The carabinero corps are officered from the army, yet they are not the less open to corruption. They certainly are strongly tempted. The Government presents to them an empty purse, the contrabandist offers them a full one. And if it speaks more for their providence than their principles that they choose the latter, why, then, they have stomachs, and wives, and children.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE CONTRABANDISTS.

(Continued.)

Smuggling in Andalucía seems to have attained systematic perfection. It embraces all society. The anti-tariff interest is here omnipotent. The first Constitutional officers of most municipalities are leagued with the system, and the most influential members of the community are contrabandist chiefs. Smugglers constitute a standing army, and often muster five hundred strong. They make or foil political events Their will must be consulted—their mandate is law. To oppose them is to be swamped, though the opposition be but imaginary, and the suppositious adversary Regent of Spain. The very name of "custom-house" is here synonymous to all that is most contemptuous in the language. "Aduana," in common parlance, is the designation for a resort of robbers; it is even used to signify "bordel," and the aduanero, or custom-house officer, is likened to a ferret or allegorically adorned with a porcine snout, and figures in some dozen unsavoury proverbs.

The hatred between him and the contrabandist, where the former is inflexible, is of the fiercest character; and the small round pieces of lead, stamped with the royal arms, and appended by strings to goods passed through the custom-house, are unhappily too

often repaid by the smuggler with other round pieces of lead, fashioned in the bullet mould, and discharged into the unhappy carabinero's body.

The ordinary recklessness of Spaniards as to the taking of human life, is particularly noticeable in the occasional encounters between contrabandists and carabineers, especially in the Catalan, Basque, and Andalucían districts, and the desperate character of these contests makes the revenue service one of the most perilous in the military life of Spain.

During the last year there have occurred four very remarkable illustrations of this singular condition of society. While Espartero was at Albacete, and town after town was pronouncing against him, Malaga pronounced in a singular fashion. The whole population rose, apparently in political *pronunciamiénto* (and with an undoubtedly hostile feeling to the Regent), but in reality to run several cargoes of contraband. They had no objection to kill two birds with one stone, but the custom-house was the bigger bird.

A little army of carabineros opposed the smuggling transaction, but the townspeople, almost to a man, turned out armed; a pitched-battle ensued, and the carabineros were obliged to yield to numbers. On the Galician frontier again, fifty gallego smugglers were running goods from Portugal into Spain near Valenca; seven carabineros opposed their passage; the smugglers poured into them a fire of all their musketry, and the seven carabineros fell dead on the spot. Think of this cold-blooded slaughter for the miserable duties on some pieces of calico: immortal souls for cotton-twist!

Again; on the banks of the Guadiana, the south-

eastern frontier between the two Peninsular kingdoms, 400 smugglers defeated a portion of the Portuguese army, captured the military officers and civil authorities, and imprisoned them all in a church; while several hundred mules and beasts of burden were safely driven into Spain.

The fourth instance was very recent; another pitched battle at Almeria on a scale nearly as great as that at Malaga, but with a different result; for, here, by a rare fortuity, the revenue was at last triumphant. The smugglers mustered 300 strong, and the carabineros, with a detachment of infantry of the line, about half that number. It is only amazing how the contrabandists withstood so long the powerful and systematic action of regular troops, and the fact is a strong attestation of their game and mettle, considering that they were but scantily-armed irregulars. The Queen's troops were under the command of Brigadier Don Javier Orena.

The smuggling party, hard-pressed but determined to show fight according to the most approved rules of warfare, entrenched themselves in the sierra! Orena, incapable of dislodging them from their position without losing probably more than half his men, was obliged to feign a retreat. The contrabandists, flushed with victory, imprudently sallied forth in pursuit, were finally beaten after a half hour's fusillade, and forced to fly, leaving twenty dead on the field, and with the same number wounded. The prize which they were obliged to surrender was forty loads of tobacco.

The ulcerous eyesore of Gibraltar—for thus do

Spaniards regard it—will reduce them at last to a rational commercial policy, if anything can effect that result. The inveteracy of Portuguese smuggling will probably also influence them; and 140 leagues of naked frontier are rather long odds to contend against, with no better protection than a few handfuls of corrupt carabineros and an equally corrupt civil customs establishment.

The whistling and smoking contrabandists will repair to Lisbon and Oporto, to Lagos and Villanova de Portimao, with increased frequency,—and what Spanish government will have resources to keep them out from a frontier of 500 miles? Such, if you follow its irregularities, from the Guadiana which divides Algarve and Andalucía, to the Minho which separates the district of that name from Galicia, is the immense line of boundary between Portugal and Spain, on which the smuggler has only to choose.

The enormous material power of the British government could barely struggle against such a frontier; how then must it be with Spain, which pays irregularly to a lieutenant of carabineros about £30 a year, as his entire salary, for the keep of himself and a horse! The horse must be fed, and *he* must be fed; and that both may have a bellyful, rely on it he will shut his eyes. The entire financial administration of Spain is carried on in a vicious circle: there is not a sufficient revenue collected to pay a sufficient salary to a sufficiency of custom-house officers; and because there are not sufficient salaries paid to a sufficient number of custom-house officers, there will not be a sufficient revenue collected. Thus goes on to infinity the rotten round.

The soreness of feeling in Spaniards on the subject of Gibraltar and Portugal as centres of contrabandism, will in all probability lead to very valuable consequences for the country. It may force them to improve their revenue by adopting sound principles through necessity, and open their ports through the characteristic motive of revenge. Already has this plan to a limited extent been tried. The trade of Gibraltar was so provokingly flourishing, and the contrabandists were so active after the landing of Narvaez at Valencia, that human patience could no longer endure it, and though they doubtless thought it like committing suicide, Algesiras, lying in the neighbourhood of Gibraltar, was declared a free port. But an isolated point like this was of little value to them, and to give anything like effect to the system, they must open all their ports at once. Meanwhile they are not to be discouraged, but rather to be cheered on in the first faint steps of a practice which, though evidently levelled in spite at Gibraltar, was of liberal and nationally beneficial tendency. How blind the pre-occupation which conceives us vexed at the discharge of an insignificant fiscal quiver like this, or supposes that we are not desirous to see Spain great and prosperous!

In the narrowest and most selfish view of interest, her prosperity must be our desire and our aim. We want consumers and not beggars, exchangers of useful commodities, not naked and shivering hedgehogs, who will take no clothing and give no produce but their own inhospitable quills. So long as the prevailing system is continued, the smuggler of Spain will make

mirth of the laws of Spain; the merchant of Gibraltar will sell to whoever brings him dollars, and sell, too, with unblemished honour; for he is as much bound to inquire whether his customer is a contrabandist, as whether the ropes which make fast his bales may be converted to purposes of suicide.

So long, too, will the colony of Gibraltar, which by the census of 1835 had 15,008 inhabitants, have its 3000 cigar manufacturers, or 1 for every 5 of the population, male and female. What a frightful deal they must smoke in Gibraltar! The tobacconists of this wonderful rock in 1835 were but 880, and in eight years they have nearly quadrupled their number. If Spain persists in the exclusive policy by which everything is admitted, in eight years more, pursuing the same ratio, the existing tobacconist population will be again quadrupled, and the leaf will then be twisted by 12,000 artists; officers and soldiers will probably relieve their fatiguing duties by making as well as smoking cigars; and Sir Robert Wilson will vary his avocations as governor, and gratify his well-known economical tendencies, by pursuing the lucrative business of tobacco manufacture.

Most certainly the terms which the Spanish government assigned, in the last negotiations for a commercial treaty, to prohibit the manufacture of tobacco at Gibraltar, will not be acceded to by England. As well might the Pope require us peremptorily to suspend the printing of Bibles; it would be very convenient to his Holiness, but we are not altogether bound to figure as his policemen, or as custom-house officers to Spain; and yet with a simplicity which would be

irresistibly ludicrous, were it not for the bad faith which it covered, the diplomatists of Spain came forth with this modest proposal.

British vessels trading to Gibraltar Bay, are naturally upon the friendliest terms with the small native vessels, which visit the Rock very light, upon speculation, and leave it laden to their gunwales. It often happens when winds are not favourable—and it is of importance to run a cargo quickly, and dispose, without delay, of goods either perishable in their nature or liable to the mutabilities of taste and fashion—that the services of a large English vessel, returning, perhaps, in ballast from Gibraltar, are put into requisition, and that she takes in tow a couple of small smuggling ketches, so crammed to the water's edge with goods, that they would make very slight progress unaided, and rigged as clumsily as are all the small native craft—the charm of a painter's eye, but the quiz of a sailor's.

The contrabandists and their freight are thus whisked along merrily enough, and when they reach within a dozen miles of Cadiz, or within a couple of Sanlucar, near the mouth of the Guadalquivír, the turn is taken off the towing-rope, and they are left to shift for themselves. In troublous times such is the familiar practice, and British merchant steamers are sometimes condescending enough to perform this service. The contrabandists, and the houses they are connected with, are so rich that they can well afford to pay handsomely for so superb a "lift" as to be carried from the Rock to the Bay of Cadiz in the wake of a steamer in nine hours.

I was amused on one occasion by their mode of

proceeding. We left Gibraltar at first gun-fire—a quarter to seven p. m., when at that season it was dusk. Twenty minutes secured two heavy luggers at our stern, and in twenty minutes more we were near Tarifa. We took two passengers on board at the instant of parting, who had more luggage than ever fell to the lot of passengers before. They were small, slight, mean-looking men, of the class of petty commercial travellers, but each had some forty trunks and boxes ranged upon the deck, and during the whole evening and night they were incessant in their fidgety attention to see that none of these went astray.

I went below at eleven o'clock, and was told to keep a sharp look out about four in the morning I rather overslept myself, but shortly after that hour I heard a noise on deck, and going above I found the planks cleared of every trunk and parcel. I went to the stern: the hawsers were taken in, and the luggers we had been towing were no longer within view. I looked over the gunwale, and witnessed a most singular sight—the trunks, boxes, and packages, which figured as *ci-devant* luggage, were floating all over the bay to the extent of some seventy or eighty. All had been made water-tight, and small smuggling boats were picking them up as fast as they could, and rowing ashore. The slight and mean-looking persons were now as busy as the devil in a gale of wind, superintending the process, and before daylight the whole cargo of trunks and portmanteaus was safely deposited on the sands.

Such is one portion of the *modus operandi* of these men so fertile in resources. As a rapid trade is

always the most profitable, and a frequent turning of the penny constitutes a large proportion of contrabandist ethics, these chances are eagerly caught at, and the heavy vessels are expedited by the light.

The mean and diminutive persons whom I encountered on board the steamer were not contrabandists in the strict sense of the word, but purchasing agents, who being entrusted with many hundred different smugglers' joint-stock purse, proceed to Gibraltar and buy the goods upon the most advantageous terms. With seeing these safely shipped, conveyed to the place of destination (wherever is deemed safest according to the report of scouts), and there unshipped and landed, the business of these agents ceases, and the personal risks which they run are very trifling.

The irregular business thus transacted—which at Gibraltar assumes a perfectly regular shape, since it is no man's business to inquire whether those to whom he sells are connected with smugglers—is always so large, and so immense at certain periods, that many residents there hold that no open trade with Spain would be so profitable to English commerce. When business is dull a *pronunciamiénto* of some kind is pretty sure to be got up, and in the consequent series of disturbances an enormous quantity of goods is got in.

When the contrabandists and all their connexions are satisfied, the country is again permitted to taste a little repose, and the working of the government meets with less formidable censors. There is no doubt whatever, that the movement against Espartero was

greatly accelerated by the fact of his having established some sort of administration in the country, and checked rather more than his predecessors the lawless proceedings of the contrabandists. A murkier atmosphere was requisite for their purpose, and the cry of "Save the Queen and country!" was raised to save their bacon.

This hardy and covetous class can at any time muster in forty-eight hours an army of 1000 well armed men; they can league too on emergencies with the bandits of the country; their spies and scouts are sent out in all directions, and the first alcalde of many a municipality, and chief administrator of many a custom-house, have a share of the common spoil.

Spreading thus their feelers and ramifications on every side, it is obvious that the incorporated smugglers can exercise a powerful political influence, and exercise it they do upon all needful occasions. There is no part of Spain so well informed upon contemporary and coming political incidents as the British fortress of Gibraltar; the contrabandists repair to it from every quarter, and revolutionary movements and the prospect of a stirring trade are unerringly predicted long before the event.

Excepting contraband, the only vestige of commerce which Cadiz retains is the wine exportation, which it divides with Sanlucar and Port St. Mary's, and the few ships to be seen at intervals in the port are English. These carry home that sherry, of which nine-tenths of the entire production is consumed by Great Britain; and but for this, the trade of a city once so renowned would show no signs of vitality. Before Cadiz was

declared a closed port, there were many British merchants resident here, and now there are but two English families left besides the consul-general, the rest being settled through Inez, Sanlucar, and Port St. Mary's. Most have wine estates or smaller *haciendas*, and some vary their residence in different seasons at Seville and the places round.

All honest trade is stagnant, the duties being strictly prohibitory, and legal import out of the question. The loss to the government is enormous. An immense sum is spent annually in supporting the Carabineros de la Hacienda, who are not yet paid enough to secure them from corruption; and the consequence is that they receive with both the right hand and the left, pocketing first their government salaries and next the smugglers' bribes. The most profitable trade going is shared between them. All classes of society supply their wants through subterraneous channels, and the contrabandist appears in the capacity of the legitimate collector of revenue.

Around the whole coast of Spain, it is the contrabandist alone who keeps up the idea of a trade, and of the few professions which flourish here, that of smuggling is the most successful. It is a very respectable *avenir* for decent folks' children, and has become so ingrafted and incorporated in the habits, manners, and modes of thinking of the people, that to eradicate it, whenever it is vigorously attempted, will be a task of extreme difficulty.

The goods in which the contrabandists chiefly deal are English, French, and German, but English preponderate; and the only effectual blow which can be

aimed at the vitality of the system, is a commercial treaty between Spain and Great Britain, or a convention for the reduction of tariffs. Our "reciprocity" negotiation has not been felicitous, and how or when this desirable result is to be accomplished, in the present aspect of affairs in Spain, it would be very presumptuous to predict. It is clearly not England but Spain that is a victim to the incomprehensible prejudices by which all our approaches are repelled, and the prevalent inactivity amongst the mercantile classes may probably serve, before long, to force this approximation. The merchants of Cadiz are sufficiently convinced that in England lie their only hopes of a revival, since even the wreck of their trade is with England, who receives the little exports left of salt and corkwood, in addition to the shipments of sherry.

The cancer of contrabandism must be removed from the bosom of Spain, or it will eat into her vitals and lay her prostrate at last. Never can she raise an effective revenue so long as this evil continues. There is not at this hour, through the wide kingdom, a street through which smugglers do not hawk their goods.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE SPANISH ARMY.

THE army of Spain, at the close of 1843, was composed of about 50,000 men of all arms, one-half of whom, in accordance with the violent policy pursued by Narvaez, were concentrated on Madrid. So limited a force, compared with the vast extent of Spain, would clearly be unable to compete with a well-combined system of simultaneous insurrectionary movements, arranged throughout the various provinces, and vigorously sustained.

The National Militia was disarmed in every important town, but sufficient vitality was still retained by its members to destroy any Government which they might be resolutely bent on subverting. Under these circumstances Narvaez resolved on an immense augmentation of the military force. Orders were issued for a new sorteo or alistamiénto of 50,000 men. The district municipalities immediately proceeded with the levy of their respective quotas; and though since the arbitrary closing of the Córtes it is impossible to obtain official returns, there is no doubt that the Spanish army now exceeds 100,000 men, or has more than doubled its number within a few months. It is no figure of speech to say, that Narvaez props up his dynasty with bayonets.

But it is not by increasing the number of troops

alone that this naked despotism seeks to sustain itself. More effective measures are applied. Where Espartero was most deficient and remiss, the fortress is endeavoured to be made impregnable. The comforts of the soldier are carefully looked to; his position is respectable; his life comparatively happy; his fidelity is sought to be secured by gratitude and kindly feeling. The military premier's is the sound policy of acting as a benefactor.

To the paramount object of securing the allegiance of the army, all other considerations are sacrificed. The priest may starve, and the exclaustrado perish; the last rotten planks of the navy may go to pieces; public monuments may totter for want of conservation or repairs; the civil empleado may be pinched; the very palace may pine for its arrears; but money must be found to clothe and feed the army, and maintain it like a prancing charger.

For this has Señor Mon broken faith with every contract; and public honour, like Curtius, leapt headlong into this fatal gulf. Narvaez, in the words of the proverb, is *pidiendo cotufas en el golfo*, "digging in a whirlpool for artichokes." He has created a Frankenstein, which he strives to conciliate, lest it prove his own destroyer.

It is precisely a quarter of a century since the great act of demoralisation was perpetrated by the Spanish army—an act which, whatever may have been the feelings which dictated it, is never to be excused or palliated, since it was the first grand exhibition of the soldier in the unworthy character of a political partisan. Let Spain never forget the 13th July, 1819,

when 20,000 of her soldiers, destined to execute in South America the orders of their lawful Sovereign, mutinied and deserted in a fatal hour. See what has followed!

The system of perpetual tampering with the army has rendered it necessary for successive governments in Spain, to pet and coax it as if it were composed of women and children. A growl or a grumble there would be a serious thing, and the longings of a parturient matron are not more whimsical than the cravings of these bearded men-at-arms. Cigars were their first requisition, and these were granted; extra rations of wine upon holidays were the next concession to Cerberus.

But upon the cumpleaños, or Queen Isabel's birthday, in October last, the ayuntamiénto of Cadiz, by command of Lopez and Narvaez, "obsequiously obliged (ha obsequiado) the troops of the garrison with a ration of bread, meat, and wine to each; and the officers with six entire boxes in the principal theatre, eighty *lunetas* or stalls immediately behind the orchestra, and two hundred free admissions to the body of the house"—to make sure of the gratuitous loyalty of these disinterested defenders of the state. The day suggested a striking historical contrast. On the Spanish throne have been seated two Isabellas. The first won a kingdom from the Moors, and subjected to her sceptre a new world. The second shakes on the throne like an aspen—the doll of military intriguers. It was not Isabella the First that coaxed her army with cigars and tickets for the theatre.

When a regiment was divided and hesitating during

the progress of the movement against Espartero, the provincial juntas, with a correct knowledge of human nature, proposed a "gratification" to be conceded to the officers and troops in the event of their "pronouncing;" and whenever this was not effectual, their design was accomplished by the guarantee of a *plus* or permanent accession of pay. The difference between their mode of proceeding and that of Brennus was, that he threw his sword into the scale to win the money-bags, and they threw the money-bags into the scale to win the sword.

The secret distribution of the five-franc-pieces and napoleons, with the overt tender of the gratification and the *plus*, settled the soldiers' business. Like Dickon of Gloucester, they were "bought and sold." The offer of the temporary gratification (bribe) and permanent extra-pay, being part of the system of bloodless hostilities imported across the Pyrenees, was subsequently made good by Narvaez in the midst of his general faithlessness; for to betray as well as tamper with the army, being a literal playing with edged tools, was not judged a safe speculation.

The military intendant-general was directed to communicate to the general-in-chief of the army and captain-general of districts, that for gratification and *plus* conjointly the officers were to receive two hundred reals per month, and the soldiers two half reals a day. These payments were made good, but created an appetite for more.

The very military authorities themselves do their utmost to corrupt the soldier, and make him a political partisan, whether he likes it or not. On the

opening of the Córtes in October last, an event the realization of which had been doubted, and which tended to confirm the wavering allegiance of the garrison to Narvaez's dynasty, the Commandant of Cadiz issued the following order of the day :—"By circular directed to me by express by His Excellency the Secretary of State for the War Department, I have seen that on the 15th of this month, at two in the afternoon, the opening of the Córtes took place in the hall of Congress of the Deputies, with a great number of those, and of Senators—which act, with the greatest satisfaction, I make known to the different corps of the garrison—PAVIA." This is probably the first time that soldiers have been appealed to as political partisans by the highest authorities of the State, invited to enter into political discussion, or called on, in fact, to do any thing but obey. Think of the Duke of Wellington writing to my Lord Cardigan, to coquet with the troops in Dublin :—"The division last night proved that we have a working majority. Publish this to the soldiers, lest they should *pronounce* for O'Connell and Repeal!"

In Spain, there are two "many-headed monsters,"—equally difficult for governments to deal with, equally troublesome, turbulent, and capricious—the People and the Army. Amongst all the "*nova monstra*" of which Pyrrha complained, there was none so frightful as the latter.

That odious character, the political soldier,—the military man forgetting his *métier*, and constituting himself a partisan—the honourable wager of his country's battles, selling himself for gold (nay, silver),

and fraternizing when he should fight, is happily a modern creation. Let us hope that the glory of Spain is not doomed to be for ever eclipsed in the shame of these transactions.

It was not thus that the Castilian Murat—Diego Léon—understood the soldier's duty; not thus that the hero, whose fame passed the Pyrenees to become European—who was fitly called the Lion, the "Leon de los leones,"—comprehended the soldier's position, and estimated the soldier's character. No; Léon forgot the vicissitudes of party strife, the selfish calculations of politics, its ignoble intrigues and divisions, to dedicate himself exclusively to the service of his country. His career should be the soldier's model, but for one fatal error—an error springing from a chivalrous excess of loyalty—an error which was terribly atoned!

General though he was, he held himself ever subordinate, seeking neither to create ministries, nor to destroy them, but yielding a cheerful obedience to the legally constituted government, as the faithful subject of his sovereign. When in Mas de las Matas was read the celebrated manifesto, expressive of the political sentiments of the army, he it was who, in singleness of purpose, stood forward to express his entire disapproval of that declaration, and resolutely opposed every act which tended to give the soldier an undue influence in public affairs.

Thus strongly hostile to political scheming, Léon was the pride of the Spanish army, the model of the true caballero, and of the valiant hussar. In his unexaggerated feats of war, he eclipsed the Homeric

heroes, and rivalled the incredible exploits of Charlemagne and his Peers. His tremendous lance spread terror and dismay amongst the enemies of his Queen and country. The glorious inequalities of Crécy and Azincour were revived in deeds of Léon, witnessed by living men.

It was he that, on the 16th of November, 1835, passed with 17 lancers the defile of Montejurra, and with this handful charged two squadrons of the enemy, making them fly, with the loss of 30 prisoners. It was he that, on the plains of Villarobledo, with 150 hussars, dispersed an army of 11,000 infantry and 1000 horse, slaying 200, making 500 prisoners, and seizing 2000 muskets.

It was he that, in the battle of Gra, in Catalonia, at the head of fifty-seven hussars, routed four battalions and two squadrons, deciding the fate of the combat. It was he that, in Huerta del Rey, with but sixty-nine men conquered and put to flight nine squadrons of the enemy, making ninety-three prisoners, and seizing seventy-eight horses. It was he whom the entire army saw, with stupefaction, take the fortifications of Belascoain on horseback, and enter on horseback through the embrasure of a cannon! And he it was who, having immortalized his name in the mountains of Navarre, in Asturias, Galicia, Castile, Aragon, Cuenca, La Mancha, Estremadura, Andalucía, covered with glory in 100 actions, perpetuated his fame at Castellote, Segura, and Morella; and, passing into Catalonia, never stayed his lance till the civil war was ended. Children of Spain, aspire to

his glory, and learn by his dismal fate that the soldier should not be a politician.

The officer who begins to tamper with the allegiance of his men, that instant loses their respect, and forfeits the caballero's character. He is quite in a condition to marry *Don Quixote's* niece; who, that errant knight, on his deathbed, smarting from all his buffets, declared "*se case con hombre de quien primero se haya hecho informacion que no sabe los libros de caballerias!*" "She shall only marry a man, who, on the strictest inquiry, shall be found to know nothing of chivalry!"

But a day of retribution sometimes comes to the recreant Spanish officer, and woe to him when the spirit of reaction visits the bosoms of the men whom he has demoralized! The weapons which he has perverted to the work of treason, are turned against himself; the bullet and the bayonet are as unsparing as his falsehood and perfidy were unscrupulous. *Ay, ay de el!*

The storm has long been gathering, the seeds have been nursed in hidden warmth, till all at once they begin to produce. The hour of vengeance has arrived —they know that they have been betrayed. The feelings, long pent up in the hearts of the men, at last find words, and the tremendous doom goes forth: "*Mueran los traidores que nos venden!*" It is at once their verdict and their sentence, carried out with small delays or formalities—a pure drum-head court-martial; "Death to the traitors who have sold us!"

Pale and shivering with fear—for dishonest men

are never truly courageous—some of these epauletted leaders take to their heels, and strive to save themselves by flight, but are only shot down more surely. Others implore compassion from their own subordinates, weep like children, and declare that they too have been deceived! They are shot down all the same. Or, perhaps, their lives are spared; but what may be the worth of lives dishonoured and degraded?

The limited and too often suppositious pay of the Spanish soldier makes him always keen for plunder, and renders even decent discipline impossible. How can you punish a man whom you do not pay, or incarcerate one whom you cannot feed? Too often, lying before a besieged city, the general keeps his force together by holding forth the distant prospect of pillaging the town. And often, too, when there is no artillery to dismay them, the eager and penurious soldiery can ill be restrained from dashing forward before they have received the word of command, and storming the walls which they allege have no right to hold out longer.

Espartero before Seville (I had it from General Van Halen) with difficulty withheld his troops from rushing on to take the city by assault, being deterred by the horrible chances of indiscriminate plunder and bloodshed which would have probably ensued; and had he been less humanely disposed, his final struggle would at least have been longer protracted. Before Barcelona, too, in the succeeding October, General Sanz kept his troops together by holding out the hope of storming and plundering it at no distant day;