

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

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

————— “*omni que è parte feroces
Bella gerunt venti, fretaque indignantia miscent.*”

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

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

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

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

* Male and female teachers.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER XIII.

REJOICINGS FOR QUEEN ISABEL'S MAJORITY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CAMPO OF GIBRALTAR.—NOGUERAS' ATTEMPT.

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