

and the chances of a share of the money, jewels, and valuable goods of which the city was known to be full (from the hurried withdrawal of its inhabitants), overrode in the soldiers' minds the motives to desertion.

One of the most pernicious instruments in keeping up the demoralisation of the Spanish army is the evil of secret societies, in which political combinations, events and probabilities, are discussed as at a meeting of Deputies, who have a right to ascertain the opinion of the majority upon particular questions. Introduced into the army, this system would sap the most perfect discipline in the world; and so long as it is persevered in, the same undue and abominable interference in matters, which for the soldier should be entirely indifferent, will remain to be deplored.

The voice of dispassionate history will lay this political crime to the charge of Espartero as the greatest fault in his career, and convict him of originating the vice of fusing the political with the military character after the defeat of Ayacucho in South America, and of strengthening it at the revolution of September, 1840, when he permitted his bayonets to dictate terms to his lawful sovereign, to remove her from the throne and country, and to raise him in her stead. A verdict for making a politician of the soldier will be still more strongly recorded against Narvaez.

The outrages of military bullies, wearing epaulettes, in December last at Madrid, upon the establishments of the *Eco* and *Tarantula* newspapers, for the high crime and misdemeanour of asserting that Cristina's journey from Paris was delayed by the fact of her

being *embarazada*, the most delicate mode in the world of suggesting that she might be *enceinte*, redounded little to the intelligence or sense of honourable propriety of these valiant swaggerers; and the peculiar discrimination with which they avenged the editor's aberrations by maiming senseless types and laying a mechanic's head open, was perhaps more characteristic than creditable to the Spanish army.

Whilst this scene was witnessed in the metropolis, the Commandant of Cavalry at Cadiz was running through the streets, sword in hand, after the editor of the *Defensor del Pueblo*, prepared to immolate him for an article in his paper, without the slightest warning notice, but for the intervention of some passing inhabitants; and about a month before, fifteen officers of the garrison of Cadiz valiantly demanded simultaneous satisfaction from the same editor, and on his accepting the sheaf of cartels, and naming for the contest the Neutral Ground at Gibraltar, chivalrously declined the test. Happily, all are not like these.

The unbridled military despotism, of which Spain is now the victim, and the perpetual goading inflicted on her by her demoralised army, appear but a just retribution for her ferocious military excesses three centuries back, and the horrors of her ruthless conquest of

_____ "That glorious city won
Near the setting of the sun,
Throned in a silver lake;"

for the faithless seizure of Montezuma, according to Cortés's own testimony, "after conversing with him sportively on agreeable topics," for placing the fallen

monarch in irons in the centre of his own capital, and for the yet more atrocious horrors inflicted by Pizarro in Peru; deeds, which under the pretence of extending the dominion of the Cross, mocked at the claims of humanity and justice; victories won only to facilitate the means of plunder, and civilised forms of government introduced not to amend the condition of the subjugated provinces, but to squeeze from them the greatest amount of gold: vices inseparable from all military occupation; but pushed by the Spaniards in Southern America, to degrees of severity unparalleled.

Could the Aztecs and Peruvians see how low the Spanish army has fallen, they might have full revenge; might chuckle at its political manœuvres and pronunciamientos, and grimly smile at the pasteboard battalions arrayed on the field of Torrejon de Ardoz. The doctrine of fraternising instead of fighting, is by no means new; it is old as the days of Sancho Panza. "Señor," said Sancho, "Yo soy hombre pacifico, manso, sosegado, y sé disimular cualquiera injuria, porque tengo mujer y hijos que sustentar y criar; así que séale á vuestra merced tambien aviso, que en ninguna manera pondré mano á la espada ni contra villano ni contra caballero;" "I am a peaceful, mild, and quiet man, and I know how to dissemble any injury, because I have a wife and children to support and rear; so let your worship likewise be advised that in no shape will I put hand to sword, neither against plain man nor against gentleman."

The sum allotted for the maintenance of the army of Spain, in the estimates for 1844, is 380,901,050 reals, or near four millions sterling.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE SPANISH ARMY.

(Continued.)

SINCE the foundation of the Spanish monarchy, which, like that of France, attained to its present form from the union of many independent principalities, the singular peculiarity has been retained of a separate army for each of the leading provinces; and we hear to this day of the armies as well as the kingdoms of Castile and Aragon, of Catalonia and Estremadura, of Léon, Navarre, and Granada.

The national standard of Spain has been exchanged since the junction of the crowns of Castile and Léon; consisting, in opposite compartments, of a pair of lions and a pair of castles, symbolizing the chivalrous names of these two regal possessions. It is a standard worthy of so great a nation, of the struggle for centuries between Goth and Moor, of the deeds of the Cid and the Great Captain.

It was unchanged by the capture of Seville under Ferdinand the Holy, by the accession of Aragon, the subjugation of Granada, and the conquest of Navarre under Ferdinand the Catholic. Yet though the national arms were unmodified by any quartering of the insignia of these great possessions, the various regiments of Spain displayed till yesterday their separate banners, retained from the early history of the pro-

vinces whose names they bear, and from whence they were originally draughted, and but few of the soldiers of Spain fought beneath her regal standard. An interesting relic of chivalrous and feudal ages, yet undeniably an impolitic system. Formed under the influence, and retaining the denomination, of the various kingdoms, provinces, or *pueblos*, into which Spain was anciently divided, each corps adopted the colours and emblazonment of the locality from whence it derived its name. The unity of the monarchy and the complete organization of the service, as well as the necessity of extinguishing the pernicious spirit of provincial jealousy, demanded the effacement of needless distinctions, with no firmer foundation than a vague reminiscence lost in the obscurity of distant ages.

A change has accordingly been lately introduced, by which all the banners of the various branches of the army, navy, and national militia, have been reduced to a strict conformity with one model, in shape and colour—the war standard of Spain—the lions and the castles being collocated in the same precise order.

The corps heretofore privileged to carry the mulberry-coloured pendant of Castile, make use in their new banners of a streamer of the same colour and of the width of those of St. Ferdinand; the only difference to be seen throughout the army standards, with the exception of the military decorations hitherto gained, or hereafter to be won. Around the escutcheon of the Royal arms, which occupies the centre of these banners and standards, there runs a legend descriptive of the name, number, and battalion of the regiment. The *escarapélas*, or cockades, worn by those

entitled to use them (a peculiarity of the Spanish service,) to whatever class they belong, correspond in colours with the regimental banner; and in the navy the same regulations have been established.

Such is one of Narvaez's reforms, introduced during the sway of the Provisional Government. It may be denounced as centralisation and Procrustian uniformity, but it is certainly a judicious innovation: the wonder is, that the necessity for it should have survived so long. It became necessary to consecrate the new-born issue. Banners in the Spanish service are invariably blessed by a bishop, and their loyal custody in every hazard is sworn by the *Porta-estandartes*. This ceremonial was performed simultaneously throughout Spain, and the old banners were deposited in the Museum of Artillery. There were not wanting malicious commentators to observe, that the scenes recently enacted had made the substitution of fresh banners desirable, and that the troops, perhaps, might fight under a new flag—but it was clear they would not fight under the old!

The negligence displayed by many Spanish officers in their attire, and their frequent departure in detail from the regulation uniform, operate with a directly pernicious effect upon the men by encouraging their excessive slovenliness, and have repeatedly been the subject of ineffective royal orders. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the value of strict uniformity, and of a rigid adherence to military discipline.

A fresh royal order, in September last, complained that the officers of the army permitted themselves "the greatest disorder in their attire, tarnishing the

lustre of their career, and lowering the dignity of their profession." Their compliance in numerous cases with the requisitions of the *reglamento* is of the most arbitrary description, every man interpreting it to his own taste, and their superiors looking on with incredible apathy.

Some appear on parades *without a sword at all*—others on guard with any thing but the regulation sword—the infantry officer with perhaps a cavalry sabre, and *vice versâ*. Nay, instances have been known when even mounting guard the officer has had no sword, nor so much as a switch in the shape of arms. Barrack and foraging caps, too, are commonly worn by them, when in garrison service; and when the regulation, and the commonest sense of fitness, condemn the practice as wholly inadmissible.

Even when they are full dressed, according to their notions, the order of October last charges them with "deviating grossly from the regulation, and permitting themselves to indulge in arbitrary and ridiculous modifications of the regimental uniform, with a great breach of propriety."

The commanding officers, and *sargentos mayores*, or regimental majors, were directed to look to this breach of discipline with particular minuteness, and severe punishments were enacted. But where a careless and irregular system almost universally prevails, these paper reforms are of course entirely inoperative. The whole garrisons of Cadiz, Carthagená, Valencia, Granada, and Seville, could not be contemporaneously punished *en masse*,—individual officers were reluctant to bell the cat, the incorrigible *insouciance* of the soft

Andalucian skies prevailed, and the nuisance remains unabated.

Amongst the curious varieties of military costume, you will sometimes see an officer of rank go about the streets with a macintosh or paletó of thin white cloth thrown over his epauletted coat. Upon the sleeves of this upper garment there is frequently some arabesque embroidery, or more commonly a representation of the arms of the province to which his regiment belongs, as Catalonia, Asturias, Galicia. The tailorly effect of this exhibition is not to be described in words.

The Spaniards have a very expressive phrase for what is known amongst us and the French as the "military *coup d'œil*." Their phrase is *ojo de la campaña*, "campaigning eye," an epithet first applied to the Marquis de Leganés, a contemporary of Cromwell, during his successful campaign in Catalonia. To such an eye the foregoing display must be a peculiar abomination.

But though the officers of the Spanish army are so remiss in soldierly neatness, they never lose a move as politicians. I was present at a *Te Deum* sung last autumn in the Gaditan cathedral. The paisanos remained at home, and there were none but military present—epaulettes and swords to give thanks for the meeting of parliament! The garrison of Cadiz rejoicing for a victory—their field of battle the Constitution. It was the type of Narvaez's power and position—a military despotism. While the bells were merrily chiming at Cadiz and at Madrid, the bombs were bursting over Barcelona and Gerona!

The grossly unconstitutional proceeding of military

men putting themselves forward as political partisans, was again repeated in the affair of Olózaga, and the pernicious irregularity was provoked by the Government itself. Circulars were forwarded from the War Office to all the provincial and garrison commanders, inclosing the Queen's declaration, and an expression of their opinion was plainly invited.

The responses were almost uniformly conceived in the most extravagant terms; Olózaga was denounced as a traitor and a villain; and when the circular reached Valencia, General Roncali summoned to his house the General and other officers serving in the garrison, harangued them with such violence as to draw tears of desperation from their eyes for "the outrage done to their sovereign," drew his sword, upon which all present crossed theirs, and swore with them conjointly to die a hundred deaths for their Queen and the throne of San Fernando! The military, the provincial deputation, the municipality, and the other public bodies, sent in crowds of thundering memorials founded upon an *ex parte* statement, and proclaimed that valour and loyalty were not yet extinguished in the country of the Cid and Gonzalo de Córdoba.

The accomplishment of oratory is as much required by the higher order of military officers as by any class in Spain. Upon every emergency, it is a matter of course that the colonels or generals should harangue their men, whose loyalty, for the most part, unfortunately needs this stimulant. "Follow me, lads!" is not enough; but there must likewise be sounding and lengthened appeals to Spanish patriotism and valour.

The commanding officer and the captains of com-

panies must be prepared to address their men when they want them to do anything particular; upon the force or feebleness of the harangue it frequently depends whether the seduction of serjeants and the corruption of secret emissaries will prove triumphant; and whenever any considerable event takes place the commander is expected to treat the paraded regiment and bystanders to an appropriate "allocution." When the drum is in hands that can make it rattle, the soldier cheers at every oratorical pause, and swears,—*por dios todopoderoso!*—to pound all the foes of order like a moyo of grapes; but when the speech is delivered the oath is at times forgotten.

Spain presents the only instance in Europe where a decoration for military service (even without ever appearing in the field) is *of right* obtainable, after wearing uniform for a certain length of time. This is the case throughout the national militia, now under the management of General Figueras, who conducted the defence during the siege of Seville. Every *miliciano nacional* who has completed ten years of good service in the ranks, has the right to receive the *condecoracion* of a cross. To be entitled to this distinction, he must never have been convicted of any infamous crime, nor punished by court-martial for any grave military offence; and lastly—here's the rub—"he must have always remained faithful to his oaths."

As this might considerably thin the number of *décorés*, the latter requisition is but loosely interpreted; political oaths here being swallowed like macaroons, by the hundred. The "decorate-me-whether-you-like-it-or-no" system was established by Lopez and Narvaez

to propitiate the ticklish nacionales; and with this special addition, that those who had voluntarily "pronounced" against Espartero were to be entitled to wear a *plaque* or star, in addition to the cross, after completing twelve years of service—the object of this "artful dodge" being to keep them faithful in the mean time to the Provisional Government.

A Spanish general having obtained some medals by mistake, every one of which upon investigation was discovered to have been conferred for actions in which he had conducted successful retreats from before the enemy, sent in a bombastical claim for still higher distinctions, and applied to be promoted to an active command in consideration of his *condecoraciones*. The minister, having made himself acquainted with the facts of the case, sent back permission to him to affix another medal to his breast, commemorative of his final *retreat* from the service.

The thirst for distinction in the human breast is truly inextinguishable. Some will seek it in the roar of popular assemblies—in whirlpools of political passion—others in its chase rush up to the bristling rampart and the cannon's mouth. Some will thieve and forge, to achieve the means of shining; while others, like the Ephesian youth, would set a world in flames rather than be excluded from a brilliant and flashy career.

I once knew a lieutenant-general commanding a Spanish garrison, whose thoughts were entirely devoted to new combinations and effects upon those few nights in the year when he had an opportunity of exhibiting his loyalty by splendid illuminations, and who was

content to seek distinction in grease-pots. I have likewise known a Yankee ambassador to go to a splendid European ball in pepper-and-salt inexpressibles, and find a rare distinction in linsey-woolseys. As the French say, "Every man to his taste;" and as the Spaniards have it, "Every distaff to its spindle." But the most extraordinary rage for distinction I ever heard of, was that of the brigadiers of the Spanish army, who last year were about to go to war with the other officers of the service, upon the very important question, whether the little knob at the end of each twist in their epaulettes should be of gold or of silver. The epaulettes of the officers generally in the Spanish army are entirely of silver, and for the brigadier to assimilate his appearance as far as possible to the general officer, was of course a paramount object.

In 1840 an ambiguous order was published for the regulation of military uniforms, of which ambiguity the brigadiers availed themselves, to make the knobs in question alternately of gold and silver. The other officers chose to feel annoyed at the distinction; which might indeed have weighed heavily on the hearts of school-boys or play-actors, but was little deserving the consideration of men. They did, however, complain most bitterly; and it must be confessed that the arrangement was absurd in the extreme, since the lace, braiding, and trimmings of every article of the brigadiers' uniform continuing still to be of silver, and even their buttons being of the same metal, the bits of gold daubed upon the epaulette looked tawdry and out of place.

Much ill will and squabbling arose out of this

affair; and the government being at last appealed to, decided that the true construction of the decree of 1840 was, that the twists and knobs should be all of silver, but that the brigadiers might gild the inner part and strap of the epaulette, technically called the *punte*; a weak and foolish decision, which was deservedly called the “*punte de los asnos*,” or “*pons asinorum*.”

The term *Ayacucho*, which has puzzled so many thousands of readers, had its origin as follows:—It was in New Spain that Espartero first became known to fame. There, while as yet holding no high military rank, his *bonhomie* and soldierly frankness made him very popular amongst his brother officers; and, by dint of good sense and fair dealings, he obtained an influence amongst them which he never subsequently lost.

Gambling has at all times been very prevalent in Spanish America, and Espartero's love of society made him naturally enough participate in the common passion. With such difficulty are habits, once firmly engrafted, eradicated from our nature, that Espartero, since his elevation to the Regency, had been frequently known to spend whole days at cards, to the serious neglect of public affairs and of the inveterate intrigues of his opponents; sitting up in bed, when indisposed, with two or three cushions behind his back, and playing unintermittingly at *écarté* with a limited number of friends seated by the side of his bed.

Even while he lingered so fatally at Albacete, in the midst of growing treasons and fresh *pronunciamientos*, he indulged this dangerous passion to the absorption of his inadequate energies; and, perhaps, were

he not a card-player, Espartero might still be regent of Spain. Having once generously given to General Canterac his own time to pay him the sum of 30,000 dollars, which Espartero had won from him in one sitting, and insisted upon waiving his right to an immediate settlement, Canterac in his gratitude narrated the circumstance to his brother officers, who, pleased with the occurrence, instantly raised Espartero to a popularity which formed the foundation of his future power.

He had the reputation amongst his early compeers of "a sterling fellow who will befriend you to the knife." The battle of Ayacucho followed, which lost for Spain the empire of Peru, and the epithet of "*Ayacuchos*" was affixed to the Royalist officers as a *sobriquet* of derision, and afterwards clung to them when the incident was almost forgotten. When the stirring events in the history of the South American republics caused their return to Europe, a vow of mutual assistance and support in the furtherance of each other's worldly fortunes, was sworn by Espartero and his military companions in the vessel which carried them home. From that day forth they were known to each other as "*Los Ayacuchos*."

This compact was never broken: it partook neither of the subversive political character of the Carbonaro oath, nor of the cabalistic mystery of Freemasonry. It was simply a convention for mutual aid through life; and it certainly attained its object. So well was that oath observed, that Espartero forfeited the Regency rather than desert his brother Ayacucho, Linage, whose dismissal was the condition assigned

by Lopez to which Espartero never would consent, and his refusal of which led within a few days to his expulsion from the kingdom.

In pursuance of the above compact, the Ayacuchos were justly chargeable with making the army too frequently a tool for their own political advancement; and the demoralisation of which there have lately been presented such sad examples, was but a commending of the poisoned chalice to their own lips. Still it would be unjust to charge Espartero or his adherents, either as a party or as individuals, with anything comparable to the wholesale corruption, by French gold, which has recently been witnessed. If the Ayacuchos tampered, it was with Spanish feelings alone, and for Spanish purposes. It was for the present ruling powers at Madrid to introduce the infamy of foreign bribes, and destroy the discipline which made the Spanish arms so celebrated in the days of the Great Captain and of Hernan Córtes, of Alba and Ricardos, of Castaños and of Palafox.

To this scrap of philology respecting the famous epithet "Ayacucho" I shall add the derivation of the ex-Regent's name. "Espartero" signifies a maker of mats or baskets, an avocation which it is quite possible that the future sitter by the throne of St. Ferdinand may have pursued in early youth, while his father was driving his string of mules on those Manchegan plains whence another renowned hero went forth—the "ingenious"* hidalgo, *Don Quixote*.

* Valiant.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MILITARY LIFE.—THE CONSCRIPTION.

THE Spanish soldier has long been hovering on the confines of brigandage; and in the Peninsula, campaigning and highway robbery differ little but in name. Hence the readiness and ardour with which the guerrilla life is so often embraced, when regiments are disbanded. The vice is an old one here. During the minority of Carlos II., his minister, the second Don Juan of Austria, had a memorial addressed to him by the Corregidor of Madrid, entreating him to remove from the metropolis the regiment of Aytona, which assisted the banditti every night in plundering the inhabitants.

The state of indiscipline which prevails in the Spanish army leads to cases which, to an Englishman, are almost incredible. A Lieutenant of the regiment of Almansa, Don Narciso Sanchez, was implicated in a conspiracy to assassinate the Capitan-General. He was separated from the service at the period by temporary *licencia*, the better to effect his purpose. Upon his arrest he was conveyed as a prisoner in the middle of the day by his Colonel, Avana, towards the barracks, without escort; his commanding officer conceiving that he was sufficiently bound in honour as a prisoner on parole. Sanchez, however, had different ideas; and when they reached one of the

most public quarters of the town, he darted off like a greyhound!

The Colonel, not in the least dismayed by his precipitate flight, followed at full speed, without hesitating an instant; and officer after officer, both duly epauletted, were seen in hot chase like a thief-taker and convict. Upon reaching an *encrucijada*, or crossing of streets, the Colonel was peremptorily stopped by some soldiers belonging to a different regiment, who drew their bayonets to oppose his progress; and one levelling a musket at him swore that he would shoot him if he advanced hand or foot. The Lieutenant escaped, and so did the soldiers, who were his co-conspirators. The Colonel was unable to recognise them, as they did not belong to his regiment. No witness would come forward, though hundreds were present, and the scene occurred at noon!

An escort of Infantry was conducting some recruits into Seville from Alcalá. One of these soft and raw Zagales, unaccustomed to heavy marching, fell dead-lame upon the road. To continue his journey on foot was impossible. After the lapse of some time, there came up an Almocrebe, or mule-driver, with a train of half-a-dozen mules laden with flour. The soldiers instantly required the Almocrebe to carry their lame companion into Seville. "Impossible," said the Almocrebe, "I am heavily loaded with flour."—" *Al diablo* with your flour, and your bran, too!" said the sergeant of the escort—very often the way of a military company in Spain. "Let us see a sample;" and drawing his bayonet, he made several rents in a sack close to him.

The Almocrebe was a rude, but brave man, and, like a man, resented the insult. He was strongly provoked, but as yet did not strike the sergeant. He only smacked his whip, and said: "By law, you should direct yourself to the Alcalde of the district, to furnish you with cabalgaduras."* The sergeant's only answer was, to knock the sack off the mule's back with the butt-end of his gun, and attempt to place his companion on top of him. The Almocrebe struck the sergeant; a soldier of the party fired on the countryman, and shot him dead!

An Ingeniero (answering to our corps of sappers and miners) had certain "*relaciones amorosas*" with the maid-servant of a cura-parroco, and being inspired with wine (for among the few occasional drunkards here soldiers are sometimes noticeable) called on the sacristan of the church of Carmo, somewhere about midnight, to call down the serving-maid for the pleasure of an interview with the soldier, who was then off duty. The sacristan and the maiden both obeyed the word of command; and as no other convenient place presented itself for the agreeable *tête-à-tête*, the sacristan, by a neglect of his duty rare in Spain, permitted the pair to adjourn into the interior of the church, while he himself skipped across the road to purchase an azumbre of wine at the soldier's charge.

The sacristan drank his share of the potent measure, and then complaisantly retired to snooze in a confessional. The soldier, presently excited, and made quarrelsome by the wine, beat his female companion violently with his fists, and mortally stabbed her with

* Beasts of burden.

his bayonet. Her screams were terrible, and speedily roused both the parroco and several of his flock, who, not without hesitation and trembling, repaired in some numbers to the scene of what they deemed these supernatural horrors. The scandal may be imagined.

The appearance of the Spanish troops is to the last degree unsoldierly. The sentry strolls to and fro like a corkscrew on his beat; his shako almost falling off the back of his head, his gun slouched on his shoulder, singing outright (not merely humming) a lively *seguidilla* with the most *sans-façon* air in the world.

Often have I seen the *soldado raso*, entrusted as sentinel with a most important post, trailing his *fusil* listlessly in the dust, and describing diagrams with the point of the fixed bayonet,—or, probably, if he could write, recording the name of his mistress. In the sultry weather the shako is, perhaps, removed entirely from the head, and the paper *cigarrillo* is sometimes smoked on duty as indifferently as if there were no regulation against it.

The soldier is not unfrequently destitute of portions of his uniform, or his regimental coat and continuations are in such hopeless rags, that even in the sultry summer the slate-coloured great-coat is worn as a hide-all and slut-cover, like the begrimed blanket of a Mexican *lépero*. Clumsy gaiters, ill-buttoned and discoloured, descend over shoes which, in one case out of three, are broken in pieces, disclosing to view the naked toes of the men—such in Spain are the glories of the *vida militar*! The rations consist almost entirely of beans, lard-sprinkled, and boiled in a huge *puchero*, with bread of the coarsest description. Upon

food like this they are "food for powder," no more; and, so far as military appearance and efficiency are concerned, to walk from end to end of the Neutral Ground of Gibraltar, is like passing to a new planet.

While Narvaez left the soldiers in this miserable condition—the soldiers who had helped him to his dictatorial sceptre—he was amusing his doll, the girlish Queen, with a revival of the palatial splendours of the old *régime*, giving her golden vases to hold the mortar, and a golden cord to lower the stone, at the laying of the foundation of the new *Córtes* upon her birthday. Had he transmuted the gold into coppers, and transmitted it in maravedis to his military dupes, it might have ill-served to rescue his contemned legions from their rags and penury, but it would have saved mankind from this fresh example of the baseness of political gratitude. It is but just, however, to say that, however dishonestly the means have been acquired, the Spanish soldier is now beginning to be better clothed and fed.

The readiest and most practical device for supplying a ragged regiment with an impromptu uniform is that which prevailed amongst the Homeric chiefs and the chivalrous Paladins of later times—every man to kill a hero for himself and strip him of his armour. But as results are problematical since the use of "villanous gunpowder," and fraternizing is a more rational way of waging war, the ingenuity of the Spanish *soldadesca* was set on less perilous devices. Accordingly, a tailorless regiment at Mataró, the other day, availed itself of the disbandment of a refractory

battalion of national militia, and jumped into their coats and breeches!

Heroes, like gift-horses, amidst such scenes, should not be looked too closely in the mouth; and this was indeed last year the principle of action. Seventeen convicts having broken their prison, fourteen of them, heavily chained, fell upon two Nationals who mounted sentry, wrested the guns from their hands, shot the sentinels, and escaped without the walls. Some shots were fired after them from the town, which the felons of course did not mind, but ran courageously for their lives and characters, tripped repeatedly by their chains, and as often rising again and darting forward like greyhounds. On their reaching the besiegers at Torrero their chains were struck off, and they were made soldiers to reward their gallantry!

It is probably without parallel in the history of the world, that in the month of October a subscription was set on foot at Cadiz for defraying the expenses of supplying new uniform to the Royal Infantry regiment of Asturias, then doing duty in garrison. The Provisional Government had failed to perform its provisional promises; the money due to the Commissariat and the military chest was not forthcoming; the soldiers' clothes were literally dropping from their backs, their shakos from their heads, their shoes from their feet, and private generosity was appealed to to supply that lamentable deficiency which was permitted by public justice. My little mite was contributed for this purpose. Many ladies joined in the subscription, and, among the rest, many widows of military officers.

I have more than once seen bright eyes in tears at