

superannuated ones, who are indebted to Isabella for more than they deserved. But they are what you call in America, old fogies, and of no consequence.

CORRESPONDENT—Montpensier has a large party in the army.

SALVOCHEA—He may have, but I don't think so. He will never be King of Spain, and I am sure never President (smiling) of the Spanish republic.

CORRESPONDENT—Would you not favor a king, with a liberal constitution like Belgium or England?

SALVOCHEA—No, sir; kings have had their day; they were an evil in the best of times, but a curse in an age of railroads and telegraphs. The wire which communicates with Madrid, Paris, London, Ireland, New York and San Francisco is the king of the day, of the times.

CORRESPONDENT—Then I am to suppose that you are in favor of a republic?

SALVOCHEA—Do me the favor to suppose nothing about it; believe it as truly as God is in Heaven. A republic is the only hope of Spain, but there will be blows given and received before its representative sits in Madrid.

CORRESPONDENT—Are the people ready for such a form of government? You know that in the interior the number of persons who can read and write is very small. According to the last census the population of the Peninsula, including the Balearic Islands and the Canaries, was 15,658,586; of this number only 3,124,410 knew how to read and write, and 703,377 to read.

SALVOCHEA—That is true. But have you ever read the story of the man who desired his son to learn to swim before he went into the water? The ignorance of the people is chargeable to the kings—to the military governments that we have had. I don't think reading and writing necessary to have a republic. You didn't inquire about the reading and writing of the people when you drove the English out of America. The late election proved that the elective franchise can be exercised by the man who can't read as well as by the alumnus of Salamanca. Under the old *régime* we would never improve; under the new one (the republic) we shall, I hope; at least we shall try, and if we fail, we'll petition, like the old Israelites, for a king and the mummery of an aristocracy.

CORRESPONDENT—Do you think the government will furnish you with arms if the reactionists persist in their machinations?

SALVOCHEA—If they don't it will be another of their stupid blunders. We want arms and we will have them. I received a letter from an English house yesterday enclosing this circular (handing the circular), but the musket is not as good as Remington's breech-loader, and we want the best. I am going to write to a well known inventor of breech-loaders, and hope he'll furnish us with arms of a superior character and at a reasonable price. Do you know —? If you do, put in a good word for us.

CORRESPONDENT—I have not the honor of Mr. —'s acquaintance, but I am sure you will have no difficulty in procuring all you want for—cash or good security. Do you intend to offer yourself for reelection to the Cortes?

SALVOCHEA—No, indeed; I never wanted to go there, and when the grave legislators refused me admission, when I was in Santa Catalina, they did me an important service. I'm no talker—no orator. I want work, not figures of speech. The Cortes is a humbug. Nothing good will come from it. I never was a candidate with my consent; I never will be while Spain is enslaved.

CORRESPONDENT—What do you think of the strong speeches against the Catholic faith lately delivered in the Cortes?

SALVOCHEA—I don't admire any kind of religion; but I doubt the utility of the late expositions on theology. There is no use in losing time with such stuff and nonsense.

A few words of farewell and we parted. He to endeavor to have the gallant militia of Cadiz armed with the best breech-loaders in the United States, and your correspondent to his *olla podrida* and writing table.

Salvochea is a thin, lean, nervous young man, who will make his mark or lose his head before many years. He looks the conspirator from top to toe, from head to foot, according to distinguished authority. But whether he is laboring for the benefit and glory of himself or *querida España*, like many hundreds of his countrymen, is involved in futurity. He has attained a popularity that may wait him on to fortune if he acts as he professes—that is, the fortune of doing something for the benefit of his country. But the Spanish politician is the most selfish of animals, and has no love of country, like other people. His native village and province are his country; out of them he is abroad.

Five hundred candidates for the chances of dying in Cuba by the bullets of the Cubaneros, by the heat or Yellow Jack, are waiting the departure of the next mail steamer. They appear to be a much better class than their predecessors. They wear a red flat cap, like those worn by the Biscayens in the province of that name, flaming red neckties, canvas surtouts and pantaloons (*cabzonetas*) of a peculiar cut, sandals (*alpardatas*) well suited for campaigning in summer, and the best I have ever seen. Like all the sons of the northern provinces, they are broad shouldered, strong armed and ruddy of complexion. Last evening I saw about a dozen of them on the principal public walk, chanting Iago's famous hymn. Their red neckties—the emblem of the republicans—and stentorian voices rather disturbed the equanimity of several old gentlemen who were enjoying their cigarettes and the fading twilight "o'er the dark blue sea." It is peculiarly Spanish to send a Biscayen, singing the great Spanish hymn of liberty, to cut the throats of the Cubans, who love the said Riego's memory as much as any Spaniard, and are only endeavoring to carry out what he taught. But why wonder? *Cosas de España!*

SPAIN.

Discovery of a Military Conspiracy—A Spanish Politician and His Views—Preparations for Sending More Troops to Cuba.

CADIZ, May 26, 1869.

The reactionists have shown their hands in Cadiz. The city on the 12th and 13th experienced one of the greatest sensations since the afternoon of the 5th of December last. A conspiracy has been discovered among the artillery officers, which had for its object the proclaiming of Isabella and the chastisement of the impertinent Gaditanos. This arm of the military power never gave its hearty adhesion to the September revolution. It simply bowed to the blast that swept the Bourbon throne from the Peninsula. When Prim arrived, after the fleet had arrived, the officers told him, in presence of the military governor and Commodore Topete, that they wanted to have nothing to do with him, that they would not take any part in the revolution until the arrival of Marshal Serrano. When he arrived they accepted the situation, but their lukewarmness incensed the people against them, and that feeling has been intensified on the part of the artillery on account of the great number of killed and wounded in the December insurrection, and it has been heated to fever heat by the couplets, doggerels, songs and rhymes of ridicule, that every well dressed and ragged urchin chants and whistles from morning until late at night. The artillery is officered by the scions of the so called best families, is very aristocratic and scorns republicanism. There is a great deal of the old blue blood—*azul sangre*—and chivalry of a by-gone age in its ranks. It knows nothing of the age, is jealous of its privileges, and imagines that the eyes of "the world and the rest of mankind" are upon it. The only means to bring it to a proper understanding is to knock it on the head; and rest assured if the militia ever have an opportunity they will do so, *con mucho gusto*.

Dissatisfaction has existed in the army since Prim was appointed Secretary of War; it has increased by his gross favoritism, and the bungling way he carries on business. The navy is not a whit more reliable than the artillery. Unaccustomed to the annual *pronunciamientos* on shipboard, which have made Spain a byword throughout the world, it has no sympathy with innovations, and I verily believe that to-morrow it would shout "*Fira la Reina!*" if there was a fair prospect of it being endorsed by the troops.

The navy officers have never removed the crown from their caps and uniform; the infantry did after the battle of Alcolea; the artillery did not. The former have no sympathy with any kind of government except the monarchical. The infantry is composed of all classes, but the republicans count many friends in their ranks; the latter are like the former. The day before yesterday Serrano and Prim stated in the Cortes that the reorganization of the volunteers—the militia—was necessary to combat the enemies of the September revolution. These sapient gentlemen now find that the militia, which Peralta bombastically attempted to disarm, and Caballero de Rodas was sent to exterminate, are necessary to keep the said gentlemen in their soft places. They know that the adherents of Isabella and Tom, Dick and Harry, who are plotting to obtain the crown, are not to be found in the ranks of the people, but among the officers of the public service, the nobility and the *parvenus*, who declare the world is never properly governed except by the joint aid of a crown and sceptre. The officers will influence the men who will follow their example; the nobility and *parvenus* will furnish the money, and it will be the working classes against the troops once again. But if there be an ounce of sense among the volunteers they will not be so easily humbugged and disarmed as they were at Seville, Cadiz and Malaga. Let them once get arms into their hands and the troops may commence when they please. But it will be for the latter to say when to stop.

I paid a visit to Salvochea lately. He is unquestionably the most popular man in this city and province—in all Andalusia—and will make his mark before many years. He was occupied when I arrived, but in a short time I had an interview with him. He received me very courteously, not with that hypocritical smile and torrent of commonplaces so peculiarly characteristic of the Spanish politician. He was dressed in a blue round-about, closely buttoned, vest and light casimere pantaloons. Newspapers and pamphlets were lying around his chair, and certain papers of an important character, neatly folded and fastened with a yellow cord, lay close to his ink bottle. After the usual greetings I asked him what was the news?

SALVOCHEA—Nothing of much importance, except that we shall soon have plenty of work.

CORRESPONDENT—What do you mean by "work?" You can't do anything without arms; you are not allowed to have any.

SALVOCHEA—You are mistaken. The Provisional government, knowing the plots of the reactionists, have consented to organize the militia, and we can have all the arms we like, but we can't procure as many as we want because the surplus have been sent to Cuba.

CORRESPONDENT—Have you permission to organize the militia of Cadiz?

SALVOCHEA—I have; if I hadn't, I would do so in spite of the government. While I live I shall never cease to organize the people. When they have arms there will be liberty; when they have none, there will be tyranny. A well drilled, armed militia will keep the ambitious military men in check. They are the curse of the country. When they find promotion slow they pronounce and disturb the country. If there was a militia they would not be so fond of pronouncing, as the militia would oppose them. They know by this time that an armed citizen, behind or before a barricade, in the street or upon the houses, is as good a soldier as him who is uniformed and paid by the State. With a militia we can dispense with our army, that is, with two-thirds of it. But the military don't want that; we, the people, do, and we'll have it before we cease.

CORRESPONDENT—Do you think Isabella has many friends in the army?

SALVOCHEA—I think so; but I don't know nor care.

CORRESPONDENT—Who is the favorite of the army for King?

SALVOCHEA (smiling sarcastically)—Every officer has his favorite. The old ones favor the Queen or her son; the young ones the one that will promote them.

CORRESPONDENT—But don't you think there is a general favorite, one who is more popular than the others?

SALVOCHEA—No; not one of the aspirants has a sincere friend in the army, unless it be among the