

**Spanish Fairs—Old Customs—Clubs—Parvenues—Fashionable Resorts—How the Cuban Insurrection is Regarded—Conflicting Views—America Blamed.**

CADIZ, May 27, 1869.

The annual fairs of this province are almost all over. Excepting one or two in the latter part of the summer there will be no more this year. It is believed that these agricultural bucolical reunions are dying out; that the railroad has been the grave of the fair. Certain is it that the grand fair of Seville was a tame assemblage this year. In former years the wealth, beauty and talent of fair-skied Andalusia used to spend the three days in the midst of good cheer and the most bewitching of smiles; but all has departed. Nothing now remains but the skeleton of a once happy time. The oranges blossom and the Guadalquivir creeps away to the sea just as they did when Pizarro set out for the golden idol of the Peruvians. The anti-republicans, as a matter of course, absented themselves in order to punish the poor, who are generally opposed to monarchy. But the fact of Montpensier being still in Lisbon, and the magnates of Seville in Paris and London, the fair this year was poor and spiritless.

At Jerez de la Frontera, the capital of sherrydom, the fair was better than expected. Last year the first one was inaugurated in the midst of a stinging levantar; this year it was more pleasant and well attended. Each class of society had its club (casino), but the great army of the unwashed patronized the tents and the green plain to their entire satisfaction and the amusement of all.

Club No. 1 was the headquarters of the few remaining nobles, the rich wine exporters and the young scions of first class London houses, who spend a few years there studying grape juice and the secrets of the wine trade in general. If you have a codfish aristocracy in and around Fifth avenue there is a haddock aristocracy at Jerez. It knows nothing but the value of wine and the latest prices of the same. Unlike the codfish it is inhospitable, but excessively polite. Bows and smiles, à la Carker, are numerous; every one studies hypocrisy all are adepts at dissimulation.

The other clubs represented the small merchants and the artisans and were daily crowded.

Puerta Real—Fort Royal—is the Saratoga of Cadiz. It lies in the midst of a pleasant country and annually has a fair which is well attended. It concluded on the 9th inst. with music and bag tumbling. The evening pleasures concluded with fireworks, &c.

At each of these fairs the best of order was observed, but no one knew when a fight might commence. The number of troops and *guardia civiles* was greater than usual, but their presence was not needed. The Spaniard never quarrels at a fair; he does not envy his neighbor's pleasures, and keenly enjoys all he can. It is among the people, not in the casinos, one finds out the public sentiment.

Cuba is the absorbing topic; but how is it viewed by the rich and poor? The former assert that it is impossible to have an insurrection in Cuba unless sustained by the United States. The valor of the Cubans is pooh-poohed; the power of the United States is known, acknowledged and dreaded. There is not one of the aristocracy but believes that we are doing all we dare do in favor of Cuba; that we want it, but hesitate to offend France and England, who would resent our interference by proclaiming war against us and knock all our cities to pieces, &c. The venerable old fellows have sense enough to admit that France or England, single-handed, could not do so, but united they would capture the White House and Kansas City. No credit is given to General Grant for sincerity. He is judged by the standard that is used in Europe:—Lie as often as you can't be found out; take all you can; keep all you have.

The middle class is in a muddle about the matter. They don't want to pay any more for cigarettes than at present; but Kentucky and Virginia supplies them, and not Cuba. It would be bad to lose Cuba, but it would be worse to lose one's life in the attempt to keep her in subjection to Spain. They don't know what to think about the matter, but hate Cubans with a vengeance, and think the United States want to assist the "Ever Faithful Isle."

The "mudallas" don't care a rush about Cuba. They would not like her to cut away from the mother country, but they would give her an independent autonomy and haul off the epanletted leeches who annually suck her best blood to the tune of millions of hard dollars. Every one admits the wrong that has been inflicted upon this fertile island, but the old Spaniard is oblivious to all kinds of argument excepting *ultimo ratio regum*. Editors gravely assert that they discovered Cuba, civilized and colonized her. It does not follow, however, that she is to be robbed and scourged after paying for these triple favors per quarter, by every spendthrift from the Peninsula. The common people have sympathy for the Cubans, but in a country like this their sympathy is of no importance, and the *ad captandum* appeals in the name of Spanish honor and unity silences the friends

of the brave Oobana. The great absorbing feeling among the upper classes is that General Grant is not sincere, but there is a kind of devil-may-care feeling among the lower tier of the human family.