between their shivering frames and the inclemencies of winter. From the 13th of November to the end of the year they remained in this state of hideous nudity, with no substantial relief; as if it were a pleasure to the authorities to witness the sufferings of the conquered.

The Nationals of Cadiz were invited by the Commandant-General to part with their spare trousers for the use of the wretched *facciosos;* but the Nationals, I suppose, thought themselves more unfortunate, and kept their charity locked up at home. At length the regiments of Asturias and Aragon were applied to, and 120 pairs of used pantaloons were thus provided for the prisoners, together with 2½*d.* for each man, and 10*d.* for each officer,—the troops of the line doing without trousers (I mean without new trousers) until the ensuing year.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE HUMAN HUNT.—LACOVA'S FACCIOSOS.

The customary turbulence of the Catalan population was increased in a remarkable degree throughout the winter; the two months' siege of Barcelona, and the successive sieges of Gerona and Figueras, affording an obvious pretext for any description of violence throughout the province. A peculiar feature of Spanish partisan warfare was here made conspicuous, and during the investment of Figueras by Prim, which lasted till the end of the year, guerrilla parties were commissioned by the indomitable Ametler to infest the country between Figueras and the neighbouring French frontier, and the diligence to France was often for days interrupted. Guerrilla fighting is, in truth, the pastime of the Catalan and Valencian population.

Mastrazgo vindicated to the last its turbulent character, and at the end of the year society there resolved itself into its first elements, as in 1838, when the bad spirits who took to the hills at the close of the civil war, established themselves in permanent revolt against law and order. The guerrillas of Lacova and Groc came forth in their old guise of Carlists, for the two guerrilleros named had been Carlist leaders, and uniting to their combined force the stragglers of Marsal, who had likewise been

a leader of Carlist irregulars, ravaged the whole coast from Peniscola to Castellan de la Plana, and the country inwardly as far as Caliz.

These desperadoes never numbered less than two hundred men, well armed with English muskets, of which they had contrived to plunder the regular troops. They took such considerable towns as Gall and Caliz by assault, and carried off the alcaldes and other leading inhabitants, not one of whom they released till they had obtained a heavy ransom. In more than one encounter with the regulars they came off victorious, maintaining a steady fire, provoking and setting them at defiance, and ultimately retiring in good order. They boasted that they were partisans of absolutism, called the troops "Negros," the opprobrious sobriquet for Liberals, and robbed in the name of "Carlos Quinto" and Religion!

The name by which the bandits of Mastrazgo and the class generally is known throughout Spain, is an expressive one—"latro-facciosos"—indicating the combination which all these turbulent characters present of actual brigandage and nominal adhesion to the standard of some political party, usually Carlist. This worst species of guerrillero has always been more deeply rooted in the province of Valencia, and especially in the wild Mastrazgo, than in any other part of the Peninsula.

Next to Groc, the greatest latro-factious leader of late years in this district, who defied until lately all the efforts of successive governments to put him down, was the ruthless and sanguinary Lacova. Through Benasal, Vallibona, Espadilla, and Xerica,

he ruled with iron and indomitable sway; passing from north to south with his terrible band like a tempest of fire, retaining an army of spies, and extorting ransom from all the wealthy inhabitants. His last exploit was to shoot the alcalde and syndic of the Ayuntamiénto of Chodos because they refused him 10,000 reals.

Lacova's career was long, and in an eminent degree successful. It has very recently, however, been terminated by means as violent as those which he himself put in practice, and the latro-factious chief of the Mastrazgo will abstain long enough from arresting pompous alcaldes by warrant of blunderbuss, and detaining substantial labradores till ransomed. The caudillo has been flung into a narrow prison, and none in Catalonia or Valencia will henceforth be quieter:

"No alcanza perezoso
"Triunfos ni vitoria alguna."

The powerful guerrilla under his command attained at last to such mastery through the Valencian and Catalan territory, extended its depredations to such outrageous lengths, and enjoyed such impunity in its *correrias*, that the Carlist *facciosos* of the Pyrenees, and their ruthless brethren in the adjacent districts of France, were inspired with fresh confidence and came flocking to his lawless standard. The government at last became seriously alarmed, and the military genius of Narvaez was rebuked by the impunity enjoyed beneath his sway by a predatory horde of robbers. A severe censure was forwarded to General Villalonga for the impotency of all his efforts to quell

these intolerable disorders, he was ordered on pain of recall to pacify Valencia, and (still better than idle remonstrances) he was furnished with additional troops, and with the means of making an irresistible demonstration. Villalonga, stung to the quick, and put upon his mettle, took terrible measures of extermination. His scalpels and lancets were ranged in order to cut out the social gangrene, and nothing was wanting to the success of the operation but to bring the refractory patient within reach.

For this purpose he resorted to extraordinary means. His invading army (for it was little less) assembled at Uldecona. From thence Villalonga issued his summons to the inhabitants of all the country round, for a distance of several leagues. The time, he said, was come for striking a decisive blow, and ridding themselves for ever of the most frightful plague that had ever devastated even that unhappy country. For years they had not tasted security or repose. Their properties, their persons, their lives were the prey of remorseless bandits; at night they could not sleep in peace, by day they were exposed to hourly danger. One great effort, and their tortures were all ended.

Forty different pueblos responded to the call, arose and armed themselves *en masse*, and went forth to do battle against the factious bands. Villalonga officered these irregular musters from his own staff. The volunteer levies comprised the entire male population, from 16 to 50 years of age. The troops and armed civilians were divided into several columns, an immense line was extended, and

throughout its whole length communications were strictly maintained. The plans of the General were kept rigidly a secret. His troops were marched into the disturbed districts; fresh accessions of labradores and peasantry joined them at every step, the line was more and more extended, and finally closed in a circle, comprising an immense tract of country. It was precisely, but on a vastly larger scale, like a battue formed for the extermination of predatory wolves, and the rallying cry of the people was "*Mueran los lobos facciosos.*"

When the circle was closed, an alarm was rung from the bells of every church in the district. Close siege was laid to the villages enclosed within the ring, and none were permitted to leave it upon any pretext whatever. Old men and women and children alone were suffered to remain inactive. The fields were all deserted, and agricultural labour suspended. The harvest was left for that week uncut, and the idle ox might be seen eating up the grain which he should have trodden out on the *area*, the bulk, however, of the flocks and herds being driven forth from the blockade.

The work of deadly preparation was carried on upon the most extensive scale, and Villalonga's energetic orders seemed to have provided for every contingency. As none were allowed to go forth from the circle, so none were permitted to enter it, unless provided with a special passport obtained with great difficulty from the military commandant of the Mastrazgo; while the smallest quantity of provisions attempted to be introduced into the line, except for

the use of the commissariat, subjected its luckless bearer to a great probability of being shot. In maintaining all these arrangements, Villalonga was inflexible.

The preliminary dispositions being completed, the circle was soon made closer and closer, and the second day they came on the immediate track of the *facciosos*. Where had the doomed banditti fixed themselves? In one of the most renowned localities of modern Spain, the castellated stronghold of Morella, where Cabrera so long maintained himself against the overpowering force of Espartero.

Here Lacova fortified his position skilfully with his imperfect means, and cheered his drooping guerrilleros to sell their lives at an enormous price. For two days they held their ground, their fusils and blunderbusses making great havoc amongst the invading army. But weakened by want of food,—for Villalonga's artful dispositions had completely cut off their supplies,—and with no artillery or powerful defensive means, what could they do against overwhelming numbers? For every man within the rude mountain-fortress, there were full a hundred assailants. Their stronghold was carried at last by assault, and indiscriminate slaughter was dealt amongst its active defenders.

Lacova, El Serrador, and seventeen others, including nearly all the leaders, were shot dead on the spot; the remainder, of whom most were wounded, were made prisoners and shot the next day. The official return gave 136 *fusilados!* The circle was still made closer and closer, and the smaller guerrilla of Marsal

was seized in a different direction. There were here likewise ten guerrilleros shot, including the blood-stained assassin Taranquet; while in the bowels of a cavern was seized and bayoneted the guerrilla chief Guel, who had vainly surrounded himself with an abundant store of provisions, rice, salt fish, and savoury *tocino*—almost a year's supply. This robber had an evident reluctance to die; but his well-stocked larder did not avail him. The soldiers, almost as savage as he, cooked and ate his hoarded victuals by the side of his bleeding corpse; for the commissariat in Spanish military expeditions is so scandalously ill-supplied that, when an opportunity is afforded them, it is impossible to prevent the soldiers from eating on the bodies of their prostrate foes.

Mastrazgo was purified by this Warsaw-like, but, perhaps, indispensable measure; its guerrillas slept in heaped-up trenches, and its roads are at this moment safe to travellers as well as natives; for the renowned guerrillero, Groc, was eventually butchered with the rest; but it will doubtless soon return to its normal state of lawless violence and depredation, and its wild Sierras will again be the retreat of the outlaws of wide Spain. "*Es inutil*," says a Castilian proverb, "*de ir matando hormigas*;"—It is useless killing ants, they will swarm as thick as ever.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE PRONUNCIAMIENTO, THE ASONADO, THE ALBOROTO—VARIETIES OF THE PENINSULAR EMEUTE—THE HOJA VOLANTE AND THE BLIND—FREEMASONRY—REPUBLICANS—POLITICAL INTRIGUE.

THE recipe for a Spanish Pronunciamiénto is very simple. Buy over three or four officers and a dozen sergeants of a regiment. Give twenty dollars to each officer, and a four-dollar-piece to each of the sergeants; give a *peseta* to a blind news-hawker, and a well-invented tale of political rascality of any kind; distribute a score of rusty guns and pistols among as many *mauvais sujets;* appoint a particular hour for an explosion, and the thing is almost as infallibly accomplished as the recent blowing up of the Shakspeare Cliff at Dover.

Dispose your *mauvais sujets* by twos and threes in any one of the public places or squares. These are the *nuclei* of groups, which are sure speedily to form around them; let your blackguards and ringleaders fire some blank cartridge in the air, throw in (if you will) the ringing of a church-bell or two, and the breaking of a few obnoxious windows,

"To make the gruel thick and slab."

The unwonted noise arouses the soldiers in their barracks, the sergeants speedily "insurrectionize"

their battalions, the pre-paid officers are curiously on the spot—by accident—to sanction the sergeants' doings in the name of the higher powers; *vivas* are uttered, the streets are paraded, "the new system is enthroned," and the Pronunciamiénto is already "*un fait accompli!*"

The Asonada, or tumultuous assemblage of the people, is chiefly to be dreaded by the authorities as the preliminary to an *émeute*, or overt acts of violence, known as the Alboroto. In no part, even of the south of Europe, are wilder gesticulations, more rapid movements, or a greater vivacity of speech and glances, met with than in Spain. All the Moorish blood that circles in their veins—and the southern Spaniards are still half Moors—is then in rapid motion; and the wild "*algazara*," or uproar of human voices, which rose from their ancestors in war (sometimes in peace), is witnessed in perfection.

Maddened orators leap to every elevated point, or are raised upon the shoulders of their less fluent brethren, and the excitement thus obtains a voice, a centre, and a direction. Words of fury and revenge are poured forth like lava on the multitude—fury and revenge, which take the names of justice, right, and liberty—the leash of conventional respect or fear, that binds the passions of the crowd, is gradually loosened and loosened, until at last it is let slip, and the terrible "*muera!*" or, Death to the tyrant! bursts from a hundred voices. There is a standing law at Seville, which requires all proprietors of cafés and drinking-houses to shut their doors and expel all their inmates when an Asonada occurs in the streets, the

object being to prevent the formation of a *point d'appui*.

I met an aged man in Barcelona, whose gray hairs gave added force to his eloquent denunciations against civil strife. He had indeed a right to raise his voice. On the 24th September, 1843, his son was tied by the Patulea, then in possession of the fort of Atarazanas, to a rope which descended from the national-flag-post, and left swinging above, as if in mockery of the opposite fort of Monjuich, occupied by the Government troops; and there did the wretch remain thus horribly suspended, until a cannon-ball from the castle struck him right in the centre of the body, which it fairly divided—releasing him in death! His only crime was to be a prisoner, suspected of the intention to desert, and perhaps, to turn informer. But that venerable gray-haired man attested that there never was a better son.

The peninsular alborotador or agitator is no despicable coward who mouths his big defiance and shrinks from the actual contest, or sets on a crowd of dupes to desert them in their need. No, by my *santiguada!* he takes the field instantly, and is in arms at the first scent of an imaginary grievance. There are no cold temperaments in Spain. When the alborotador is caught, he is instantly shot; and if there be fame in being a leader here, there is likewise danger. Rebels and rats receive similar treatment. When Riera was taken, he claimed his life under the terms on the faith of which his band laid down their arms. Nevertheless, the authorities shot him—because he was an alborotador, and ticketed "dangerous!"

Owing to the imperfect and perilous inland communications, there is a constant exchange between the different towns and cities as between the various European capitals, and a premium is allowed upon payments in the ordinary silver currency. Between Seville and Madrid at short dates upon silver payments the premium is one per cent.; upon gold it is considerably higher. On Santander the premium is one-and-a-half, on Granada one-half, Barcelona par, Alicante par. Thus it will be seen that the sea communication, which in other countries is held to be most dangerous (the very charter-parties speak of "perils of the sea)," is here accounted less dangerous than that of land; and the further you have to go by land the higher becomes the premium.

For a few leagues across the robber-infested Ronda from Seville to Granada you are charged one-half per cent., and for going round Spain to Barcelona you are charged nothing. Between Cadiz and Seville no premium is required, the distance being accomplished upon the Guadalquivír steamers. It is scarcely necessary to say, that the solution of the enigma is the fact of the land routes being infested by robbers; so that the traveller in Spain has to contribute to the ladrone's joint-stock purse in more ways than one. You pay when you are robbed, and you pay for not being robbed; and you stand withal a very considerable chance of having your clothes stripped off your back, to help the natives in their researches into a popular problem—whether an Englishman's clothes are not stitched with gold thread!

In all the cities of Spain, and in the metropolis to

a remarkable extent, a leading occupation of the blind is to hawk about newspapers, and still cheaper sheets announcing the latest intelligence—*hojas volantes*, as they are termed. These blind men are sometimes employed as political agents, proclaiming together with the title of the paper a *catalogue raisonné* of its contents. This is written for them beforehand, and carefully committed to memory; and as it is always made particularly attractive upon such occasions, the effect upon the susceptible populace may be readily conceived. Even amongst our sober selves, the catch-penny announcement of a "horrid murder," by some peripatetic fellow of Stentorian lungs, often alarms to a most extraordinary degree a whole street or district.

Imagine then the effect amongst these "souls made of fire and children of the sun," when the lusty-lunged *ciego* trumpets forth a wholesale execution at Madrid, or a horrid bombardment at Barcelona. Of the twenty or thirty slight émeutes and unsuccessful pronunciamiéntos, which intervened at Seville between the siege and the meeting of the Córtes, at least half were got up by concert with these blind hawkers; and the last act of the Exaltado political chief Bueno before his dismissal, was the issuing of a bando to control the practice.

Freemasonry flourishes extensively in the Peninsula. The principle of open political association not being understood or relished, and the excitement of such gatherings being indeed irreconcileable with the hot southern temperament, political intrigues and machinations are therefore carried on by the agency of secret

societies, and the Masonic institution is adopted as the readiest means.

The active prohibition, likewise, in operation down to the destruction of the Holy Office in the present century, has rather contributed to keep life in the system, being analogous in its effects to all other persecutions; and the Spaniards, still new-fangled with constitutional liberty, and talking much and understanding little about it, rattle Freemasonry as a toy, which their frowning papa, Ferdinand, so long kept out of their hands.

The Church has set her face against it, but the Spanish Liberal cares little for the Church; and political churchmen, who laugh at ecclesiastical rule, are to be found amongst the members of the Masonic lodges. Even in the prevalent freedom, however, the badges are not displayed; but the symbols are, nevertheless, set significantly enough at times before the public eye, in pamphlets and newspaper articles, where the points are arranged in Masonic form, thus; —:· , :.: &c.

A singular peculiarity of high political circles here, is, that confidence is wholly impossible. The time invariably comes when the most recondite secrets of state are remorselessly divulged. The torrent of intrigue breaks down all barriers, the vortex of party absorbs considerations of reserve and decency, and the necessities of the hour override the most cogent dictates of propriety. Suspicion invades the cabinet council, suspicion mars the unofficial unbending of Ministerial retirement and repose.

You know not who may be a traitor. Such are

the blessings of unbridled faction, and such the fruits of ambition, in a country where all are ambitious! You cannot confide, lest your confidence be betrayed; you cannot disclose your most darling secrets, for you know not the hour when your pericardium will be laid bare. The statesman must be guided by the heartless maxim—"Trust not, for you will be betrayed!" His very jests, perhaps, will be grievously distorted, and his lightest word converted into a damning evidence. Let him to whose existence intrigue is not essential, retire from the political scene. Let him withdraw at once, like Lopez and Luzuriaga. He knows not how soon his Sovereign may be false!

The Spaniards are very capital fellows to counteract each other, and this is a pursuit in which they take the greatest delight. Let any man harbour a darling project, and he is sure to be the butt of the pleasantry or malignity of all his acquaintance. Above all, let him have a scheme of ambition, a plan for his own advancement, and a hundred wits are actively employed to thwart him.

They cannot comprehend, good-natured people! why any man should aspire to elevation above his fellows, or should attain distinction over themselves even for patriotism or virtue. If he act, they counteract; if he intrigue, they cross-intrigue; so that to get on at all here, is a *primâ facie* proof of cleverness. Put one of your feet upon the first round of the ladder of promotion, and you will have a hundred pulling you back by the skirts. This is true of all countries, but it is especially true of Spain.

As every man here minds other people's business,

and neglects his own, does nothing himself and will let others succeed in nothing, it cannot be matter of surprise, that a country which has been going to the d—l for centuries, is now in a truly infernal condition, and that every thing in it appears to be conducted in the teeth of common sense.

The scandalous scenes through which infantine royalty has been recently dragged at Madrid, have considerably increased (a result which might have been anticipated) the number of Peninsular republicans. The usual characteristic of this class here is, intensity of political feeling, and great length of beard.

The flowing locks which were so commonly displayed some years back by the younger members of the fraternity, both in France and Spain, have now somewhat fallen into desuetude; but the long growth of beard is still very generally cherished, waving philosophically over the stomach, or descending, at least, till it touches the top of the chest. The more elderly and influential members of the party, do not commonly make themselves ridiculous by these displays, aware that singularity abridges the power of the politician; but all those over whose heads more than a quarter of a century has not rolled, pique themselves on the bushy excrescence as the type of independent manhood, and swagger through every café in exact proportion to the length of their chin-festoonery. The hundred-buttoned *paletó* is designed as a substitute for the *toga*, and a napless wide-brimmed hat for the *galea terribilis;* but the beard—the beard is the thing which perfects the resemblance to the Brutuses and the Cincinnatuses.

The south of Spain has been a considerable focus of Republicanism ever since the Constituent Córtes sat at Cadiz in 1812, and the Emperor Don Pedro of Brazil had a project, which found many abettors, of uniting Portugal and Andalucía (the old Moorish territory) into one Federative Union, to be called the Iberian Republic. There are numerous anti-regal enthusiasts here, who say, that sooner or later the day will come when Spain, through her eternal contests, will converge to the only constitution which suits her, and one Federative Republic will embrace the whole Peninsula, from Lisbon to Barcelona.

The strength of the Republican party is somewhat greater than is generally imagined. The pure Republicans who push their theoretical views to inconvenient practical lengths, form an inconsiderable minority. The Republican Association of Cadiz, the other day, commissioned certain of their members to wait on the alcalde of one of the city *barrios* or districts, with an intimation that he must cease to discharge the duties of this office, or consent to have his name erased from the list of his republican brethren. The alcalde complied with the requisition—perhaps because the office is purely honorary, and brings no emolument.

Thus, the sublime effort of the withdrawal of all countenance and support from existing institutions, in this instance, cost nothing. There were at the same time three *dependientes* of the city gates, who, though Republicans, held, and were permitted still to hold the posts, with ample emoluments annexed, which they accepted from the Moderados of the Excelenti-

simo Ayuntamiénto. So strange are the inconsistencies entailed by the love of lucre!

There are two orders of Spanish Republicans—the probationary, and the Republican *firmado*. The former are novices. The latter have solemnly signed their detestation of royalty, and all its accessories. Freemasonry is mixed up with all these secret-societies.

The name by which the Carlists now call themselves, is "the partisans of pure royalty." When the designation of a political party offends the nostrils of a people, it is sound policy to change it. Sweeten the nauseous draught, if you mean the patient to swallow it. It is impossible to calculate how much benefit resulted in England, from the judicious course of substituting the conciliatory epithet "Conservative," for the ugly old name of "Tory." But the softening down by the Spanish Carlists of their name and apparent pretensions, is rather raw and audacious amid the glare of these recent atrocities. "Pure" was the blood they shed. By the same rule, a murderer might write himself down "a phlebotomist!"

Of all the malcontents and agitators in Spain, the most active and formidable is the Cesanta or Jubilado, an employé out of place. This man's faculties are sharpened by personal injustice, as he conceives it, or hardship, as the most moderate must regard it. Without even having misconducted himself, nay, with constant commendations for his zeal and efficiency, he is turned out to make room for a dolt, through motives purely of party and of faction. He is therefore forced to become factious himself, that he

may upset the ministry, and get reinstated. He is possessed of official secrets, of experience, and *savoir faire*. He has intellect, education—knowledge is his power. Many hundreds of these are arrayed against each new ministry. And thus it comes to pass, as the sage politician *Don Quixote* avers, that "en los reinos y provincias nuevamente conquistados, nunca están tan quietos los animos de sus naturales, ni tan de parte del nuevo señor, que no se tenga temor de que han de hacer alguna novedad para alterar de nuevo las cosas, y volver, como dicen, a probar ventura." "In kingdoms and provinces newly conquered, the minds of the people are never so quiet, nor so much on the side of the new ruler, that there is not a fear of their making some fresh movement to alter anew the face of things, and, as they say, again to try fortune!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE CAFÉ LIFE OF SPAIN.—ZARAGOZA—SEVILLE—CADIZ.

WHILST the Englishman, impelled, perhaps, by the exigencies of a northern climate, makes the provision and furnishing of a comfortable home a paramount consideration, this object in the Peninsula is very secondary, and little, if at all, regarded. Like the ancient Romans, the modern Spaniard merely reposes for the night in his nest, "*cubiculo lectuloque*," and emerging early, after the fashion of a London club-man, breakfasts, smokes, dines, takes coffee, sups, talks politics, writes his letters, reads the newspapers, dozes, perhaps takes his siesta,—does all but pass the night, in the Café. It has a billiard-room below, and a gambling-room above, and he may risk at choice his pesetas at the former, his dollars or dubloons at the latter.

The café is, in fact, a club; for men of simple wants and social habits a very convenient one, and, as if in contempt of London exclusiveness, it is open to all the world. Here the political effervescence of Spain often leads to the most violent scenes. At the close of the year, in the principal café of Zaragoza, after Barcelona the most turbulent city of Spain, an officer of the garrison was assailed and insulted for the despotic acts of Narvaez and the Moderados.

From language of increasing asperity, and of that vehemently energetic character which belongs to Spain, they passed to hustling, and the officer's epaulets were brushed and ruffled in the mêlée. He instantly drew his sword, wounded some of his antagonists, had missiles flung at him, and was driven with his back to the wall. Other officers and soldiers repaired to the scene, and blood was shed; nor were the combatants separated until the political chief and municipal guard arrived to make them prisoners. So great was the violence used on this occasion, that fire-arms were produced and numerous shots discharged within the café (the well-known establishment of Jimeno); and after the other officers and military interposed, an alferez* of the Regiment of America was hit by a pistol bullet, the carrying of pocket-pistols being too common in Spanish cities during periods of excitement. Thereupon the officers fell with their swords upon the civilians, but the latter were well provided with sword-sticks to meet them; and while these fenced and dealt each other some severe blows, the two or three soldiers who took part in the fray deliberately fired on the body of civilians, and the latter discharged all the pistols they carried.

The café subsequently bore token of the skirmish, several bullets being lodged in the wood-work, and divers chairs and tables shattered to pieces. Fortunately, though several of the combatants were wounded, none died; and, as a by-stander remarked with peculiar nonchalance, "There was good practice for the surgeons of Zaragoza." So strong, unfortunately, became the animosity between the towns-

* Ensign.

people and the troops of the line, that on the same night an attempt was made to poniard Captain Don Bernardo Taulet, by three men muffled in cloaks, who dogged him to his door.

The hot blood of Zaragoza was not to be appeased without some retributive violence. The captain, through personal activity, escaped, but the Zaragozanos were on the alert next day. Incendiary placards were affixed on the corners of the leading streets, the military, everywhere that they appeared, were goaded by insulting words, by the bitter *amagos* which the natives of this boisterous city know so well how to fling like firebrands; and the *Jota Aragonesa* was played and sung with the customary effect of the most mischievous of popular ballads. Alborotadores, noisy agitators, vociferated at every shop-door and in every square, and a general *motin* was organized. Meanwhile the Gefe Politico, Mariano Muñoz y Lopez, the capitan-general, and the Moderado sections of the municipality and provincial deputation, were not indifferent spectators, and took effective precautions.

Proclamations were put forth, the *Novisima Recopilacion* was quoted as to the use of prohibited arms, the garrison was harangued, the Gefe Politico swept out the political clubs, and Casas de Juego, or gambling-houses, which are the foci of all disturbances at Zaragoza, and the popular opponents of Narvaez's government were driven to extremities. They assembled in the Plaza de la Constitucion with such arms as they could muster, were instantly charged by a regiment of infantry, and dispersed in the twinkling of an eye; thus proving how much better than