystander who knew this to be false, "what a number of corpses; it is enough to infect all Catalonia!" "Pues si," said another; "it has infected them with Centralism." A bold partisan averred one day that no more than a third part of the Peninsula remained subject to the Provisional Government. "Aun hay paño para hacer mangas," (There's still cloth left to make sleeves) said a Padre near him. "And what has become of the adjacent islands?" I asked, amid shouts of "Muy bien, el Londrino!" (so they called me.) "They remain neutral!" The news by one mail being particularly favourable to the Government, one of their adherents asked a Centralista, with an air of triumph, "Well, what kingdom or province has pronounced to-day?" "Es la Mancha," was his reply: signifying either the province of La Mancha, or (what he intended) that their not pronouncing was a stain upon them. Prim was again said to have been defeated before Gerona, with the loss of 900 men. "What became of the rest?" said an ayudante of the captain-general's. "The rest were dispersed," was the reply. Loud became the laughter, and lustier the pulls upon some twenty cigarrillos, when the aide-de-camp assured the company that all Prim's forces did not exceed the 900 men!

A Centralist here took up the cudgels for his cause, and came forward with the official views of the pro-

nouncement of Zas, near Segovia, which he described as a considerable place. Bets were laid, and authorities were appealed to; and it was found that the "considerable" Zas was the very smallest place having a municipality in all Spain. The inventions and exaggerations, of which the foregoing are specimens, receive but too much encouragement from the conduct of successive governments themselves, there being no more common saying now in Spain, than "*Mientes mas que la Gaceta*," You lie more than the Gazette!

Deceit thus radiates from the highest executive stations through the whole community; integrity, patriotic self-denial, and the civic virtues, are too generally unknown or exploded. Fixity of principle is derided, political honesty pitied, and the sounder portion of the heart of the community is worm-eaten by popular sarcasm. The leaven of intrigue infects the mass, and Peninsular governments perfectly represent the ranks from whence they spring, whose passions are held continually suspended in oscillation through the vortex of politics, and who stop at nothing to attain their ends:—

"Con arte y con engaño
Se vive el medio año;
Con engaño y con arte
Se vive la otra parte."

By art and trickery here
We live through half the year;
By trickery and by art
We live the other part!

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE CONTRABANDISTS.

THERE is not an intelligent person in Spain, not leagued himself with smugglers, who does not readily admit the cancer which contrabandism inflicts upon society, confess the impossibility of destroying it by repressive laws, and hold that, overspread as is the disease, it may be remedied without detriment to any solid interest, with gain to the national treasury, and without real disadvantage to the multitude of families who seek in fraud a permanent subsistence but would find it as well in legitimate traffic, by the simple reform of a vicious administrative system, and by opening the ports of Spain with reasonable protective duties. It is a well-known axiom amongst the Spanish juriconsults, and how truly does it apply to this particular case! that *la peor de las leyes es aquella que no se cumple*, "the worst of laws is that which is hourly broken."

Spain is, of all European countries, the most helplessly exposed to contrabandist operations. With an ill-paid and, sometimes, ragged army, and with revenue officers directly exposed to temptation by inadequate salaries, she has 500 miles of Portuguese frontier and near 300 of Pyrenean; and with a fleet crumbled into ruins, and no longer of the slightest efficacy, she has 400 miles of Cantabrian and 700 of

Mediterranean coast. Four hundred thousand smugglers are constantly engaged in demolishing her absurd fiscal laws, and some 1,600,000 pounds weight of cotton goods alone are every year illicitly imported.

The path through the custom-house is so easy, that it seems very wearisome surplusage to resort to the practice of running cargoes by night on the shores of the Ebro, the Darro, or the Guadalquivir. The Duana is an elastic net, through which all the big fishes break, while the little and inexperienced ones alone are caught. Bribery is here reduced to the old electioneering simplicity, and the tariff of custom-house corruption is arranged with more uniform regularity, and far more perfectly understood, than the tariff of customs' duties—the difference being, that the customs' revenues may not be paid, but the customs' officers must.

You never address yourself to one of these men—never exchange a word with the revenue Cerberus; that would indeed be hideous bungling. You have your dollars loose in an outer coat pocket; you gracefully slip him his fee while passing, his three, four, five, or ten *duros* (the amount is ascertained like the products of the multiplication-table) and then both go your respective ways; you, to clear your goods and he to light his cigarrillo, and envelop his eyesight so in clouds of smoke that he cannot, for the soul of him, see what you are doing. “*No hay tan ciegos,*” says the proverb, “*que los que no quieren ver*” (there are none so blind as those who will not see)—nay, more, I will be bound for him, that “*no puede ver siete sobre un asno*” (he couldn't see seven on an ass !)

Boxes and crates of enormous size, gigantic packages, laden with silks and cottons, are cleared as native produce, perhaps as Tarifa onions; and to his eyes they are no more than visionary shapes, curled from the smoke of his paper cigar.

The quantity of limestone and potatoes which goes in the small country boats up the Guadalquivir, is enough you would suppose to build another Seville annually, to found a duplicate Córdoba, and choke the inhabitants of both cities with the nutritive Hibernian plant. Some dogged folks contend that it is a thin layer on the surface, and that all beneath is crammed with contraband. Large wooden cases are often cleared without paying duty at the Sanlúcar, Seville, and Córdoba custom-houses, the inspector "being informed and verily believing" that they only contain potatoes, packed thus tenderly for greater security; and huge canvas bales are likewise cleared, and reported to be indubitably filled with the said potatoes, the softness of the packages to the touch arising probably from the fact of their being boiled!

The water-tight barrel is likewise in general use. The fiscal accessibility of all this coast might lead to the inference that there are no custom-houses, no preventive service, no water-guard. But all these things exist, in a skeleton and mythic state. You have grand establishments of every kind, on paper and in the archives at Madrid. You have even an inspector-general at Cadiz of the arrivals of galleons from the Indies, which now-a-days don't arrive; and you have a single revenue boat, which might effectually keep

watch for about a mile, entrusted with the guardianship of fifteen leagues of coast.

The rapidity with which a cargo is run, when there is any particular occasion for expedition, is truly wonderful. Long practice gives to the contrabandist a masterly facility in the dexterous pursuit of his profession, and the division of labour, which accomplishes such miracles, from pin heads and points to the complicated details of a steam-engine, attains to equal perfection in the art of eluding the treasury.

Upon the Spanish coast, indeed, no very extraordinary capacity is required, so general is the range of corruption; yet it is not to be supposed that there are not bull-dogs of exchequer vigilance, and dragons of fiscal purity, even amongst the needy and complacent Carabineros de la Hacienda, who turn up the nose at a bribe, and growl at a smuggler's generosity, as if it were felony or treason. One such man there was near Vejer, whom nought could silence—an implacable Cerberus, whose contempt for dollars could on no ascertained principle be accounted for.

A cargo of tobacco from Gibraltar was upon a certain night to be run upon this carabinero's beat, and a square-built and determined contrabandist, named Juan Ping, resolved, as he phrased it, to *taparle la boca*, or "cork his mouth," which was accomplished in the following fashion:—The Cerberus of the coast was very well and dangerously armed with a short stout sword buckled round his waist, and a brace of long Spanish pistols, fastened by *ganchos*, in the same belt, not in front, but behind, according to the fashion prevalent in Spain, and

which may be witnessed on the municipal police in towns.

Ping, and two others of the contrabandist party, had secreted themselves behind a tuft of spear-looking aloes on the carabinero's beat, the night being dark, when, as he passed them, they rushed forth with the quickness of thought, and the two assistants pinioned his arms; Ping drawing the man's sword from its sheath, tripping up his heels, and with a powerful blow on the chest felling him to the ground. The two other men seized his pistols, and all three threatened him with his own weapons—but in vain; Cerberus was not to be silenced.

Ping flourished the naked sword over his head, but he only screamed the more, to the imminent risk of alarming the whole carabinero detachment. Now, I doubt whether there be many other contrabandists in Spain who would not have slit his obstinate wind-pipe, but for this Ping was too generous; and remembering his promise to *taparle la boca*, he seized a handful of pebbles and stuffed them into his mouth: a treatment which Demosthenes voluntarily inflicted on himself, a long time ago, to cure defective utterance. It certainly cured Cerberus's utterance for the time, for it stopped it altogether. A light was immediately displayed on the beach, the boat was run in, the cargo cleared in a quarter of an hour, whisked over the sierra on the backs of fifty mules in another quarter of an hour, and Cerberus released.

The smuggling which is constantly going on from Gibraltar to the neighbouring shores of Andalucia, causes much ill-will amongst all Spaniards who do not

benefit by the practice; and this has been increased by recent events, and by the commonly entertained belief that the rock was a nest of Ayacuchismo, and a focus of intrigues against the Provisional Government. This belief was for the most part groundless. But the phantom of vague terrors, exaggerated into serious dangers, appalled and confounded to such a degree the neighbouring *pueblos* of Algeziras and Tarifa, that in a formal representation to the government, they declared their apprehensions of an immediate hostile incursion into the latter place by 2000 cigar-makers of Gibraltar!

This Esparterist invasion was to be headed, they said, by the Regent's military secretary Linage, whom they averred to be then secreted in the house of the Ayacucho Consul of Spain in Gibraltar, Llanos. Linage, as it happened, was in Lisbon, both then and for months after. The cigar-makers' invasion was characteristically all smoke; and the reason of their being thus fixed upon, was the hatred engendered in the breasts of the Spanish authorities, by the known fact of such a multitude of men having no other means of livelihood but supplying the means of smuggling.

The contrabandist often, in fact, becomes a political character. The pronunciamiento of Almeria near Granada, in the month of September, was effected by Llanos, a chief of smugglers; and there is probably not in all Catalonia or Andalucía a single ayuntamiento, some one of whose alcaldes is not a leading contrabandist.

Both contrabandists and carabineers are political

heroes at times; and the unsuccessful attempts of No-
gueras and Iriarte to make way for Espartero's return,
were carried on last autumn, with contrabandists for
auxiliaries in the south and carabineers in the north.
Both grow rich by defrauding the revenue, and seize
the blessings of Providence with a gusto that would
have astonished the moralist, Luis de Granada: "El
vellon que cria la oveja beneficio tuyo es; el miel
que recoje la industriosa abeja regalo tuyo es; la fina
seda que hila el gusano beneficio tuyo es; todas las
producciones de la naturaleza son para tu beneficio."—
"The fleece that the sheep bears is for your benefit;
the honey stored by the industrious bee is your per-
quisite; the fine silk which the worm spins is for your
benefit; all the productions of nature are for your
benefit!" Thus admirably do they arrange their
joint-stock swindling of the government.

The administrador of a custom-house here, which
shall be nameless, died the other day and left to his
family a fortune of 40,000 dollars. His salary was
400 dollars a year, and he had no private property;
so that supposing him to have lived, cameleon-like,
on air, and his wife and six children to have done the
same, and not spent so much as a shilling a year, he
should have lived $40,000 \div 400$ years to have fairly
realised such a quantity of money. In other words,
he should have been a customs inspector for a century.
Now his term of office was exactly ten years—a strange
economic mystery.

Small Portuguese vessels from the ports of Tavira,
Villanova de Portimao, and Lagos, on the neighbour-
ing coast of Algarve, contrive to secure to themselves

a good share of the smuggling of which the Spanish revenue is the victim. The Andalucian guardacostas have an especial spite against these, which appears prompted by antipathy of race.

Frequent chases and captures take place, and when the Portuguese smuggling craft are boarded by the Spanish escamparias, they are often treated with great roughness and cruelty. They are sometimes even piratically chased on the high seas, without any evidence of an intention to make a descent on the coast.

The ventures of these small vessels almost invariably consist of tobacco, and when they evade (which they do for the most part) the guardacostas and custom-house felucas, they drive a profitable business. The chief secret, perhaps, of the inveterate persecution which the Portuguese petty buccaniers experience, is that they don't know how to bribe a custom-house officer handsomely, and the guardacosta marcial has punished them in repeated cruizes for their penurious impudence.

On the night of the 26th of October, a capital trim schooner was run in close ashore at the small bay of Sant' Anna, near Cape Carvociro, on the coast of Algarve. She was richly freighted, and came from Toulon. Silks, muslins, linens, cottons, and tobacco, formed the bulk of her cargo. She was no rival for the Spanish galleons of old, but yet a noble argosy.

Every fishing-boat for miles round was in requisition to carry her lading rapidly on shore, and the winding beach was covered with a convoy of 200 mules, a man to each. Not one of these fellows but

had his useful weapon, and most had fire-arms. Soon was the schooner emptied of her rich contents, and soon were these transferred to the backs of the cabalgaduras, while the contador or treasurer of the party counted out and distributed his hard dollars with all the cheerful generosity of a daring and successful smuggler. And now the whip and cudgel were applied with a lusty vigour, and the unbelled mules (for on these occasions the tell-tale bells are left at home) were set to the road with a hearty good-will.

The venture, if successful, would richly reward the toil, and though sixteen leagues had to be performed without drawing foot, this was as nothing. The best bread, steeped in the best of wine that the road-side venta could furnish, was sure to the hard-worked beasts at the end of every second league. The contrabandista likes good wine himself, and why shouldn't his mule? and if the animal chose to smoke, too, like his master, provided he were gentle and kindly, he would never be without his *cigarrillo*.

They passed as undisturbed as a party of pleasure, through the leading streets of the small town of Lugoa. The patrol of the detachment of infantry stationed there challenged the party, and the contrabandists laughed and passed on. As the last mule wound round the hill at the extremity of the town, one of the patrol, bolder than the rest, fired his piece in the direction of the cavalcade, and thus summoned the detachment. A smuggler replied by discharging his blunderbuss in defiance. When the sub-lieutenant and his twenty men made their appearance (it was astonishing how long they were fixing their uniforms

and arranging their accoutrements), the smuggling party had entirely disappeared, and it seemed to the officer to be most ridiculous Quixotism to go in pursuit of an invisible enemy ! So did it likewise appear to his men, who by no means relished the chances of a contest of twenty against two hundred.

The contrabandist train was now half way across the Sierra, and uninterruptedly they passed through Albufeira and Loulé. As morning dawned they were in the streets of Tavira ; and here in the principal town of the province they had less to fear than in the small villages, for here there was less honesty. His Vigilance, the Director of the circle of Custom-houses of Algarve, who resided here with all his staff, snored most profoundly, and all his men took copy from their master. Doubtless, his Vigilance the worthy Director had full confidence in his cutters and *canoas* and carabineros, his spies, his agents, and his confidential men. Such complicated machinery must have rendered smuggling in Algarve impossible, and to run a camel or a cargo through the eye of a needle about equally difficult.

So the Alfândega Director slept, and the contador of the contrabandist party whistled as he past through the town, and kicked his heels indifferently, and pinched the ear of his mule to make him snort—a little noise would make such a pleasant variety. By Monte Gordo and Castromarin, the passage into Spain was easily effected ; and the smugglers, while they divided the fruits of their success, toasted with one accord the healths of their Catholic and Faithful Majesties.