

hamper and cramp the utterance of undisguised opinion. Truth flourishes in the open air—a hardy plant—shoots up in the dew and ripens in the sun, without pruning, training, or covering with glass-houses. The debaters here are frank and plain-spoken, and the audience mingles unrebuked in the discussions. With every cigarrillo a character is puffed away, and with each fresh demand for *fuego* \* new light is thrown upon the world of politics.

Here is a fellow in rags who wears his tattered cloak with the dignity of a grandee, for every Castilian deems himself noble; there is a more youthful *picaro* with a hat more highly peaked than ordinary, and an inordinate supply of tags adorning its velvet round—that is the energetic youth of the assembly—the Gonzalez Bravo of the *pavé*—the Young Spain of lanes and alleys; there with a loose *faja* or red sash swathed round his waist, with leggings thrown wide open and displaying those muscular calves, with a short and tight-fitting jacket exhibiting to full advantage his amazing breadth of shoulder and depth of chest, is the Mars and Massaniello of the party, prepared to take the lead of a popular army: and around and in the midst of every circle is the due proportion of Madrid Manolas, the viragos of metropolitan low life, discussing more eagerly and far more fluently than the rest, with flashing eyes and dilated nostrils, and each with a formidable knife stuck between her right leg and stocking, beneath the garter; some, too, smoking their paper cigars with

\* "Fire;" a light transmitted from one paper cigar to another.

as much *nonchalance* as the men. In this centre of intelligence and focus of popular disturbance, you will hear more in one hour of the scandalous secrets of Madrid, and learn more of its patriotic or treasonable designs, than in the choicest *réunions* of its most exalted diplomacy.

## CHAPTER XXII.

## THE SWING OF DESPOTISM.—NATIONAL APATHY.

THE evils and inconveniences, intolerable to a free people, arising from what is called in the jargon of the Peninsula, "suspension of the guarantees," and "an exceptional state," were under the *régime* of Bravo and Narvaez pushed far beyond the limits of endurance, and Alicante and Cartagena arose, but were finally reduced to submission. Arrest without warrant, and shooting without trial, were amongst their ordinary means of government, (a variation of villany unheard of before). General Roncali shot thirty-one prisoners in the back at Alicante, upon the mere recognition of their identity.

It was not the General's cruelty alone that led to this horrid slaughter; the act was in obedience to the peremptory orders of the Government, to execute without consideration or delay all who might be concerned in the revolt. Roncali was officially complimented for "having stifled the sentiments of his heart," an unwarrantable assumption that he had a heart to stifle; and the sign-manual of the virgin Queen of Spain was put to a nefarious document which thanked him for his butcheries.

In the other provinces, where isolated and insignificant insurrection demonstrated the national feeling but fell powerless through want of co-operation, obsequious captains-general pursued the same murderous

policy ; in Galicia, and in the province of Salamanca, several Spaniards were massacred at the same period ; and the War Minister, Mazarredo, Narvaez's pliant instrument, in a despatch to the Galician authorities, in which he thanked them likewise for their bloody assiduity in the work of extermination, recorded with a grin of satisfaction, the contemporary murders of Roncali. Such was the "dainty dish" set before two Queens of Spain—such were the happy tidings which welcomed Cristina's return.

Roncali's butcheries at Alicante, though never surpassed in atrocity, were far from being unprecedented in the modern history of Spain. Not to dwell upon the cruelties of Cabrera and of Carlos, the treatment of the noble Riego, and of the equally unhappy Torrijos, by Ferdinand VII, was precisely of a similar character, and the parallel is worth pursuing. Riego and Torrijos were soldiers of liberty, whose aspirations were for Constitutional government. What else was the aim of the insurgents of Alicante? Riego and his comrades were shot, with one exception, an Englishman, who was rescued from the dungeons of Madrid by the strong remonstrance of Canning. Torrijos, too, and the fifty-three companions who disembarked with him at Malaga, were shot by the mandate of Ferdinand's sanguinary council. Let modern tyrants tremble, for their names will live in popular execration, enshrined in song, and recorded in familiar ballads, like the name of him who ruled when that slaughter was commanded :—

" Non por su culpa caia Riego :

Traicion

D'un vil Borbon !"

The name of Narvaez will point a moral as well as that of any other tyrant.

Retribution strangely follows in this life the trifle with the lives of his fellow men; and when the tiger of the Peninsula is let loose he tears his victim to pieces. Though the fumes of blood cast a film over the eyes of despots, which hides from them the end that awaits them—an end as cruel as their lives had been—the finger of an avenging Providence not less certainly writes their doom in invisible ink upon the palace wall.

The Conde de España was a wholesale murderer, and was slain by his own people; Moreno, the political butcher of Malaga, was himself assassinated in the end; Quesada, the trampler of the Madrid populace beneath his horses' hoofs, was torn by that populace asunder, and his mutilated fingers stirred a convivial bowl for the Nacionales who slew him; the Governor of Cadiz, in 1830, was assassinated for his severities, in the street; Elio, Captain-General of Valencia, was the executioner of his political adversaries, and perished on the scaffold. The contemporary annals of Portugal furnish similar instances; for within ten years, Gomez Freire, an unpopular minister, was shot down in the streets of Lisbon, and Telles Jordao, the inhuman persecutor of the Constitutional prisoners in the Tower of St. Julian, was torn in pieces and as frightfully mutilated as Quesada was in Madrid. This is the true mirror for ministers in the Peninsula—the awful lesson which “must give them pause” in the midst of their riot of power and barbarous instincts. “*No hay boda sin tornaboda,*”

says a significant Spanish proverb,—“There is no wedding but there is a day after it!”

During this profligate interregnum of suspended laws and constitution, the ablest and most upright Progresista statesmen of Spain, Cortina, Cantero, and Madoz, were thrown into dungeons without a shadow of a charge against them; and Lopez, the premier and coadjutor of Narvaez three months before, was forced to hide himself, lest he, likewise, should be dragged by his late colleague to a dungeon, upon the convenient allegation that he was a conspirator; when, after a four months' saturnalia of despotism, the Constitution was nominally restored, these outraged members of the National Congress were coolly told that there was no charge against them, and let loose from prison, where their detention for one hour was a portentous public crime.

During the same period all journals were suppressed which would not load their columns with base adulation of the Government; and the liberty of the press was buried in the same grave with the strangled liberties of Spain. The Constitution was trodden down in the dust; the rights of the people were curiously violated in every minute particular,—in taxation, in the municipal franchise, in the return of the provincial deputations, in the composition of the national militia, in the conditions of military enlistment.

Each succeeding hour, in point of departure from the fundamental compact, and subsisting laws, was marked by a still more atrocious violation. Happy they who dwell in lands where such things are impossible! Six men armed with portfolios legislated in

all respects in contempt of the Córtes; both Senate and Congress had a seal on their lips, and the press had no voice but of fulsome flattery.

The Minister silenced all his opponents, then paid some venal rogue to praise him. "Order reigned at Warsaw." A perfect system of espionage was introduced to strengthen and secure this virtuous administration; and a *cabinet noir* established in the post-office, where every suspected letter was opened with such little ceremony that, instead of re-sealing and forwarding the violated correspondence, the reckless empleados too frequently threw the letters in the fire, or flung them aside as waste paper; to such depths of infamy, under Bravo and Narvaez, was the noble Spanish character degraded.

When the latter had completed his experiments *in corpore vili*, and found how much subdued Spaniards would bear, he resolved to try his hand at the work of direct government, and flung away Bravo like a squeezed orange. With *El Guirigay* were likewise thrown into the basket the bulk of his colleagues, Don Luis Mayans being alone retained as Minister of Grace and Justice,

This appointment by Narvaez was singularly characteristic. The sole title of Mayans to consideration was the fact, that he governed as a military despot, and his first contact with the political world was as aide-de-camp to the Infante Don Francisco de Poulou. A mere dragoon, he is singularly unsuitable to the grave post to which he has been promoted; his "long sword, saddle, bridle," grotesquely mix with croziers and wands; his cocked hat and epaulets

are quaintly inappropriate to the surveillance of the episcopal and judicial benches, and the bar and ecclesiastical circles are deeply offended.

The portfolio which Narvaez has himself assumed, together with the Presidency of the Council, is the one to which he would naturally aspire—that of War. Mazarredo held this for him as his lackey and warming-pan, under Bravo's exploded ministry. A young man of little administrative capacity, but possessed of some talents for intrigue, the late war minister was the chief officer of Narvaez's staff, when in 1838 the latter commenced the organization of an army of reserve, during Count Ofalia's ministry, which, in the unerring and anticipative instinct of hostility, was designed to act against Espartero.

Like Buckingham towards our Charles I., Mazarredo has ever since been Narvaez's "doag;" and for his services to the Camarilla, and to sweeten his retirement, the Queen has appointed him her chamberlain. In the selection of his other colleagues, Narvaez has not been infelicitous, the Marquis de Viluma, his foreign secretary, being an accomplished diplomatist, Don Pedro Pidal, his Minister of the Interior, an able and decided partisan, and his Finance Minister, Don Alejandro Mon, of high and unblemished character. The Marquis de Peñaflorida, Minister of the Interior under Bravo, was a person of little capacity, who had given no higher proofs of administrative skill, than scribbling minutes of the proceedings at the table of the senate, where he filled the post of secretary. And Señor Carrasco, his Minister of Finance, was the man who, as a commis-

sioner for the conversion of the Córtes bonds, and a frequenter of our Stock Exchange, has left behind him an unenviable reputation. He has been a repudiator in Paris and Amsterdam, as well as London. His own budget was advantageously arranged in 1835, 1836, and 1837; and he was a bankrupt successively upon every Exchange in Europe. Such a man was worthy to be Finance Minister under a Premier whose father was dismissed from the Treasury for malversation.

Never, perhaps, in the history of Peninsular governments were a set of more indecent and scandalous traffickers than Gonzalez Bravo and his colleagues dismissed from office. The *empleado* subalterns who, as long as they retained their grasp of power, were necessarily silent as to their masters' malversations, laid bare every villainous secret the moment they were dismissed, and Spain was astounded by the rapacity and meanness of her rulers.

The affairs of the Treasury were found in a state of desperate entanglement; Señor Carrasco's transactions on the Bolsa were in the worst spirit of gambling, and the most sacred income of the state had been devoted to raising the price of stocks in speculative time-bargains, with a view to carry out, by deceiving the public, his proposed operation of a loan. The very "*depositos publicos*," or suitors' fund in the courts of equity, had been invaded and alienated for this dishonest purpose; and to complete the picture of hollow financiering, Señor Mon declared his conscientious inability to adhere to Carrasco's contracts. Spain was shaken from her centre to her

most distant extremities, and dismay presided at the new tobacco board.

Portillo, the Minister of Marine, had been a still more scandalous stock-jobber. The funds which he should have applied to the maintenance of the degraded navy were employed on the Bolsa of Madrid in his own behoof, and in a contract with a company represented by Señor Buschenthal, to supply two war-steamers for the service of Spain, one of the conditions being that the sum of ten millions of reals, or £100,000, should be sacredly deposited. Portillo, "for a consideration," dispensed with this condition, while González Bravo and his father made sure of their share of the spoil, despatching to Irun no fewer than twenty-four four-wheeled carriages, and one hundred beasts of burden laden with bales and packages. From Bravo to his successor, Narvaez, the people turned with their proverbial sarcasm: "*Tan buenos uno como otro, y picaronazos todos!*" (one as good as another, and huge rogues all.)

It is an undoubted fact (and recent events remarkably tend to prove it) that the bulk of the substantial and moneyed classes of Spain and Portugal, of the influential portion of Peninsular society, is attached in politics to Moderado opinions. The Progresistas and Septembrists have been more noticeable of late years, because they have been noisier; but democratic opinions have enlisted no large portion of the wealth or weight of the community, and the profound indifference with which the simultaneous arrest of the Exaltado leaders in Madrid and Lisbon, and the high-handed proceedings of Narvaez and Costa

Cabral have been generally regarded, are sufficient to attest the fact. To this must be traced the easy overthrow of Espartero, and of the system of government which prevailed since 1838 in Portugal, with the equally easy maintenance of their successors in power, while each new day was marked by a fresh violation of the Constitution. The Spanish nations have proved Moderado indeed! moderate to the extent of tameness. None but a Peninsular people could have submitted for an hour to such acts of flagrant illegality.

There is much in the disgust engendered by frequency of revolutions, much in the palpable disappointment arising from successive popular movements; but whatever may be said on this subject, Spaniards to this day neither comprehend nor appreciate constitutional government. A powerless Parliament, an ignorant people, and a press but little entitled to respect, leave practical despotism, which mocks with responsible forms, an ample margin for acts which absolutism would scarcely have attempted.

That cold indifference which is so fatal to freedom appears to have stolen over Spain, and verbal criticism and social irony are chiefly now the shapes assumed by independent political opinion. The feeling is, that "Governments may do as they please, and be d— ! they are all alike;" and the position seems to be generally taken, that the institutions of the country are not worth fighting for.

This is an uncomfortable state of things; but I believe that the unsatisfactory results of former struggles, and the strong bias of the richer classes towards

Moderado opinions, will make revolutionary movements less frequent in future. Yet of concord there is little prospect. There is no national political party, properly so called, in Spain; for if the wealth is Moderado, the numbers are decidedly Progresista; and the only element of union is the instinct of a common security. The Moderados charge the Progresistas with an undue and disproportionate exaltation of latter years—a charge which the helplessness of their resistance to Narvaez goes far to substantiate; and declare that they attained to a position beyond their real importance in the country, through the treason of a drunken serjeant at La Granja and of an ungrateful general at Valencia. The Progresistas, on the other hand, denounce the Moderados as the slaves of the court and of Carlist opinions; and though there may be a temporary lull, there is no true or lasting calm to the seething effervescence of parties.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## THE CATALAN AND VALENCIAN GUERRILLAS.

SPAIN is the country of guerrilla warfare; the classic ground of irregular skirmishing. The Albanian mountaineers are no bad random shots; and the bushrangers in our own colonies of the Cape and Australia need scarcely yield the *pas* to any soldier-robbers in the world. But in Spain the practice is invested with a romance and a local colouring, and long and unremitting practice has brought it to such perfection, that approximation appears outstripped and rivalry impossible.

The very name of the thing, and the wit involved in it, are purely Spanish—*Guerrilla*, “a little war;” and this gay and sarcastic people give the same name to a particular game of cards. The mountainous character of the whole of Spain, the demi-savage lives of the peasantry, and the familiarity with arms, begot by the incessant prowling of robbers, and by the frequency of war in the country, have combined to invest the Guerrilla life with peculiar facilities and attractions. It is an old strain in the Iberian blood.

The great Viriatus, who struggled so long and so successfully against the might of Rome, was little more than a guerrillero; Pelayo and Ramiro, who, from the Asturian hills went forth to fight against the

Moors, the almugavars, too, who in the middle ages were the predecessors of the modern Spanish infantry, belonged to the same school of informal but successful warriors. A rugged spirit of independence is the foundation of the character, a spirit as old as the days of Hannibal:—

“Sagunto vá pereciendo  
Antesque vencido ardiendo !”

The grandest specimen of this singular race, since Viriatus, sprung up in very recent times, when the gigantic oppression of Napoleon called forth a still more majestic opposition. In the brave and energetic Mina was embodied a personification of the noblest features of guerrilla warfare: for it was no marauding purposes, but a true love of liberty, a patriotism staunch and undying, and proved in courts to be incorruptible, which led him to inspire his first handful of followers with his own indomitable ardour, till their numbers swelled to battalions and armies, and the plain farmer rose to the rank of Captain-general and Grandee of Spain.

The very provincialism which is still such a bar to a strong central government, retaining, as of old, the jealous distinction of separate states and kingdoms, nurtures the patriotic spirit of fond attachment to the soil; and whatever evils may befall her, Spain will never be deficient in a bold peasantry, nor want for men who love to the death the independence of their own pueblo. New Minas will ever spring up to spring the mine for the foreign invader. In civil broils the guerrilla warfare has assumed a far less honourable aspect. A flag is hoisted, but the flag is

a pretence ; the real pursuit is plunder ; and of late years it has been a common saying in Catalonia, Valencia, and parts of Aragon, that "*la guerrilla es el estado normal.*"

The Catalan and Valencian guerrillero is a politician ; but, like more peaceful pursuers of the game, a sham one. In troubled times, if Carlism becomes in vogue, he starts a Carlist, and shoots and robs the natives for his own behoof. If "Central Junta" is the word, he calls himself a Centralista, and takes toll from both Centralists and Parliamentarians. If "Progress" is the shibboleth, he makes the most violent progress of any tenant of the hills in plundering and stripping the lieges ; and if "Pronunciamientos" are the order of the day, he pronounces the whole social frame unhinged, and himself the only equalizer ; he will likewise pronounce the arrest of the richest men in the province, and the exact amount of their ransom.

He is severely impartial, for he will seize and mulct them all ; and so long as a man has money, he doesn't care an *ajo* \* for his politics. He will squeeze either money or blood out of him indifferently—money if he can get it, and blood if he cannot. The brigand bands which Zurbano swept from the Catalan principality, sprang into life again last winter amid the prevalent confusion ; and Morella, renowned as Cabrera's stronghold, was haunted by the guerrillas of Lacova. But these were kept in subjection for a time by the activity of General Roncali.

The district of Mastrazgo † is the political pulse of

\* A clove of garlic.

† El Maestrazgo.

Spain—the true thermometer by which you may ascertain its actual state and condition. If the metropolitan heart of the kingdom begin to palpitate, Mastrazgo is instantly in a fever; if Madrid is in the least commotion, Mastrazgo is violently disturbed.

This lawless district is the northern limb of Valencia, extending between Catalonia and Aragon like a flaming tongue, a refuge for all the outlaws of Spain, and for years infested by three terrible *faccioso* leaders, Groc, Lacova, and Marsal. The most noted of these is Groc, who, at every fresh political disturbance, swells his guerrilla troops with fresh scores of the discontented, and sallies forth for aid and foray in his equivocal character of half a bandit and half a military partisan. His name is the terror of Valencia and Aragon; and without exaggeration it is this rugged monosyllable which hushes the screaming babes of Eastern Spain. Throughout the winter his depredations were incessant, as were likewise the attempts of the Captain-General of Valencia to rid the province of the scourge, in vain—for Groc had a band of *facciosos* never less than 200 strong.

The only effectual mode of combating these bandit guerrilleros was that adopted by General Mina, who, in 1835, enrolled a corps of Cazadores de Montaña or mountain riflemen, for this special duty. These were picked and skilful men, of character and tried integrity, and with their activity, good rifles, and excellent aim, were in a fair way of thinning the Sierras of their formidable beasts of prey. But with the death of this illustrious General the force fell away and decayed, and robbery and partizan warfare,

unlike Bernardo del Carpio in Mrs. Hemans's fine ballad, flourished again "among the hills of Spain."

From that to the present moment, not even the numerous passengered diligencia is safe in any direction, in at all troubled times, and the smaller posts are as much at the mercy of bandits as a mouse that has strayed from its hole is at the discretion of the cat whose paw is lifted over it. It must, however, be confessed, that the horrible atrocities of the era of the Civil War are now more rarely witnessed, and that murder is not superadded to robbery, unless in extreme circumstances. But the taking needlessly of human life was seven years back but a sport in Spain; and in 1836 the courier who carried the correspondence between Zaragoza and Carvera, had his throat and his *balija*, or leathern letter-bag, mercilessly cut together.

The provinces of Spain are still extremely sensitive and tenacious about their local rights, real or assumed; and this long and gallant struggle for their *fueros* in the Vascongadas and Navarre sufficiently indicate how these peasants love justice. The wild and rude Galicians are of the same character; and when a few years since Señor Mendizabal threatened to remove the capital of that province from Coruña to Vigo, there were twenty guerrilleros within a week, for one that there had been previously, throughout its mountain districts. In 1821 the announcement of a similar measure caused the formation of *facciones*, or lawless and predatory bands, in Cotobad, Caldebergan, Montes, Codeseda, and Tabricos; and the remains of those guerrilleros infest the province to this hour.

But the exploits of guerrilleros during the past winter have gone far to eclipse all that has been witnessed before in Spanish history. During the War of Independence the guerrilla levies were for the most part patriots, and plunder was not their object. Under the rule of Narvaez and of Bravo, all this was changed, and acts of robbery and violence became a normal condition through all the old boundaries of the kingdom of Aragon. Mastrazgo nearly lost its distinguishing predominance of turbulence, and Cherta walked in its shoes. The sieges of Barcelona, Gerona, and Figueras, transferred the disorders of Valencia to Catalonia, and the outrageous exploits of Groc were if possible transcended by those of Lacova and Marsal. Their audacity at last attained to such a pitch, that they entered the town of Cherta at mid-day, seized the municipal authorities, and did not release them without heavy ransom. Many of the dispersed defenders of Barcelona and Figueras joined these guerrillas, and amongst the rest several of the volunteer French Republicans.

In the delightful state of security thus engendered, the riotous portion of the population in the small Catalan towns and villages too often acts in concert with the guerrillas on the neighbouring sierras.

When the rotos, or ragamuffins, have had their fling long enough to fatigue the well-behaved and quiet citizens, and the disposition appears to be to yield up the night as well as day to disturbance, you will not unfrequently see, at ten or eleven o'clock, by the straggling light of a few scattered oil-lamps, a gathering of determined men—*cabezas de familia*, or

fathers of families—presenting themselves of their own accord in hundreds before the Alcaldes, armed with guns or bayonets, or bludgeons, ready at all risks to clear the town, and earnestly soliciting to be led on, in the absence of regular troops, for that purpose. The ragamuffins speedily disappear, and, in racing phrase, are “nowhere.” The leader of one of these bodies of Peninsular Chartists and physical-force-men, was once admitted to a parley with the Alcalde of a small provincial town, when, in reply to the civil functionary’s remonstrance, he chose to indulge in insolent language, and threatened him even with violence, declaring his readiness to make him a prisoner.

“*Usted es quien queda preso!*” (It’s you that’s the prisoner) said the Alcalde, pulling a pistol out of the breast of his coat, forcing the ruffian to the balcony, and roaring out *à las armas!* Instantaneously the *somaten*, or town levies, were raised, and aided by all the Alcalde’s neighbours, who fired from their windows on the rebel crowd, the entire gathering was dispersed, and there were made fifty prisoners.

Shooting, upon the hills of Spain, is no unperilous pastime. Francisco Calm, a rich Catalan proprietor, shouldered his gun and went out a-birding on the heights between Olot and Figueria. He did not return to his family. The fowler fell himself into the snare. The guns of the guerrilleros covered him as he was covering a *perdiz*; \* they bagged him as he lifted the game. It was during the siege of Figueras. No one knew what had become of him, till his family

\* Partridge.

received a billet requiring them to deposit, in a stated place, a thousand golden doubloons, if they desired again to see him alive. Reluctantly, but unavoidably, the enormous ransom was paid.

The diligencias in these lawless districts are, for the most part, at the mercy of brigands, it not being the practice here to escort them with detachments of cavalry, as is frequently the case with the mails between Madrid and Bayonne. It is very unwise to carry arms in these vehicles, and it is as well to put Englishmen on their guard in this respect. No diligencia is ever robbed except by overpowering numbers; and the use of fire-arms by one or two travellers will only procure their assassination.

If one traveller shows a disposition to use fire-arms, the others are pretty sure to prevent him, in the dread that all would then be murdered. It is probable that half a dozen well-armed and resolute men might put to flight a score of robbers; but when it comes to the hot conflict, the chances are that your allies will drop off, and you will become the solitary victim. Leave, therefore, your foolish pocket-pistols behind you; for if you produce them they will get you shot, and if you don't produce them they will expose you to derision (perhaps worse), when the robbers, in stripping you, produce them in spite of you. It is an infallible maxim, then, that if you carry pistols in Spain they will probably shoot yourself!

The process of rifling a diligencia never occupies less than two or three hours; and to preclude the disagreeable chance of interruption, and foil those parties of cavalry which are sometimes sent out as videttes,

the vehicle with the mules attached is usually led off the road, through the hedgeless fields, a distance of at least a quarter of a mile. The postilion, driver, and passengers, have all this time their hands tied behind their backs. When the convoy is brought to a stand, they are minutely questioned, and if any personal recognitions take place which might afterwards lead to detection and prosecution, the party who could prove identity is inevitably shot.

All are laid flat on the ground, with their hands still tied and their faces downwards, while the coach is deliberately rifled, and every trunk and package opened and examined in succession. This process consumes a tedious hour; and in winter when the ground is damp, and when perhaps torrents of rain had fallen, it exposes to imminent peril the lives of the passengers, so that those whom the carbine spares have the chance of making their exit in an hospital. When the work of plunder is concluded, and the diligence perhaps reduced to ashes, the robbers move off, having first unbound the driver or postilion, who is left to unbind the rest at leisure—so great is their politeness and humanity.

A formidable and favourite weapon amongst these mountain robbers is the short *trabuco*, or blunderbuss, which they load with a great number of pistol-bullets. This “gaping, wide-mouthed” weapon discharges its spawn rather less harmlessly than the “waddling frog” of the nursery rhyme; and it may be conceived what slaughter it would commit in the refractory interior of a diligence, when “let slap” in full force against the faces of the passengers. This toy of the classic land

of brigandage carries at least half a dozen deaths. If nothing else will teach a prudent caution, it may be inspired by consideration of the fact, that alcaldes, innkeepers, drivers, postilions, and National Guards—in fact, the entire official population—are frequently in league with the robbers.

When stripped of all your cash and valuables, and you have nothing left to lose, you are sure to be escorted by horse and foot with the most scrupulous and disinterested zeal, so industriously is the stable bolted here when both steed and stirrups are stolen. They are particularly careful in the attention they show to our countrymen—after they have been robbed—though to the amount of property lost they are indifferent, believing that every Englishman has a boundless store; their ideas being as liberal as those of an old Cadiz lady, who once told me that she did not see what could be wanted with so many crosses on the British flag, seeing that it is a nation of heathens!

The fate of Martell's *facciosos* deserves commiseration. These wild Guerrilleros, who took an active part against the Provisional Government in Catalonia, were defeated early in November last by the forces of Prim and Sanz. They were immediately shipped on board a Government steamer at Barcelona, and conveyed to Cadiz, where they were shut up in the castle of San Sebastian, which was assigned as their place of imprisonment.

These men, about 130 in number, were for the most part nearly naked—literally, not metaphorically so—their trousers all having dropt to pieces, and with nothing more than a shirt or a rug to interpose